



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

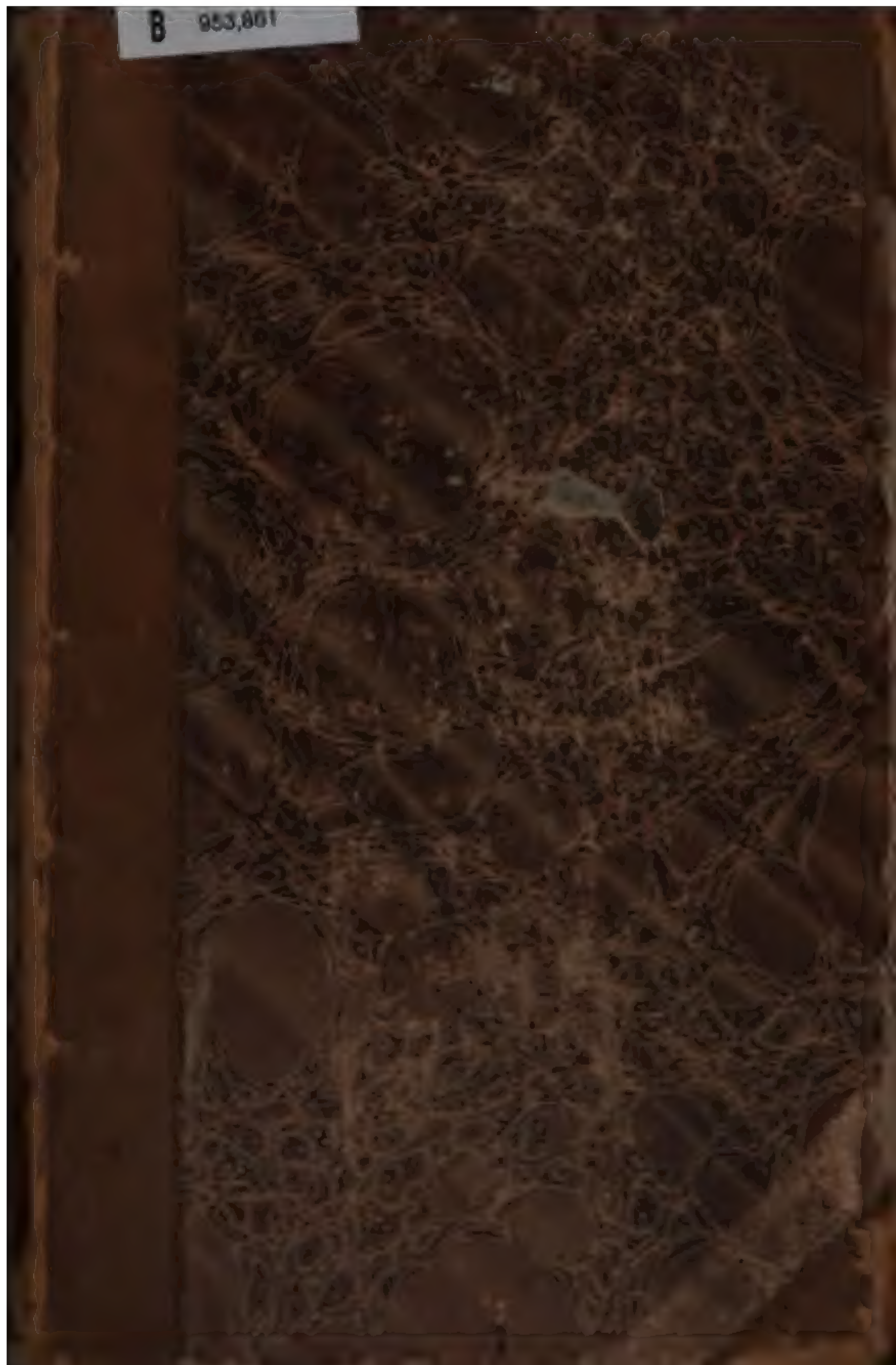
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

B

953,801



















THE DUBLIN

73834

UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

A

Literary and Political Journal.

VOL. XIX.

JANUARY TO JUNE,

1842.

---

DUBLIN:

WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY

W. S. ORR AND COMPANY, LONDON.

---

MDCCCXLII.



**DUBLIN**  
**PRINTED BY J. & FOLDS, SON, AND PATTON,**  
**, Bachelor's Walk.**

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

---

No. CIX.                      JANUARY, 1842.                      Vol. XIX.

---

### CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAPTERS ON GHOSTCRAFT—IN TWO PARTS.—PART I. .. .. .	1
THE CURSE OF KISHOGUE .. .. .	18
TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND .. .. .	27
LETTERS FROM ITALY.—No. I. NICE .. .. .	46
GASPAR, THE PIRATE, A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.—CHAP. VII. .. .. .	56
DRAMATIC DOINGS. CHAP. XVI.—THE OPERA MASQUERADE. CHAP. XVII.—A JUVENILE COMPOSER. CHAP. XVIII.—A FINALE .. .. .	64
THE VICE-LEGATE'S BALL .. .. .	72
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. XXVI.—SIR W. R. HAMILTON—with an Etching .. .. .	94
NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—No. I. .. .. .	111
RAILWAYS IN IRELAND. .. .. .	124
RECENT PAMPHLETS ON IRELAND .. .. .	137

---

DUBLIN:  
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.



**THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,**

**THE CLERGYMAN'S ALMANACK**

**AND**

**IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL DIRECTORY.**

**1842.**

**EDITED BY**

**JOHN M. BOURNS,**

**Of the Irish Ecclesiastical Commission Office.**

**CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED.**

**Containing an Alphabetical List of every Clergyman and Glebe in Ireland, with  
their Post Towns, and a variety of useful information.**

**Dublin: WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY, 9, Upper Sackville-street.**  
**LONGMAN, BROWN, and Co., London. Sold by all Booksellers.**

# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CIX.

JANUARY, 1842.

VOL. XIX.

## CHAPTERS ON GHOSTCRAFT :

COMPRISING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND REVELATIONS OF MADAME HAUFFE,  
THE CELEBRATED WIRTEMBERG GHOST-SEERESS.\*

IN TWO PARTS: PART I.

### CHAP. I.—TRIUMPH OF SUPERNATURALISM.

BENEATH, spectacted reader, thou hast the *tituli*, by no means *clari et venerabiles*, but contrariwise mystical and modern, of a few of those world-renowned works which may be said to constitute the classics of German Supernaturalism. Thou art already aware that the all-important question of Ghosts or No-ghosts is one which has been severely agitated in Germany; but peradventure mayest not know that the Pro-ghostial party are to be considered as having already conquered. Be it our agreeable duty, then, to state so much to thee, and to assure thee that, humanly speaking, it is the Bank of Vi-

enna to a sixpenny song-book that in another decade of years the Credulist—we say the *Credulist*—clique will not be left a leg to stand on. Heed not, if it be thy misfortune to hear them, those gabblers who, because, forsooth, a scantling of this clique (some dozenth of the integer, or whole number) are men of a certain scientific celebrity, would augur great things therefore. The Powers of Science have been weighed in the balance against the Powers of Hades, and are found woefully wanting: the Spirit of the Age, also, stands convicted of utter insignificance by a comparison with

---

\* I. *Die Seherin von Prevorst*, &c.—The Ghost-seeress of Prevorst: a Narrative: comprising Disclosures with respect to the Inner Life of Man, and the intimate workings of a Ghostworld on our Globe. By Justinus Kerner, M.D., Chief Official Physician at Weinsberg, Wirtemberg. Third Edition. Stuttgart; 1838.

II. *Eine Erscheinung*, &c.—Phenomenical Facts from the Night-realms of Nature: Attested by numerous and competent witnesses. By Dr. Justinus Kerner. Stuttgart; 1838.

III. *Geschichte Besessener neuerer Zeit*, &c.—A History of the Demoniacal Possessions of Modern Times: By Dr. Justinus Kerner: To which is appended, A Critical Analysis of the Laws of Diabolical-magnetic Existence. By C. A. Eichenmayer, Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the University of Tübingen. Karlsruhe; 1835.

IV. *Geschichte*, &c.—History of the Soul. By Professor G. H. Schubert. Stuttgart; 1834.

V. *Altes und Neues*, &c.—Ancient and Modern Knowledge in reference to the Inner Life: A Series of Periodical Papers. By Professor Schubert. Leipzig; 1824–1833.

VI. *Neue Theorie*, &c.—New Theory of Ghost-appearances and the Ghostworld. By the Right Hon. Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling, Late Professor of Political Economy in the University of Heidelberg, and Aulic Counsellor to the Archduke of Baden. Stuttgart; 1836.

VII. *Der Dichter ein Seher*, &c.—Every Poet a Prophet: a Treatise on the Essential Connection subsisting between the Poetic Spirit and the faculty of Magnetic Lucid Vision. By A. Steinbeck. Leipzig; 1835.

VIII. *Blätter aus Prevorst*, &c.—The Prevorst Portfolio: A Series of Papers on the Inner Life, by various eminent literary and scientific men. Edited by Dr. Justinus Kerner. Karlsruhe; 1831–1839.

IX. *Blätter für höhere Wahrheit*, &c.—Journal for diffusing a knowledge of the loftier Truths of Supernaturalism. Edited by J. F. Von Meyer, M. D. and Burgomaster. Frankfort-on-the-Maine; 1819–1840.

X. *Hades*, &c.—Hades: An Essay on the Existence after Death, especially with reference to the Middle State of Souls. By Dr. J. F. Von Meyer. Frankfort; 1832.

VOL. XIX.—No. 109.

that formidable array of "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," which, issuing forth in this mysterious nineteenth century from their dim subterranean crypts and caverns, and thronging Saxony this way and that, do almost appear to realise the Vision of Locusts beheld by St. John when the Angel opened the Infernal Gates,—"and the air was darkened with the smoke of the pit." No, four-eyed friend, the Anti-ghostialists are fallen: the fine principle of retributive justice is at work among them; and forasmuch as they have wilfully turned away from their doors every other description of ghost, therefore there abides no more with any of them even the ghost of a chance of victory. The eclipse of generations is passing from the fair face

of Truth, and men open their eyes to the light; they are again standing on the ancient ways, again turning into the old ghost-haunted paths trodden by their forefathers. Yea, and were the bosoms of those who still seek to oppose the movement accessible to one feeling of natural shame, they would now go forth and, like the Ninevites at the preaching of Jonah, do public penance in sackcloth and ashes, to find that after a century and a half of bitterest battle on their part, armed as they were with all the weapons which the magazines of Materialism could furnish (including of course the pick-axes of Geology), it is to this complexion that the face of things has come at length, and that too in the most intellectual country in Europe.

#### CHAP. II.—INSIGNIFICANCE OF THE CREDULISTS.

THOU mayest remark, spectacted reader, that the above-named works are exclusively on the rational side of the question. If it gladden thee to observe this, we can acquaint thee, for thy further delectation, that the only publications on the opposite side have been some newspaper and literary-gazette critiques, and a few rubbishy pamphlets and twaddlesome duodecimos; which latter, moreover, though still on the booksellers' shelves, are daily looking trunk-shopwards with undeniable steadfastness. Indeed, the great body of the Credulist lucubrators are mere sixth-rate Grubstreeters of Leipsic and Stutgard; persons of whom few think

any thing but the very smallest beer brewable. And we are of opinion, that, in stooping to notice the drivell of these poor people at all, Kerner and Eschenmayer have been wanting in the respect due to their own doctoral and professorial dignity; have also rather perhaps retarded the final triumph of the good cause. These mistakes are impolitic; should not occur; never answer. Truth gains nothing by descending from her lofty niche in the Great Universal Temple to hold a wrangle in some common marketplace with basket-wenchs and wheelbarrow-drivers.

#### CHAP. III.—CREED OF THE CREDULISTS.

NEVERTHELESS, as a markworthy illustration of the lengths to which human credulity *can* go, it may not be amiss for us here in Dublin (where Credulism is in full blast) to state what the anti-ghostial creed of the Credulists is; especially as we shall thus, furthermore, vindicate ourself from the imputation (if peradventure such be cast at us) of having wrongfully disparaged

absent adversaries. Thus, then, the Credulists believe: That all ghost-appearances are explicable on one of the following principles, to wit, First: the principle that thoroughly-honest men are knaves, and men of largest intelligence idiots;\* Secondly: the principle of Subjectivity, i. e. creation by and out of one's-self†; and, Thirdly: the principle of *Ansteckungsempfind-*

---

\* "How is it possible that men of extensive scientific knowledge and unquestionable integrity can lend themselves to such delusions?" *Query of an occasional Stutgard Grubstreeter.*

† The validity of which principle, however, the Incredulists admit in some cases, as, for instance, in those of Blake, the English painter, and Nicolai, the Berlin book-

*lichtkeit*, i. e. susceptibility of contagious influences ;\* (this latter principle being resorted to in order to meet the difficulty presented by the stubborn fact that many persons often see the same ghost). Upon all which trash we shall merely observe : that, silly as it is *per se*, still sillier doth it show by the side of the philosophical Incredulism of a Schubert, a Göttes, and a Von Meyer,—men who, having seen and heard, will in no wise believe that they have not seen and have not heard ; cannot by any manner of means be bamboozled into the belief that their own senses are not somewhat faithfuller co-operators of intelligence than their opponents' nonsenses. Of a

verity we were but right in asserting that Kerner should never have stooped to an argument with the Credulists. Such helpless ones are not to be argued with ; are rather to be *taught* ; gags being placed in their mouths beforehand to dissuade them from gabbling. And we know but of One-Teacher for them, even him whose lessonings no man (at least out of Germany) careth ever to divulge, for his advent is always in an hour when (to quote Kerner himself) "the mask of the Natural and Ideal falls off, the Brain-life ceases, the Inner Sense awakes up, and the individual for the first time envisages *Himself* in his unfurnished and shivering nakedness."

#### CHAP. IV.—USELESSNESS OF REASONING ON SUPERNATURALISM.

THE case, then, standing so : the Credulists having all along gone on believing that there are no ghosts, the Incredulists having refused to believe any such humbug ;—the Credulists having called in the aid of speculation and hypothesis in favour of their credulism,† the Incredulists having met such speculation and hypothesis by scores of supernatural facts, so well attested as to leave no shadow of excuse for credulity ;—Credulism having been accordingly compelled to confess itself

virtually vanquished, and Incredulism having thereupon spread, and still spreading, like wildfire, through Saxony :—the case being so, it is tolerably obvious, O, spectacled reader, that in the extracts we are about to lay before thee from the work at the head of our list, touching the **LIFE AND REVELATIONS OF MADAME HAUFFE, HIGH PRIESTESS OF MYSTICISM**, thou art likely to meet with nothing save the unvarnished truth ; and therefore thou wilt do well to surrender thy

---

seller. According to Eschenmayer and others, it may also happen that from some anomalous peculiarity in the constitution or condition of the brain and ganglions a person may at one time see *subjectively*, at another time *objectively* ; and perhaps it is not an unwarrantable conclusion that the visions of Cheneau, Swedenborg, Böhm, Brothers, and many other seers, should be viewed in special reference to this extraordinary self-antithetical state of the intellectual and sensational economy.

\* Thus : V sees, on a sudden, the ghost of W in the room ; and, while he gazes on it in silence, X, Y, and Z, being in the same room, also see the said ghost and describe its dress and features to V. Now, W and V were intimate friends, but X, Y, and Z, though on a footing of acquaintanceship with V, never saw W in their lives ; so that here, apparently, is a pro-ghostial clencher of the first rigour. But the whole illusion admits of an easy credulistico-incredible explanation : some casual association primarily suggested to V's mind a vivid image of his deceased friend ; and the minds of X, Y, and Z being at the moment under the influence of a strong "magnetic sympathy" with V's, the same image was of course presented to them also : *voilà tout*. *A priori* one could have hardly dreamt of the possibility of an appeal to the phenomena of animal magnetism in illustration of an anti-ghostial theory. But, alas ! it is in accordance with the nature of some men to *unconsciously* make of the very "waters of life a savour unto death : " to such men the chariot wherein Elias ascended to heaven would appear a veritable diving-bell, constructed for the purpose of enabling man to sink himself at leisure into the nethermost mire-abysses of brute-existence.

† For, not to wrong them,—though they do argue quite from the topic, they are still always ready to argue *somehow*. They do not shake their heads and say nothing, like some of our Gothamites at home, who call themselves sceptics. All classes of the Germans know that there exist a true faith and an erroneous faith, but that as to the absence of *any* faith, that amounts to just—*nihi*, nothing. In other words, they regard (and very properly) scepticism as an infallible indication of mental imbecility, and are therefore shy of professing it.

critical judgment unreservedly into our safe-keeping until thy perusal of our present paper be concluded. Thou must put no questions, harbour no doubts, raise no objections. Thou art, of course, one of the Uninitiated, and must beware how thou formest an opinion for thyself upon the Supernatural, "for so" (quoth Von Meyer's Prophetess) "thou strewest with obstacles the path of knowledge wherein it is permitted thee to walk. Wise is he" (she adds) "who, while he observes all things, refrains from exercising his judgment upon anything; it is the man of passive judgment and not the man of active judgment who makes progress in learning. We should abandon all forms of rea-

soning; we should deport ourselves here as children or slaves who do not dare to speak in presence of their parents or masters; we should submit our whole being unto the guidance of God, knowing that with Him is all Truth, and that all who would attain unto the Truth must be guided of Him." For, it is not from the dusky, ever-shifting surface of the *tabula ritrea cerebri* that the vast and marvellous forms of the Spiritual are likely to be faithfulliest reflected, as Dr. Kerner also hath well shown in the introduction to his Great Work; from which introduction, by the way, it may not be amiss for us to transcribe a passage or two here, before introducing his heroine and ours to thy notice.

#### CHAP. V.—DR. KERNER ON THE INNER LIFE.

"In common with all who withdraw from the tumult of the external world, to retire for a space within their Interior, thou, my dearest reader," saith the Doctor, "wilt feel that in that Interior there lies a latent life, altogether distinct from the Outer one,—yea, hostile thereunto. That which the Outer Life declares praiseworthy thou wilt find the Inner Life not unseldom condemning; and on such occasions thou wilt experience a stilly, disquieting feeling, which, proceeding from the depths of the Inner Life, diffuses itself, as one may say, over the surface of the Outer. Meditating hereupon, thou wilt further discover that the impressions received by thine Outer Life are produced thereon exclusively through the medium of thy cerebral organization, and the understanding which holds communication with the Surficial; but that the feelings belonging to thine Inner Life have their origin in the sympathetic and ganglionic system, in the region of the heart-pit,\* the seat of Sensational Existence.

"Carrying thy researches yet further, thou wilt find that Man, by the means of this Inner Life, stands in an ancient and everlasting relationship with Nature,—a relationship from which the one-sided outer-imaginings of

the Brain-life can only *apparently* liberate him. It will be clearly understood by thee, how, while thine Inner Life seems buried as in darkness, unrecognised by thine outerworld-seeking brain, it nevertheless continues unremittingly occupied with its own experiences, and maintains, with steady, unbribable vigilance, watch and guardianship over the economy of the Outer Man. And thou wilt thus be prepared to receive a truth which in the course of these pages will be developed more at large,—namely, that all thy doings and sayings, yea, all thy feelings and dreamings, even to the minutest shade of a phantasy, are faithfully chronicled by thy spirit upon the tablets of thine Inner Life, and, at the moment when Death shall darken thy bodily eye, will present themselves in vividest lucidness before that of thy ghost, under the form of symbolic *words* and *numerals*.

"This inner and secret relationship with Nature thou wilt also recognise as the power which allies Man with other worlds, and will one day establish his claim to rank as a denizen of these latter.

"If, while engaged in the contests of the external world, while absorbed in the pursuits agreeable to thine

---

\* \* *Herzgrube*, the pit of the stomach: of which Plato, in one of his Dialogues, says. "This less noble part of the human frame was formed that it (also) should have some apprehension of truth; and therefore was it made the seat of *Prophetic Vision*" (*μαντια*).

outer, or sensuous nature, the Inner Life make itself perceptible to thee; if reminiscences of the music of long-departed hours, of years when life itself seemed all melody, ever steal over thy mind, awakening therein sweet emotions of seriousness, thank the more, my dearest reader, thy ghostial chronicler! But if, carried away by the whirl of passions and interests which crowd the Outer Life, and chasing outer things only, thou sternly reject or coldly deride the remonstrances of this interior monitor, yet will an hour at length come darkly on thee—and God grant that it be not thy last!—an hour of woe and tears—perchance an hour of death to some one dear to thee—perchance an hour in which, precipitated from the pinnacle of prosperity, thou shalt find thyself abandoned unto shame and misery—and in such an hour will the portals of a home of refuge within thyself be once more thrown open to thee by thine Inner Life,—a life which perhaps from thy childhood thitherto had remained hidden from thee, or was only dimly revealed to thee at intervals in nightly dreams, the inter-

pretation whereof remained a sealed mystery for thy world-enslaved understanding.

“ My dearest!—such a destiny has overtaken many a man, and will yet overtake many another who now treads the pathway of life with a heart full of joyous confidence, and a brow fair and polished, like smoothest alabaster, rearing the superstructure of all his hopes for the future on the basis of that little pound-weight of brain-dust which the lapse of a period of time inconceivably short shall see blended with the dust of his grave. And such an one, so confident, so joyous, during the swift-fleeting summers of his existence, heard I once, the death-rattle in his throat the while, mutter towards me these words: ‘ All life has now gone down from my brain into my heart-pit; I have no more any feeling of my brain; I have no feeling of my arms or feet; but *I see around me unutterable things, in which I never believed until now.*’—there is Another Life:’—and thereupon he departed.”

So far for the physician: now turn we our attention to the patient.

#### CHAP. VI.—OUR HEROINE, THE GHOST-SEERESS.

FREDERICA HAUFFE was born in the year 1801, in the village of Prevorst, near Leveustein, in Wirtemberg,—a strange, spectral, out-of-the-way, out-of-the-world locality, inhabited (or rather haunted) partly by ghosts, partly by men half in, half out of, the body; partly also by women and children, the latter of whom it seems, are very subject to a singular, St. Vitus's-dancish sort of ailment, curable only by amulets and exorcisms. We pass over the account of her girlhood (a most remarkable one) to come to the period after her marriage, which took

place in her nineteenth year. About this time, having removed to her husband's residence at Kurnbach, a gloomy solitude in the midst of rocks and forests, she fell ill of a psychico-hypochondriacal malady, the symptoms of which it would be tedious to recount: they were so complicated as to baffle the skill of the best physicians the neighbourhood could furnish; and in truth it would appear that there *must* have been something marvellously mysterious in the disease, for an amulet, sent on one occasion to the sick woman by a celebrated magician† of

\* “ Our five modes of perception,” observes the original-minded Isaac Taylor, “ are partial, not universal, means of knowing what may be around us.” And he deems it probable that “ within the field occupied by the visible and ponderable universe, and on all sides of us, there is existing and moving another element, fraught with another species of life, corporeal indeed, and various in its orders, but not open to the cognizance of those who are confined to the conditions of animal organization,—not to be seen, nor to be heard, nor to be felt by man.” *Physical Theory of Another Life*, p. 222. (London: Pickering; 1836.)

† This worthy (at the request of the family) subsequently paid a visit in person to Frederica, who said, however, that he would do her no good, because he wrought *toomagically*. (Besides the amulet, he had also sent her a powder, which set her a-dancing up and down the room like one possessed, though she had previously been unable to move hand or foot.) He is described as a man of a dark, strange, forbidding countenance, and with eyes of singular brilliancy.



those parts, immediately on being brought into contact with her person, bounded away and went bob-bobbing about the bed-clothes, and hop-hopping over the floor, "like a living thing," (as the Doctor observes,) and to the utter bewilderment of her medical attendants! By the help of animal magnetism, however, she gradually grew somewhat better; and it was at this period (*i. e.* in the year 1824) that some of the most interesting phenomena of her Inner Life began to be first manifested. She saw behind every one who came to see her *another* figure, also of human semblance, and very bright, (probably the guardian-spirit of the visitor). In the right eye of every ailing person who approached her she discerned, behind her own image, the likeness of the Inner Man (which did not always correspond with the appearance of the Outer); in the left eye the nature of his disease, and the appropriate psychical remedies,—which were invariably found to succeed, even where medicines had been previously taken in vain for many years. She also possessed at this time the gift of second-sight,—the medium through which she ordinarily exercised it being—a glass of water, or a soap-bubble! Her amended state of health continued for rather more than a twelvemonth; at the end of which time she suffered a fearful relapse: in truth, her second state was so much worse than her first that it soon became the settled conviction of her kindred that she was the

victim of demoniacal agencies; and having already tried medicine, magic, and magnetism, all to little purpose, they now, as a *dernier resort*, determined on attempting to drive out the enemy by the aid of prayer and fasting. Whether this pious resolution was ever put into practice Dr. Kerner does not inform us; but, as for poor Frederica, she appears to have had little confidence in the efficacy of any remedy which the people about her were able to suggest. "From that time forward", (remarks the Doctor) "she became indifferent to all contingencies: whatever mode of treatment was adopted towards her, there she lay, like one paralysed. Loss of blood, cramps, nocturnal perspirations, succeeded each other perpetually; all her teeth dropped out; her flesh withered and wasted from her bones; she grew a very image of death-in-life. Yet she could not die, much as her death would have been welcomed as a release by all her family; her daily, hourly martyrdom went on and was not to close." In this her condition, as she appeared to remain passive under all circumstances, it was proposed, with a view to any slight prospect of relief that might yet be derivable from medical aid, that she should be removed to Weinsberg; and, a carriage being prepared for the transit, she was accordingly, by easy stages, conveyed to that town (the Doctor's own) and safely domiciled therein on the 25th of November, 1826.

#### CHAP. VII.—THE SOUL AND THE SPIRIT.

AND here, before we proceed further, let us, (as it were in parenthesis), beg of thee, reader, to turn to the epistles of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and to attentively peruse the following verses therein: 1 Thessal. v. 23. Hebr. iv. 12. 1 Corinth. xv. 45.

The truth incidentally glanced at in these passages by St. Paul,—namely—that Man is a being of a triune na-

ture, consisting of body, soul, and spirit, which three are one, was, as we could easily show thee, inculcated by most of the old heathen philosophies (especially the Platonic, Pythagorean, and Stoic),\* but, forasmuch as these authorities upon such a subject would perhaps have comparatively little weight with thee, we have judged it advisable to pass them by,† and to re-

\* Vitranga shows that it was also the belief of the Jewish Rabbinical Doctors: See his *Observationes Sacrae*, Lib. iii. cap. iv.

† It nevertheless remaineth certain that modern psychological speculations are not entitled to the same regard as ancient. "The powers of the soul were more vigorous among the ancients" (says Von Meyer's *Seeress*) "than they are with us: men were in former times, therefore, far better acquainted with the secrets of nature than we are." And the illustrious Schubert says: "That which in our times is science was of old rather the revelation of a superior spirit to mankind."



fer thee, for the information we were desirous of communicating, to an authority which at least no Christian can refuse to recognise. Thou mayest further consult, in relation to the above texts, the commentaries thereon of the learned Whitby, who, moreover, takes occasion to remark that Gassendus and Willis have completely established the dogma in question.

Macknight, in his Translation of the Epistles, thus writes: "To comprehend the distinction between soul and spirit, which the Sacred Writers have insinuated, the soul must be considered as connected both with the body and the spirit. By its connection with the body the soul receives impressions from the senses; and by its connection with the spirit it conveys these impressions, by means of the imagination and memory, to the spirit, as materials for its operations. The powers last mentioned, through their connection with the body, are liable indeed to be so disturbed by injuries befalling the body as to convey false perceptions to the spirit. But the powers of the spirit are not affected by bodily injuries; and it judges of the impressions conveyed to it as accurately as if they were true representations."

All which is in strict accordance with the doctrine of the German Supernaturalists. "Der Geist," says Von Meyer's Lucid Visionist, (speaking in the Magnetic Crisis) "ist (in diesem Leben) nicht denselben Leiden wie die Seele unterworfen:" i. e. The spirit is not (in this life) subject to suffering, as the soul is. She adds: "The soul seeks after, and is attracted by, the Natural in all things; the spirit is absorbed in his own contemplations: ever tending towards the Infinite, he has properly no sympathy with aught in the human world." And according as soul or as spirit characterises an individual—in other words, according as the psychical (i. e.

natural) or the pneumatical (i. e. religio-spiritual) man predominates in him, will he be disposed to reject or to reverence the deep mysteries of God, as revealed in the eternal truths of Holy Writ. (See, in the original, 1 Cor. ii. 14, 15.)\*

Both soul and spirit were in perfect harmony with each other before the Fall of Man; but since the occurrence of that tremendous calamity they have ever stood in a relation of mutual hostility; the soul, through the blindness entailed on her by Original Sin, foolishly fancying that her interests are bound up altogether with the Natural and the Present, while the spirit, though possessing an unclouded perception of the true state of the case, is yet, from the want of some common sympathetic channel of communication with his companion, unable to do more than loathe and lament her aberrations in secret, and note them down as they occur, in the hope that they may thus, however obscurely, be (as indeed they sometimes are) brought under her eye in their genuine colours. Occasionally, however, it does happen that the soulish principle quite absorbs, and, so to write, *psychises* the spiritual; in the which event the man is in danger of becoming a veritable devil. Nay, more: there is actually a perpetual tendency in nature towards this psychising and ultimate diabolising of the whole human being. But, in the great majority of cases, the protecting grace of God continues to operate upon even the worst men; and it is only when they have wilfully persevered to the last in a rejection of the terms upon which alone regeneration is possible for them, and have thus interposed an insuperable barrier between themselves and Heaven, that even such men are delivered up, once and for ever, without bail or mainprize, to the untender mercies of the Powers of Darkness.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—MAGNETIC EXISTENCE OF THE SEERESS.—THE SUN-RING AND THE LIFE-RING.

WE now resume the course of our narrative.

Madame Hauffe had not been long under treatment by Dr. Kerner (and

his friend, Dr. Off.) when,—animal magnetism being again resorted to,—a marked improvement took place in her health; and she even enjoyed in-

\* Remark also that St. Jude, in the 19th verse of his epistle, designates all unbelievers and scoffers by the generic term *ψυχισται*, soulish men, men in thralldom to the senses.

tervals of complete immunity from pain and uneasiness. She exhibited at this period, the Doctor informs us, four distinct idiopathic states; viz.: 1. Her normal state; in which she seemed to be wide awake, but was in reality advanced into the initiatory stage of the Inner Life. (She said that many men, whom no one suspected of being magnetic, were, without knowing it themselves, very often in this state.) 2. The Magneto-dreamy state. (Many other persons, she affirmed, who were looked upon as monomaniacal or crazed (*wahnsinnig*) were equally with her in this state; the only difference between them and her being that their minds were mostly fixed on one idea, while hers ranged over the world of ideas at large.) 3. The Half-waking state; in which she spoke the Inner Language.\* 4. The Lucid Sleepwaking state; in which, penetrating into the innermost magnetic depths of her being, she saw, uncircumscribed by time or space, all the arcana of the Natural Universe, and pointed out to her physicians the particular remedies required by herself or others. But by far the most noticeable circumstance connected with this epoch of her life was her discovery of the Sun-ring and the Life-ring, two great light-circles which every human being brings into this world with him upon his Interior; and by means whereof the spirit of the individual is enabled to duly and daily register the history of the Inner Life (which history is a counterpart of that of the Outer) without being under a necessity of applying to the soul through the medium of the brain for the requisite historical information. Kerner, Eschenmayer and Görres have filled nearly a hundred closely-printed pages of the book before us with strictures

on the nature and illustrations of the uses of these marvellous Rings; which same strictures and illustrations we shall here, as far as we are able to understand them, endeavour to condense into the substance of a few brief sentences.

The Sun-ring (subjectively) comprehends within its periphery the natural sun, the moon, the planets, and the Middle-world, or Purgatorial Realm of Ghosts, the latter being (objectively) in our mundane atmosphere: this Ring lies directly over (and is reflected, as in a mirror, by) the Life-ring, which is, as it were, an image of the soul herself, and, being the very seat and province of the spirit, wherein he dwells, a mystery alike to himself and the soul, comprises within its periphery the Inner Spiritworld; a world of the nature whereof no imagination hath yet been able to form even a remote conception.† In the Lucid Sleepwaking state, however, (which the German physicians call *Hellschlafwachen*, and the French *Somnambulisme clairvoyant*,) the spirit leaves the Life-ring, and, passing rapidly through a neutral sphere called the Dream-ring, penetrates to the central point of the Sun-ring; from whence, looking round on the Natural Universe, he beholds all things, as the Seeress observes, unobscured by veil and unobstructed by barrier (*ohne Schleier und Scheidewand*) and also beholds the Past and the Future, the latter not indeed objectively (forasmuch as it has not yet become an object) but subjectively, i. e. in his own anticipatory imaginings; such imaginings meanwhile being (as those of the Spiritworld always are) equivalent to present realities.‡ As for the soul, she has but seldom inherent power enough to enable her, even in the Sleepwaking state, to reach

---

\* The symbolical language of the Ghostworld (of which Dr. Kerner has favoured us with some beautiful specimens from copperplate engravings). Physicians and nurses of all countries have certainly testified that sick and dying persons do often speak a language which nobody understands, and this in instances where the speakers are known never to have acquired a knowledge of any language but their mother-tongue.

† Van Helmont and Leibnitz both affirm that the human soul is a mirror of the universe. According to Swedenborg, the Spiritual (or Ghostial) Man is an image of the Spiritual World; and Plato (who appears to have been occasionally in the Lucid state himself,) asserts that the operations of the soul are all carried on by means of light-circles.

‡ A remark applicable to every species of inner-imaginings; Conscience, Will, and Imagination being all only diverse forms of the same ghostial creative agency. (See, in reference to this subject, the masterly article of Irys Herfner in our Magazine, Vol. XVII. pp. 221-226, Feb. 1841..) Thus, a Lutheran clergyman, who has

the centre of the Sun-ring, and so for the most part is fain to hover about the Dream-ring; but whenever she *does* happen to succeed in joining the spirit, the result is the immediate supervention of the state of being called *insensu*, or trance; a state in which, while the body remains as insensible as a corpse to external impressions (or rather to the action of external stimuli) the soul can wander whithersoever she wills, under the paternal superintendence of the spirit, who is subjectively along with her in all places, albeit objectively in the ganglionic system of the body alone.

The neutral territory called the Dream-ring lies, as we have already intimated, between the Life-ring and the Sun-ring: into this territory the soul has power to enter during even the normal sleep; but it is only in those rare cases in which the spirit makes at the same time a corresponding movement with her out of the Life-ring, and helps to elucidate the mysteries around her, that what she here envisages can become at all intelligible to her apprehension. Whence it occurs that most persons regard their dreams as mere subjective non-

sense, unworthy a thought; but very mistakenly, nevertheless; for, although the psychological value of such dreams be indeed stark naught, the dreams themselves are ever full of abstract meaning, and may perhaps be aptliest likened unto a series of hieroglyphical histories, the signification whereof no man hath gotten a key to, or unto the sunken treasures of the Deep, which exist alway, though their worth in our eyes may be but upon a par with that of the slime in which they are imbedded.

As for the Outer World, i. e. the world in which men, as men, live, (the geographical position whereof in reference to these rings many persons may be curious to ascertain) we have to observe that *it lies beyond the periphery of the Sun-ring*: in other words, and to be as intelligible as we can, *it is that objective state of things which subsists for the perceptions of the soul, so long as she (the soul) is compelled to remain isolated from the experiences of the Inner Life*, and to look out through the windows of the brain upon the forms of the Exterior and Superficial only.\*

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE SUN-RING AND THE LIFE-RING. (SEQUEL.)

THE engraving which Dr. Kerner has given, in his book, of the Sun-ring, represents the entire circle as divided into twelve distinct segments, which are again subdivided into sundry smaller ones, corresponding with the days of the months, each larger segment being a month, and the circle itself a year. The draught of the sketch was originally made upon paper with wonderful accuracy by the Seeress, as she lay a-bed in the Half-waking state, silent,

and with closed eyes; in which condition, and so occupied, "she appeared to me," says the Doctor, "as a spidress at work upon a web, spinning and still spinning, without any visible instrument to assist her in getting through her task."

It is in, and by means of, this Ring that the history of the Inner Life is, as we have already observed, carried on from day to day. Each day is filled with its own events, feelings, fancies.

---

made away with his own illegitimate children, appears, after death, to a ghost-seer, haunted by the subjective-objective images of the murdered ones: now here is manifestly a conscience-creation. And so, when we read in Bernard's *Retrospections of the Stage* (Vol. II. pp. 237—242) of a company of ghosts who were wont to haunt a certain carpenter's workshop, and ply (as was thought) the saws, hammers, planes, &c, therein with such effect as to astound and alarm a whole neighbourhood, this is to be taken as an instance of the creative power of ghostial Will and Imagination, which wrought on the subjective saws, hammers, planes, &c. subsisting in the minds of the ghosts, and by means of them alone produced the noises heard; the paradigmatical or objective tools remaining intact all the while, as was proved by the testimony of more than one watcher.

\* We say "to remain isolated," because, if there be any one truth in occult philosophy respecting which all theosophists and psychologists are agreed, it is, that human existence is (as Cuvier has expressed it) "a forced condition," and that the Inner Life is the genuine and proper life of the soul.

&c. noted down as they occur, by the spirit, from his domain within the Life-ring, under the form of certain cabalistical characters and cyphers, which are in fact *the* events, feelings, fancies, &c. only symbolically represented. "For every sin, every evil thought and evil wish," (quoth the Seeress) "an accusing *numeral* is scored to the debit of the sinner: the spirit, who tolerates nothing unspiritual, records the offence; and, after the death of the individual, and his awaking in the Middleworld, the whole of his past life is presented before his eyes in cyphers; and he passes judgment upon himself by his proper spirit." Under her own Sun-ring for the year 1827 the Seeress counted five other similar Rings, and saw a seventh Ring above, for the coming year (1828): this last Ring was of course void; but her spirit nevertheless *felt* beforehand all the remarkable circumstances that were to characterise the year for her, and, among them, that of her father's death, which, as the Doctor solemnly assures us, did afterwards actually take place upon the very day (the 2d of May) which she had in his presence pointed out with her finger on the paper Sun-ring, as giving her a feeling

of dreadful anguish and desolateness. She also informed the Doctor that the number of Sun-rings which persons might retain at once varied according to the life and character of the individual; that her own number was seven, and that her next Sun-ring would be the last of her fourth series; moreover, that the numerical contents of all her preceding Rings were to be transferred to the Ring for 1829 in the form of a single synoptical character; and that whenever anybody dies a similar condensation of the words and numerals in his Sun-ring uniformly takes place; so that on the separation of soul and body he beholds the whole of his life mystically represented in One Word and One Numeral\*—both being according to Professor Eschenmayer, natural symbolical characters borrowed from that potential Inner Language by means of which the denizens of the Ghost-world are accustomed to hold ghostial communication with one another, and which, or something like which, the Seeress tells us, was spoken on earth in the time of the patriarch Jacob.

The following lines upon the Life-ring were improvised by the Seeress in one of her semi-lucid sleeps.

### To my Life-ring.

"Dich, Lebenskreis, dich word' ich wieder finden."

Thee, cryptic Life-ring, shall I find agen,  
 When through her Earthly Rings my soul hath passed;  
 Not one least mite will prove a-wanting then  
 Of all the enormous Life-sum here amassed.  
 Then, when the longed-for Phantomgoal is won,  
 If Sin defiled not my probation-day  
 From yon deep centre shall ascend a Sun†  
 To light and glad my spirit on his way;  
 And all forgotten words and thoughts, and things,  
 And feelings Language here so ill defines,  
 Shall shine out meaningful from darkest Rings,  
 And give me back the Past in Cypher-signs.

---

\* "Wherefore," beautifully writes a German physician, (not our friend Justinus) "wherefore let us, while the Day lasteth, live in God and do the will and works of God, lest when the Night come we be taken prisoners by the sins of our lost lives, and they, according to the eternal law of Nature, gird our ghosts around as dungeon-walls, through which no light can penetrate."

† In the central point of the Life-ring the Seeress discerned a sun, infinitely brighter than the natural sun, and to which she gave the name of *Gnadensonne* (Sun of Grace). It would seem to be one with the "spiritual sun" of Baron *Swedenborg*.

CHAPTER X.—DISTINCTION BETWEEN LUCID VISION AND BEATIFIC VISION.  
ERRONEOUS NOTIONS CONCERNING SLEEPWAKERS.

ONE discovery, of infinite importance to the honour and interests of religion, has been elaborated from the experiences of the Seeress of Prevorst and other lucid magnetisees. It is now made manifest, and is indeed admitted by the best *scientific* magnetisers, that the Inner Magnetic Life is a state essentially distinct from the Inner Spiritual Life. The Seeress herself avouches this truth in so many words. "The utmost range of vision which the Lucid Sleepwaker can command," she observes, (speaking in the Crisis) "is that from the centre to the circumference of the Sun-ring, and which comprehends the sun, the moon, the planets, and the Middle or Purgatorial Ghost-world, which latter is in our atmosphere: *into the deeper vision-sphere of the Life-ring* (the Inner Spirit-world) *no mere Sleepwaker has ever been able to penetrate.*" The profound and philosophical Görres, also, in his *Einführung zu Suso's Leben und Schriften*, discusses at considerable length the disclosures made by the Seeress with respect to the Sun-and Life-rings, and shows that while the Lucid Vision of Magnetisees can be considered only in the light of a connatural exoteric phenomenon, affording no indication of the moral condition of the magnetisee, the Beatific Vision of the Saints must be regarded as a supernal and esoteric mystery, and as vouchsafed only to those who through faith and prayer, long-continued penances, and severe crucifixion of the Psychical Man in themselves, have become in some degree worthy to enjoy so exceeding great a glory.

We the gladlier avail ourself of these valuable testimonies, because we know that irreligious and antireligious men have, in many instances, made the fact of the rapt exaltation experienced in the Crisis by *all* sorts of lucid sleepwakers without exception an avowed ground for a belief in the beatitude of all sorts of men hereafter, and, of course, a disbelief in the existence of a future state of punishment for sin. Thus, for example, dogmatiseth a

certain Stutgardian Somebody, who appears to have been shockingly scandalised by the "woe-begone physiognomies"\* of some of Madame Hauffe's purgatorial acquaintances. "We see" (quoth the Hidalgo) "that a morally and physically-corrupted individual, enters, in the Lucid Sleepwaking Crisis, upon a state of freedom, appears calm, lofty-souled, pure-minded, exhibits elevated insights and powers, becomes, in fine, a glorified being. Here, then, surely, is the test: here we have the *true Inner Man*, thus will the individual exist and manifest himself hereafter: his spirit, having shuffled off its mortal coil, will at the same time find itself independent of all earthly prejudices and trammels, and rejoice in a deathless liberty." And even some of the honester as well as abler sort of writers do often (being sadly in the dark upon all matters connected with the nature of the Inner Life) theorise in a most arbitrary, Jacobo-Böhmenical manner on the subject of the lucid phenomena and the delight which "the soul," forsooth, has therein. Hear how Baron Dupotet, for one, blows the psychologico-magnetic trumpet which his own hands have fashioned. "All the lucid sleepwakers," (observes the Baron,) "hold a language nearly alike, and suggesting the idea of a partial disencumberment of the *soul* from its burden of mortality: all seem to see, hear, feel, and take cognizance of every thing past, present and future, through some other channels than those physical organs which serve on ordinary occasions to make known the volitions of the mind. All, too, agree in declaring that they enjoy in this state an exquisite elysium of repose from which they dread to be disturbed; their *souls*, apparently half-liberated, shrink from being again bound by the chains which fetter men down within the narrow sphere of suffering humanity. It is impossible to contemplate a lucid sleepwaker without a feeling of mingled wonder and awe: he is a being who appears to belong more to the world which is

---

\* "I will not, gentlemen, simply for your sakes, dress up the woe-begone physiognomies of these ghosts." *Notification of Dr. Kerner to certain of his Reviewers.*



ome than to that in which Man, as a finite being, exists ; he already seems disrobed of his carnal nature, almost participating in the enjoyment of his immortality : none of us can divine what views of infinity may be open before him : all that we observe is, a being like ourselves, elevated to a state of temporary beatification, far above our sympathy and our comprehension." Let us hope, however, that we shall have no more of these gratuitous assumptions, seeing that they are all based upon the principle, that the Sleepwaking state and the state after death are alike states of *one and the same being*, the so-called soul ;

which principle is fallacious and false. *The Lucid Sleepwaking state is a common natural phenomenical state of the mere Pneumatical Man, with which state obviously, the soul and her sins can have nothing to do ; whereas the state after death is a pure moral state of the whole Ghostial Man, with which state, and obviously, the same soul and her sins must have every thing to do.* This is the simple truth ; and it is a truth which should ever be borne in mind by those who are desirous of studying the philosophy of animal magnetism in the proper spirit, namely, that of inductive investigation.

CHAP. XI.—ECSTATIC VISION OF THE SEERESS.

IN the half-natural half-ghostial state to which Madame Hauffe was now reduced (or, let us rather say, exalted) it was but a matter of course to look for the habitual occurrence and recurrence of many phenomena, objective no less than subjective, altogether inexplicable after much thinking on the part of the learned doctors and professors who surrounded her sick bed, and which in fact were only to be understood according as the disclosures made by the Seeress herself should induce a more intimate acquaintance with the nature of the laws by which the being and operations of spiritual existences are governed. This, we say, it was a matter of course to expect ; and therefore, with all deference to Dr. Kerner, we opine that the plan which he appears to have adopted, of endeavouring to assign a reason for every extraordinary thing that came under his inspection, was not called for. Many millions of extraordinary things are hourly occurring in our own Outer World, for the occurrence of which no human being can assign a reason, and for the occurrence of which, moreover, no human being ever considers himself under any obligation of assigning a reason. Withal, it is only flattering a man's vanity to put him *au fait* of the How and Wherefore of a mystery ; it is only inflating him with windy notions of his own immense capacity which can comprehend such things ; nay, it sometimes happens that the very copiousness of the explanation given furnishes a dunderhead of an antagonist with the means of reviling at and contesting it. The

Doctor's obvious course was, to have simply recorded in black and white the out-of-the-way facts, however huge, (perhaps the huger the better,) and left them to produce a sensation so ; in which case he might also have regarded himself as affording an excellent negativo-positive illustration of his own grand principle : that the brain is not qualified to take upon itself the judgment of things ghostial. This would have been common sense at least in any country but Germany where indeed men are slow to perceive that the innocence of the dove sometimes needs to be qualified by the wisdom of the serpent. But we must proceed with our narrative.

On the 2d of May, 1828, intelligence came to Madame Hauffe that her father (whose residence was at Oberstenfeld about eight leagues from Weinsberg) had within the last few days been attacked with an inflammation of lungs, and was then confined to bed. This news of course occasioned her much alarm and anxiety. At eight o'clock in the evening of the day (relates Dr. Kerner) she fell into the magnetic sleep, and shortly afterwards was heard to say, 'I will go and explore (*nachfühlen*) how it is with him.' Whereupon, she laid her arms upon her bosom, as was the uniform custom before passing herself into the Lucid Sleep state, but in the next moment she gathered herself up, exclaiming, 'Blessed God !—shall I tell you what I have seen? No : I will tell you when I awake, I shall then tell you that I have seen any thing

me! Let me be immediately awakened: in three minutes I shall fall asleep again.'

"She was accordingly awakened, and, at the end of three minutes, again fell asleep, as she had predicted. In her second sleep she prayed in a low tone of voice, but said nothing more concerning her father. Towards nine o'clock she awoke, uttering, as she opened her eyes, the exclamation—'Ah, God!'—and then said that it appeared to her as though she had heard herself *speaking double*—as though two persons had just ejaculated the exclamation out of her. At about ten she again passed into the sleep-waking state, and murmured, 'God! Thou hast him now in Thy hands; he sleeps tranquilly in Thee!'—after which she sank into her natural night-slumber.

"Next morning, at eleven of the clock, there arrived a messenger at the house of Madame Hauffe with the melancholy piece of intelligence that her father had breathed his last at the hour of eight on the preceding evening, in his own residence at Oberstenfeld.

"I now lay before thee, my dearest, an extract from a letter written to me on this mournful occasion by Dr. Föhr of Bottwar, who had been (though unfortunately too late) called in to prescribe for my friend. 'With regard to Meinherr W\*\*\*\*,' (thus he writes) 'he was already dead when I reached Oberstenfeld. But I must apprise you of a circumstance that occurred on the occasion: I was resting myself in an ante-room adjoining the death-chamber, when I most distinctly heard a voice, as it were, from the latter, exclaiming, 'Ah, God!' I listened and heard it again, and again; three times in all. It was about, or near, nine o'clock in the evening (of the 2d. inst.) There was at the time nobody in the other room but the deceased. The thought, therefore, that on the moment struck me was, that Meinherr W\*\*\*\*\* was not really dead after all; and so I went into the room to satisfy myself. But there lay the corpse just as before; and, after a most accurate and patient examination of it, which occupied me an hour, I came away, not being able to solve the mystery, but convinced that Meinherr W\*\*\*\*\* had been completely dead from the time of my arrival.'"

This was a case of simple ecstasis,

the nature of which peculiar condition of the human economy we have already described. The sense of bilquism, or double-speaking, here adverted to by the Seeress, is to be accounted for thus: At the moment of the transit of the soul from the body into the death-chamber, the spirit was engaged in prayer, and, being on the point of ejaculating the above exclamation,—'Ah, God!'—the soul, of course, took the exclamation with her to Oberstenfeld, and there enunciated it, as, for that matter, she would on the instant have taken it to, and enunciated it at, Grand Cairo or New York, had it been in either of those towns that Herr W\*\*\*\*\*'s corpse was then lying waked: Again now the spirit had recourse to prayer, and, having subjectively uttered the same exclamation twice, (making in all three times) the soul (as she would have done in the body) gave it objective existence twice by means of articulation: Finally, the soul returning as the spirit was a fourth time breathing the aspiration, she also, by sympathy with the spirit, a fourth time gave utterance to it, and this at the precise moment of her re-entrance into the brain: and hence the feeling on the part of the Seeress that she had (herself) spoken with a double voice. A most interesting phenomenon; and, we believe, by no means common in ecstasis, wherein the soul is for the most part fain to content herself with a silent survey of whatever comes under her notice.

It may strike thee, spectacted reader, as an inconsistency in us that we should hold up a lanthorn to thee on this dusky subject of ecstatic duplicity, seeing that we but just now took to task the first demonologist of the age for *his* all-too-zealous readiness in proffering explanations of the whole Cabala of Supernaturalism, when dignity and policy alike demanded that he should have rather exerted himself to mystify the suburbans than given them whereof to be vain in their own conceit. We warn thee, however, to bring no such foolish charge against Us. Our motives for what we do are perhaps revealable, and perhaps not; but whether they be or be not, they should be beyond thy suspicion, as assuredly they are beyond thy comprehension; being mysteries of the *αποκρυφισμους* kind, even as we ourself are a mystery of the *αδελος* kind.



mile if thou wilt, or sneer if thou please, at this averment; but, if thou mile, or if thou sneer, be it our business to tell thee that there are not in Webster's Dictionary (a first-rate one, however) substantives substantial enough, or verba active enough, to supply terms for describing a tithe of the contempt we must feel for thy *propia*, thy disgraceful want of *vous*. It will in that case (*viz*: the case of thy smiling or sneering) become diaphonous, (*viz*: transparent, or clear) that while we gave thee credit for knowing Something concerning Every-

thing thou really knewest Nothing about Anything—that thine Outer Man and Inner, thy cerebral and ganglionic systems were, from the beginning, plunged in a state of heb-tude the most deplorable. It will, in short, be evident that thou wert at art a sump of the muddiest water. It is not necessary for us to pursue the topic or do we indeed stand in need of exculpation in the eyes of the *Seeress*. Nothing but the last degree of audacity can induce any man to even hint at an affirmative answer to this question.

CHAP. XII.—THE GHOSTS OF THE MIDDLE WORLD.

We now come to treat of ghost-seeing experiences, confining ourselves to those of Madame Hauffe, who, at this period, became, it would appear, the cynosure of a large majority of such of those paracentric Weinsberg ghosts as were able in the first place to see *her*. For, as one of themselves informed her, "ghosts do not see all human beings, but only an *odd* individual here and there:" a fact eminently credible, and in reference to which the learned Doctor Justinus remarks, that these men-seeing ghosts are probably lured upper-worldwards by a peculiar goblin-light that glimmers in the odd individual's eyes, or, still more probably, by the sheen of the sun of his (or her) Life-ring. And he further inclines to think that those few and far-between glimpses of a brighter world which they thus obtain may be accorded them to prevent them from sinking into the utter despair which the eclipse of their own Life-suns in the darkness of Purgatory might be calculated to produce. Opinions, perhaps, not easily refutable even in 1842.

Our Seeress commences her disclosures by some general observations upon ghost-seeing. "Ghosts," she declares, "are seen with the ghostial eye of the seer, which looks out through his bodily eye. The seer must be a man who, so to speak, lives in his heart-pit. When ghosts are seen by a man who lives in his brain, the seeing is but momentary and imperfect, for the brain at once chases it away: Such a man may, by means of his soul, have a feeling of the proximity of ghosts, but he will never be a *seer*."

(He will never, we think, be a visionist by daylight. But even a brain-ridder can see ghosts in the normal half-waking state, whenever his eyes happen to open while as yet his soul continues lingering about the sphere of the Dream-ring. This we can bear witness to from our own personal experience.)

The Seeress continues: "For me I live almost wholly in my heart-pit. This was true: sometimes, particularly when she tried to stand upright, she had a feeling of wanting her brain altogether. "I have no pleasure," (she goes on to observe) "in seeing the ghostial visitors of mine: the gift Inner Vision I possess is rather a source of uneasiness and affliction to me. And it grieves me much that people will persist in questioning about what I see, for indeed I scarcely bear to allude to the subject. This, as Dr. Kerner testifies, is also true; and it is but justice to Doctor (to whom alone Frege spoke without reserve) to acknowledge that he at first, from a regard to the health of his patient, declared against the ghosts, and made great exertions to have them turned out of doors;—though, being (*then*) no conjuror, it was quite natural that he should come off second-best in a contest, especially as the odds against him might have been counted."

"With many of these ghost-seeing Seeresses observes,) "I hold communication; to others I speak. I come to me to be spoken to, and continue for months conversing with them,—that is, at intervals, at most hours of the night, and whether other

present or not. On all these occasions I am wide awake"—(the Doctor however seems to have doubts as to the width :—see Chap. VIII.) "in full possession of my perceptive powers, and uninfluenced by imagination or enthusiasm. My will or state of mind or body has no control over the coming or going of the ghosts. Whether I feel myself stronger or weaker, whether I be in pain or at ease, whether others converse with me or I be left to myself, still I see the ghosts; they come into my room; and I cannot banish them. They awaken me at night from sleep: *how* they do so I know not; I only feel, upon seeing them at my bed-side, that they *have* awakened me, and that if they had not I should have slept on. And it is remarkable that if other persons (as my sisters or any of the attendants) be asleep in the room at the time, they dream of the particular ghost who speaks to me, and, when they awake, are often able to repeat what he (or she) said.

"At the same time that I see and converse with a ghost I am quite aware of whatever may be going on in the room besides; and have also power to direct my mind to extraneous matters; but my eyes are, as it were, fixed upon the ghost; and it is with the greatest difficulty that I can withdraw them from him: it seems to me as though I were placed in magnetic relationship with him.

"In what I may call the texture of their appearance, the ghosts resemble thin but untransparent clouds. Their forms are like those of the Living; their clothing is mostly the same as it was or may have been while they were in the body, but colourless or grey. Their features also resemble those of life, but are void of colour, and for the most part wear a mournful and gloomy expression. Their eyes are bright, often like fire. Upon the heads of this class of ghosts I never saw any hair. All women-ghosts appear to me in one uniform head-gear, with a veil flowing over and off the forehead. As to the better sort of ghosts, of whom but few come to me, they are clad in white garments, and each wears a zone about the waist.

"In sunshine and by moonlight I am better able to see the ghosts than at nightfall: whether I could see them *in total darkness* I do not know, as I *have never made the trial*. I cease to

see them when I close my eyes, or when material objects are interposed between me and them; but I still feel their presence, and can point out where they are standing. Their approach occasions in those persons who happen to be in the room with me a peculiar feeling of exhaustion about the heart-pit, with a stringency of the breast, and a tendency to swoon: dogs and other animals also feel their vicinity. For myself, I cannot bear to let them draw too near to me; when they do so they take away my strength; and I feel as though they had the power of impressing themselves in some way upon the nerves."

(It still remains doubtful upon what principle the proximity of the dark-grey and black ghosts can be presumed to prostrate the physical powers of the ghost-seer. The best demonological authorities, however, are disposed to think that the sulphurous and phosphoric matter of which the bodies of such ghosts are composed effects a partial deoxidisement of the atmosphere, so that the ghost-seer's brain is for the time deprived of its wonted vital stimulus of arterialised blood; and it certainly is a strong corroboration of the pretensions involved in this hypothesis that candles and so forth are known to invariably burn blue in the presence of an evil spirit.)

Frederica continues: "I never could observe that ghosts cast any shadow." It is probable that the ghost, with a view to avoid perplexing the ghost-seer, leaves his shadow at home; for it requires a long-practised ghostial eye to discern the difference between a ghost and the mere shadow of a ghost. But, what must appear much stranger than the fact of the absence of shadow from a ghost appearance, is that other fact, quite as indisputable, that even ghost-seers themselves, and more especially ghost-raisers, are for the most part shadowless persons. And Scott, (whom few things escaped) in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, when speaking of Lady Margaret's father, who was suspected of dabbling in the Black Art, is careful to inform us that

"— when in studious mood he paced  
St. Andrew's cloistered hall,  
His form no darkening shadow traced  
Upon the sunny wall!"

Whereunto he adds, in a note: "The

shadow of a necromancer is independent of the sun. Glycas informs us that Simon Magus caused his shadow to go before him, making people believe it was an attendant spirit." The popular theory with respect to this interesting phenomenon of shadowlessness is, that students in magic "are obliged to run through a subterranean hall, where the devil literally catches the hindmost of the race, unless he crosses the hall so speedily that the arch-enemy can only apprehend his shadow. In the latter case the person of the sage never after throws any shade; and those who have thus *lost their shadows* always prove the best magicians."

To return, however, to our ghosts, concerning whom Frederica proceeds thus: "Their walk is like that of the living,—with this difference, that the brighter kind seem rather to float along, whereas the darker have a heavy tread, so heavy as to be audible not only to me, but to all persons in the room." Dr. Kerner and others did in fact often both hear and feel the ghosts moving to and fro; often saw likewise the doors and windows opening and closing apparently of their own accord; heard from time to time loud knockings on the walls, &c. &c. We may here mention, *à propos* of ghost-noises, that the Doctor was at one time very much annoyed by the conduct of a troop of ghosts in his *own* house, who, through the sheer force of their imagination, used to bring together, with a tremendous clatter, all the pewter platters in the kitchen—of course without ever disturbing one of them. He was, however, informed by the Seeress (who had herself the information from one of her grey visitants) that ghosts make noises, not from any abstract love of noise, but simply for the purpose of *drawing attention upon themselves*, as, whenever they succeed in doing so, their condition becomes "more tolerable." Neither is there in this notion anything which even a brain-ridden man can fairly pronounce irrational. If (as the discoveries made in animal magnetism have shown to be the fact) a human mind operates on a human mind through the medium of effluence and influence, *may not a human mind operate on a ghostial mind through a like medium?* And, if it be, as it is, the

fact, that a certain class of suffering ghosts derive the greatest benefit from being *prayed for*, is it unreasonable to suppose that the same ghosts may experience a proportionate relief, however slight it may be in degree, from being *thought on*—especially considering that (in Germany at least) such ghosts are most frequently thought on with feelings of compassion?

"I cannot speak to the ghosts as I please," (pursues the Seeress) "nor can they always answer the questions I put. *Evil ghosts are indeed ready enough to satisfy my inquiries*; but I avoid conversation with such. These latter ghosts have strong voices; stronger than those of the good ghosts. The ghost-voice proper is a deep and clear suspiration." She adds that ghosts can open locked doors (without a key) and that they often prefer entering a room by coming in at the door-way to passing through the door itself. This preference may seem strange; but it is probable that Matter may not recognise a totality of Spirit in these heavier-bodied ghosts, and may therefore be disposed to assert its natural prerogative of impenetrability against them. And Dr. Kerner elsewhere thinks it is *no harm* to open the window (as people sometimes do) for the exit of a dying man's ghost, notwithstanding that the ghost *might* pass through the glass-panes.

The ghosts who came to the Seeress were, as she tells us, for the most part located in an under region of the Ghostworld, called the Middle Realm. "They are the spirits of men and women," (she adds,) "who were over-much attached to things earthly in this life, and still remain so; or of others, who died without faith in the Redemption; many of them also are the ghosts of persons to whose minds, when dying, some worldly thought or anxiety clung, which they took with them into the Ghost-life, and which still fetters them down to the neighbourhood of this earth." And, touching the Middle Realm itself, which is in our atmosphere, (*in unserm Luftraum*) she says: "Here there is no mundane occupation, nothing to *distract* the thoughts; the entire life of the individual, and more especially all his sins, are here embodied in One Cypher, which for ever itself presents itself before the eyes of his consciousness; he is here cast upon himself,

and must now make the most of what he finds in himself,—for here there are none to assist him, none to warn him, none to speak a word of consolation to him. It is from this Middle State of Souls that the ghosts come to me. They come that I may say something to tranquillize them, may pray for them, may speak a few religious words to them. When I do so they draw and drink in my words with might, with the hungry eagerness of persons famishing; and I have noticed that ever as the darker ghosts are being prayed for they grow sensibly brighter (or rather less dark) in colour; while I, on the other hand, lose all the strength which, it would appear, they gain by my prayers. These ghosts imagine that men have it somehow in their power to deliver them out of the Middle Realm; and in vain do I endeavour to persuade them that this is all a delusion of their own fancy; they still seem to cling to the belief. Their best course would undoubtedly be to pray to the Saints in Heaven for deliverance;\* but their heaviness (*Schwere*) inclines them rather to seek assistance from persons yet in the flesh than from glorified spirits."

(The Seeress, we think, might have reasonably enough questioned the ability of the ghosts to pray to the Saints. She herself has elsewhere told us that whenever she desired a ghost to pray for himself, he would go away sorrowfully, without making any answer. If it were a matter of course that ghosts could pray for themselves, and obtain relief by their own prayers, it is somewhat strange that they should not prefer emancipating themselves at once from their imprisonment to waiting two or three hundred years† for the *avatar* of a ghost-seer, only to obtain perhaps a glimpse of liberty after all, at the expense of a world of trouble to themselves and him.)

"Many persons," (observes the Seeress, towards the conclusion of this portion of her disclosures) "will doubtless consider it incredible that there should be such ghosts in existence as those whom I have been describing.

But, alas! it is only too certain a truth, that a man who has lived for seventy years in sin and ignorance cannot all at once enter upon a state of purity and enlightenment after death. A sinful man, a man uneducated in spiritual things, may, by the means of his brain and soul, obtain a knowledge of many exterior matters in this present Scene-world, may even acquire (and deserve) a very great reputation for discoveries in science and so forth; but his spirit remains only therefore all the feebler and darker, and his Inner Life languishes. If, now, this man be once dead, the soul which, by the aid of the brain, rendered him so distinguished here, has lost its instrument for working with, and is become the mere hull or outward covering of his spirit; *the darkened and enfeebled spirit is now the master*; and what—what can become of such an one?"

Perpend and ponder this well, ye whose knowledge of "many exterior matters," as the mystery of punch-mixing and the like, is at present your sole boast and glory! Ah! think upon the Purgatorial Realm, wherein is no punch; wherein what spirits there are must perforce form an amalgam, not with sugar and hot water, but with phosphorus and hot sulphur! And consider, while consider you may, whether it may not be worth making some slight sacrifice of the comforts of your Soulish Man here, to escape from the necessity of being hereafter condemned to wander, in the shape of your Ghostial Man, to and fro in miserable darkness, helpless, restless, guideless; with that *Accusing Numeral* for ever before your eyes, and legions of black and darkest-grey spectres for ever making mockery of your most forlorn and doloriferous condition!

But, we grow drowsy,—and must, for a little season,—one all-too short moon at the extremest,—retire within the sphere of the Dream-ring, there to excogitate and prepare materials for the Second Part of our paper.

THE OUT-AND-OUTER.

\* To preclude misconception, it may be proper to observe that the Seeress was a Lutheran, and of the Augsburg Confession of Faith.

† One of the ghosts told the Seeress that his death occurred in the year 1559. It is but fair, however, to add that this ghost had been for some time in einer *Seligkeit* (in a lesser state of beatitude).

## THE CURSE OF KISHOGE.

In Kerry, there once lived a comical rogue,  
 As e'er shook a shillelah, or gave a polthogue,\*  
 Oh! he was the lad with the lasses in vogue,  
     And could say "thurum poge"†  
     With as coaxing a brogue,  
 As e'er softened the heart of a sweet colleenoge!‡  
 The name he rejoiced in was Paddy Kishoge.  
     And 'tis he that could tope  
     With a parson or pope,  
 Faith it frightened the whiskey to see his mouth ope;  
     By the powers of delf  
     Father Mathew himself,  
 Among all his apostles, ne'er met such a swiper;  
     Let him bring the worst rascal  
     That e'er used a cask ill,  
 And Pat would have drunk him as drunk as a piper.  
 Oh! 'twould gladden the heart of the veriest grumbler  
 To see how he swallowed down tumbler on tumbler!  
     Of "frigidum sine,"  
     Or brandy or wine, he  
 Would quaff as a fish does of sea-water briny;  
     But the pure Irish native  
     Was what he loved best,  
     As the draught most creative  
     Of humour and jest.  
 For he was the boy that loved frolic and fun,  
     Though his practical jokes  
     Gave offence to some folks,  
     And more cronies than one  
     Said that ere he'd have done  
     He'd dance on the tight-rope as sure as a gun,  
 Or at least at the public expense cross the water.  
 But the hints which were given of the rope and the cruise, meant  
 To lessen his frolicksome love of amusement,  
     Were but thrown to the wind,  
     For "the innocent mind,"  
     As the adage says, "always diversion can find."  
 And thus 'twas with Pat, who was ne'er at a loss,  
     But from "pitch and toss,"  
 Took "all in the ring," as it came to "manslaughter."  
     And, should the occasion his humour provoke,  
     Would just as soon crack you a head as a joke!—  
 Or indeed, as 'twould seem from his hist'ry on reference,  
 For the cracking of heads he had sometimes a preference.

How calmly does the twilight hour  
 Descend o'er rock, and stream, and flower!  
 How gently does departing day  
 Steal from the wearied world away!  
 Which, hushed awhile its cares and woes,  
 Sinks softly to its brief repose.

---

\* *Polthogue*,—a blow with the fist.

† *Thurum poge*,—give me a kiss.

‡ *Colleenoge*,—young girl.

So steals away with noiseless foot,  
 And ev'n her very breathing mute,  
 The anxious mother from the bed  
 On which her sleeping babe reposes,  
 As if nought firmer met her tread  
 Than carpets formed of summer roses,  
 And glances timidly about  
 Ere yet she turns the room-door handle,  
 For fear the urchin should cry out,  
 "Mamma, don't take away the candle!"  
 Aye! beautiful in every clime,  
 Thou comest, blessed evening time;  
 But nowhere dost thou gentler reign  
 Than on the shores of calm Loch Lane!  
 And night—*thou* comest lovelier still,  
 Upon that land of lake and hill—  
 That region which romance and song  
 Have rendered sacred oft and long!  
 How often have I marked the scene,  
 Illumined by thy lamp serene,  
 Shedding its soft and mournful smile  
 On Innisfallen's lovely isle,  
 Whence, glittering o'er the waters bright,  
 Its radiance formed a track of light,  
 Seeming a spirit's path that led  
 To where the calm and sainted dead  
 In tranquil solitude recline  
 By hallowed Muckruss' lonely shrine;  
 While Mangerton, Glenna, and Turk,  
 Stood with their leafy banners furled,  
 As if to keep heaven's fairest work  
 Shut in from all the stormier world,  
 And Caran Tual's summit bare  
 Frown'd, monarch of the purple air.

---

Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis the midnight hour,  
 When over the lake,  
 "And no mistake,"  
 O'Donoghue comes with his fairy power;  
 At the top of his speed,  
 On his milk-white steed,  
 He rides to visit his lady's bower.  
 But who marks him now as he gallops along  
 On his gallant steed with that fairy throng?  
 Oh! who but the *rogue*,  
 Honest Paddy Kishoge,  
 Who greets the chief in his own sweet brogue;  
 For Pat, too, had *spirits* to aid him that night,  
 And fairy or devil he'd venture to fight.  
 So he cries out, "Halloo,  
 "Mr. O'Donoghue,  
 "Between me and you,  
 "By my soul that's a mighty nate cut of a nag.  
 "But you ride the poor baste  
 "At the devil's own haste,  
 "Which must make your divarsion a devilish fag."  
 "But, hy gorra, you'd go at a different rate  
 "If your colt was fronting a five-barred gate!"  
 The Prince  
 Gave a wince



At this sally of Pat,  
 But pausing awhile,  
 With an amiable smile,  
 Said, "I'll ride against *you* for a wager, that's flat!"  
 And, waving his hand, he pulled up his rein  
 On the grassy margin of Muckruss demesne.  
 "Faith, your honour," says Pat, "I'd not ask better fun,  
 "And if *you'll* only get me a horse, I say 'done.'"  
 "A horse!" cries the chieftain, "just mount on the back  
 "Of that courser black,  
 "And ride with me o'er yon mountain track;  
 "And if you but stick to your nag to-night,  
 "And gallop with me till morning's light,  
 "I'll make you a present, my boy, of the hack!"  
 "By jingo," says Pat, in a comical tone,  
 "A body would think that the baste was your own—  
 "But, faith, you'll not do me so cursedly brown."  
 "My own!" cries the prince, with a wrathful frown,  
 And a glance of ire on Paddy he darts;  
 "I'd have you to know that I'm king in these parts,  
 "And whate'er I bestow  
 "At the midnight hour,  
 "No mortal below  
 "To recal it hath power!"  
 "Your reverence," says Paddy, a trifle confused  
 By the solemn tone that the monarch used,  
 "Your pardon I ax  
 "Most humbly, and"——"Pax  
 "Vobiscum, my friend," says the king, "take the nag,  
 "And let's go, for I can't afford longer to lag."  
 So, without more ado,  
 Away rode the two,  
 Like rival Nim's at a view halloo,  
 The hoofs of their steeds scarce brushing the dew  
 From the grassy turf, as o'er it they flew,  
 And in half a jiffey were both out of view.

---

Morning rises in beauty and bloom o'er the lake,  
 And the lark's merry carols the echoes awake;  
 The grouse in the heather is calling its young;  
 'Mid the dew-bathed brush-wood the beagle gives tongue;  
 The red-deer has risen refreshed from his lair,  
 And is snuffing the fragrance that breathes through the air;  
 The mists are ascending that curtained the hills,  
 And down to the lake rush the musical rills;  
 No oar has yet broken the water's repose,  
 But the sun on its beauties a timid look throws,  
 Like the eye of the lover its anxious watch keeping  
 O'er the girl that he loves, as he steals on her sleeping,  
 And fears that his kiss may too rudely awaken  
 The lovely repose that his glance has o'ertaken.

But where is the chief who sped last night  
 On his milk-white steed o'er its surface bright?  
 At the cock's first crow,  
 Full three hours ago,  
 Himself and his suite descended below,  
 And there in his halls the veteran chief  
 Is discussing his breakfast of ham and roast beef,  
 Eggs, coffee, and rolls,  
 Kidneys grilled on the coals,

And salmon fresh roasted on stakes of arbutus  
 I defy both the inns  
 Moriarty's and Finn's  
 To get up a breakfast that better would suit us ;  
 While on rashers and ale  
 His attendants regale,  
 And, despite Cobbett's *vetos*,  
 Attack the potatoes,  
 With a vigour would make old Malthus grow pale ;  
 For hard was their ride over hill and through brake  
 Since last with their chieftain they sped from the lake.

—  
 A trumpeter rides through the town of Tralee  
 With his " Rum-tiddi-iddi-iddi-iddi-ee,  
 Tiddi-ee-tiddi-iddi-dee-dee ! "—  
 And behind him is walking a liveried band,  
 Each with scarlet plush-breeches and halberd in hand ;  
 While following these are twelve mounted dragoons,  
 All burnished and brilliant, like new silver-spoons.  
 Not together they ride ;  
 But six on each side  
 (Of a carriage that rolls on in dignified pride—  
 The horses of which, as the pavement they paw,  
 Show they feel it a personal honour to draw  
 From their lodgings the two learned judges of law.  
 And, to close the procession, some bare-legged boys  
 Are running and making a deuce of a noise,  
 And thinking, no doubt, that 'tis excellent sport  
 To see the king's judges proceeding to court ;  
 While some juryman, scalded in hast'ning his breakfast,  
 Wishes each of them had in a halter his neck fast.

The court is sitting in solemn wig,  
 And looking with law and gravity big.  
 The clerk of the crown the jury has sworn,  
 On a Testament kissed till its covers are worn.  
 The counsel and agents have taken their places,  
 Some telling the news, and some conning their cases ;  
 The reporters are nibbling their pens to take notes,  
 The witnesses coughing and clearing their throats.  
 And just at nine by the court-house clock,  
 The crown commences to clear the dock.

The dock—and seems it, then, absurd  
 To pause upon this vulgar word ?  
 Oh ! shall we pass unheeded by  
 The pallid lip, the sunken eye,  
 The haggard cheek, the changing air,  
 From trembling hope to mute despair ;  
 The brow which guilt hath furrowed long,  
 The wretch by misery forced to wrong.  
 And sadder still, the guiltless one,  
 Whom dark suspicion frowns upon,  
 There in that den of sin and shame,  
 Stamped with the felon's hateful name,  
 Forth from the gloomy dungeon borne  
 To meet the prying gaze of scorn ;  
 Ay ! scorn—for when does Pity dare  
 To soothe the victim trembling there ?  
 There—list'ning to the careless jest  
 That wins to laughter all the rest ;



There—without one consoler near  
 To whisper comfort to the ear ;  
 His fate consigned to judgments frail,  
 With whom a breath might turn the scale.  
 Alas ! if misery dwells below,  
 This is her darkest den of woe !

But who stands there,  
 With his brawny neck bare,  
 And his twinkling eye and his curling hair ?  
 Faith, 'tis Paddy himself,  
 The unfortunate elf.  
 His cheek is not blenched by the dank prison air,  
 But in truth he seems something the worse for the wear.  
 Since the night of his ride  
 By the lake's grassy side,  
 When with its proud chief he in horsemanship vied.  
 And now in that dock he stands given in charge,  
 (I don't mean to read the indictment at large,  
 Which consists of six counts,  
 But in substance amounts  
 To) "that on the night of September the first  
 He, moved by old Nick, took and carried away  
 A black horse, slightly marked on the shoulder with grey,  
 From the close of J. H., esquire, of whom said beast  
 Was the property, and worth full five pounds at least,  
 To which Pat is permitted to plea as he durst.

"What say you—guilty or not?" said the clerk.  
 "Not guilty," says Pat,  
 Looking merry, whereat  
 The brows of a burly old juror grew dark,  
 As if he were thinking, "that's all round my hat."

The trial proceeds  
 When the prisoner pleads,  
 And the crown prosecutor sets forth his misdeeds,  
 Then calls Jerry O'Flynn,  
 Who is shortly brought in,  
 And sits in the witnesses' chair with a grin.  
 After kissing the book first, and crossing his chin,  
 He proceeds with some circumlocution to swear,  
 "That he went to a fair  
 "On September the third, in the town of Kenmare,  
 "And met the black-horse with the prisoner there,  
 "Who admitted he took it from Mucruss demesne."  
 "On his oath, is quite sure the horse isn't a mare—"  
 "Wasn't drunk," "has no grudge to the pris'ner," and "swore  
 "The very same thing when examined before."  
 After giving a few answers more in this strain  
 The witness is told by the court to go down,  
 And the case is closed on the part of the crown.

There's a pause in the court—no counsel is there  
 To take the prisoner under his care,  
 Who wears all the time a most innocent air.  
 But after a couple of moments' delay,  
 He's asked by the court has he nothing to say.

"To say, your worship," cries Pat in amaze,  
 And full on his lordship he fixes his gaze,  
 "I've to say that the horse that I stole was my own."  
 And so he proceeds in a comical tone

To tell of his ride  
 From Loch Lane's side,  
 Over mountain and valley and rivulet wide,  
 Till even O'Donoghue's mettle was tried,  
 And he verily thought he himself should have died.  
 But the crow of the cock  
 Gave the chieftain a shock,  
 And away he rode home over mountain and rock,  
 Leaving Paddy alone,  
 Most confoundedly blown,  
 With the horse which, 'twas perfectly clear, was his own.

Paddy's story is done,  
 Which causes much fun,  
 But calls up a grave frown on the visage of one,  
 Like a very black fog coming over the sun ;  
 Alas ! 'tis the judge o'er whose visage that gloom  
 Came, like a forewarning of Paddy's sad doom.  
 But gloomier still were the words that he spoke,  
 When the silence he broke  
 With an ominous croak,  
 Like a very hoarse raven beginning to choke.

" Unfortunate prisoner, how dare you presume  
 " Such a cloak of hypocrisy here to assume,  
 " And braving the perils that round you you draw,  
 " Thus outrage the solemn proceedings of law ?  
 " Do you think, wretched man, that such stupid vagaries,  
 " Such tales of dead chieftains, and wandering fairies,  
 " Will have weight with this court ?—Oh ! remember you stand  
 " With an awful eternity ready at hand.  
 " If found guilty, as guilty you sure must be found  
 " By that jury. You, gentlemen," turning around,  
 And addressing the jury, " have heard what a case  
 " Has been made 'gainst the pris'ner ; nor need I retrace  
 " The evidence given, as there can't be a doubt  
 " That the charges against him are fully borne out,  
 " And as his wild statement to nothing amounts,  
 " You'll of course find him guilty on all the six counts."  
 And thus having spoke, with a Cato-like air,  
 The judge sinks back in his great arm-chair.

Alas ! that terrible speech was not "*vox*  
*Et præterea nihil*," without leaving the box,  
 However the story one's common sense shocks,  
 Possessed of a clear understanding like Locke's,  
 The jury a verdict of guilty bring in,  
 Whereat Jerry O'Flynn  
 Remodels his grin,  
 While the foreman, meantime, with the air of a Percy,  
 Recommends most sublimely the pris'ner to mercy.

The speech of the foreman comes like a slap  
 In the face to that surly old judge, or a clap  
 Of thunder, or some other fearful mishap,  
 To think that a chap  
 Thus caught in the trap  
 Of law, should get off through a rascally gap,  
 As if old dame Justice were taking a nap.  
 Let her sleep if she pleases, but as long as he's there  
 In that criminal chair,  
 He'll take excellent care  
 They shan't treat her in any way else than what's fair.

So without more ado he puts on his black cap !  
 And turns to the dock,  
 Where firm as a rock  
 Poor Paddy Kishoge seems his lordship to mock,  
 As he thinks, " How I'd like to be giving a knock  
 " On the pate to that cold-blooded surly old cock."  
 But " silence " is cried, and his lordship begins,  
 To admonish the pris'ner respecting his sins.

We wish we had by us  
 This homily pious ;  
 But the very first word  
 Seemed to Pat so absurd,  
 Though we hope no one else in the court-house concurred,  
 That he cried, " By your lave,  
 " Just give over that stave,  
 " And come to the business at once, my old lad !"  
 " Wretched man," said the judge,  
 " Don't imagine I grudge  
 " To be sneered at by one so abandoned and bad.  
 " 'Tis my duty, alas !  
 " A severe one to pass  
 " Upon you the sentence, deserved though dread,  
 " To go back to the same  
 " Prison-house whence you came,  
 " And there to be hanged by the neck till you're dead !  
 " And when you're cut down, to prevent resurrection,  
 " To the doctors your body must go for dissection."

On the court-house roof, all day, there sits  
 A gentleman seemingly out of his wits ;  
 He's seized now and then with such comical fits,  
 Yet none engaged in that busy scene,  
 Either hear him, or see him, or mark him, I ween.  
 He laugheth aloud,  
 But unheard by the crowd,  
 Now he rubbeth his hands, and now deep in his pockets,  
 He thrusts them, and rolls his red eyes in their sockets.  
 Now his tongue he sticks out,  
 Puts his thumb to his snout,  
 And grins like an Englishman eating sour krout.  
 But at length and at last,  
 When sentence is past,  
 Shouts, " Well done, my old boy, you're a regular brick,  
 " 'Tis a capital joke,  
 " Faith, to see a man choke,  
 " And swing from a rope's end, and merrily kick,  
 " By jingo, that's what *I* call fun," says Old Nick.

Alas, how humanity shudders to think  
 On the victim who stands by eternity's brink :  
 While the bright hopes of youth still their freshness impart,  
 And the life-blood is still gushing wild from the heart ;  
 While the vigour of manhood yet glows in the frame,  
 Ere one flicker has wasted the free spirit's flame !  
 Oh ! if death has a pang for the bosom outworn,  
 Half whose ties to existence already are torn ;  
 How deep to the soul must its anguish be sent,  
 When at one fatal blow ev'ry heart-string is rent !  
 Just God ! can we think there was ever an hour,  
 When man so outrageously scoffed at thy power,  
 As to crush, by his sentence, thy image sublime,  
 For deeds, which to pity seem scarcely a crime,

And impiously hope in thy judgments to gain  
That mercy a brother had sued for in vain !

How blithesome is Spring  
With her birds on the wing,  
Making all the bright heavens with melody ring,  
While the young flowers to zephyr their fragrancy fling.  
But alas ! in a brown  
Dingy, rascally town,  
Where every thing wears a detestable frown,  
'Twere merrier either to hang or to drown,  
Than be walking the muddy old streets up and down  
Seeing only the grin of some stultified clown,  
Or some maiden slip-shod with a dirty white gown.  
But this stir in the streets,  
And the crowds that one meets,  
Wherever one goes, show there's something to-day,  
That makes all Tralee most uncommonly gay !

By Jove—I'm not wrong,  
Look here comes a throng,  
A solemn procession is moving along,  
There are countrymen dressed in frize coats and *canbeens* ;<sup>\*</sup>  
Fish women and venders of brocoli and greens,  
And rosy-cheeked peasant girls just in their teens,  
And shop-boys who take great delight in such scenes.  
And soldiers with sabres,  
That glitter like ghebers,  
And the bare-legged boys,  
Who make such a noise,  
That one feels very anxious to know what it means.

Alas ! the crowd nears,  
Too true are our fears,  
Poor Paddy Kishoge in the middle appears,  
He looks pale ; but 'tis plain that he's shedding no tears ;  
No, still in his eye,  
Lurks that twinkle so sly,  
Which seems very queer in one going to die,  
But I guess that he'll alter his looks by-and-by,  
When they place him a little bit nearer the sky.

On, on the crowd draws,  
But hold—there's a pause—  
The people are halting—what can be the cause ?  
What seeketh that victim of barbarous laws ?  
He pauses a moment—he looks in the air,  
His eyeballs dilate to a regular stare,  
As if he saw something unusual there,  
And he asks for a tumbler of strong whiskey punch,  
To wash down the biscuit he had for his lunch !

The crowd open their eyes,  
With a look of surprise,  
As we gaze on a hero that gloriously dies,  
The tumbler is brought,  
One short moment of thought  
Paddy gives to the bowl with such memories fraught,  
Then cries, as the brilliant idea he caught,  
“ May the dirty *spalpeen*, that'll give up his bottle,  
“ Dance his merriest jig with a rope round his throttle ! ”  
Ere a bed-post could twinkle, the drink is gone down,  
And on the procession moves slow through the town.

---

\* *Canbeen*,—an old hat.

The streets are still—the throng has past—  
 The fatal tree is reached at last—  
 With bandaged brow and fettered hands,  
 The culprit on the scaffold stands.  
 Above, the calm and placid sky  
 Extends its sun-lit canopy—  
 The breathless crowd stand mute below,  
 The hangman draws——

“Hollo, hallo!”

What’s all this confusion—does any one know,  
 And why do the people all run to and fro?  
 A horseman rides on at the top of his speed,  
 And he kicks at the sides of his broken-down steed.  
 He shouts, and his words are caught up by the crowd,  
 “A reprieve, a reprieve,” is re-echoed aloud,  
 Like the thunder that bursts from a tropical cloud.  
 ‘Twould make a dead man almost jump from his shroud.  
 The bolt is undrawn—the bandage pulled off—  
 The prisoner comes to himself with a cough—  
 For he did get a squeeze in the gullet. The rope  
 Is untied—and the hangman expresses a hope,  
 That as he got out of his hands so, by stealth  
 He’d give him a trifle to drink to his health.

The crowd goes away,

As contented and gay,

As if nothing at all interfered with the play  
 They had looked for so wistfully all through the day.

—  
 Six lingering months have flitted o’er,  
 And once again on Loch Lane’s shore,  
 The tranquil moon is shining down,  
 On rippling wave and heather brown,  
 When hark! across the waters bright,  
 There comes the sound of music light,  
 And merry peals of laughter ring,  
 Amid the breezes’ murmuring.  
 While clear above it floats the brogue,  
 The comic voice of Pat Kishoge,  
 For lo! to-night, a fairy ring,  
 Escort him to their elfin king.  
 And gladly does O’Donoghue greet  
 The merry boy with welcome sweet;  
 And to this day, the lonely wight,  
 Who sees the Prince go forth at night,  
 To join the chase on charger white,  
 Marks honest Paddy by his side,  
 Companion of his merry ride.  
 And, reader, may’st thou never know  
 More pain than is his lot below.  
 But bless the *spirits* that could save  
 So gay a fellow from the grave,  
 And bless the little merry elves,  
 That keep the boy among themselves.

#### MORAL.

If Paddy had not paused to take  
 One cup for old acquaintance’ sake,  
 His fate, for tears would call on us;  
 Then let us never churlish pass  
 Untasted by the cheerful glass,

## TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.\*

MR. PATRICK FRASER TYTLER has a kind of hereditary claim to be the historian of Scotland. He is the third, in lineal succession, of a family that has distinguished itself in this department of Scottish national literature. We do not mean to assert the abstract principle, that talents can descend from generation to generation, like acres of land, or be handed down as an *heirloom* by birth-right, from father to son. Unfortunately, the examples of this sort of family inheritance in the literary world, are so rare, that they form the exception rather than the rule. We learn from history, that a Cicero may beget a blockhead, and that the politeness of a Chesterfield cannot be entailed even on the next heir to the titles and estates. It is true that tastes and professions are sometimes found to run in a genealogical vein, but this may be considered more the effect of imitation, than the result of constitutional genius. In the case of the author before us, taste and talent appear to have been alike hereditary. His father and grandfather are well known as among the most eminent *literati* of Scotland of the last century. The grandfather, William Tytler, of Woodhouselee, though educated to the profession of the law, was profoundly read in the antiquities of his country, and acquired a very high reputation in the world of letters, and also as an adept in the fine arts, especially music. In the controversy, revived by Dr. Robertson's "History of Scotland," respecting the unfortunate Mary, he took a distinguished part, having published, in 1759, an "Inquiry, Historical and Critical, into the Evidence against Mary, Queen of Scots, and an Examination of the Histories of Dr. Robertson and Mr. Hume, with respect to that Evidence." In this work, Mr. Tytler warmly espoused the cause of the "beauteous Mary;" and to this day, the favourers of the queen maintain that his arguments have never

yet been satisfactorily answered. At all events, he discussed the delicate question of Mary's guilt or innocence in the affair of Darnley and Bothwell, with an acuteness and precision of reasoning, which had not been employed in it before. This inquiry, in short, was the first appeal in behalf of the Scottish queen, that made any impression on the public mind touching the charges which had been brought against her moral character; for although Walter Goodal, one of the under-keepers of the Advocates' library in Edinburgh, had made a similar attempt some years earlier, his book was so indifferently written, and its matter so unskilfully arranged, that it failed to attract any share of attention.

Mr. Tytler's eldest son, Alexander Fraser Tytler, (father of our historian,) better known by his title of Lord Woodhouselee, (from an estate in the vicinity of Edinburgh,) was also bred to the law. He was made a Lord of Session in 1801, and ultimately raised to the Justiciary bench, on the elevation of Lord Justice-clerk Hope to the President's chair, in 1811. As a writer and a literary character, he was even more celebrated than his father. His works connected with law, history, poetry, antiquities, biography, &c., are numerous, and many of them enjoy the reputation of first-rate productions. In 1770, he passed advocate or barrister; but his habits and studies being more literary than legal, he was appointed, in 1780, Professor of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh. While in that office, he revived a taste for historical pursuits, which, through various causes, had been almost entirely neglected. The principal work connected with his professional career, published during his life, was his "Elements of General History," which has gone through numerous editions; and a more extensive work, consisting of the lectures delivered as professor, has lately been published in London,

---

\* History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vols. I. and II. New Edition. Edinburgh: William Tait. 1841.

and is comprised in six volumes of Murray's "Family Library." He contributed numerous papers to the "Mirror" and "Lounger," two celebrated periodicals of the day, and was on terms of familiar intimacy with Kaimes, Henry Mackenzie, Professors Playfair, Blair, Ferguson, Gregory, Stewart, and all the other wits and *literati* of the modern Athens. His "Essay on the Principles of Translation" is also a work of merit, and attained an extensive popularity. For several years he held the high dignity of Judge Advocate for Scotland, an appointment which he received through the influence of Lord Melville. His death took place in 1814, shortly after he had been promoted to the bench as one of the Lords of Justiciary.

We have adverted to these ancestral facts, merely in corroboration of what may be considered Mr. Tytler's hereditary claims to the office of Scotland's historiographer. Of his personal qualifications for discharging this laborious and important task, the public have now had ample means of judging. Seven volumes of his History are before them, and such is the popularity with which they have been received, that a new and cheap, but handsome edition (at *half* the original price,) has been called for before the work is completed. For us to praise a work which Sir Walter Scott, the ablest of critics as well as the first of novelists, characterised as the "Standard History of Scotland," might seem a work of supererogation. The style is chaste and ornate, having neither the courtly smoothness of Robertson, nor the inflated bombast of Laing. Mr. Tytler seems to have kept Quintilian's rule before his eye—"In singulis intuendum est ut verba sint perspicua, ornata, et ad id quod efficere volumus accommodata." We do not mean to say that his diction runs on at a dead level; it varies with the subject, and rises, when the occasion requires, into the full splendour of eloquence. Numerous examples of this cannot fail to strike, as well as to delight the reader; and it is a quality both agreeable and useful, for as the author of the "Origin and Progress of Language" says, "though the chief thing to be studied in historical composition is not the pleasure of the ear, yet that is not to be neglected."

To the praise of honesty and integrity, we think our author well entitled. A more impartial historian never wrote; and none ever more nearly realised Cicero's beautiful maxim—"Quis nescit primam esse historie legem, ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat." Mr. Tytler has contrived to steer his narrative through the rocks and quicksands of faction, with wonderful skill. No doubt the periods he has been discussing, have lain chiefly among the calm dead seas of the darker ages, over which the hurricanes and tempests of human passions and party strifes have long passed away: this is more especially true of the earlier volumes of the work, which is the only portion that we are at present concerned with. We are far from asserting that he is entirely exempt from prejudices, or that he always preserves the *suaviter in modo* when called to combat with conflicting opinions. It has been remarked by Sir Walter Scott, that our historian, when analysing several disputed points of antiquity, has bristled up his plumes at the conjectures or the scepticisms of Lord Hailes, with an air of pugnacity and captious display, scarcely warranted. That venerable judge was one of the most scrupulous, most industrious, and most accurate of Scottish annalists; and if he sometimes erred, it was in points of no great importance, and where truth lay buried under the rubbish of contradictory statements.

In these days of literary refinement, asperities are unseemly, and ought to be banished from the republic of books into the arena of politics, or the quarrels of lovers. It might be tolerated in Luther, or even in the meek Melancthon, to exclaim of a popish antagonist, *mire delirat*, or *vehementer mentiris*. Nor can we greatly blame the testy Buchanan, when, in demolishing the etymologies and blundering legends of the Welsh antiquary, Lloyd, he writes, "Lloyd, either thy reason hath forsaken thee, or thou hast never read the fourth book of Strabo; such is thy impudence against all writers, thou unknown to Minerva and all the muses," &c.

This "unbridled license of tongue" might pass very well in Latin, and in the sixteenth century, and we can be



amused with it without feeling offended. It is but justice to Mr. Tytler, however, to say, that no scurrilities of this kind can be laid to his charge. His eagerness to run a tilt so often at the venerable Hailes, has arisen, we think, from a conscious pride of superior information, and an honest zeal to defend what he believes to be the truth, even against authorities of the highest mark and reputation. No doubt a different cause is hinted at by Sir Walter Scott.—“We have heard some readers,” says he, “who profess to be acquainted with the long-breathed nature of a Caledonian feud, refer this to a literary quarrel of some standing, in which the grandfather of Mr. Tytler, the revered defender of the beauteous Stuart, was engaged with Lord Hailes. This, we dare aver, is an idle imputation,” &c. We are of the same opinion, for we feel assured that no literary feuds of the kind, if they did exist, would be allowed to ruffle the serenity of temper in the grandson, far less to break out in the shape of invective or undue severity of remark. All that can be said of Mr. Tytler's alleged want of charity or good humour in his encounters with Lord Hailes, amounts merely to this, that he has shown, perhaps, too much keenness to point out his inaccuracies, and to claim the credit of victory, when the battle was only about a trifle.

Of the general difficulties, apart from all local considerations, that beset the path of the historian, we are fully aware. To trace public events through their complicated and dependent relations, to unravel the mysteries of political intrigue, to record with fidelity the lives and actions of public characters, and to carry the probe of investigation into the various springs of interests and passions that work their stormy revolutions on the surface of society,—requires a combination of talents and attainments, of means and opportunities, that are seldom found united in the same person. Besides, the rules of his art bind the historian down to certain laws which he dare not violate, and deprive him of many subsidiary expedients to which authors can have recourse in the other departments of literature. The poet and the novelist can manufacture their own heroes, and coin events to suit

their purpose: they are at liberty to seize on every attractive image, to call ideal beauties into existence at pleasure, and clothe their abstractions in all the gracefulness and elegance of fictitious drapery. The epic or the dramatic muse permits her votary to roam from one extreme of probability to the other, to wield the vast resources of invention with unbounded license, and lay under contribution to his will every region of nature, every field of science, and every branch of art. Not so with the writer of history. He is allowed but little scope for the creative powers of fancy: the territories of fable and romance to him are forbidden ground. The faculties of imagination, and even the powers of original genius, are circumscribed by the restraints which a regard for truth necessarily imposes. The subject he may choose for himself; but the materials with which he has to work must be dug from mines whose ore is often adulterated, and which have to be explored with the pickaxe of industry in the one hand, and the torch of discriminating judgment in the other.

In none are the requisites of labour, and patience, and discrimination more essential, than in the writer of a history of Scotland. The elder annalists of that country disfigured their works by idle and improbable traditions; and beyond the limits of written records lay a region which fable and invention were allowed to occupy. This historical void the Scots, like other nations, with a vanity inseparable from human nature, filled with apocryphal events, intended to display the antiquity of their origin, and the lustre of their name. Hence the student of these olden times, bereft of authentic documents, must be content to cull his intelligence from sources meagre and obscure, and to pursue his way through these legendary labyrinths by a clue drawn from collateral incidents and illustrations. For this task few have possessed greater advantages than Mr. Tytler. Few could have entered with better preliminary training “to gather Olympic dust” among the shelves and cemeteries of ancient lore: the earlier annals of Scotland have long been his familiar study—*nocturna versata manna, versata diurna*. Buchanan, before sitting down to write his



history, is said to have prepared himself for the arduous undertaking, by perusing all the remaining books of Livy no fewer than twenty times. Hume was an essayist before he became an historian; and this plan he tells us he adopted that he might form his style, and store his mind with information before entering upon his historical labours. Mr. Tytler followed a similar course; and his *Lives of the Admirable Crichton, Craig of Riccarton, the Scots Worthies, &c.*, served as an apprenticeship to fit him for the higher office of the national historian.

Another circumstance in his favour is,—and it may be mentioned without derogating from the merits of others,—that he has had access to materials which none of his predecessors ever examined. The stores of the British Museum, and other repositories, public and private, have been opened to him. To some of these original fountains of knowledge he adverts in his work. One is the “*Rotuli Scotiae*,” a great national work printed in 1814–1819, by command of the king, and at the expense of Government. It consists of two very large folio volumes, embracing a collection of historical records relative to the political transactions between England and Scotland, from the nineteenth year of Edward I. to the eighth of Henry VIII. This is a valuable treasury of authentic materials, and has thrown new light on many obscure points of those turbulent ages. Two other important auxiliaries of which Mr. Tytler has had the benefit are, Robertson's *Parliamentary Records*, printed in 1804, by direction of the Government, but not published; and a voluminous collection of “*Accounts of the Great Chamberlains of Scotland*,” in three folio volumes, full of curious and minute details, and extending from the reign of Alexander III. 1263, to the year 1435. Our author has thus been enabled not merely to found his narrative on the original records of the kingdom, but to clear up and reconcile points in its history formerly doubtful or discordant. Official acts and public muniments are the strongest evidence of historical truth that can possibly exist; and next to these are the chronicles, memoirs, and letters of contemporary writers. Of these

Mr. Tytler has availed himself to an extent which cannot be rightly estimated without comparing his labours with those of his predecessors. Indeed, until his book made its appearance, it can hardly be said that a complete History of Scotland existed.

No doubt it might seem that a writer in the nineteenth century, who expected to gather fresh laurels in this literary arena, would find just reason to complain, with the Roman Livy, of the *tanta turba scriptorum* that had pre-occupied the field, and left the gleaner but a scanty vintage. Scotland has produced a host of antiquaries, annalists, and historians, who have sifted every particle of evidence within their reach, and carefully picked up the crumbs and parings of knowledge that lay hid under the dust of centuries in the libraries and charter chests of past generations. Fordun, Barbour, Wynton, Boece, and Leslie, have chronicled all that happened at and before their time. Buchanan, Lindsay, Dempster, Innes, Pinkerton, Robertson, Hailes, Chalmers, Laing, followed in succession; some adding fresh stones to the cairn, and others sweeping away with the broom of criticism what they conceived to be monkish fables, or legends purely traditional. More recently, clubs under various designations,—the Bannatyne, the Maitland, the Abbotsford, the Wodrow, &c.—have arisen, and with laudable industry have set about ransacking every nook and cranny where a document can be found to lurk; be it in kitchen, parlour, or wardrobe, in the virtuoso's cabinet, or the tobacco-shop. Truly may they adopt as their motto the stanza of one of their founders, the immortal author of “*Waverley*”:—

“ Resurrectionists of old parchments,  
true Bannatynians,  
Pilgrims to antiquity's deserted  
shore:  
Preservers of rare tracts from oblivion's  
dominions;  
Wakeners of authors that begin to  
snore.”

Diligently, however, as the historical field has been cultivated, and numerous as have been the hunters after every thing old, scarce, and curious in Scottish literature, a work like Mr.

Tytler's was still a desideratum; and we may venture to affirm, without meaning to offend the *præferridum ingenium Scotorum*, that until it made its appearance, the Scots had not what could be properly called a concise, veracious, complete, impartial, and well-written history of their nation. Buchanan dressed up all the traditions of the elder chroniclers in elegant Latin. Hailes sifted the heap with critical care; but his labours are only fragments of history. Robertson dismissed the first twelve hundred years with three or four pages, and expended his talent and learning on Queen Mary; while Laing confined himself to the period between the union of the crowns and the union of the kingdoms.

Under these circumstances, we think our readers will agree with us, that Scotland still wanted a national history; and we further presume on their concurrence with us, that a fitter person to achieve that noble and important task could not have been found than the author before us. Had we lived in the times of the bards, or the sennachies, we might have supposed that the mantle of paternal genius had fallen upon him in the natural order of succession. Mr. Tytler's work we regard as alike creditable to his talents, his erudition, and his industry. The first volume commences with the accession of Alexander III. in 1242, and details the progress of events until the death of Robert Bruce in 1329. And here, at the outset, before adverting to what Mr. Tytler has done, we must have a word or two about what he has left undone.

The manner of his *débüt*, to say the least, is abrupt and unceremonious. Like the epic poet, he plunges at once in *medias res*, and consigns, without a single stroke of his pen, no fewer than ninety-four kings to the tomb of the Capulets. How is this? Does he mean to treat the whole preceding chiliad of Scottish affairs as a fable? or does he intend to manage it as authors do their prefaces,—write it last, though it should appear first? We know that Hume, overwhelmed at the idea of the magnitude of his undertaking, began with his history at the accession of the Stuarts to the English throne—the most turbulent

and critical epoch in the British annals; and having finished the upper story, he proceeded to lay the foundation. Buchanan did the same thing; his first three books being the last written. Whether Mr. Tytler has been swayed by like motives, and means to adopt a similar plan, we cannot tell. We are ready to admit, that the reign of Alexander III. is the period when the national history of Scotland becomes more particularly important, and when the public acts began to assume a general interest. But granting this much, we cannot excuse Mr. Tytler (unless he has it in contemplation to add a separate and preliminary volume) for failing to give his reader some intimation, however short, of what had taken place before the accession of that monarch.

We do not mean to say that he should have fought, with all the antiquarian acrimony of Buchanan, about names and fanciful etymologies; far less that he should have gone so deeply “into the origin of things” as the rhyming prior, Wynton, who went back to the creation, treated of angels and giants, and took a general survey of the universe before arriving at Scotland; or Fordun and Hector Boece, who trace the genealogy of the nation back to Gathelus, an Egyptian bandit, contemporary with Moses, and married to Scota, Pharaoh's daughter. If we may credit these patriotic chroniclers, that worthy couple, frightened out of their own country by the ten plagues, sailed northwards, planting colonies (they must have been gipsies) in Portugal, Ireland, and Scotland (so named after the said Scota); which latter region became so acclimated to the land of Hain, that in a short time, as honest Hector assures us, when king Ptolemy sent out a mathematical deputation to enlarge the bounds of geography, they were hospitably entertained at the court of Reuther, monarch of Scotland, and returned delighted at having found in that remote country the language, manners, and government of Egypt. We do not expect that our historian should go to work so minutely about ancient dates as Mr. Roderick O'Flaherty, who fixed the exact day of the arrival of Gathelus and Scota in North Britain on the kalends of May, the fifth day of the week and the seventh of the

moon, in the year of creation 2934. Neither do we wish that he should have contended, with Pinkerton, (who brings the ancestors of the Scots from Colchis,) whether the veritable name of that Gothic tribe was *Peuki*, or *Peuke*, or *Peukini*, or *Pichtar*, or *Peuchtar*, or *Pehten*, or *Piki*, or *Picti*, —that is, *Picts*, a word which some etymologists insist was merely the Latin for *woodpeckers*, and did not mean a nation or a tribe at all. For any grave historian to have entered into these logomachies would have been very idle work indeed.

A large portion of the early Scottish annals is little else than a wilderness of fable and conjecture. All that happened before the landing of Julius Cæsar may safely be consigned to the hands of writers like Wynton and Boece, or Pinkerton and O'Flaherty. With the invasion of the Romans truth begins to dawn, and gradually becomes brighter under the conquest and government of that powerful people. The incidental notices to be found in Cæsar, Tacitus, Lucan, Cicero, Dion Cassius, Herodian, Ammianus Marcellinus, Orosius, Bede, and Gildas, are valuable remnants, serving the historian as landmarks and guide-posts to truth, through the mists and deserts of tradition. At a later period, when the Scots and Picts, having become one kingdom, came in contact with the pirates and sea-kings of Scandinavia, an additional light is thrown upon their annals, borrowed from the archives of the northern nations. These illustrations acquired clearness and strength when religion brought in the art of letters, and reared for them, in her splendid monasteries, a secure shelter amidst the desolations of intestine war and the universal barbarism of society; for in Scotland, as in other countries, it was at the altars of Christianity that the historic muse first kindled her lamp. Of these materials, scanty though they be, we certainly think a national historian ought to make some use; otherwise he can hardly be thought to have completed his task satisfactorily. It is often, no doubt, an irksome and a needless mis-spending of time and labour to apply the crucible to piles of rubbish, which, when melted down, will hardly yield a grain of pure metal. Still without

these experimental refinings, history is deficient: and when Mr. Tytler skips over more than twelve hundred years, and demolishes nearly a whole century of kings, whose names and reigns the Scots carefully preserved and constantly appealed to in every struggle for their national independence, we cannot help thinking he has committed too sweeping an excision; although it is not yet too late to repair the error, and supply the desideratum.

One difficulty, we know, has always been complained of by writers and antiquarians, as throwing insuperable obstacles in the way of a successful investigation of those remote transactions: we mean the carrying off and destruction of the national records, first by Edward I. and long afterwards by Cromwell. But this difficulty, we confess, appears to us to have been exaggerated, and the loss complained of greatly over-rated. We shall not dispute the fact, as some have done, that Edward, in his ambitious zeal to establish his pretended claim of superiority over Scotland, pillaged the public archives, ransacked churches and monasteries, seized every document he could find, which tended to prove the antiquity or independence of the kingdom; and having gained possession of them, transported part to London, and commanded the rest to be burnt. We neither palliate this Gothic deed, nor deny that it was a severe calamity to Scotland.

But however important this barbarous act of spoliation might be in a national point of view, as obliterating the proofs and monuments of an ancient kingdom, the loss to history and literature, we must take leave to think, was comparatively trifling. What literature had Scotland in the days of Edward I.? Except the monks, nobody could either read or write. Malcolm III., who mounted the throne in 1057, and married Margaret, sister of Edgar of England, though a brave warrior and an enlightened prince, did not know a letter of the alphabet: but though wholly illiterate, he used often, says old Fordun, "to turn over the leaves, and kiss the prayer-book and books of devotion which he had heard his wife say were dear to her." Two centuries later, when learning might be supposed to have made some progress, we find Mr. Tytler himself

expressing his belief, that, "during the long period from the accession of Alexander III. to the death of David II. (1242-1370), it would be impossible to produce a single instance of a Scottish baron who could sign his own name." The only records of the period were the fabulous genealogies of the Scottish kings, rude laws, treaties of peace, conveyances of property, and charters granted to monasteries and abbeys. Of the latter, numerous specimens of that age are preserved. They are curious, as chronicling the miracles of saints, defining the boundaries of oxgangs, carucates, husbandlands *cum toftibus et croftibus*; enumerating the quantity of bolls and chalders, hens, cheese, ale, &c. that were levied for the use of religious institutions: but on the manners of the times, or the state of public events, they throw little or no light whatever.

The Scots made great lamentation for the loss of the rude marble stone, also carried off, on which their ancient sovereigns were crowned in Scone palace. They believed it to be the same which Jacob had used as a pillow, and regarded it with superstitious reverence, from a traditionary opinion that the independence of the kingdom was somehow mysteriously connected with its preservation. But it is obvious that the historical value of these monuments has been exaggerated. From the earliest ages down to the union of the crowns, the grand controversy between the sister nations, and the main cause of all their bloody wars for six hundred years, was the independence of Scotland, and whether or not it had ever been feudatory to the English sovereign. This was a question of primary importance to the Scots formerly, and was argued with the utmost bitterness of feeling by the writers of both kingdoms, down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. Boece and Buchanan would sooner have fought Bannockburn, or Halidonhill, or Floddenfield, over again, than have yielded up this supreme point of their country's honour. But, what was then a subject of vast moment, and of keen national animosity, has become, since the union of the kingdoms, a matter chiefly of curiosity. We can now smile at the warmth and indignation of those par-

tizan writers, and coolly appreciate the exaggerated importance which they attached to the abstraction and extinction of the olden Scottish relics by Edward.

But we know that the *hiatus* caused by these losses was, to a considerable extent, repaired. It is now ascertained that a number of these documents, and we have a list of them, supposed to have perished, escaped the ravages of the English king; and that excerpts, or private copies, kept in religious houses, eluded his search. Besides, the diligence of John Fordun, who has been styled the father of Scottish history, and who wrote in the time of Roberts II. and III., carefully collected all the surviving fragments he could find, in his work called the "*Scotichronicon*." For this purpose he not only rummaged all the libraries and private depositories of the different religious houses in Scotland, but travelled into England and Ireland. This chronicle was continued by Walter Bower, Abbot of Inchcolm, and other writers, until the death of James I., in 1437. Though containing a number of legendary tales, it is the oldest and most respectable authority upon the earlier periods of Scottish history. The *Scala Chronicle*, the *Fædera of Rhymer*, the *Rotuli Scotiæ*, the *Chartularies of Melrose, Scone, Aberdeen* and other Scottish monasteries, together with the contemporary annalists of England, have rendered the havoc committed by Edward I. comparatively a light infliction.

And after all the grief that has been expended on this subject, it appears from later researches, that the stolen records were actually taken back to Scotland within little more than twenty years after they had been abstracted. By the treaty of Northampton, 1328, which established peace between the two kingdoms, declared Scotland to be independent, and affianced the princess Joanna of England, to David, son of Robert Bruce: it was stipulated, among other conditions, that the national records should be restored. Accordingly, when the marriage was celebrated at Berwick, it is added, "the attendants of the princess brought along with them, to to be delivered in terms of the treaty, the Ragman roll, containing the names of all those Scotsmen who had been

compelled to pay homage to Edward I., *as well as other important records and muniments which that monarch had carried with him from Scotland.*" The fatal stone was also to be returned in terms of a separate instrument; but the English people were so offended at the whole negotiation, especially the marriage of their princess, and the renunciation of the superiority over Scotland, that when the treaty came to be known, "the populace of London rose in a riotous manner, and would not suffer that venerable emblem of the conquest of Edward I. to be removed."—*Tytler*, vol. I.

This ancient palladium of Scotland, therefore, is still preserved among the regalia of England. It is embedded, we believe, in the bottom of St. Edward's chair, and had the honour to support her present majesty on the day of her coronation. From the facts just detailed, it will be seen how little real cause there was for the lamentation that has been made about the irretrievable loss of the national records of Scotland. So long as the two nations were separate states, and warring about the very point of independence, it suited the purpose of the Scottish annalists, and inspired the gallant Douglasses and Ramsays with fiercer hatred against the enemy, to cherish the belief that the ancient muniments of their country's freedom had been plundered and destroyed.

With regard to the depredations upon the Scottish records committed by Cromwell, these cannot well be ascertained; only thus much is known, that a large mass of historical documents and other papers was carried up by that usurper to London, as a pawn upon the kingdom; and as it was supposed that among them was the original covenant, signed by Charles II., and other declarations under his hand, of which a dangerous use might be made, they were ordered to be returned. Fifty hogsheads of them were put on board a vessel belonging to Kirkcaldy, but being overtaken in a storm off Berwick, the ship was wrecked, and the records perished; a few casks only, we believe, being saved. Whatever importance may be attached to this calamity, it is clear from what is stated above, that it could

periods of Scottish history. Had the annals of Lanercost, or the MS. of the "Scala Chronica," which Archbishop Parker bequeathed to Corpus Christi College at Cambridge, been lost, the interests of letters would have suffered more, in all likelihood, than by the perdition of Cromwell's fifty hogsheads.

Having disposed of this national complaint, we trust, to the satisfaction of our Scottish readers, we now return to Mr. Tytler's History. From the preceding observations it will be inferred, that we see no good reason, but the reverse, for fixing the true canon of Scottish history at the reign of Alexander III. Every nation has had its fabulous, and its obscure or doubtful ages; and to this truth, Scotland is no exception. The songs of the bards and the tales of the sennachie, might preserve the memory of insulated events for a few generations, but they can never be allowed a place within the pale of legitimate history. Narratives that have no better foundation than legends and traditions, must also be rejected; and it is for this reason that we would make short work with the first seven centuries, of what many Scottish writers have gravely treated as history; that is, from the supposed origin of the monarchy under Fergus I., in the year 330, before the Christian era, to the alleged restoration of it by Fergus II. (A. D. 404,) with whom commenced what is called the second series of kings. From this latter date down to the union of the Scottish and Pictish kingdoms under Kenneth Macalpine (A. D. 843,) the period is full of confusion. A list of nearly seventy kings is given, but most of them are apocryphal; and it is clear, that if we cannot altogether apply the pruning knife to this catalogue of crowned heads, the liberal use of the weeding hoe may safely be resorted to.

The Roman accounts of the affairs of Britain are scanty; and it was not until the end of the third century, that they mention the Picts and Scots. About the year 446, their troops were withdrawn, and their place supplied by the Saxons. From the reign of Kenneth Macalpine till the usurpation of the celebrated Macbeth (A. D. 843-1034,) the interval is obscure and perplexed. There are scarcely two writ-



dates in this period; and amidst the discordant Scottish and Irish records which still remain, it is often difficult to find even a semblance of agreement. For the first thousand years, it may be asserted generally, that fact and fiction are so blended as to render hopeless any attempt to draw the line of demarcation. With the union of the Scottish and Pictish kingdoms, the partition becomes more visible, and about the time of the second Malcolm, (1004,) the stream of history may be said to divide into separate channels, when the true can easily be distinguished from the fabulous. In our opinion, therefore, the historian of Scotland may safely consider his narrative authentic, at least two hundred years before the accession of Alexander III.

The era at which Mr. Tytler commences, is certainly one of the most interesting in the Scottish annals. The kingdom, left as it were an orphan to the care of a monarch in his ninth year, was not only exposed to the evils of a long minority, but to the ambitious designs of a powerful and warlike prince, who soon took advantage of its weakness and its misfortunes to reduce it to the condition of a tributary province. The brief space of time between the transference of the crown to Alexander, and the recovery of its independence under Robert Bruce, occupied little more than four-score years; yet it embraced a variety of great events: the principal of which were the famous defeat of Hakon, king of Norway, near Largs; the origin and consequences of the rivalry between Bruce and Baliol; the memorable war of liberty, signalized by the heroic exploits of Wallace, and afterwards by the equally distinguished gallantry of Bruce, which terminated in the expulsion of the English from all their conquests beyond the Tweed, and the final establishment of Scottish independence in 1328, after a struggle of thirty years. Of all these different transactions, Mr. Tytler has given a clear and succinct narrative, simple and straightforward in its details, without any over-colouring; and divested of those adventitious wonders which amused our childhood in the pages of Barbour, and the romantic minstrelsy of Blind Harry. In treading the fields of Largs, and Falkirk, and Stirling, and Bannockburn, our

author has participated in that enthusiasm of his nation which five centuries have not been able to quench, and which has rendered the memory of these heroes and their martial deeds imperishable.

The chief event in the reign of Alexander was the Norwegian expedition; of which Mr. Tytler has given a minute and lively narrative. He might, however, have added a few more particulars, had he consulted the "Saga of King Hakon," which was composed soon after that disaster by order of Magnus, Hakon's son and successor, who furnished the writer of it with materials for the purpose. The Hebrides had long been tributary to the Norwegian crown; they were divided into the two divisions of *Nordereys* and *Sudereys*, or northern and southern isles: the latter comprised all to the south of Bute and Arran, including Iona and Man; the bishop of which still retains the title of *Sodor*, or the south isles,—a name which has sometimes puzzled etymologists. The battle of Largs was won partly by the fury of the elements, that dispersed and wrecked the enemy's fleet; but chiefly by the bravery of the Steward of Scotland, grandfather to the first king of the race of Stuart. The victory was most important to Scotland, as it was soon after followed up by the complete reduction of the little kingdom of Man and the whole northern isles. One curious fact connected with this expedition is mentioned by Torfæus, and also noticed by Mr. Tytler,—that when Hakon lay with his fleet in Ronaldsvoe, "a great darkness drew over the sun, so that only a little ring was bright round his orb." This eclipse was afterwards calculated, and found to have taken place on the 5th of August, 1263, and to have been annular in Orkney; "a fine example (adds Mr. Tytler) of the clear and certain light reflected by the exact sciences upon history."

On the death of Alexander III. the Scottish crown, as is well known, devolved on his grand-daughter Margaret, the Maiden of Norway, then a child living at her father's court. A regency was appointed to administer the affairs of the kingdom until her return; and as it was feared that her relationship to Edward I. (she was his grand-niece) might afford him a



pretext for interference in the government and the succession, every precaution was used, by means of treaties,—especially that of Brigham,—to secure the peace and independence of the kingdom. Though Edward had secretly procured a dispensation from the pope for the marriage of his son to the young princess of Norway, the youthful pair being within the forbidden degrees of affinity, the Scottish estates, at the convention of Brigham, had made provision for the inviolable observance of the rights, laws, liberties, and customs of Scotland, in all time coming. It was stipulated that the kingdom was for ever to remain a separate and undivided from England; free in itself, and without subjection, according to its ancient boundaries and marches; and that failing issue by Margaret and Edward, the crown should return to the nearest heirs to whom of right it belonged. These arrangements, however, were all disconcerted by the death of the princess, who expired at Orkney, on her voyage home, being only in her eighth year. This fatal event, which proved a great national calamity, happened in September, 1290, and its first announcement overcast the whole nation with sorrow and despair.

It was now that the intrigues and the ambition of Edward found opportunity for display. He had already attained a footing in Scotland, and being favoured by some of the discontented nobility, he demanded to be acknowledged as lord paramount of the kingdom. Twelve claimants for the crown appeared; and to him was adjudged the decision of this intricate question. The ultimate struggle, as is well known, lay between Bruce and Baliol; the latter of whom received the verdict of the arbiter; and after a short inglorious reign of four years, he was sent a discredited vassal and a prisoner to the Tower of London, leaving his kingdom entirely in the hands of Edward, and the last spark of liberty all but trampled out.

We have no intention to enter either into the genealogy or the justice of these competing claims. In that age the order of succession was not fixed with precision, but according to the rules now established, the right of Baliol was preferable; and notwith-

in blood to their common ancestor, David, Earl of Huntingdon, third son of king David I., Baliol's claim, as the representative of his mother and grandmother, would be held incontestable.

There is one anecdote connected with this controversy, curiously illustrative of the manners of the times, and of the means by which the unsuccessful competitor acquired so great influence in Scotland. Nearly twenty years before this royal dispute, (we quote Tytler,) "a noble knight, Robert de Bruce, son of Robert de Bruce, lord of Annandale and Cleveland, was passing on horseback through the domains of Turnberry (in Ayrshire), which belonged to Margery, countess of Carrick. The lady happened at the moment to be pursuing the diversions of the chase, surrounded by a retinue of her squires and damsels. They encountered Bruce. The young countess was struck by his noble figure, and courteously entreated him to remain and take the recreation of hunting. Bruce, who in these feudal days knew the danger of paying too much attention to the ward of a king, declined the invitation, when he found himself suddenly surrounded by her attendants, and the lady riding up seized his bridle, and led off the knight with gentle violence to her castle of Turnberry. Here, after fifteen days' residence, the adventure concluded, as might have been anticipated. Bruce married the countess, without the knowledge of the relatives of either party, and before obtaining the king's consent; upon which Alexander seized the castle of Turnberry, and her whole estates. The kind intercession of friends, however, and a fine of gold, atoned for the feudal delinquency, and conciliated the mind of the monarch. Bruce became, in right of his wife, Lord of Carrick; and the son of this marriage of romantic love was the great Robert Bruce, the restorer of Scottish liberty."

The designs of Edward upon Scotland obtained full scope for their development immediately after the accession of Baliol. The weakness of the new king, and the treachery of the nobles, gave every facility to his ambitious projects. One degrading ceremony after another was exacted by

seal of Scotland was broken into four parts, in presence of the king and the Scottish nobility, and the fragments deposited in the treasury of Edward, to be preserved as an evidence of his pretended sovereignty over the kingdom. Another insult was added at Baliol's coronation: the ceremony of placing the new monarch upon the ancient stone of Scone, which belonged of right to the Earl of Fife, was performed by an English commissioner; and within a few weeks after the coronation, the degradation of Scotland was completed by her king paying homage to Edward at Newcastle, having already sworn fealty to him at Norham. This scheme for the subjugation of the kingdom, as Mr. Tytler remarks, had succeeded to his wishes. "By fabricating a claim of superiority, he had acquired a plausible title to compel obedience as Lord Paramount. By holding out the prospect of a crown to the various competitors, and by granting estates, gifts, &c. to the nobles, he had succeeded in securing them to his interest; and if any feeling of discontent—any spirit of ancient freedom and resistance remained, the apparent hopelessness of fighting for a country which seemed to have deserted itself, and against a prince so warlike and powerful as Edward, effectually stifled it for a time."

The exactions of the English monarch increased in proportion as the power of opposing him became feebler; until at length Baliol and his nobility pusillanimously consented to buy their peace with Edward by a solemn renunciation of all those stipulations and promises regarding the laws and liberties of Scotland, which had been made in the treaty of Brightham; and which, so long as they continued in force, convicted the English king of the most flagrant disregard of his oath guaranteeing the independence and the ancient rights of that kingdom. Humiliation and disgrace speedily paved the way to open hostilities. Edward summoned Baliol and his barons to assist him in his wars against Philip of France. The Scots, disgusted with his insolent overbearing conduct, treated the summons with scorn, and prepared for armed resistance. But the feuds and dissensions of the nobles rendered their efforts

unavailing. An English army, numerous and well-appointed, entered Scotland, and laid siege to Berwick, which surrendered after an obstinate resistance. "All the horrors (says Mr. Tytler) of a rich and populous city sacked by an inflamed soldiery and a commander thirsting for vengeance, now succeeded. Seventeen thousand persons, without distinction of age or sex, were put to the sword; for two days the city ran with blood like a river—none were spared." This massacre took place on Good Friday, and gave the Scots a terrible example of what they might expect at the hands of their exasperated enemy.

The castle of Dunbar, then one of the strongest and most important in Scotland, next surrendered; and a victory obtained on the neighbouring heights near that spot, threw into Edward's hands a vast multitude of prisoners, including the principal of the Scottish nobility. The conqueror now proceeded from one castle and one victory to another, until he was master of the greater part of the kingdom, which he had overrun from the Tweed to the Tay. The unhappy Baliol was forced to implore peace, which he could obtain only by an absolute and unconditional resignation of himself and his kingdom to the will and mercy of the victor: and accordingly, this degrading ceremony was performed in the castle of Brechin, after he had submitted to feudal penance for his rebellion, in presence of the English barons, stripped of his regal ornaments, and standing as a criminal, with a white rod in his hand. Thus ended the inglorious reign of Baliol (1296), who, along with his son, as a hostage for his future fidelity, was conveyed to London, and committed to confinement in the Tower.

The interregnum of nine years that followed, is memorable as the war of Scottish independence under the illustrious hero William Wallace, one of the brightest names that ever adorned the annals of liberty. Had he lived in a darker age, he would have been worshipped as the Hercules of Scotland; for his size, and strength, and personal prowess, gave him some title to that appellation. As it is, he justly deserves a place among the Tells and Hoffers, the Vasas and Dorias, and other great patriots who have laboured

to strike the shackles of tyranny from the necks of their oppressed countrymen. Nothing could be more unpromising or more discouraging than the state of Scotland, when Wallace first emerged from his paternal roof at Ellerslie, near Paisley. The spirit of the nation was completely broken. Edward had continued his victorious progress to the Moray Frith, without receiving a single check; while most of the barons who had escaped death or captivity, hastened to the conqueror to renew their oaths of fealty. It was on this occasion that he mutilated the ancient chartulary of Scone, and abstracted those monuments to which we have alluded, of the antiquity and independence of the nation. Bruce, Earl of Carrick, then in the service of England, on the throne becoming vacant, applied to Edward to give him the crown which he had promised. The reply was characteristic of the haughty monarch: "Have I nothing to do but to conquer kingdoms for you?" He employed him, however, along with his son, in reducing to obedience the inhabitants of their own lands, in the extensive districts of Carrick and Annandale. "How little did he think (is Tytler's beautiful reflection,) that the youthful baron, (the younger Bruce,) employed under a commission from Edward in this degrading office, was destined to wrest from him his conquests, and to become the restorer of the freedom of his country!"

Of Wallace's achievements it would be superfluous in us to enter into any detail. They are known to every reader of history: they were the admiration of the times in which he lived; and, even when divested of the romantic colouring in which they were drawn by the partiality of his countrymen, they still form one of the brightest episodes in the Scottish annals. From small beginnings, without friends, surrounded by dangers, and with nothing to rely upon but his own skill and daring intrepidity, he rose in a few years to be the protector of his own country, and the terror and the scourge of England. At the outset, he was proclaimed a traitor, banished his home, and driven to seek his safety in the wilds and fastnesses of the west. At degrees he collected a little band of adventurers,—a few brave men of

desperate fortunes like himself, who had refused homage to Edward, preferring a life of dangerous freedom to the dishonourable security of vassalage and submission. This little knot of patriots chose Wallace for their chief: a few desultory excursions against the enemy, taught them to repose perfect confidence in his valour and judgment as a leader. The gallant band, like David's in the wilderness of Adullam, soon increased: numbers flocked to the standard of revolt. The continued oppressions of the English, the desire of revenge, and even the romantic and perilous nature of the undertaking, recruited the ranks of Wallace, who soon found himself at the head of a great Lody of Scottish exiles. In a short space, the English were expelled from the castles of Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, and nearly all the strongholds to the north of the Forth. The decisive battle of Stirling gained over Cressingham, opened the gates of Dundee; and, in a few months, not a fortress in Scotland remained in the hands of Edward. Even Berwick was hastily abandoned by the English; "and thus, (says Tytler,) by the efforts of a single man, not only unassisted, but actually thwarted and opposed by the nobility of the country, was the iron power of Edward broken, and Scotland once more able to lift her head amongst free nations."

The Scots, in their turn, retaliated on their southern invaders. They crossed the border to England, wasting Cumberland and Northumberland with fire and sword; and such was the terror inspired by their approach, that the whole population, with their wives, children, cattle, and household goods, deserted their homes, and took shelter in Newcastle. "At this time," says Hemingford, "the praise of God was unheard in any church and monastery throughout the whole county, from Newcastle to Carlisle; for the monks, canons, regular and other priests, who were ministers of the Lord, fled from the face of the enemy. The Scots roved over the country from the feast of St. Luke to St. Martin's day, inflicting upon it all the miseries of unrestrained rapine and bloodshed."

Edward was then in Flanders, where he learnt the revolt of the Scots, but his return soon put an end to their short-lived triumph. With a powerful

army, he once more invaded the kingdom. Wallace had been appointed governor of Scotland, but this only weakened his influence, by exciting the jealousies of the nobility; and it was owing to this cause that he sustained a complete overthrow at the battle of Falkirk, where nearly fifteen thousand Scots were left dead upon the field. Having demitted the governorship, he returned to his station as a private knight, and was even threatened with impeachment by his rivals, the Comyns and the Bruces, who seemed to have merged their family feuds in a common desire to put him down. After this his name does not appear in any public transaction, until he fell a victim eight years afterwards (1305), to the unrelenting vengeance of Edward.

The fate of this great hero reflects perpetual disgrace on the memory of Edward. He was betrayed, as is well known, by his servant, Jack Short, to Sir John Monteith, a Scottish baron of high rank, who surrendered him up to his bitterest foe. Being carried to London, he was brought with great pomp to Westminster Hall, and there arraigned of treason, with a crown of laurel placed in mockery on his head. Being sentenced to death, he was dragged in chains through the streets, at the tails of horses, to the foot of a high gallows, placed at the elms in Smithfield. After being hanged, but not dead, he was cut down, yet breathing, his bowels torn out and burnt before his face; his head was then struck off, and his body divided into four quarters, one placed on London bridge, another at Newcastle, a third at Berwick, one limb at Perth, and the other at Aberdeen.

Of these barbarities Mr. Tytler has spoken in a tone of proper spirit and indignation. He has even been accused of unfair treatment in his portraiture of Edward I., as if he had allowed his patriotism to tinge his narrative with an undue feeling of nationality. For this charge, we see no well-founded reason. It was not his purpose to treat generally of Edward's character; he had to contemplate him, not as the flower of chivalry in France, or the adventurous hero of Palestine, or the conqueror of Wales, or the reformer of England. All these qualities merged into one common

feature as regarded his transactions with Scotland, that of a tyrant and a usurper. It is in this character chiefly that he must ever be viewed by the historians of Scotland. His personal courage signalised against the Saracens or the French, his abilities as a statesman, or his renown as a powerful and warlike prince, cannot palliate or justify his aggressions on the liberties and rights of his neighbours; and had Mr. Tytler written in less resentful terms, or expressed no indignation at the insolent and unwarrantable infringements of the national liberties, he would have been impeached by every true Scotsman as guilty of *lèse-majesté* against the honour and independence of his country.

The demission of Wallace from the government, was followed by the entire reduction of Scotland by Edward; the regents, Comyn, Bruce, de Soulis, and Lamberton, bishop of St. Andrews, being compelled to submit with all their adherents. Philip of France had demanded the liberation and restoration of Baliol; but with this Edward refused to comply, and the ex-king was soon after conveyed to his lordship and castle of Bailleul in France, where he passed the rest of his days in quiet obscurity.

It was at this period of his country's degradation, that the famous Robert Bruce, grandson to the first competitor, made his appearance on the stage of public events. Having large estates both in England and Scotland, he had a difficult part to play during the wars of Wallace. His patriotism drove him one way, his interests another. A secret league for the recovery of the Scottish crown was formed between him and the Bishop of St. Andrews, but it was disclosed to Edward by Comyn, who paid for his treachery with his life, having been stabbed by the hand of Bruce, in the convent of the Minorite friars, at Dumfries. The die, however, was cast, and the young lord of Carrick had no alternative but either to become a fugitive and an outlaw, or to raise the standard of revolt against Edward, and proclaim his title to the crown. He chose the latter, and was successful; not, however, without undergoing a long series of hardships and disasters, almost without a parallel in history, and which resembles a

tale of romance more than of actual endurance.

His only adherents in this desperate enterprise, were a handful of the nobility, comprising two earls and fourteen barons. With their assistance Bruce took the field, resolved to meet the overwhelming force of England, then directed by one of the greatest military commanders of the age. Honest Fordun says, "There is no living man who is able to narrate the story of those complicated misfortunes which befel him in the commencement of this war; his frequent perils, his retreats, the care and weariness, the hunger and thirst, the watching and fasting, the cold and nakedness to which he exposed his person, the snares and ambushes which he escaped, the seizure, imprisonment, execution, and utter destruction of his dearest friends and relatives."

His first step was a bold one. He caused himself to be crowned at Scone (1305,) but as the regalia had been carried off, robes and crown had to be borrowed for the occasion; the latter was a slight coronet of gold, probably taken from one of the saints or kings who adorned the abbey. Two days after, the ceremony was performed a second time by a romantic lady, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, sister to the Earl of Fife; she claimed this honour in right of her brother, who had attached himself to the English party. The countess insisted upon the performance of this hereditary custom, not deeming the solemnity complete while so essential a part had been omitted. Her loyalty cost her dear, for next year she was shut up in a cage, latticed and cross-barred with wood, secured with iron, and hung on one of the outer turrets of Berwick Castle. In this wretched situation, gazed at by every passer by, she remained four years, when she exchanged her rigorous captivity for a milder imprisonment in a monastery.

Bruce soon found himself unable to cope with his powerful antagonist. Instead of a king, he found himself an outlaw, obliged to harbour in the hills, with a price set on his head, and deprived of the common comforts of life.

Vandering from place to place with his small but faithful band, they had no other support than the roots and berries of the earth, or sometimes fish

and venison when they could be got. From Aberdeenshire they were hunted across the Grampians to Loch Lomond, thence along the coast to Cantire, and finally to the small island of Rathlin, in the north of Ireland, where, for a while, the gallant hero found respite from the pursuit of his enemies. In his absence, the English army committed every species of barbarity in Scotland; his bravest knights, and his youngest brother were put to death; his queen and daughter committed to close confinement in different prisons in England, where they had to endure a captivity of eight years.

At length Bruce ventured to return. Fortune was adverse at first; but his own chivalry, aided by the bravery of Randolph, Earl of Moray, and Sir James Douglas, overcame every obstacle, until the English were driven nearly from the whole south of Scotland. The death of Edward I. in the midst of the most tremendous preparations, made the recovery of the kingdom comparatively an easy task. The second Edward possessed neither the firmness nor the military genius of his father; and while he was raising armies and changing governors, Bruce contrived to make himself master of the northern parts of Scotland, and to subdue the refractory Lord of Lorn. His expeditions were attended with little success; and his measures chiefly defensive. The issue of his greatest and last effort is well known; and the victory of Bannockburn is still celebrated by the Scots, as the grand anniversary of their national liberties.

Of this famous battle, Mr. Tytler gives a succinct but spirited narrative; and in his glowing page we can see the whole events of the day, as distinctly as if we had been stationed among the sutlers and camp-boys on the Gillies hill, or on the ramparts of Stirling castle.

"It was an awful thing," says old Barbour, "to hear the noise of these four battles fighting in a line, the clang of arms, the shouts of the knights as they raised their war-cry; to see the flight of the arrows which maddened the horses; the alternate sinking and rising of their banners; and the ground streaming with blood, and covered with shreds of armour, broken spears, pennons, and rich scarfs torn and soiled with blood and clay; and



to listen to the groans of the wounded and the dying."

An incident of Bruce is recorded, strikingly illustrative of his great prowess, and daring intrepidity. Before the main battle began, he was riding along the front of his line, meanly mounted on a little palfrey, but clad in armour, distinguished from his nobles by a small crown of gold surmounting his steel helmet. An English knight, Sir Henry de Boune, armed at all points, and mounted on a heavy war-horse, galloped forward to attack him, whereupon Bruce, to the astonishment of his soldiers, put spurs to his palfrey, and raising himself in his stirrups, with one blow laid his assailant dead at his feet, his head being almost cleft in twain. When the Scottish leaders, who had been taken by surprise, began to remonstrate on the imminent danger to which the king had exposed himself in this rash act, Bruce changed the subject, and looking with a smile on the broken shaft which he held in his hand, said, "he was sorry for the loss of his good battle-axe."

There is another curious anecdote worth mentioning. It happened that a Carmelite friar, an excellent poet, named Baston, had been commanded by Edward to accompany him, that he might immortalise the expected triumph of his master. He was taken prisoner, and as an appropriate ransom, Bruce commanded him to celebrate the victory of the Scots, a task which he accomplished in a poem, which is a very extraordinary relic of the Leonine or rhyming hexameters.

The booty and plunder which the Scots found, was immense. An English chronicler has said, that "the chariots, waggons, and wheeled carriages, loaded with baggage and military stores, would, if drawn up in a line, have extended sixty leagues." These, with vast quantities of cattle, sheep, swine, hay, corn, wine, vessels of gold and silver, money chests, splendid armour, rich wearing apparel, sumptuous stuffs, valuable horses, tent furniture, &c., with a variety of other plunder, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and were distributed by Bruce amongst his soldiers, with a generosity that rendered him highly popular. The money alone, independent of the ransoms for above fourscore captive knights and barons, was reck-

oned at £200,000, which would amount to about six hundred thousand pounds weight of silver, or nearly three millions of our money.

The monk of Malmsbury thus raised his lamentation over the battle and the booty lost at Bannockburn:—"O, day of vengeance and misfortune! day of disgrace and perdition! unworthy to be included in the circle of the year, which tarnished the fame of England, enriched the Scots with plunder of the precious stuffs of our nation. Alas! of how many noble barons, and accomplished knights, and high-spirited young soldiers; of what a store of excellent arms, and golden vessels, and costly vestments, did one short and miserable day deprive us!"

The consequences of this victory were in the highest degree important to Scotland. It put an end for ever to all hope on the part of England, of accomplishing the conquest of the sister kingdom. It frustrated all the plans of Edward, which he had so fondly cherished, and sought to effect at the expense of so much blood and treasure. The foundation of Scottish liberty was laid in that field; and but for the gallantry of such men as Bruce, and Douglas, and Randolph, Scotland, in all probability, must have sunk into the rank of a conquered province.

The remainder of Bruce's reign, though not free from troubles and wars, was honourable and glorious to his country. His daughter Marjory he bestowed in marriage on Walter, the hereditary high-steward of Scotland, and from this union sprang the race of Stewarts, which, after swaying the Caledonian sceptre for three hundred years, succeeded to the throne of the united kingdom. To prevent disputes, the succession was regulated by fixed laws; the parliament enacted, that in future, it should not be determined by the rules of inferior *fiefs* and inheritances; but the male heir nearest to the king, in the direct line, should succeed to the crown; and, failing him, the nearest female in the direct line; and failing the whole direct line, the nearest male heir in the collateral line.

Before ending his days, Bruce had made peace with England, and saw his son David, a boy eight years old, betrothed to Joanna, sister to the king

of England, then in her seventh year. Having thus consolidated his kingdom, achieved the independence of Scotland, and established it on a permanent basis, he withdrew into private life, and died in his palace at Cardross, on the northern bank of the Clyde. Though scarcely past his prime, (he was only fifty-five,) the hardships of war, and sleeping often in damp caves and morasses, had broken a constitution naturally of great strength, and brought him to a premature grave. He was buried in Dunfermline, which after Iona, had become the royal cemetery; and it is a remarkable fact, that not many years ago, when the abbey church in that town had fallen into decay, and when workmen were employed in clearing the foundation for a third church, a tomb was laid open which proved to be that of Robert the Bruce. The lead coating in which the body was inclosed, was twisted round the head into the shape of a rude crown. A rich cloth of gold, but much decayed, was thrown over it; and on examining the skeleton, it was found that the breast bone had been sawn asunder to get at the heart, thus corroborating the fact of his having commissioned his friend, "the good Sir James Douglas," to carry his heart embalmed to Jerusalem, and deposit it in the holy sepulchre.

The reign of David, with which Mr. Tytler's second volume commences, was a melancholy contrast to that of his illustrious father. Feeble and disastrous, it presents little that the student of Scottish history can contemplate with pleasure or with profit. The king, rash, obstinate, and capricious, entailed a new series of calamities on the nation, which placed their liberties once more in jeopardy. The nobles either quarrelling among themselves, or wandering abroad in quest of military adventures, were expending their strength and their treasures in foreign wars, instead of employing them against the attempts of Edward III., who used every means to make himself master of Scotland, both by force of arms and political intrigue. The king's youth rendered a regency of twelve years necessary; and though Randolph's administration was wise and energetic, he could not prevent a rupture with England, or

thwart the designs of Edward Baliol, then at the English court, who had planned a secret conspiracy to subvert the government of young Bruce, and place himself on the throne. This, in the distracted situation of Scotland, and with the aid of Edward III., was no very difficult task. Having defeated the Scots at Dupplinnoor, and occupied Perth, Baliol was crowned at Seone, and soon after resigned the liberties of the kingdom to Edward, whom he acknowledged as his feudal lord.

A long series of battles and sieges followed, disastrous to the Scots. Their defeat at Halidon Hill was but poorly compensated by the gallant defence which Black Agnes made in the castle of Dunbar, or the recovery of Perth, and the castles of Edinburgh and Roxburgh. The return of David, instead of restoring matters, only plunged the kingdom in greater difficulties. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Durham, and committed to the Tower in London. The payment of his ransom imposed enormous burdens on the country, which reduced it to the verge of bankruptcy. During his captivity he began to intrigue with Edward, and even consented to recognise him as his lord paramount. Nothing could exceed the distracted and distressed state of Scotland at this time. To the miseries of war were added the calamities of famine, and pestilence, and inundations, and intestine rebellion. The nobles were slaughtering each other, the people were impoverished and oppressed with taxation, without the means of payment. It was in this state of public wretchedness and confusion that the king expired, (Feb. 1370,) leaving nothing to redeem his character but the solitary quality of personal courage, which he inherited from his father.

More than half of Mr. Tytler's second volume is occupied with a very learned and interesting "Inquiry into the State of Ancient Scotland," in which our author has displayed his usual penetration and research. The difficulty of procuring exact information, and the wide field over which his materials lay scattered, must, as he himself admits, have rendered this a very arduous task. It is one, however, of great value to the reader, as it enables him to trace the rise and progress



of agricultural and commercial improvements in Scotland; the gradual developement of the national character and manners; the amusements and superstitions of the people; their advancement in arts and letters; and the general state of their domestic condition. On these several topics, Mr. Tytler has collected a great deal of curious and recondite information, arranged in the following order:—the appearance of the country; distinct races of inhabitants; feudal form of government; state of the lower orders; ancient parliament of Scotland; early commerce and navigation; early coinage and money; price of provisions; wages of labour; value of land; ecclesiastical affairs; the learning, language, poetry, music, architecture, sports, amusements, arms, and dress of that period.

Considering the remoteness of the times, and the great paucity of materials, Mr. Tytler's account of these various subjects does him infinite credit. He has contrived to throw together a vast stock of insulated facts, which could not well be embodied into a regular narrative; and classed them in separate heads, so as to exhibit a graphic picture of Scotland in the olden time. We know a great deal about Wallace and Bruce; of their battles and public acts; but, comparatively few could tell what the good king Robert paid for a leg of mutton, or a cart load of peats for the royal parlour at Cardross. Of these antiquarian items, Mr. Tytler's book abounds with many curious specimens, and from their extreme minuteness and simplicity of detail, there is a truth and freshness in the description exceedingly amusing. Alexander III., we are given to understand, paid only 12s. for a pair of boots; and paid his tailor a mark and a half for a suit trimmed with fur; being nearly as cheap as King Arthur's breeches, which cost him (making and mounting included,) but half a crown, and a great too dear. Robert the Bruce paid 8s. for a chalders of lime, to whitewash his dining-room. Thirty-six kippered salmon cost him 18s. He paid 12s. to the royal butcher, for killing sixty-one sheep at Martinmas; and 12d. to the porter that carried the carcasses into the royal larder. Patrick, the king's fool, got 18d. to

defray the expenses of his journey in conducting some Englishmen to Tarbet. In 1263 the price of a cow was 4s. 5d.; fat sheep cost 10d. a head; swine sold for 1s. or 18d.; good cheese cost 6d. a stone, and hens were bought at a penny a piece. In 1288 two hundred and five horse loads of firewood for the use of the palace at Stirling, cost only 36s. 6d.; 8 waggon loads of peats, including carriage, cost £13 17s. 5d. From these facts, the rate of living must have been extremely moderate.

Of the wealth and luxury of monastic institutions in these days, numerous traits are given. The monks of Melrose possessed 325 forest mares and horses, 54 domestic mares, 104 domestic horses, 207 stags or young horses, 39 three-year old colts, and 172 year-old colts. It was of this same fraternity that the old rhyme sung—

“The monks of Melrose made good kail,

On Fridays when they fasted;  
They neither wanted meat nor ale,  
As long's their neighbour's lasted.”

On the early commerce of Scotland, Mr. Tytler has brought together a mass of curious and valuable particulars. Berwick was at a very remote period distinguished as the great mart of foreign commerce, and so wealthy as to obtain the name of a second Alexandria. A single fact shows that its resources were immense. Under Alexander III. its customs amounted to the sum of 2197l. 8s. sterling; while the whole customs of England, in 1287, produced only 8411l. 19s. 11½d. The trade between Scotland and foreign countries was very great, even in the time of Macbeth. Under David I., Malcolm III., and Alexander I., there is ample evidence in the chartularies of the commercial wealth and enterprise of the country; and this spirit was encouraged and improved by the settlement of multitudes of Flemish merchants, who brought with them a knowledge of trade and manufactures, as well as the habits of application and industry which have so long characterised that people.

We have scarcely room for extracts; but shall quote a few passages on this subject.

“We can trace the settlement of

these industrious citizens (the Flemings) during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, in almost every part of Scotland: in Berwick, the great mart of our foreign commerce; in the various towns along the east coast; in St. Andrews, Perth, Dumbarton, Ayr, Peebles, Larnark, Edinburgh; and in the districts of Renfrewshire, Clydesdale, and Annandale. There is ample evidence of their industrious progress in Fife, in Angus, in Aberdeenshire, and as far north as Inverness and Urquhart. It would even appear, from a record of the reign of David the Second, that the Flemings had procured from the Scottish monarchs a right to the protection and exercise of their own laws. It has been ingeniously conjectured, that the story of Malcolm the Fourth having dispossessed the ancient inhabitants of Moray, and of his planting a new colony in their stead, may have originated in the settlement of the Flemings in that remote and rebellious district. The early domestic manufactures of our country, the woollen fabrics which are mentioned by the statutes of David, and the dyed and shorn cloths which appear in the charter of William the Lion to the burgh of Inverness, must have been greatly improved by the superior dexterity and knowledge of the Flemings; and the constant commercial intercourse which they kept up with their own little states, could not fail to be beneficial in importing the knowledge and the improvements of the continental nations into the remoter country where they had settled."

"With regard to the exports of the country at this time, we find them composed of the same articles as those already described: wool, skins, hides, and woollens; great quantities of fish, salted and cured; horses, sheep, and cattle; and, more rarely, pearls, falcons, and greyhounds. It is singular to find so precious an article as pearls amongst the subjects of Scottish trade; yet the fact rests on good authority. The Scottish pearls in the possession of Alexander the First, were celebrated in distant countries for their extreme size and beauty; and as early as the twelfth century, there is evidence of a foreign demand for this species of luxury. As the commercial intercourse with the East increased, the rich oriental pearl, from its superior brilliancy, and more perfect form, excluded the Scottish pearls from the jewel market; and by a statute of the Parisian goldsmiths, in the year 1355, we find it enacted, that no worker in gold and silver shall set any Scottish pearls with oriental ones,

except in large ornaments or jewels for churches. It is curious to find among the exports the *leporarii*, or greyhounds of the country, which were famous in France; for in 1396, the Duke de Berri sent his valet and three attendants into Scotland on a commission to purchase dogs of this kind, as appears by the passport preserved in Rymer; and, at an earlier period, under the reign of David the Second, Godfrey de Ross, an English baron, procured from Edward the Third, a safe conduct for his shield-bearer and two attendants, who were travelling from Scotland with dogs and falcons, and who purposed to return into the same country, under the express condition that they did not abuse their privilege, by carrying out of England either bows, arrows, arms, or gold or silver, in the form of bulk, plate, or money."

"Of the imports of Scotland at the same period, it is difficult to give any thing like an accurate or satisfactory account. Fine linen and silks; broad cloth, and a rich article called *sages*, manufactured in Ireland from wool, and esteemed so beautiful as to be worn by the ladies of Florence; carpets and tapestry; wine, oil of olives, and occasionally corn and barley; spices and confectionary of all kinds; drugs and electuaries; arms, armour, and cutlery, were the chief commodities; and it has already been observed, that many articles of Asiatic luxury and magnificence had reached our country, by means of a constant communication with the Flemish and Italian merchants. In 1333, we know, from an authentic instrument, preserved in the *Fœdera*, that the Scottish merchants were in the custom of importing, from the county of Suffolk, vases of gold and silver into Scotland, besides silver in bars and in money; a proof that the silver mine which David the First worked, at an early period, in Cumberland, and the gold of Fife, to which the same monarch alludes in the *Cartulary of Dunfermline*, had neither of them turned to much account.

"Under the reign of Bruce, and during the long war with England, every possible effort was made by Edward the First and his successor to crush and extinguish the foreign trade of Scotland; but the success does not appear to have been in any degree proportionate to their exertions. All English or Irish merchants were prohibited, under the severest penalties, from engaging in any transactions with that country; and repeated requests were addressed to the rich republics of the low countries, to the courts of Flanders, and the Dukes of Brabant, to induce them to

break off all traffic with the Scots; but the exertions of contraband traders and privateer vessels eluded the strictness of the prohibitions against English and Irish trade; and the Flemings and Brabanters steadily refused to shut their ports against any nation which could pay for their commodities. In 1315, a fleet of thirteen ships or galleys belonging to the Scots, and other '*malefactors*' who adhered to them, was at anchor in the port of Sluys in Flanders, waiting to be laden with arms, victuals, and other goods, which they intended to export from that country into Scotland, when Edward the Second, as the public order relative to the circumstance informs us, adopted vigorous, but apparently unsuccessful, measures for intercepting them. To Bruce, whose life was spent in almost uninterrupted war, the great articles of demand were those which he could use for his soldiers and knights; arms of all kinds, helmets, cuirasses, chamfreyns, and horse armour, swords and daggers, bows of English yew, spear shafts, and lances, formed the staple cargoes of the Flemish merchantmen which traded to his dominions; but, on the other hand, the export trade of the country, which had been principally carried on between England and Ireland, although not extinguished, experienced a material depression. But although some branches of national wealth were rendered less productive, other sources were opened peculiar to war. The immense plunder taken at Bannockburn; the large sums of money paid by the English nobles and barons for their ransom; the subsequent plunder in the repeated invasions of England; and the frequent and heavy sums which were subscribed by the Border counties, to induce the Scottish leaders to spare their towns and villages, enriched the kingdom, and provided a mass of capital which is distinctly perceptible in the increased commercial speculations of the subsequent reign, and in the spirited and successful efforts made by the nation in fitting out a navy."

"Wine appears to have been consumed in large quantities at the royal table. In 1263, under Alexander the Third, who is celebrated in a fragment of an old song for '*wine and wax, gamyn and glee*,' a hundred and seventy-eight *dolii*, or hogsheads, of wine, were bought for four hundred and thirty-nine pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence. In 1264, sixty-seven hogsheads and one pipe cost the royal exchequer three hundred and seventy-three pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence; whilst

in 1320, forty-two hogsheads, purchased from John de Hayel, a merchant at Sluys, in Flanders, cost a hundred and sixty-eight pounds. A pipe of Rhenish wine, bought for David the Second, at the time he held his court at Dundee, cost five pounds; but a pipe of the same wine, of finer flavour, which David had sent to the Countess of Strathern, cost seven pounds six shillings and eight pence, in 1634. In 1634, the same lady received a pipe of wine by the king's orders, for which the chamberlain paid six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence. These wines were, without doubt, the same as those imported into England from Spain, Gascony, and Rochelle, and of which we find the prices fixed by a statute of Richard the Second. Other wines, of inferior price, were probably mixtures compounded in the country, and not of pure foreign growth. Thus, in 1263, we find the *dolius*, or hogshead, of red wine, *vinum rubrum*, sold for thirty-six shillings and eight pence; and, at the same time, the hogshead of white wine brought two pounds. In other articles of luxury for the table, the great expense seems to have been in spices, confectionary, and sweetmeats, in which quantities of mace, cinnamon, flower of gilliflower, crocus, and ginger, appear to have been used, upon the prices of which it would be tedious and useless to enlarge."

"All great occasions of festivity or solemnity, such as baptisms and marriages, the installation of bishops, or other dignified churchmen, the recurrence of Christmas and the new year, the birthday of the king or the prince, it was the custom of those ancient times to commemorate by feasts: and the 'Chamberlains' Accounts of our early monarchs afford ample evidence of the scale upon which these entertainments were conducted. Immense quantities of beef and mutton, of pork and poultry; large and constant supplies of salmon, herring, hard fish and white fish, sturgeons, lampreys, and eels in great abundance; large importations of white and red wine, with a variety of spiceries and sweetmeats, besides figs, raisins, oil of olives, gingerbread, wax, vinegar, verjuice, and porpoises, form the anomalous and multifarious articles which swell the account of William de Buthirgask, clerk of the kitchen to the good king Robert. These were the articles of usual and daily consumption; but on occasions of unusual festivity, the entertainments were in the last degree extravagant and expensive. At the feast given at Canterbury, on the installation

of Ralph, abbot of St. Augustine, six thousand guests sat down to a dinner of three thousand dishes; and this was far exceeded by the splendour of the marriage banquet, when the Earl of Cornwall espoused Cincia, the daughter of the Count of Provence, upon which occasion thirty thousand dishes were served up to an immense assemblage of guests, who had arrived from the remote parts of England, as well as from Scotland. In the feast which was given by the Archbishop of York, upon the marriage of Alexander the Third, sixty stalled oxen were slain to furnish out the first course, and the rest of the entertainment was on equal scale of magnificence. It was the custom at these feasts, to bring in the boar's head with great state; sometimes the whole boar himself, stuffed, and standing on his legs, surrounded by a fortification of pastry, from the battlements of which little flags and banners waved over the grisly savage, was ushered in, carried by the master of the feast and his servants, with the trumpets sounding before him. In like manner, the peacock, the swan, and the heron, were greatly

esteemed in those times, and brought with their plumage unbroken, upon plateaus richly gilt, and with a net-work of gold thrown over them; whilst between the courses the guests were entertained by a species of opera, acted by little puppets of paste, in which Arthur, and his Knights of the Round Table, Godfrey of Bouillogn, or some such heroes, performed their part amidst magic islands, captive ladies, turbaned pagans, fiery dragoons, and all the fantastic machinery of the period. When this was concluded, the company again resumed the feast, which was continued till a late hour, and often prolonged for many days."

We now close our review of these excellent volumes, which bring down the history of Scotland to the accession of a new dynasty in the House of Stuart. Three more volumes of the re-issue have made their appearance but as they commence a new period they will more properly belong to subsequent notice.

#### LETTERS FROM ITALY.

[The following letters were written by an invalid to a friend at home, during a two years' residence on the Continent for the benefit of a mild winter climate.]

A few observations have been added since the writer's return, principally climate and the fine arts. In the absence of better information in an accessible form, it has been suggested that these details may be useful to invalids in similar circumstances, as well as to the *learner* who has not had an opportunity of studying the works of the ancient masters. Although it will be in a moment that the writer was a learner also, it has been considered able to give the letters nearly in their original form, adding merely a few results of a longer experience.—Ed.]

#### NO I.—NICE.

Nice—Route—Climate—Winter—Hotels—Lodgings—Drives and walks—Men—Inhabitants—Costume—Patois—Libraries—Shops—Shells—Society—Theatre—Concerts—Carnival—New Year's Day—Teachers—Bankers—Principality of Monaco.—

Nice, March, 1834.

You have given me an agreeable commission, and I promise myself no little pleasure in furnishing, as you desire, such particulars respecting Nice, and its climate, as may assist our friends in choosing their next winter's residence, and be of some use on their

first arrival; if, as I think they determine to fix themselves. My great difficulty will be not too much for a place, which come a home in my affection. I have found health such never known; an elasticity which I feared was out for

that health-giving serenity of mind, which is said to be one of the choicest blessings of the climate. To modify the brightness of the picture, I must try to recollect that my strong attachment is the growth of many months, combining the recollections of many happy days, and the love with which nature inspires us ; when we can study her at leisure under such a sky as this, and see her ever-varying features reflected in such a mirror of beauty as the bay of Nice. There it lies before me sparkling in the brightest sun, whiling me as it often does from my pen or book to gaze upon its loveliness. Nearly opposite, but on the French side of the Var, is the small town and fort of Antibes, more than ten miles distant, yet every object stands out with that peculiar sharpness of outline, which the purity and dryness of the air render so striking a feature in the scenery of warm climates. To my right, the mountains are white with snow, but in this country of the sun, even snow seems to lose the coldness of its nature, it too glows in his smile, and seems but a soft fleecy cloud resting on the clear blue sky. On our own side of the bay the coast is beautifully varied by bold rocks and many headlands, of which Mont Boron and Villa Franca are the nearest. In particular states of the atmosphere Corsica may be seen from Nice at sun-rise, but hitherto its shadowy form has appeared, to my eye, like a cloud rising from the sea, resting on it for a moment, and fading away before I have been able to fix its size or trace its outline.—Nor must I omit, in this hasty sketch of Nice, its warlike appendages ; its fortress on Monte Albano, a rocky hill, seven hundred and thirty feet high, commanding the town, or its fortifications on the castle hill, which with their cannon and garrison look tolerably imposing ; the ruins of the castle itself are picturesque at a distance, but poor and insignificant in reality.

I say nothing of our own journey hither as you do not tell me which route the E——s will take. The shortest and least fatiguing from Paris is by Lyons, Avignon, Cannes, &c. The road is certainly uninteresting, but the accommodation tolerable throughout, excellent at Aix and

Avignon (which claims a day for its own beauty and its vicinity to Vaucluse) ; the whole distance may be accomplished by posting, with ease, in ten or twelve days, and in a shorter time by steaming down the Rhone. The situation of Nice is particularly cheerful and pleasant, in a wide valley open to the sea on the south, sheltered on the north by the maritime Alps. The Paglion divides the old town from its modern suburbs, it is now but a streamlet winding through a wide stony bed, but in February, when fed by the melting of the snow on the mountains, is frequently a formidable torrent. The old town is composed principally of narrow, dark, steep streets, a few of more recent date are open and cheerful, with good houses. The western suburb La Croix de Marbre, or the fashionable part of Nice, is generally called the English quarter, from being the favourite resort of the English, who are here in considerable numbers from October till March or April. The air is dry, clear, and exhilarating, and the most competent authorities seem agreed that for those suffering from chronic rheumatism, for weakly children and persons in general of relaxed or torpid constitution, a more eligible winter residence is scarcely to be found in Europe ; but in cases of confirmed consumption it is generally found too irritating ; and many a mournful record in the English cemetery tells how fatally our medical men erred some few years ago in sending patients of this class here. The suburb of Cimiez, which is delightfully sheltered, enjoys more of an inland climate, and is said to be a favourable situation for persons of a consumptive tendency or those afflicted with asthma.

The luxuriant growth of the lemon tree is a proof of the mildness of the air in this warm valley ; it is much more delicate than the orange, and does not flourish in any other part of the immediate neighbourhood of Nice. A friend has given me an extract from the observations of M. Risso on this climate continued through twenty years. I send you a copy of it, as it gives a comparative view of the temperature of Nice and other places which may be useful in your present inquiries. “ The mean temperature, he says, is nearly 60°, on the average



10° warmer than London : but the difference is greater in summer and autumn, in winter and spring somewhat less. The greatest cold observed during this period was 15° in 1820, the greatest heat 92°. In steadiness of temperature Nice is only excelled by Madeira, the ordinary fluctuation from day to day being but 2½°, in London it is 4°, in Madeira only 1°. The daily range of the thermometer is also less than has been yet observed in any place in the south of Europe, Rome and Cadiz excepted." According also to M. Risso the average number of rainy days is 52, of fine 172, of storms 6½ in the year, and snow and hail about twice in five years. You ask what has been our own two winters' experience. November, fine and warm ; December, generally fine too, but cooler, about three or four days' rain ; January, occasionally cold but dry ; in February, spring begins to be seen and felt ; the beginning of March rather sharp and windy ; the rest of the month beautiful weather, sufficiently warm to be out of doors, walking or rowing on the bay till eight o'clock in the evening, and in April our windows were open till eleven or twelve at night. I now speak of what we have done in good health,—it is not considered prudent for invalids to be out after sunset, either in winter or in early spring.

But do not allow our friends to come into Italy with the common, but mistaken, notion that there is no winter in her year. Winter there assuredly is, but of short duration and seldom severe. When it does rain it is in downright earnest ; I have never seen so unceasing a pour as during those three or four days in December, a circumstance rendered doubly disagreeable by the utter neglect of the public authorities and private individuals to provide the necessary defences against it : there are no sewers in the streets, no shoots to carry off the water from the roofs. Woe to the unwary Englishman who impatient of imprisonment wades through the streams in the streets, and, seeking shelter from the pitiless pelting of the rain, edges himself close to the houses, down comes a torrent from the roof, annihilates his umbrella, and drenches himself far more effectually than any of our improved or patent shower

baths at home. Delicate persons do require on some days flannel, cloaks, and strong shoes as much perhaps here as in England, these days are indeed not frequent, nor do they treacherously return when they have once yielded to the gentle breezes of spring ; immediately after heavy rain too, the sunshines out with unclouded radiance, and the air quickly regains its accustomed dry and invigorating freshness : these are the real advantages of a Nice winter. But the English, who seem to have less flexibility of character than any people in the world, instead of adopting habits suited to the climate and circumstances around them, persevere in those which belong to a colder region, and with a singular deficiency of common sense regulate their hours of exercise, meals, and evening amusements pretty much by those established by fashions sufficiently foolish at home—for instance, the mornings here are calm and delightful ; about one o'clock a breeze very trying to delicate persons, springs up from the sea, and generally continues to increase till four or five, when it subsides, and the evenings are calm and beautiful. But not an Englishman or woman is to be seen till after three, when the beauty of the day has already passed away ; then they shiver in the breeze, complain bitterly of the weather, hurry home to sacrifice the lovely evenings to their late English dinners, and after their routs and balls retire to rest not many hours before the Italian begins to rejoice in all the glory of the rising sun, and to breathe the fresh and invigorating air of early morning. And well does this hour of universal beauty and repose reward the resolution of the early riser ; beautiful it is in all climates, but here the transparent purity of the air seems to invest it with a two-fold loveliness.

The accommodation for visitors and travellers is excellent. Hotels and lodging-houses are numerous, the latter comfortably, often handsomely furnished. Of the former, the Hotel des Etrangers is the best and the usual resort of the English ; a table d'hôte, as well as private tables well supplied—charges not extravagant. The Hotel du Midi is not so well spoken of ; the Pension Anglaise I am told by the C—s is very comfortable,



and well managed by an obliging English landlord and landlady; they let several of their suites of apartments for the season as lodgings; the table d'hôte is good, baths both hot and cold, but not very nice. Our first year's lodgings, Maison Maigron, are now the Hôtel de Londres, the situation is dry and one of the warmest in Nice. I do not recommend it, however, as the house is closely sheltered by a high rock, which though a protection against wind, more than overbalances the advantage by intercepting the cheering warmth of the morning sun. None of the visitors, except a very few of the English aristocracy with their large families and preposterous train of servants, ever take a whole house; "*un appartement*," as it is called, like "a flat" in Edinburgh, is a single floor and consists sometimes of ten or more rooms *en suite*. The charges, for these vary according to situation, size, number, &c.: last year at Maison Maigron we had ten rooms, for which we paid two thousand francs, about eighty pounds English for the season, from November to May. This year we were late and had little choice, as the season is a full one: we have eleven rooms in Maison Tiranti, two thousand five hundred francs, about one hundred pounds, on the 3<sup>me</sup> *etage*, too; it is not a less genteel situation here than the first or second floors, but an invalid would find the fatigue of ascending so high, an insuperable objection. As no lodging can be taken for a shorter period than the whole season, it is necessary to be very careful in the choice of a house and still more of a locality. Those who require a dry and warm situation should live on, or near the terrace, (Rue de la Ponchette, &c.) and avoid the Croix de Marbre, or English quarter, where the houses are built on ground comparatively damp and low; the gardens attached to them are far from being an additional advantage, they are usually planted with orange trees, which besides impeding the free circulation of the air, require so large and constant a supply of water as must produce a dampness of soil and atmosphere, not very advantageous to the inhabitants, and fever does frequently prevail in this quarter when other parts of the town are

healthy. If, however, from delicacy of chest or other cause, shelter is necessary, or less stimulating air desirable, there are some very good and airy houses in the quarter, Maison Avidore, Maison Saisi, &c. &c. At Cimiez too the houses are good, and the terms more moderate; but the disadvantages are great in being so far from the town, surrounded too by roads so heavy, as nearly to preclude walking exercise after rain. There is a great advantage in living near the terrace, a broad paved walk overlooking the sea, exposed to the sun during every hour of the day, as it secures to an invalid a dry and pleasant walk even after the heaviest rain. I need not name the houses, as our friends will see notices on all that are to let; in any emergency they and strangers in general will find a kind and efficient adviser in M. La Croix, the British consul, who is always to be seen "*Au consulat de S. M. Britannique*."

All the houses are provided with plate, china, glass, and carpets—of the first enough for use, but not for show. The necessaries of life are good and abundant: excellent bread, milk, butter, tea and coffee; vegetables good, and meat also, though very small; fowl poor and dear, some of the smaller birds, such as the thrush, &c., are considered a great delicacy; fish is neither good nor abundant; wine from two to twenty-five sous a bottle. A stranger finds little difficulty in procuring any additional servants he may require, we have found them courteous, obliging without servility, and I believe honest. The expenses of our household are, I find, considerably more than those of a resident, but this is in the usual course of foreign affairs. Some families make an agreement with a *restaurateur* to supply their tables, but the expense is greater, and his regularity not to be depended on. Saddle horses for ladies and gentlemen may be hired by the day, week or month, carriages in the same way and on reasonable terms; there are, however, but three carriage drives, on the Genoa, Turin, and French approaches to the town; the first is beautiful and all are pleasant. If you wish to cross the Var, an order from the government house is necessary. The donkeys are docile and safe

much used on excursions which are endless and delightful; so are the walks—one of the nearest and pleasantest is the Castle-hill—the paths, (bordered with aloes, a favourite edging even on the road sides) are in some places rather steep, but the lover of nature is rewarded for the exertion by beautiful views of the bay, and its graceful shores; the conchologist by finding several varieties of the helix, *bulinus decollatus*, *clausilia*, and other land shells; the botanist, new species of many plants familiar to us at home. Past the port is another pleasant walk; leading to a retired part of the shore, there is no sandy beach, but there are sheltered seats among the rocks, and here we sit by the hour, watching untired the unending changes of the sea; the tide is scarcely perceptible in the Mediterranean, and the water is nearly at the same height always. To Villa Franca the distance is between three and four miles by land,—those who prefer going by water may be conveyed in one of the safe and well-appointed boats of Nice in three quarters of an hour. In the pretty valley leading to Villa Franca the olive tree, and the caroubier are much cultivated; the foliage of the olive is of a dusky melancholy hue, but light and graceful; the compact growth, and soft, tender green of the young leaves of the caroubier remind us of the arbutus; it bears a long pod which, as well as its seeds, have a sweet taste, are used for food for cattle, and, in severe seasons, sometimes by the peasantry. The little town lies like Nice at the edge of the sea, has a fine natural harbour in a still more sheltered situation. It was once a place of some consequence, but its fortifications are almost dismantled, and its commerce removed to more favoured ports of the Sardinian dominions. The ascent of Monte Albano and Mont Boron will repay an hour's ride by fine views of the sea and neighbourhood. For our other excursions we must cross the Paglion; but it is needless to enumerate the walks and rides in the valleys at this side; almost every day we have explored new ones, or found fresh pleasures in the old. Roads, indeed, there are none, the dry stony beds of the mountain torrents their only substitute; but we forget their roughness in the pleasure of following their wind-

ings through narrow dells of m and underwood, sheltered from sun by the thickly planted olive. O we have been involved in the perplexity of losing ourselves in mountains, and have only escaped fate of the "Babes in the Wood" discovering some almost hidden track to guide us on our way, generally to an eminence commanding such lovely view as repaid the trouble the hair-breadth escapes, the garments, and all the "ills that is heir to," when it leaves the beaten path to encounter the "envious and tangled brake." Chateau I will occupy a whole day, the valley St. Andre part of another, and on the hill of Cimiez are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, many of the seats and arches still in good preservation, interesting in itself and for its lovely situation. In consideration of future opportunities in Rome, and the Colosseum, I spare you my meditations and moral reflections on the fruitful theme of the past. Here, indeed, the living beauty of nature triumphs over the devastation of time. The arena is filled with olive trees of large size, the earth covered with a thick carpet of the double blue violet now in full bloom and fragrance.

As it is difficult to leave Nice in winter—either to the north, on account of the cold, or to the south, from the state of the roads—it is of no moment to the comfort of visitors that the post-office department is regular and well managed. Coaches from France, with the English arrive and leave every day, as do to and from different parts of the Continent: letters posted in France are delivered on the sixth day have all reached us safely, and have been detained more than once beyond their time, and then rescued from the heavy state of the Newspapers, which now pass through France, are charged two sous for crossing the about one mile and a half to Nice. There is excellent recreation here: some of the competitors are, I am told, but it is from my own experience I speak of the professional: Bowling, both as a sport and as a physician; of it, of his attention, and more than

anxiety to alleviate suffering, there is but one opinion among those who know him. Dr. Harrington is also an esteemed physician. The "*pharmacie*" of M. Pauline, opposite to the hotel des Etrangers, Rue Pont Neuf, is well supplied with English and other medical preparations. The English church is a neat unostentatious building, supported partly by the British government, partly by the subscriptions of English visitors—service is performed twice on Sunday by the resident chaplain. A family of five or six persons pays about one hundred and thirty francs, a single person twenty-five or thirty, children and servants half this sum. The cemetery attached to the church is neatly laid out, and prettily planted with flowers and evergreens; but to me it is a mournful place. The desire to die among one's kindred is so universal, a tender regard for the last resting-place of those we love, so natural, that an English grave in a foreign land awakens only painful feelings, and an involuntary sympathy for the lonely dead, while we recoil from the idea of such a separation for ourselves, from the hearts we cling to in life, to which we yearn to be united even in death. Have you not felt something of this kind in the "strangers' burying-ground" at Clifton, though comparatively at home? There are several Roman Catholic churches, but none of them, or of the public buildings are worth seeing. The population has increased considerably, within the last few years, and amounts to thirty-five thousand persons; in the winter season it receives an addition of about fourteen or fifteen hundred strangers. The Nissards are an industrious race, but not prepossessing in appearance. The nature of the soil being dry and scanty, (though highly productive, yielding from four to six crops in the year,) demands unremitting labour, which devolves principally on the women; who, from constant hardship, and exposure to the weather, early become aged looking, and acquire a hard, weather-beaten appearance, very different from the soft languishing style of beauty we are wont to ascribe to a southern people.

On Sundays and fête days the costume of the peasant women is pretty

and picturesque: a half handkerchief edged with lace, thrown over the head, and tied under the chin, shows the glossy black hair, braided in front and neatly plaited at the back; a thick twist of black velvet round the head is fastened with a gold ornament; or in place of the handkerchief, a fanciful mushroom-shaped straw hat, lined with coloured silk of bright colours; long ribbon streamers and a small black velvet cross on one side, is placed on the top of the head, and looks not unlike a small parasol; a velvet boddice, white or coloured petticoat, long gold ear-rings, a velvet ribbon round the throat, from which hangs a large gold cross, distinguish the mountaineers and countrywomen, from their more genteel neighbours in the town, who have, with questionable taste, nearly discarded the national dress for the pretty French cap with its bright-coloured ribbons—even the graceful muslin mantilla is seldom to be seen. Their language is a miserable jargon—French pronounced with Italian terminations predominating—as, *oui, Madame, le pauvre enfant, bien en colera, &c. &c.*

The church and army seem to be the only occupations open to the young men; there is a considerable display of both professions in the streets; all the schools are under the superintendence of Jesuits or churchmen. At first, when we met long files of youths, of all ages, with grave faces and downcast eyes, arrayed in the loose clerical robe and hat, we thought they were devoted to the service of the church, and agreed, that however it might be with the flocks of the rising generation, there would be no dearth of shepherds to tend them; but we afterwards learned a considerable number of these demure-looking boys were embryo soldiers and heroes, destined to supply the Sardinian army. Whether the monotony and repose of these monastic places of education is better calculated to repress ambition, or awaken, by force of contrast, visions of glory, I have no means of judging; but, I am sure, if there is one latent spark of vanity in their minds, the inconvenient and unsightly costume to which they are condemned, must create a desire to exchange it, for the more manly and becoming attire of

the military, so constantly before their eyes.

You inquire about books—there are two circulating libraries; the best under the superintendence of M. Brasseur, in a building lately opened called the *Cercle*, which also contains a news-room, *Café*, *Restaurant* for gentlemen, billiard and concert rooms. A subscription of twenty-five francs for three months, makes a subscriber free of the whole, and entitles him to tickets for his family for one or two balls and concerts given during the winter. The collection of French books is tolerably good, the Italian very small—in the English you will find the works of Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Moore, &c. old travels, novels, plays, and, occasionally, French reprints of late works, particularly of Mr. Dickens, Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, &c.—the news-room is supplied with French papers, including *Galvani* for the English.

The shops are generally poor. Invalids should bring flannel, warm stockings, &c. with them, the woollen manufactures being very coarse. At Orenco's and Barbe's, both in Place Dominique, there is a tolerable choice of velvets, silk, muslin lace, gloves, &c., and the latter will procure articles from Lyons with little delay. Madame Orenco is a good milliner. There are two good tailors, who have excellent cloth and velvet for gentlemen. The Lyons velvet is much superior to that manufactured at Genoa. Aubin, Rue Pont Neuf, is an excellent shoemaker; M. Normand, a good coachmaker. Nor must I omit the very best of confectioners, and most obliging of tradespeople, Loni Frères, Rue Pont Neuf, whose dried fruits are in such demand, both at home and abroad; among them are some varieties of the orange, cultivated in this neighbourhood, only good when preserved—one of very large size, another about the size of a plum; these with the citron, melon, pear, &c., make, in the hands of the inimitable Loni, the most delicate and delicious of conserves. The many varieties of wood grown in and near Nice, are all turned to good account by the cabinet-makers, whose trade is apparently the busiest and most lucrative here. The walnut is used for all kinds of household furniture. Every description of table

and nicknack, letter and paper cases, work baskets and note-holders, paper knives, &c., are beautifully inlaid in curious devices with the orange, lemon, palm, caroubier, yew, box, &c. &c. Gimelle of the Corso, an extremely neat and tasteful workman, has more than full employment in executing the orders of the English and other visitors—it would be well for his purse if he, in common with his neighbours, were less strict in the observance of their saints' days—a species of devotion so agreeable to this light-hearted and improvident people, and so rarely neglected, that, though nominally, there are six working days, few weeks can boast of much more than half the number.

A pleasant visit may be made to M. Varani's museum, which he opens to the public once a week: he has a valuable and beautiful collection of shells, some birds, and a few fossils—the duplicate shells may be bought. His drawings of some of the *Medusæ* found in this part of the Mediterranean, exceed any I have before seen in the dazzling brilliancy of their colours.

There are few shells to be found on the shore, but the boat and fishermen bring them from the deep sea, when they hear of purchasers. Till this season the *Carinaria* had deserted the bay for some years past, now they are taken in quantities that would surprise and delight our conchological friends at home. I have had thirty or forty of them brought to me alive, but the shells are so perishable, even the weight of the animal itself out of water, destroys its fragile beauty—I cannot even touch without breaking them; but the more expert hand of M. Risso has preserved one for me with the animal attached. He tells me the dealers are largely indebted to their scissors for the surprisingly perfect appearance of the shells they prepare for sale. The variety of the *echini*, with long spines, is considered a great delicacy by the lower classes and is brought in by the fishermen in large quantities for food. I am sorry to say, we are not exempt from a sight so revolting to English eyes, as the exhibition of convicts, chained together like beasts of burden, employed on the roads and other public work. It seems an outrage on human nature.

thus to expose the guilt and degradation of these miserable beings to the careless eye of every stranger, whilst to them this mockery of freedom must, I think, be far more galling than confinement and comparative solitude. To judge from the effrontory and reckless air so common among them, it seems to be a hardening and injurious, rather than a salutary, mode of punishment. One of the worst features is the neglect of classification—I am told there is little, if any, distinction made between the merely political offender and the perpetrator of heinous crimes, except in the term of their sentence, they are to be found in the same division, sometimes even secured by the same chain.

I have yet to tell you of the society and amusements: a few words will suffice for both. On arriving, it is considered a proper mark of respect to send cards to the government-house. On New Year's-Day the governor holds a levee, for gentlemen only, but in the evening there is a reception for ladies also, at which every one who wishes it may be introduced. Their Excellencies send invitations for their public balls, two or three times during the season, to all the English of respectability. Among the English themselves there is the usual routine of dinner-parties, balls, &c. &c; they have little intercourse with the resident families of the town, whose means are usually very limited. There are, however, a great number of Italian and French visitors, who form agreeable reunions in their own less formal fashion. Our mornings are uninterrupted. Visits are paid in the evening, about eight o'clock, not *à l'Anglaise*, as a mere ceremony, but for the pleasure of society and conversation. In this way we have had visitors every evening: but, if inconvenient, you may decline to receive them without giving offence. In this country such evenings are very agreeable; conversation flows on without effort; every one seems at ease, free from pretension, display, or mannerism.

I am quite aware it would require a much closer intercourse than this, to give an insight into the real character of the Italians. We see but the surface, which is certainly very attractive. Our Italian friends have much of the repose of manner which marks the

well-bred Englishman, but of a different character: it is not the still, unimpassioned repose of a meditative, earnest mind, nor the quiet, subdued tone, which is the effect of study, or fashion, and with us sometimes borders on affectation. In the Italian it vanishes the moment a subject of interest arises: then he is full of animation, speaks rapidly and energetically, uses a good deal of graceful action, and expresses his thoughts and feelings unreservedly. We find them cultivated and accomplished; gifted, in short, with all the graces of society: they sing, play, draw, dance well, converse on literature, the arts, nature, &c. with elegance and taste; but, owing probably to their political circumstances, there is an absence of interest in those higher objects of life which give depth and solidity to the English character. They are shut out from the wide world of public life and its manifold interests, which engross so large a portion of our thoughts and time; and as there is no career open to young men but the church or the army, those who belong to neither seem to dream away life without object, enterprise, or forethought.

Of public amusements there are only the theatre and philharmonic concerts. At the first there is usually a good opera company. The boxes which are private may be taken for the season at one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty francs—for a night at ten francs: a single seat to the pit, one franc. Admission to the concerts is obtained only by members' tickets, which are liberally sent to strangers throughout the season.

All public amusements cease with the carnival: even private balls are not allowed, though the prohibition is never enforced against strangers. A fortnight or three weeks previous to Lent, many of the lower classes walk about on Sunday in masks and grotesque costumes. On the last day of the carnival rich and poor join in the amusements. Carriages filled with ladies and gentlemen, horsemen, donkeymen, and pedestrians, all assemble in the Corso (the favourite promenade on Sunday evening throughout the year) to pelt each other vigorously with *bons-bons*, bouquets of violets, &c. &c. The people assume odd disguises: some few gentlemen, too,



puzzle their friends, but the fashion has nearly ceased in the upper classes. It is a very amusing sight, without any discomfort save the rattling of the sugar-plumbs and *bons-hons* about your ears, like a heavy shower of hail, and the whitening of your clothes with the mock ones, which are made of eggs and lime. The people are perfectly well-conducted; and though their feasts and balls are kept up till twelve o'clock at night, we have never heard of one impropriety or disturbance.

Next day the long fast begins: the theatre is closed—no more receptions are held at the government-house; the gaieties are limited to small *soirees*, and so end the winter amusements of Nice.

A custom prevails universally of making presents on New-Year's Day. Our nice old cook presented me with a tray of fruit, sweetmeats, and ornamented cakes, tastefully decorated with flowers; the portress brought a large bouquet of flowers: they expressed their kind wishes for us with ease and grace.—Gimelle is busily employed for many weeks before, in preparing for the day; this year he sold trifles, such as work-bags, pin-cushions, walking-sticks, &c. &c. of rose and various woods, to the amount of three hundred francs. Some are sent anonymously—some with mottoes playful or satirical, in allusion to the peculiarities of the receiver. One pretty palm walking-stick was finished with a pert-looking puppy's head, in silver, and on his collar, "*Malheur à qui m' affronte*;" another a fierce-looking mastiff, and "*Je reville, prends garde*;" a watchdog "*Fidèle jour et nuit*." Many of the trifles showed great taste and finished workmanship.

The principal exports of Nice are oranges, oil, and perfumes. The season for gathering and packing the orange is a busy one, and gives employment to numbers of men, women, and children. The fruit for home use is only gathered as required, and hangs so long on the trees, it is not unusual to see at the same time, the summer blossom and winter fruit. The flavour of the fresh fruit is delicate and refreshing, though rather acid. Grapes and figs are good, but late in the season, the fruit-market is supplied from Genoa and Leghorn.

The fruit of the olive is a deep purple colour when ripe: it requires to be carefully gathered by hand, as, if bruised, it materially injures the quality of the oil. The perfumes are inferior in delicacy and variety to those of Paris, but the flowers themselves are delightful. The double blue violet literally covers the fields and hedges: in February and March the whole air is perfumed by its sweetness. The scarlet star anemone, so precious in our gardens, grows in every hedge and road-side. The double anemone and wallflower are to be seen every where. Many kinds of geranium blossom in the open ground in winter. The camelia requires little shelter; and in April the orange-blossom is in such profusion that the evening breeze is deliciously scented with its fragrance.

You will be disappointed, as we have been, to find that there is not one work of art in Nice—not, I believe, a painting, a marble, an exhibition gallery, or studio. There are, however, several good teachers: M. Fricero, of drawing. He takes very good likenesses, too, in crayon and water-colour. Abbe Sappia, Italian; M. Pastore, music; Mme. Touzé, French; besides singing, dancing, fencing, and drilling masters, all to be heard of at the Hotel des Etrangers.

There is no difficulty, early in the season, in hiring piano fortes, and music also. There are two bankers, M. Avidore and M. Carlone: their well-established banks afford every facility to strangers, and the rate of exchange is regulated by that of Paris.

You will see by my scanty list of "amusements," that the pleasures of Nice are in its climate, its scenery and productions. Till we lived here I could not believe how greatly our happiness is influenced by climate, nor how comprehensive a blessing is an even temperature to those who are sensitive to every change of weather. When combined with such scenery as this, it gives a repose of mind, a charm to life, I despair of making intelligible to you while shivering in the sharp March wind, or looking to the fireside as your only refuge. The views are indeed every where a great —I was going to say, an unrivalled charm, but you would accuse me of forgetting home. It is not alone the



beauty of the bay, with the graceful outline of the coast, nor the fine snow mountains in the background, which make them enchanting. Here we have besides, the radiance of an unclouded sun, the brilliant transparency of the air, a rich life-giving glow shed over every object—the clear, deep blue of the sky and sea, the new feeling of warmth and enjoyment of the open air in winter, and the certainty that all these beautiful things will be to-morrow and to-morrow. Now may I not call such a combination unrivalled by any thing at home, without admiring less our lovely verdure, and the rich foliage of our trees, to which I have seen nothing comparable here? If we had not been in Switzerland I should say more of the sunsets, for they are beautiful—most beautiful: the whole heaven and sea glow with colours unknown in our northern land. Scarlet, green, yellow, brown, diffuse an indescribable brilliancy through the air; but in Switzerland the colours are still more rich, and fade more gradually away. The character of the scenery, too, so sublime,—its mountains towering in their solemn majesty—the grandeur of its everlasting rocks—the deep, still lakes, in which they are reflected, the mysterious depths extending far beyond the view, leave an impression more deep and lasting than even the glories of an Italian sunset.

My letter and our departure have been delayed by the effects of an ill-judged boating excursion to Monaco; and I sorrowfully agree with our landlord, that "*Madame a faite une grande imprudence.*" But Madame did not know it till too late. Let it be a warning to our friends. Our great mistake was in taking a too small boat, and but three rowers. We ought to have had a larger one, and six.

The little principality of Monaco, which extends along the coast, is five or six miles in length, and about three in breadth. It includes the town of Mentone. Monaco is built on a rock, washed by the sea, and was in former days a place of great strength and importance. Its prince is a peer of France, and resides in Paris; but the King of Sardinia being his liege lord, the town is garrisoned by Sardinian troops, who seem to me to form the

principal part of the population. The palace, in a lovely situation, is deserted, and is fast going to decay. The grass springs up unheeded in its halls; the unglazed frames of the windows, and decayed floors, are covered with moss; the painting on the walls, and the gilding of the doors with mould; while the revenues of the little state are melting away in the salons and at the *ecarté*-tables of Paris.

The views are delightful, and the climate delicious. We were three hours, or more, in going; but having the tide in our favour in the evening, our boatmen promised we should reach home in an hour and a half: but miserably were we disappointed. A smart breeze—a contrary one, sprung up; the waves rose with it, and our three rowers proved insufficient for the increased labour. To make the matter worse, one was completely exhausted, and sunk to the bottom of the boat, quite powerless. Much as I had admired the picturesque situation of Monaco in the morning, my eyes were wearied in looking at it long before it ceased to be the landmark by which we despairingly measured the slowness of our progress.

We did not reach home till nearly ten o'clock. Few can brave the night air on the bay with impunity: that I am not one of those few, a severe cold has proved. Let the E—s learn from my experience.

I have not told you that our lovely bay, all smiling and tranquil as is its wont, can look very different at times. When storms prevail elsewhere (for they rarely reach this sheltered nook,) the waves are high and grand. Then it is beautiful to watch the long, heavy swell breaking into white-crested billows, and rolling on the shore, or rushing into the deep caverns, worn in the rocks beneath the castle-hill, to recoil with a sound like thunder; then thrown up in light, feathery spray, forty feet, or higher, over the parapet wall that protects the road to the port. And all this, too, under a serene sky, a wind scarcely higher than usual, and nought but the agitation of the sea itself to tell of the strife of the elements beyond.

How does the sea, under such an aspect, affect you? To me it is exhilarating; my spirit seems to rise with the tumult. At all other times

it awakens sad or solemn thoughts—reveries of the past, of days and hours that have been—rarely of those to come. The mind, whatever be its tone, is soothed at last by the monotonous movement of the waves on a calm day, lulled by the unvarying sound with which they break upon the shore : and if one does awaken to the present, it is when fancy, investing them with life, gives them the form of hopes and fears, or makes them the type of early aspirations, as bright as evanescent, almost as trackless as themselves. To some the boundless ocean speaks of eternity ; to me it whispers of time and of mortality : it

is the starry heaven, on a still night, here so bright and clear, that awakens the sublime and hopeful thoughts of a future life. It is then the spirit “yearns for wings to reach the fields of truth—mourns for wisdom—pants to be free.” See what a tempting subject you have given me in desiring “every particular about Nice and its bay.” I have lingered too long upon it for your patience : but tell me I have induced you to come here, and I shall feel assured not only of your happiness in the enjoyment of its tranquil loveliness, but of your future gratitude and forgiveness for this long letter. Farewell.

## GASPAR THE PIRATE: A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.

### CHAPTER VII..

ON the arrival of the *Lechimy* at the pirate's hold, Gaspar found matters in great disorder ; Songar's mother, who has been already mentioned as the old canteen keeper, having taken advantage of the opportunity afforded her by his absence, in order to endeavour to re-establish her influence and authority in the person of her second son—and she had succeeded by her intrigues in gaining over to her side a sufficiently strong party to oblige Gaspar's father-in-law, to whom he had delegated his authority in his absence, to abandon his charge and retire from the establishment. This he did with the less reluctance, as Gaspar being no longer in a condition to carry on his traffic in slaves, it behoved the old man, who was a first-hand dealer, or rather a slave-maker, and who had been in the habit of trading with Gaspar, to find a market for his commodities elsewhere ; and, as there was none nearer than *Voulu Voulu*, on the opposite side of the island, he was obliged to resume a practice that he had long discontinued, of travelling thither overland with the slaves he wished to dispose of. Taking, therefore, with

him his daughter *Tata*, Gaspar's wife, who, concluding from Gaspar's protracted absence that his enterprise had failed, despaired consequently of seeing him again, he returned to his own home and left Songar's mother virtually in the chief command.

But Gaspar's successful return immediately changed the face of things. The arrival of a vessel like the *Lechimy* and her cargo operated like magic on the inmates of the hold and the neighbouring *Malagache*, to whom it was an event of no common occurrence : and rude rejoicings, and hoisterous, licentious mirth, greeted the arrival of the hero, who, according to their estimation of things, was about to re-establish commerce and revive the flagging prosperity of the settlement.

During the festivities *Tata*, who had been informed of Gaspar's arrival, returned, and *Amanda*, who had by Gaspar's advice remained on board the vessel till her arrival, was now introduced to her, and consigned to her guardianship and care. The appearance of a white woman in the settlement excited the greatest curiosity amongst the *Malagache*, and

the numbers that flocked to see her, as though she had been some natural curiosity, was amongst the least of the annoyances to which Amanda was subjected.

Tata's kindness, however, in some degree compensated for them. She was a native Malagache, the daughter of a chief, and she had been given in marriage to Gaspar in consideration of a suitable remuneration in spirits, ammunition, and sundry articles in request amongst her countrymen. Her high birth raised her in many respects above the rest of her countrywomen who frequented the settlement; and the liberality she inherited from it readily acknowledged the superiority that her intelligence at once discovered in Amanda. Tata was a beauty too, according to the maxims for the regulation of the standard of female beauty in her native country; but, though this differed in many essential points from the most approved European one, though her complexion was darker than copper, her lips large and thick, and her nose the very reverse of that of the Venus de Medicis, yet was there an animation and intelligence in her fine dark eyes, and an expression of sweetness in her countenance that, receiving additional softness from the appearance of two large dimples whenever she smiled, bespoke at once the goodness of her heart and the excellence of her understanding. She was herself greatly delighted at seeing a white woman, for one had never before been brought to the settlement in her time; and, as she understood just so much of Amanda's circumstances as to know it was misfortune that had led to her coming amongst them, she pitied her; and sympathising with her, with the promptitude that women of inferior condition and attainments generally show towards superiors of their sex when overtaken by distress, she treated her with all the kindness in her power.

The fortuitous meeting with such a friend, under such circumstances, of course did much to alleviate the misery of Amanda's situation; but it will be easily imagined there were many inconveniences attending it, that it was not in Tata's power to prevent. These arose principally from the depraved state of society in a

place to the very existence of which immorality of every kind was an essential requisite; and to the impressions arising from which, habit and the savage customs of her country rendered Tata little susceptible. Turn where she would Amanda's feelings were continually outraged by every species of gross debauchery that the most licentious characters could invent and practise, in order to seduce the uninitiated and conciliate savage ignorance, so as to promote the well being of their detestable community—even François' respect and devotion for her were frequently made matters of ribaldry and diversion by men who estimated life and its enjoyments only as they are subservient to the indulgence of unrestrained appetite and lawless inclination.

To such persons the delicacy with which François demeaned himself towards Amanda was an unintelligible enigma, a problem, to the solution of which their understanding was wholly unequal: and, attributing it to the bashfulness of youth, they were often, as much to his annoyance as Amanda's, at considerable pains, to instruct him in her presence in the art of love according to their notions on the subject, and in mysteries they had long since unravelled. Even Gaspar himself, in whose house she was domiciled, though from occasional previous conversation with François he knew more of Amanda's history than the others, could by no means reconcile such delay and apparent coldness with the eagerness and ardent interest in Amanda that François had manifested, both on the Lechimy's being seized by him and his gang, and subsequently. And though the post of pre-eminence he occupied prevented his habitually taking part with the rest in the witticisms and jests that were bandied about with respect to them, he at length took occasion to rally François on his want of spirit, as it seemed to him, and on his delaying so long his nuptials with Amanda.

A sufficient time having been devoted by his companions to festivities and rejoicing for the success of their enterprise, and their safe return to their friends, Gaspar had begun to alter and refit the Lechimy so as to adapt her to the execution of the

offensive purposes for which he designed her. All hands were employed at their respective occupations on board her during the day; and towards evening they assembled to amuse themselves at the canteen, or at Gaspar's house, which was near it. At such times François was always to be found at the latter place; for he saw that his presence was agreeable to Amanda, who dreaded the arrival of her tormentors and the evening, when folly was let loose, and licentiousness under its favourite cover of darkness, ruled paramount throughout the settlement; and if a somewhat contradictory but sufficiently expressive phrase may be permitted, might be said to be the order of the night.

On one of these occasions Gaspar having returned and finding François and several others assembled in his house with Tata and Amanda, who seemed in better spirits than usual, he gave loose to his humour, and, after a few general and introductory remarks, he addressed François as follows:—

"Well François," said he, "what the devil are you waiting for, man; when's it to be?"

"When's what to be?" said François, not understanding an interrogation so unexpected from his superior.

"Why the wedding to be sure," said Gaspar, "what else?"

The broaching of this subject in Amanda's presence would have commanded François' silence under more favourable circumstances. He made no answer; and Gaspar as usual ascribing his silence to bashfulness, continued—"Faint heart never won fair lady"—'Better take care or you'll let her slip through your fingers'—'there are plenty here, smart fellows, ready and willing to take her'—'Hearts of oak, too, though their faces mayn't be so soft and handsome as yours.'"

"Oh," said François, a little abashed at this deserved though somewhat ironical compliment—"I don't at all doubt it."

"Ay," said Gaspar, with a seriousness that was by no means feigned, "but I'd have you take care how you

trust too long to it. Maybe," he resumed, after a short pause, "you're waiting for a clergyman. Well," he continued, "we have no such gear here; we count *them* and the mizen-top sail the two most useless sails in the ship—we're like the men-o'-war's men in that respect; but we'll get Tata's father to kill a cow,\* and I think that'll do as well or better. Eh, Tata," said he, addressing Tata, who was sitting beside Amanda, in Malagache, "won't you get the old man to kill a cow for François' and Amanda's wedding?"

There is no subject in which the ladies take a more lively interest than in whatever pertains to a wedding, and in this respect Tata did not differ from the fairer and more polished of her sex. She, smiling, nodded her assent to the proposal.

"Come, Amanda," said Gaspar jovially, "what do you say?"

Amanda, however, was silent.

"Come," he repeated, say the word and we'll have all ready by to-morrow evening; I always like to serve a friend when I can, and I'd like to have a wedding; I'm always for setting business a-going—and that'd be killing two birds with one stone."

But far different thoughts occupied Amanda's mind. Amidst the degradation and annoyance to which she was hourly exposed, the distinctions of grade and birth she had been taught to regard, were, indeed, almost forgotten: nor was it on their account that the proposal was offensive to her. But feeling in its fullest force the sad reverse of fortune she had undergone when she found herself thus at the disposal of a gang of ruffians, surrendered to the generosity of one young man, and he in every other respect so much her inferior, she sat for some time motionless and silent, while one or two of Gaspar's companions who were present, encouraged by the tone of jocular familiarity in which he had addressed her, offered themselves to her in the coarsest terms as suitors.

"I'm not," said one of them summing up a rigmarole to that effect—"a very handsome fellow, nor

---

\* The killing and dressing of a cow or ox, on which the friends and relations the bride and bridegroom are invited to feast, crowns the Malagache marriage ceremony.

haven't got the best of clothes, but I can promise the lady that ——"

Here Amanda, bursting into tears, hid her face in the lap of Tata who sat next her, and interrupting the ruffian in his speech, prevented the conclusion of the disgusting proposal he had contemplated; and François, whose indignation had been for some time rising, turning to Gaspar demanded of him with a firm manner, but in a tone of entreaty—"Do you remember your promise to me?"

"What promise," said Gaspar, surprised at the effect his kindness, and what he looked upon as a little gallantry on the part of the other, had had on Amanda, and at François's unexpected appeal to him.

"That you'd not allow any offence to be offered her: wasn't that our agreement?" replied François.

"Oh well," said Gaspar, probably recollecting at the instant the view with which he had conciliated François's friendship, "neither will I. If she does not like a husband, why one shan't be forced on her. Come," said he to the other, addressing him by name, "Pedro, the girl's not inclined for you, so we must even humour her; and I suppose," he added, "you'll not break your heart about it."

"No," said he, "that I shan't. There's as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, and as fine girls here as ever she was," he continued with a spite that was a good deal at variance with the carelessness he affected, at the rejection of his proposal;—"that's when a man," he added, scowling upon François, and smiling maliciously at Amanda, "is not particular about the colour of them."

A pause ensuing here, of the sort that denotes the principal speaker in company to be as little pleased with the figure he has made, as the rest are with the matter on the *topis*, gave Amanda an opportunity of retiring with Tata.

"I see plainly," said Gaspar, ad-

ressing himself to no one in particular when they were gone, "we shall have nothing but wars and rumours of wars while this craft's knocking about unmanned. In good earnest," said he, "François," turning to François, "I wish you'd take her in tow,\* for we shall have no peace till you do."

"That's easier said than done, perhaps," replied François, nettled at Gaspar's presuming to take for granted that Amanda's affections were to be swayed and directed so as to suit his convenience, even though the disposition contemplated with regard to her was in his own favour; "she's got something to say in the matter herself."

Several voices here chimed in with one consent; some wishing that the chance had been theirs; others declaring they were possessed of a receipt for making any woman fall in love with them; while he, who had so lately had the mortification of receiving a refusal, asserted with much acerbity that he could bring the most obstreperous woman to, as easily as he'd whip a cat—a more difficult feat he certainly could not have assigned himself; so that it is probable he may have been as much mistaken in the estimation of his own capabilities, as in the selection of his comparison.

François, however, heard them all out, without deigning them any more notice than they deserved; and when the ferment had subsided, "you," said he, addressing himself to Gaspar, "have been in Mauritius yourself; you know how she'd have liked the idea of marrying me."

"Ay" said Gaspar, "but things are changed now; this isn't Mauritius, and when you're at Rome, you should do as they do at Rome, you know."

The same voices as before, here again broke in with a variety of remarks suited to the occasion; such as that fresh meat would not keep under a Malagache sun; that it was time

---

\* As sailors are much in the habit of using metaphorical language connected with their calling to express the common-place occurrences of life—"taking in tow" is one of those by which they designate marriage; craft is a word that signifies any or every denomination of vessel—and as they are also much given to complimenting the fair sex by likening them to the different sorts of vessels, Gaspar's metaphor on the occasion was not *mal-a-propos*, and will with this explanation be easily understood.



Amanda forgot her Mauritius bad habits, and that it would give François enough to do, and something more than he was able for, to look after his pet."

"That it will," said Pedro; "with the help of God and my handsome face, I think, I'll keep his hands out of his breeches pockets myself."

"Your handsome face," said François, who had been for some time trying to rein in his temper, but who was so provoked by the last taunt that he could not forbear replying to it, "can work wonders no doubt, but, perhaps you might be for once mistaken about it."

"Well, if I am," said the other, "I'm no way mistaken about what my hands can do, and I want no jaw with you, do you mind, nor any heartless chap of your kind."

"If you don't," said François, "you take a curious way to it; for my part," he added, "I care as little for your hands, as she does for your face."

"Ay," said Pedro rising angrily at the sneer, and the challenge that was implied.

"No," said François in a tone so decided, as to leave no possibility of a doubt arising as to his meaning, at the same time putting himself in a posture to be prepared for any offensive movement on Pedro's part.

But matters were assuming too serious an aspect to admit of Gaspar's remaining any longer an inactive spectator of them. Neither of the disputants were armed; had Pedro been so, it is probable that François might have felt the effect of his temerity before Gaspar could have interfered.

"Come," said he, rising authoritatively and interposing between them, "stach it: are you going to fight about the girl,—one 'ud think that there were enough of them without falling out about them."

This argument, whatever may have been its merits or demerits, would probably have had but little weight, had it not been backed by an appeal to a pistol from his belt. François was silent,—Pedro grumbled something about satisfaction, but he permitted himself to be pacified by the rest, who taking up the thread of Gaspar's last remark were unanimous in expressing their opinion, that it

was ridiculous to fight about what was in such abundance; and that Malagache ladies were far before all others, but particularly Mauritius ones; and after much loud coarse ribaldry on the subject, intended particularly for the ear of Amanda, who was in the adjoining room, they dropped off one by one.

François remained to the last, and was then detained by Gaspar, who when the rest were out of hearing, vouchsafed him much sage advice respecting Amanda: and rebuking him mildly for his disposition to be quarrelsome on her account, assured him that he'd have reason to repent if he persevered in it.

François heard his advice without making any reply to it, and without profiting by it, or indeed having any intention to do so; as, however affectionately he loved Amanda, nothing could have tempted him to think of a union with her, under the circumstances. But he stoutly repelled the charge of quarrelsomeness; and at the same time declared resolutely that he would never stand by and hear Amanda insulted, or her name brought into disrepute by any one; adding, that but for the fear of compromising her safety, and occasioning him (Gaspar) trouble, he should certainly be much less pacific. Gaspar repeated his caution, and peremptorily forbade his doing any thing that might tend to raise a disturbance, or require the exercise of his authority to settle. And, truth to say, he needed the caution; for, as amidst the offensive jests that had passed at Amanda's expense, and reached her ear, as she listened anxiously from her retreat in the adjoining apartment, to the conversation just related, she had not failed to distinguish the part François had taken, it naturally made her cleave still closer to him, as to one possessed of the will to protect her to the utmost of his ability, and *courage and resolution* to do it with effect: and the more apparent her partiality for François, and confidence in him, became to the others, the fewer opportunities of taunting and provoking him about her they let slip. The whole affair, however, had the effect of raising François still higher, not only in Amanda's, but in Gaspar's esteem, as it served to show how warmly



he could espouse the cause of a friend, when occasion called for it.

But such scenes and conversations, however offensive they must have been to Amanda, were by no means the most disagreeable consequents to the dangerous predicament in which she was involved. Gaspar was not always present to curb the unruly tempers by which she was surrounded, even if it had been in his power to do so. And the marked preference she showed for François, caused both him and her to be proportionately regarded with an evil eye by most of the rest: and thus, though it was her care, both on François's account and her own, to avoid giving offence, it was her misfortune to see him involved in frequent disputes, that kept her in continual alarm, and exposed both of them, but particularly herself, to imminent danger; for in addition to what was common to them both, *she* had to contend with, and guard against, the villainous machinations that the most unprincipled of all the passions can suggest for the basest of mankind to perpetrate. Over these, however, decency requires that a veil should be drawn. The reader, though he will, I doubt not, be unable to form a just conception of them, will easily imagine, that surrounded by such a gang, Amanda was assailed by more than one vile attempt on the little enviable peace that remained to her. They were, however, fortunately frustrated by François's vigilance, and by the intelligence and promptitude of Tata, to whom little that was passing in the establishment was a secret, as her importance and native rank placed most of the other women that frequented it at her devotion.

In the mean time the refitting of the *Lechimy* advanced apace; and to Amanda's other distresses, was added the prospect of a speedy separation from François, who was the best—and the carpenter and Tata excepted—perhaps the only sincere friend that remained to her. Her uneasiness on this account was, however, ere long, varied by anxiety of a different sort.

The carpenter, who had all along taken part with François, in his kind solicitude for Amanda, now determined to attempt his escape; and communicating his intention to François, endeavoured to induce him to join

him. While he had been engaged in his work on board the *Lechimy*, he had contrived by well-dissembled contentment to gain so much of the good graces of Gaspar and his companions, that *his* part of the work once completed, he was under no restraint, and enjoying perfect liberty, was generally at large amusing himself with fishing, shooting, or whatever pursuit he preferred, except when his services were occasionally required on board the vessel. But his heart was not with his companions; and under the mask of seeming content, he was projecting a plan for escaping from them. Being, however, wholly ignorant of the language of the natives, and the geography of the place, it was by no means an easy matter to accomplish. He knew by the bearing of the sun, that the pirate's hold was on the western coast of Madagascar—whereabouts, indeed, he had no means of ascertaining. But being ignorant of the character of the natives, and the difficulties in his way, he concluded that by following the sea-coast, he must sooner or later arrive at some of the French settlements on the eastern side of the island.

Accordingly, having engaged the cook to make the attempt with him, he endeavoured to persuade François to accompany them, alleging, as an inducement to him, that if they could but gain any of the settlements on the east coast, and carry intelligence of the existence of the pirate's hold, an expedition would be fitted out against it by the authorities at Mauritius, whereby Amanda would be eventually restored to her friends. But François had too just a conception of the difficulties in the way of the execution of so praiseworthy an object, to be persuaded to risk leaving Amanda on the chance of its success. From having been previously engaged in the Madagascar trade, he was sufficiently acquainted with the character of its natives to know, that for a very trifling remuneration, Gaspar could command the assistance of any number of them, in order to track and pursue them, when there was little doubt that they would be overtaken and brought back. The feelings of the lover too, acted even more powerfully than these prudential motives; for he could not bear the idea of voluntarily abandoning

Amanda for ever so short a time to the discretion of such keepers, as those to whom she would of necessity be left; and he consequently refused to bear them company.

The carpenter, however, was not to be deterred by his refusal. The occasion seemed a favourable one: the Lechimy was on the eve of her departure; and he thought that Gaspar would be in too great haste to make trial of her capabilities to delay on his account: so he and the cook started on the evening preceeding the day fixed for Gaspar's sailing on his first cruise. Their desertion was not discovered till the following morning; and the sensation occasioned by it was even greater than François had expected.

Desertion is, in the eye of a pirate, the only unpardonable offence. And Gaspar, though he might be said to be as yet in his apprenticeship to the business, was intuitively sensible of it. He postponed his departure, and forthwith despatched natives in all directions, with offers of a large reward to those who should be so fortunate as to apprehend and bring them back: and the result was, that they were overtaken the same day, as they had thought proper to conceal themselves in a wood, hard by the establishment, hoping thereby to evade the first heat of pursuit, if, as they expected, one should be set on foot.

On their return, a court-martial was immediately held on them; and, as according to piratical jurisprudence, their lives had been forfeited, sentence was conformably passed on them. But Tata, at Amanda's earnest request, pleading for them with all her eloquence, Gaspar, probably unwilling to do violence to François's feelings, was pleased to make a show of extending his mercy to them. They were both most necessary men, and, doubtless, he would have willingly spared them, had he thought that he could do so without compromising his own safety. But this, it is to be supposed, he considered impossible, or he looked upon the risk attending it as unwarrantable; for the poor carpenter, whose wily conduct as the instigator of the attempt, was apparent, and whose services were now become less necessary, was not forthcoming next morning. Report said that he had deserted a second time: but from

the indifference with which Gaspar heard it, and from his taking no measures for again recovering him, it may fairly be presumed he was not ignorant of his fate, plainly speaking that he had himself murdered him, or caused him to be made away with.

This was a severe shock to Amanda: and it was soon followed by another, scarcely less so. Her separation from her only remaining friend was fast approaching; for François, of course, accompanied Gaspar.

The departure of the latter had been delayed by more than one unforeseen event; and, lastly, by a misunderstanding with his father-in-law, relative to the reward offered for the apprehension of the carpenter and cook. These last had been taken by some of the old chief's partizans; and Gaspar, who not having foreseen the facility with which it was done, had offered a reward for its accomplishment, altogether disproportionate to its merit, had refused to pay the sum stipulated. He was, however, obliged, in the end, to concede to his father-in-law's demands, which were but the terms he had himself proposed, as he was about to leave the old man again in command of the hold in his absence; and their differences having been settled, this last impediment to his departure was removed.

The hurry and bustle attendant on a ship's leaving port does much to check and conceal emotions of a tender nature. François, however, snatched a short interval from them to take an affectionate but respectful farewell of Amanda, and to recommend her in the most impressive terms in his power to the kind consideration of Tata, who readily engaged to make her much happier than it was in the power of so amiable a companion under such untoward circumstances to effect. To describe her feelings on taking leave of him would be a difficult matter. She owed him something more than life, and she freely acknowledged the debt; yet did the force of habit and education, which even misfortune such as hers was not altogether able to remove, throw over their parting a degree of restraint and embarrassment that served but to embitter it—and left Amanda to the misery of such double distress as the contemplation of imminent danger to

one's self, and anxiety and suspense on another's account, without the solacing gratification of being able to express it, can cause. And she saw, in such silence as marks deep distress more than loud lamentation, the vessel that contained her best friend depart, and leave her, the most lonesome of all sojourners, a stranger in a strange and savage land without one person to whom she could explain, or who was capable of appreciating her sad condition.

But Amanda's was one of those minds that do not easily succumb to misfortune ; because, though they may be thrown for a while from their balance by an unusually severe shock, well poised they rise superior to each successive stroke, having acquired fresh resolution to make head against the next—as a healthy muscle derives tone and strength from exercise, and is hardened by every exertion that does not overpower it. Such minds the bursting of a storm, far less its gathering, is not always able to move, and hope in them is extinguished but with life. And thus, in circumstances where despair would have taken hold of most women, Amanda was nerved to action and enabled to bear up against her hard fortune.

One circumstance attendant on her forlorn condition happened, indeed, most luckily for her. With Gaspar the most unruly and depraved part of his gang left the place, so that in François's absence she was relieved of the presence of his ill-matched companions, and comparative security and tranquillity awaited her. Tata's countenance and protection prevented the Malagache from exercising their talents for petty larceny on what remained of her moveables and wardrobe, and finding herself beyond the reach of immediate want or violence, her mind began in due time to regain its equilibrium. And, as from the natural inclination that directs all well-regulated understandings to seek for rational employment, she soon looked round for the means of employing herself—her misfortunes were lightened in proportion as occupation tended to induce forgetfulness of them: for not only wisdom but benevolence dictated the decree, that man should eat bread by the sweat of his brow.

Under Tata's tuition she now de-

voted herself to learning the Malagache language, and made such proficiency in it as was afterwards of material use to her ; and varying her occupations by the culture of such accomplishments as were in vogue amongst the Malagache women, she managed to pass her time with as little tedium as the circumstances admitted. And by one of the strange freaks that fortune delights to play, the beautiful girl that had been the ornament of the highly-civilized society, in which she was every way fitted to move, might have been seen seated beside her black instructress, weaving mats from the fibres of the ravansera ; or in her turn satisfying Tata's curiosity and raising her admiration by accounts of European grandeur and magnificence.

But amidst all these occupations there were necessarily intervals when time hung heavy, and which naturally led her to reflect on the extraordinary chain of incidents that had placed her in such a predicament, and the almost miraculous intervention that had prevented its worst consequences. Here François's magnanimous conduct stood conspicuous, and here she found scope for the exercise of all those better feelings that adorn our nature. She readily owned the obligations she was under to him—the more readily, perhaps, as he sought no recompense for them, and put forward no claim on their account, and she ardently longed for an opportunity of showing her gratitude. Cut off from all the employments and associations in which she had been brought up, separated from friends and every thing she had been accustomed to hold most dear, hope itself, of being ever restored to them, being almost obliterated, her views and prospects began naturally to concentrate upon so promising an object. What wonder, then, if a spot in nativity, or a shade of colour, things altogether beyond the power of human control, should weigh as nothing in the scale of generosity, and disappear altogether before transcendent merit like his—the merit of all others most calculated to make an impression on the heart of a young and virtuous woman.

As the time approached when Gaspar's return was expected, she daily accompanied Tata to an eminence near the entrance of the bay, which

commanded a view of the sea beyond the reefs and islands that lined the coast, in order to look out for his vessel; and as each successive day brought renewed disappointment, Amanda began to discern that she felt a deeper interest in her arrival than she had been before aware of.

Gaspar's cruise was protracted far beyond the time that they and he had expected: and as time after time they returned from their ineffectual look out, this interest was increased, till it reached that point of intense anxiety at which it became apparent to Amanda that something more than the wish to see a friend, no matter

what the nature of her obligations to him might be, influenced her motives. She found, in fact, that she loved François—and the discovery once made and avowed led her to explore still farther the extent of his merit and of her own obligations to him. And as in such an account François occupied the advantageous position of a creditor dealing with an honourable and upright debtor—accumulated interest had, before his arrival, placed his affairs in a condition that wore as promising an aspect, as the most sanguine votary of love or mammon could have desired.

#### DRAMATIC DOINGS.\*

##### CHAPTER XVI.—THE OPERA-MASQUERADE.

“You must promise not to laugh at or quiz me, and you shall have the whole story. But, remember, as I communicate it to you on honour, you must pledge yourself not to mention it to any of your dramatic friends, or I shall find myself the hero of some farce, and have to blush for myself, as the late Sir Charles Asgill had to do, when he beheld his own adventure. His narrow escape from hanging, in America, was produced on the stage; and himself represented by a little, ugly actor, who could not aspire his h's; and his mother, whose influence with the Queen of France had saved his life, personified by a squinting lady, who had evidently imbibed too much ardent spirit previous to coming on the boards.”

I, of course, gave the desired pledge of secrecy.

“You must know I came up from Manchester the day before yesterday (I started; for my uncle had told me, a few minutes before, that he had only just arrived in town by the Red-Rover coach. Having several orders to take, and wishing personally to see

after our travellers, besides having about two thousand pounds to receive on account of our firm, I determined on coming myself—particularly as it would give me an opportunity of seeing you. Well, sir, you must know that we had only one inside passenger besides myself, who appeared a discreet, proper-behaved man, and rather gave me to understand that he was a clergyman. Somehow or other, I don't know why, the conversation turned on my affairs, when I told him exactly what I was coming up about; and indeed I produced one or two of the bills I had in my pocket-book, as he offered to tell me whether the drawers and acceptors were good—where they lived, and all other information relative to them. Well, sir, we had a very pleasant journey, and I was quite disappointed when my friend got out just before we entered London, as I was much pleased with him, and anxious to renew our acquaintance. I unfortunately agreed—not that I approve of such things, but merely as a matter of business—to meet him that evening at the opera masquerade. Nay, don't

\* Concluded from Vol. XVIII., page 132—August, 1841.

start, Jack ; I merely consented to go there to receive a considerable order the gentleman offered to procure for me, and give me there. I accordingly got up about twelve o'clock at night, for I went to bed directly I arrived in Charing-cross, and walked from my hotel to the opera-house. Oh, Jack ! such a scene, such confusion, such a hurley-burley, I never beheld. Shop-boys aping the leading fashionables of the day ; married men in dominos, seeking intrigues, or looking after their suspected wives ; ballet girls dressed up ; courtesans almost undressed, pushing, squeezing, jostling along ; all, in short, seemed to have forgotten their natural decency ; and nothing but my strong desire to meet my new friend should have tempted me to remain. Presently, a very elegant-looking female came up to me. She was closely masked, but from the delicacy of her hands I saw she was a lady ; and the head of her domino, once falling back, gave me an idea she was young and pretty. To my astonishment, she addressed me by name, and told me several things, for which I am even yet at a loss to account. She took my arm, and I must confess, Jack, I spent the time very pleasantly in her company ; so much so, as almost to make me forget the person I had come to seek.

“ About three o'clock she proposed that we should sup ; but as she said it would be impossible for a lady of her rank to unmask in the public theatre, we drove to a very highly respectable coffee-house hard by, where we enjoyed an excellent supper. Filled with admiration at her exceeding beauty, I drank but little ; that little, however, she herself helped me to, and I confess I enjoyed my champagne doubly, coming from so fair a hand. All of a sudden I felt myself falling off into a most delicious slumber ; I vainly strove to fight against it. The lovely creature, before whom I could not do so rude a thing as sleep, far from being annoyed at my failing faculties, actually came round, and the last thing I can recollect was her gently placing a pillow beneath my head. From that moment till the next morning I have no recollection of what passed.

‘ It was about twelve o'clock yester-

day when I awoke. I found myself in a very handsome room, my head still confused from my orgie of the preceding night, and my left arm bound up. I rang the bell, and learnt to my great surprise that I was still in the hotel where I had supped ; and that just as I had apparently concluded that meal, I had been taken with a fit or somniferous attack of such determined obstinacy, that, though a surgeon had been sent for and bled me, it had been deemed advisable to have me removed instantly to bed. The waiter now congratulated me on my recovery.

“ ‘ And the lady ? ’ demanded I, remembering my companion of the last evening.

“ ‘ Oh, sir, she was in great distress. She told us she was your niece ; and said she would call before nine this morning to ask after your health.’

“ ‘ Did she do so ? ’

“ ‘ Oh Lord, yes, sir. She was here by eight o'clock, and took away a bundle with her ; and then she came again about an hour ago, and brought some things back with her. She said it was your linen, and as she was so nearly related to you we allowed her to do so.’

“ My first thought was that I had been robbed. I jumped up directly, but found my things just as I had left them the night before. My pocket-book still remained in my breast-pocket ; my purse was untouched in my waistcoat. So I dismissed the waiter and began to dress myself— sorely puzzled at the conduct of this charming creature, who had evidently fallen in love with me. Ah, ah, you may laugh, Jack, but I really thought so.

“ I now descended, paid my bill, and, leaving my address in case she should call, repaired to my hotel in Charing-cross. Arrived at the bar, though I felt foolish at having slept out, I boldly asked for my key.

“ ‘ Your key, sir ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, the key of my room, No. 16.’

“ ‘ Ha, sir,’ said the landlady, ‘ we have given it to a family since you left this morning.’

“ I stared with astonishment, and began to think every one in London out of their senses.

“ ‘ What then have you done with my portmanteau and my luggage ? ’



"The woman seemed surprised in her turn. 'You took 'em with you, didn't you?'

" 'Not I.'

" 'Here, John,' cried the landlady; 'didn't this gentleman take his luggage away with him this morning when he left the house?'

"The husband came forward, and, glancing suspectingly at me, as if I were come to make a claim for goods I already possessed, replied rather angrily in the affirmative.

" 'What do you mean, my good man?' said I. 'I've not been in your house since last night.'

" 'Ah, ah, sir; come that's a good un, however. You are joking, sir.'

" 'Not I.'

" 'Well, that passes all. Why, Jim,' turning to a waiter, 'you called a coach for this gentleman about nine o'clock this morning, didn't you? And you, Sally, received his bill. Why, sir, what a short memory you must have. Don't you remember you told me your name was Smith Smith, and that you were going down to Manchester by the High-flyer?'

" 'My name is certainly Smith Smith, but you are dreaming when you say I have conversed with you this morning.'

" 'Deuce a bit; it's you that are dreaming. Why, I'd know the cut of your coat out of a thousand. You showed me your pocket-book; it's an old black morocco one. You carried it in your breast-pocket; and paid me out of your purse, which by-the-by, I remember, as being made of blue and

silver. Do look and see if I'm right or not.'

"It was unnecessary. He had but too well described the contents of my pockets.

" 'Besides, sir, your face, your squint, your stiff arm: I couldn't be mistaken: and the bills you showed me you were going to receive at Coutts's, Drummond's, and other banks.'

"I instantly pulled out my pocket-book. The bills were gone; and I rushed from the house, and jumped into a hackney coach. Every bill had been presented, and paid; and what was still worse, every cashier and clerk solemnly declared that they had paid the money to me. Alas! alas! what was to be done? I went to the police; they promised to look out for the thieves, and laughed at my simplicity, when I ventured to assert that I thought it could not be so gentlemanly a man as he with whom I had travelled; nor could so amiable a lady as the one I had met at the opera-house have had any hand in it. To these two persons they however ascribed it; and supposed the *lady* had drugged my wine, and carried off my clothes to the male participator in the crime, who, assuming my habiliments and personal appearance, had thus deluded my bankers and the innkeeper. But what is worse than all, the whole affair is in the newspaper this morning; and so I thought you were alluding to me just now."

"Mr. Balfe," said Horatio, throwing open the door.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—A JUVENILE COMPOSER.

I NEVER was more surprised than when the composer of the "Siege of Rochelle" entered. He appeared a mere boy; and with a manner so light and gay, that had I met him by chance I never could have believed him to have been the author of some of the most pleasing specimens of serious, as well as mirth-moving music of the present day.

Although Balfe was, I believe, only a short time in Ireland, he had just picked up sufficient accent to be taken for a son of the sister isle. He now came to take me to the opera-house.

"Surely," said my uncle in a whis-

per, 'that stripling cannot have any profound knowledge of music?'

I gave him as a reply an anecdote, for the truth of which I can vouch.

"Balfe had composed for one of the leading female Italian singers in Paris a song, which she (having been acquainted with him in Italy, and well knowing his talent) had asked him to write for her. This done, a band rehearsal was called to try it. On playing the score, however, before the leader, he declared it to be contrary to musical rule, and impossible to be played. Balfe insisted. They tried it and failed. A second attempt, after



the composer had given some instructions, and the same result; and when a third essay was proposed, the leader coolly replied, 'you had better conduct it yourself.' Balfe, enraged and annoyed, with one bound sprang into the orchestra, and, seizing the violin from the hands of the *chef*, instantly played the accompaniment in splendid style, and going round to each individual, performed their parts on different instruments. Then calling on them to

follow his directions, he led them through the full accompaniment, to the ecstasy of every one save the abashed conductor, who sneaked away at finding his powers thus eclipsed by a mere boy of twenty years of age."\*

The subject of our discourse had now put down the newspaper, and my uncle rising to wish us "good morning," in a few minutes more we started off in my cab to spend a theatrical day.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—A FINALE.

My companion had business at B.'s, so we called in for a moment *en passant*. Never was I more thoroughly disgusted than by the manner, in which I saw that gentleman treat a young lady who came to be engaged as an actress.

While a group of aristocratic acquaintances were comfortably ottomanned in a select corner, himself, his wife, and family were toadying the titled visitors with politeness, and serving them with wine and cake; and the unfortunate *aspirante* was left to stand in silent meditation at the farther end of the room, to sigh over her humbled station, and the degradations attendant upon poverty. The lords and ladies departed, we were next to be the favoured objects of our host's regard, but stepping back we reminded him of the apparently forgotten female, who, on being addressed, came fearfully forward, and undergoing a most (in my opinion) unfeeling, and almost indelicate examination, was at length desired to call the following morning at the stage-door, when an answer would be left for her. "But," added the little great man, "if you object to breeches' parts;† if you positively refuse to wear fleshings,‡ I fear we shall not be able to come to terms. Besides, you are too dear, your talent is not worth the money; good morning," and he

bowed the fair girl out of the room, who retired, blushing with a mingled feeling of wounded pride, and genuine modesty, at the coarseness and ill-breeding to which her situation in life subjected her to become a victim.

This young lady shortly afterwards appeared on the boards, and created a very great sensation.

Our business transacted, we left the house of the worthy manager, and drove towards home.

"Yonder is ———," said my companion, pointing to a tall handsome man, rather high-shouldered, but otherwise of a most prepossessing appearance. "If ever man was gifted as a harp-player, that man is the individual now before us. A better composer, a better master never existed; but alas! a prevailing passion, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all his other feelings—a passion for intrigue, which has continually injured him in his profession, and shut him out from many respectable families. Report has aimed several shafts against him, stating him to have been guilty of many offences in his own country, for which he had been obliged to quit it, and a thousand other evil whispers, which I do not myself believe, and which spring, I fancy, from the fertile brains of injured husbands and fathers."

---

\* That Mr. Balfe is not only a good musician but a man of firm determination, was tolerably well proved the other day, when for a short time lessor of the English opera-house. A new opera was announced, but could not be produced in consequence of the non-attendance of Mr. Leffler, who wrote a tolerably cool letter of excuse for his conduct. Balfe, without hesitating, instantly walked on to the stage, and read the epistle in question to the audience, without making a single remark upon it. It ran thus,—“Dear Balfe, I am so d—d drunk, I cannot play to-night.—Yours truly, LEFFLER.” Having done this, Balfe bowed and retired.

† The theatrical term for the assumption of male characters by females.

‡ Tight silk drawers.

"And serve them right too," added he after a pause; "they patronise, they foster, and trust these unknown foreigners with their fair offspring, allow them liberties denied to an equal and a countryman, and encourage them to pass whole hours together at the piano. The wily teacher here pours love into the ears of some simple girl, who at last is led to believe the fascinating Italian, who hangs over her chair is some prince in his own country, though suffering under a temporary worldly eclipse, brought on by his political opinions. The fair pupil sighs through an impassioned duet with him, meets him unknown to her parent, and finally elopes with him. Papa pays down a handsome sum to bribe him to marry her, while the unhappy victim herself, too late discovers her folly, and returns to her parent's roof."

I confess I shuddered at the truth of the picture.

I had a card to leave at the Albermarle hotel.

"The proprietor of this hotel is *quasi* a theatrical man," observed my friend; "and though owner of this establishment, spends the greater part of his time with the fraternity of the sock and buskin. His name is Gould, better known in the theatrical world as Joe Gould. By birth a gentleman, possessing a small fortune. Joe was so delighted at the admiration caused by his vocal powers in private society that he determined on trying the stage professionally. Whether he did try and failed, whether he was dissuaded from the attempt I know not, but certes it is, he has been, and even is at this moment, though the master of this house, looked upon as a member of the *dramatis-personæ* of London."

I desired to see "mine host," and under some frivolous excuse entered his room, and made acquaintance with him. He appeared in high spirits, and as I found he was a practical joker and a wit, I instantly set about finding out what trick he had been playing to put him in such high glee. I soon learned the whole.

It appeared that Cooper, the actor, had once bet him a trifling wager that nothing could disturb his equanimity on the stage. Joe, hearing that Cooper was about to take his benefit at Dover, instantly hurried down there, put on a pair of green spectacles, and entered

the theatre about the second act of the drama in which Cooper was playing the principal part, to the great delight of the sea-port people, who were much struck with his splendid mouthing and teapot-like attitudes. The upper range of boxes was empty, and up to them Gould ascended, and pulling out a long telescope, fixed its focus directly on Cooper, who was in the middle of a long tragic speech. As he concluded it, Gould for an instant dropped his glass, and exclaimed in a patronizing voice, "Bravo, Cooper!" This drew the attention of the whole house to the strange gentleman in the slips, who again coolly taking up his long telescope began once more to follow every movement of the actor, who naturally felt horrified and confused at finding an observer of the kind, whose weapon reached half across the theatre. Cooper fidgetted, and forgot his part, hemmed, hawed, and looked foolish, but whenever he failed, the green-eyed monster in the upper tier affected to console him with cries of "Bravo, Cooper!" "Try again, Cooper!" "Not so bad, Cooper!" and other equally annoying criticisms. At last the tormented performer could stand it no longer. Every line of his part fled from his memory, and he advanced to the foot-lights to appeal to the audience; but before he could open his mouth, his tormentor exclaimed, shutting up his telescope, "Well done, Jack; well done!" This was too much; Cooper rushed off the stage, while the audience, turning to visit the offender with their indignation, found that he had already left the house. In his dressing-room the irritated actor found the following laconic note:—"Sup with me to-night, and pay me the bet in the morning, and I'll lend you my telescope.—Yours, Joe Gould."

The worthy landlord had just returned from this excursion, delighted at the fun he had had, and the future joke he would have against his friend Cooper.

Madame Persiani passed through the hall. Balfe ran away to speak to her, and left me, agreeing to meet me at a later hour. I confess I stared almost rudely at the charming songstress, anxious to behold this lady (daughter to the renowned Tecorradi, one of the ugliest men, and one of the best singers in Italy,) who had worn

male attire till she was nine years old, and would even then have continued to do so, had she not been stripped of her male habiliments by the police, and commanded to assume the proper attire of her sex.

At this moment a second-rate performer came in and grumbled sadly at the nonsense of a slang cockney part just assigned him in a new play, declaring he could write better words himself, and that he should alter them in the delivery.

"That fellow puts me in mind," said Gould, "of a black chap we once got to play the part of a negro in an amateur play. After taking it home, and keeping it two days he returned it with a dismal look to the acting manager, stating he could neither learn, nor understand the language assigned to him—"It was not good English!"

"Of course not," replied the other; "you should speak as a black man speaks."

"Well, sare," said mungo, looking in the glass, "how can I speak other way?"

"You don't understand, my good man. It is broken English the author means."

"Oh, oh! massa, I now understand. Dat is bery well, but me no understand it, massa. No, no, gib me de good English, I break it mysel."

"But, by-the-by, where are you going?" said facetious Joe, suddenly breaking off.

"To the opera-house," said I, "and afterwards to one of the minors over the water."

"I'll go with you, if you have a seat."

I willingly acceded, with the proviso that I was to call on several performers, and be introduced to them, as I was anxious to know more of the fraternity.

"How do you do? how do you do?" cried Joe, nodding to a tall thin man, who drove past us in a very handsome chariot. "Times is riz," added he in his funny way, as he threw himself back.

"Whom do you allude to?"

"That fellow I just bowed to. Don't you agree with me?"

"Who is he? Remember I am a stranger in town and know no one."

"So you must indeed not to know — by sight; —, the pre-

sent lessee of the Queen's theatre, who rolls along in his aristocratic carriage, hot from his gaming establishment, to the morning levee of his charming *prima donna*—Mrs. Nesbitt."

"Has his rise been so sudden then?"

"I'll tell you. His mother, I believe, a Jewess, who kept a boarding-house in the Strand, having taken it into her head to remarry (or marry for the first time—hang me if I know which,) when Master — was about ten years of age, managed to get him rated as a midshipman, and sent to sea immediately. Returning after two years, his ship paid off, the young reefer again sought his home; but here the door of his parent's mansion was shut in his face, and he was recommended by his changed mother to seek his fortune.

'The world before him, Providence his guide.'

Poor — had but eighteen-pence in his pocket, a somewhat scanty store to commence with. So after turning the matter over in his mind, the youngster divided his fortune into three portions of daily expenditure, and in these three days managed to walk down to Portsmouth, where his late captain lived. The skipper was a good, a charitable man, but unfortunately he had a large family, and little interest, so all he could do for the poor boy was to give him a guinea, and advise him to make another appeal to the author of his existence. Young — was too proud for this. Perhaps he knew his mother too well, so, after thanking the captain with fervent gratitude, he marched off again to the metropolis. His first start in life was as a thimble-rig accomplice. He next became a small gamester in public-houses, winning their wages from many a liveried puppy. When he was about fifteen, a friend of mine brought him before the magistrates as a *duffer*. For a short time he tried the ring, and gave lessons in the pugilistic art. Having at length accumulated some £30 or £40, and his old passion for gambling returning, he bought a quantity of canvas, formed a large tent, and took his station regularly as a *roulette* banker for three years on every race-course in the kingdom. Here, like

every one else who has tried the trade, he amassed a small profit, and at the end of the third season found himself possessed of £1500. Continuing his old system which, like that of the police, was 'to push along, keep moving,' he determined to mount another step in the ladder of fortune, and make a bold push to secure the old lady's favours. He took a house in St. James's-street, and having fitted it up very well, with an outlay of some £500, opened it to the public as a gambling-house of a superior order, where fair-play, gentlemanly *habitués*, and good suppers might be reckoned on. To his great dismay, however, the very evening previous to the inauguration of his new establishment, his dearest friend, who had hitherto shared his fortunes, fled from England, carrying off all ——'s cash, save and except £60 he had in his pocket. Although the robbed man did not understand the English of '*audaces fortuna jurat*,' yet he perfectly well comprehended the principle, so without letting any one know of his loss, he began his bold venture with a look of happy confidence. The result you may guess. He is now said to be worth some £50,000, and is much liked by all his acquaintances. He lends money to his needy friends, gives long tick for articles he sells, buys race-horses from breaking down turf men, and has even become the hero of a novel. His equipages are brilliant. He has made the fortunes of his two brothers, one of whom is the cavalier of quaint Mrs. Honey. He has a house at New-market, and now to crown all, and make himself really a man of power, he has taken a theatre, filled it with the loveliest collection of actresses in London, causes coffee and liqueurs to be served in the private boxes, and cheerfully pays the losses attendant on the speculation, which nightly attracts a host of the '*beau monde*' to the little theatre ostensibly under the patronage of Mrs. Nesbitt."

"And what of her?"

"She is one of the merriest, best tempered, capricious women in the whole metropolis. If grumbling at her duties, or ready to die with a headache, a clever pun, a well-timed compliment, will in a moment restore her to health and spirits, and render her one of the liveliest and most captivating creatures

I know. Since the death of poor Nesbitt, who was killed by a fall from his cabriolet, his talented widow has been compelled to return to the stage, which she not only graces, but by her exertions there supports her whole family, two of whom, under the appellation of Mordaunt (their real names are Macnamara,) are just now making their *débüt*. Mrs. Nesbitt can play any part, but rather prefers those which require male attire. She can smoke, and enjoys a cigar; she will occasionally rap out a *little* oath, and loves a *woe* bit of slang, but is, I believe, otherwise as correct in her conduct as any woman can be. —— gladly gives her some twenty pounds a-week to preside over his dramatic establishment, which, thanks to her attraction and that of Maurice Barnett, who has revived George Dance's admirable farce of 'The Station-House,' is doing well. Report says that, like the San Carlo at Naples, a gambling-house is attached to the theatre, but this assertion I do not believe."

"Who is that dull heavy-looking man you stared at just now?"

"That is Liston. He has a melancholy air, but is far, I believe, from really being so though, like others, he requires some drawing out. The excitement of the previous evening naturally brings a reaction on the following day, which, with few exceptions, depresses the spirits of our broad comic actors off the stage. I have seen even Matthews sit for hours on the tomb of his first wife in York, in pensive meditation. He regularly visited that city once a year in order to shed a tear on her grave and see that the monument was kept in order. But stay, here we are." And we jumped out and entered the Italian Opera House.

We instantly sought the stage. Ye gods what a falling off was there! The sylph-like ballet girls looked like a set of ill-dressed housemaids. One of the principal female dancers was practising a *pas seul* in a dingy silk skirt with a cotton body, and showing a pair of stockings filthy beyond description; and yet this object of morning disgust I had often stared at with enthusiastic admiration when dancing before a crowded audience. She had gracefully earned her £50 a-night.

Grandolfi (who by-the-by is a lovely

woman even by daylight), was working her *solfeggio* as if her life depended on it. Old Taglioni (*pere*) was kicking up a most ungentle row in a mixture of French and English, while De Costa, who, I believe, has about as good an opinion of himself as any man in England, was attempting to say pretty things to soothe Taglioni, who sat in a corner, mending an old pair of shoes to practise in. This is no exaggeration. The Queen of Grace, the Terpsichore of modern times, the sylph who receives £200 (on an average) for her nightly exertions, was actually sewing up a rent in an old satin slipper. I confess I was never more astonished. Her fate in matrimony, if report speaks true, is far from being a happy one. If so she is much to be pitied, since I believe she is one of the most amiable women in Europe.

Laporte came in for a minute, but walked out again as soon as ever he could, fearful of some demand on him for boxes or other favours.

Seguin was telling chubby Ebers rather a good trick that had been played on the manager of the Brussels theatre.

It appeared that a very well-dressed Frenchman had attended the Belgian opera-house, and made himself rather conspicuous by frequently changing his place. He was a young, handsome man, and dressed in the very height of the fashion. The play over, the greater part of the audience had quitted the theatre, when the gentleman in question rushed up to one of the box-keepers, and begged of her to search the box in which he had just been sitting, as he had dropped a superb brooch worth several thousand francs. The young man was in despair. The brooch was of value; but even that was of a secondary consideration, as it had been given to him by his deceased mother. He therefore promised a hundred francs to any of the women who would find it, and said he would call again early in the morning to see if they had succeeded in their search. The box-openers, you may be sure, never went to bed that night. They spent three or four hours, and ten sous worth of tallow in looking vainly for the lost treasure. In the morning the distressed loser called and gave

them a five-frank piece, urging them to continue their search. At noon he again visited the theatre, but finding that they were still unsuccessful, he in great apparent distress of mind desired to see the manager, to whom he related his misfortune, and begged his advice, as he was just setting off for Antwerp for two days on business of the greatest importance. The worthy official could only suggest one mode, namely, that the lost article should be advertised in hand-bills and a reward offered for its recovery. The stranger caught at the idea, and proposed a reward of 500 francs,—the worth of the brooch being about 4000,—upon the manager consenting to become the depository, the gentleman described the trinket most minutely, its weight, &c. The bills were posted, but alas! without effect; and on the luckless Frenchman calling previous to his departure for Antwerp, he learnt that the jewel was still missing. The next morning, to the great joy of the manager (who disliked the idea of an object of value being lost in his theatre), a person walked into his office, and stated that he had found in the piazza, which ran round the theatre, a brooch of great value, which he would deliver to the proper claimant. The manager produced the description, but still the finder had scruples. At length he delivered it up, and the reward was handed to him. A week passed and the Frenchman never came to claim his treasure. At last the manager became suspicious, and sent for a jeweller, who proclaimed the emerald to be a piece of glass, value twopence! The Frenchman and his accomplice have not been heard of to this hour."

"Bravo, bravo," said Joe, "done as round as a hoop. Ah! here comes Rossini. I'll introduce you to him, and then give you a sketch of his life."

I stepped forward, the stage gave way beneath me; I had fallen through a vampire-trap. For three weeks I never left my bed. When I did so, my position was considerably altered, as I intend showing in a future series. For the present, *cher lecteur*, adieu.

JOHN SMITH,

Late of the Theatre Royal,  
Pilltown.



## THE VICE-LEGATÈ'S BALL.

## CHAPTER I.

DURING many periods of the dominion of the popes over the *Comtat Venaissin* in the south of France, including the city of Avignon and the surrounding territory, the papal authority was vested in a vice-legatè. His attributes were of the most ample nature, and his prerogatives almost sovereign; the city, however, having the right of an appeal to the court of Rome against any of his acts or rescripts which appeared to entrench upon its franchises, and which appeals were sturdily supported by consuls annually named by the city to watch over its interests in the metropolis of the Christian world. But in the midst of these conflicts of authorities, the personal security of private individuals was but feebly guarded; and not unfrequently the despotism of the vice-legatè weighed heavily upon the noblesse and the wealthier classes of the community. As to the mass of the people they took but little interest in these matters, and provided that bread and the other necessities of life were cheap, and that they were gratified and dazzled by frequent and gorgeous processions, they were ordinarily peaceable, and not unwillingly vociferated as they passed the vice-legatè's palace *rien monsieur!*

In the beginning of the sixteenth century the papal authority in Avignon was vested in the person of Orlando de Carretto, a noble Milanese, who had early in life taken deacon's orders, but whose ecclesiastical views were rather directed by ambition than religious fervour, as he was often heard to remark that it would be time enough for him to enter into the full orders of the priesthood when he should be appointed cardinal. In that remote age the manners of the clergy, generally speaking, were so far from being exemplary, that some of the greatest occasions of scandal were given by members of that profession. Though the youthful years of Orlando de Carretto had been marked with deep-dyed dissoluteness; yet a subsequently assumed severity of manner, and external

practice of devotional exercises so far prevailed, as to prevent his early iniquities from proving an obstacle to his worldly elevation. He was already advanced in age, and had outlived a taste for his more glaring vices, when he assumed the chief authority in Avignon; but though his public conduct was regular, and his manner of living befitting his ecclesiastical quality, he was in reality, what he had ever been, a man void of all faith in religion or virtue, and of respect for law, and believing neither in God nor the devil. His affections, such as they were, were exclusively centred upon two objects in the world—himself and Smeraldo de Carretto his nephew, the last of his race, and the heir to his name and accumulated riches, whom he had brought up with the most jealous care, according to his ideas,—not suffering either the youth's parents or any other of his relations to exercise the least authority or influence over the education or conduct of his adopted son. He brought Smeraldo with him from Italy to Avignon, purporting to ally him in marriage with one or other of the richest heiresses of the noblesse: but the accomplishment of this plan not proving so immediately practicable as he had imagined, his nephew, in the meanwhile, led a life of unrestrained liberty, pleasure, and dissipation.

Don Smeraldo to the advantage of a perfectly handsome countenance and manly figure, added an active and daring mind, not devoid of cultivation; but his heart was the seat of every selfish, sensual, and inordinate passion, and his character deeply impressed with treachery, dissimulation, and inconstancy. His elevated position, his intrigues with some of the principal ladies of Avignon, his overweening pride, his insolent boastings and dishonourable disclosures of his real or pretended gallantries, raised him up a host of inveterate enemies, whose ill-will, however, he treated with scorn, for he was courageous and skilful, and sword in hand feared no opponent.



The vice-legate affected not to be aware of his nephew's outrageous and scandalous career; and had any one been ill-advised enough to venture to enlighten him upon the subject, his welcome it was well known, would have been any thing but cordial.

After having seduced and deserted with heartless indifference several of the fair ones of Avignon, some of whom retired into the gloom and seclusion of a convent, to weep over their sinful and foolish trust in a selfish profligate. Smeraldo conceived a violent passion for a lady not only of the highest rank, but also one of the most celebrated for her beauty and strict and exemplary propriety of conduct. Vanina de Donis, though in the freshest bloom of youth and beauty, never met the public gaze but at church, and some three or four times a year at the splendid entertainments given by the vice-legate—an attendance at which was indispensable on the part of the noblesse. Vanina was sedulously guarded by the jealous love of an aged husband, who held to the sound Italian tradition with respect to a wife's virtue. In accordance with this tradition, the Marquis de Donis placed his wife under the surveillance of an old but most alert and lynx-eyed duenna, who followed her like her shadow, so that the young marchioness was never known since her marriage to have spoken to any one but her confessor and husband, unless in the presence of a third person, and she never left the house but in company of the marquis or the inevitable duenna.

It would take a volume to describe or detail all the stratagems and contrivances invented and practised by Smeraldo to get the Marquis de Donis out of the way, and achieve a personal interview with the object of his guilty pursuit. At length, after many bootless attempts, he succeeded in forcing the marquis to undertake a journey to Rome, where his presence was rendered necessary by a lawsuit in which he had become involved by the underhand manoeuvres of Smeraldo. His young and beautiful wife whom he left behind in Avignon under the care of the duenna, already gained over by Don Smeraldo, soon fell a victim to the daring profligacy and wily arts of the seducer.

In the times we are speaking of, the

fair sex was far from enjoying so great a degree of liberty as they are in possession of at present: many of them no doubt, then as now, governed their husbands and some deceived them, but these things were practised under the appearance of the most profound respect and submission, from which the manners of the age did not permit them for a moment to swerve. They appeared in public only on certain solemn occasions, and passed the greater portion of their time in the seclusion of their homes with no other means of amusement or *distraktion*, but those afforded by the society of their husbands or the management of their households. Those of high rank had about their persons young girls of good family, who waited upon them and kept them company: none of the other sex were admitted on familiar terms into the domestic circle; and if perchance some enterprising cavalier essayed to pay his court to the lady of the castle, the effort was made in the most reserved and secret manner. The understanding, therefore, between Smeraldo and Donna Vanina was unknown to all her household; she apparently passed her time as usual in working tapestry with her attendant maidens, and received no other male visitor than her confessor; but each night the garden-gate turned silently on its hinges to admit Don Smeraldo to those mysterious meetings, of which, besides themselves, the duenna was alone cognizant.

The residence of the Marquis de Donis was a vast edifice, having in front a lofty wall in which was a sculptured gateway, surmounted by a heavy stone balcony; and in the rear an extensive suit of gardens and pleasure-grounds. From the gateway a narrow vestibule led through the principal court to the lordly mansion, which was flanked by slender turrets, and crowned by a high-pointed roof. Through the shady and fragrant walks of these delicious gardens Don Smeraldo and his lovely mistress wandered during the serene and beautiful nights of summer, with no sound to disturb their reveries but the song of the nightingale; whilst the silvery rays of the moon as they stole athwart the branches of the overhanging orange-trees, chequered with soft light and shade the paths they were treading. Donna Vanina had given herself up to this first and

new-born passion with all the trusting confidence of youth and inexperience. She had not the faintest suspicion of the real character of Don Smeraldo; knew nothing of his inconstancy, perfidy, and numerous intrigues; no intimation of his scandalous conduct having ever reached her, so completely was she guarded from a knowledge of what was passing outside the walls of her mansion, by the care and precautions of her husband. Her mind, however, was not free at all times from remorse; a sudden and involuntary terror came over her at moments; and large tears filled her eyes when she was at her prayers, or thought of her absent husband; but the presence of Don Smeraldo soon dried these tears and put to flight her alarms.

One night she and Smeraldo were taking their accustomed walk through the shady paths of the pleasure-grounds, whilst the duenna, who had taken her usual station on the flight of marble steps that led into the garden, had fallen into a disturbed slumber. The sky was overcast, and the wind in fitful gusts bowed down the branches over the heads of the wandering lovers. At times the distant peal of a convent-bell was heard in the intervals of the coming storm. Vanina, leaning upon the arm of Smeraldo, stopped to listen to the sound, when suddenly starting at the sight of what appeared to be the shadow of a man thrown across the path before them, she exclaimed, convulsively pressing the arm upon which she leaned,—

"Let us return to the house, the night is a melancholy one, the cold is too great. What a storm is coming! God preserve all poor travellers!"

An indistinct exclamation was heard as if in response to this prayer.

"Smeraldo," cried the lady, "what is that you say?"

"Nothing," he replied, but added—"come along, it is time for us to seek the shelter of the house."

They hurried rapidly towards the mansion, whilst the forked lightning darted in quick succession across their path, and the storm, with its voice of thunder, seemed to pursue them. The duenna startled from her uneasy slumber, fled with precipitation into the house, followed by her mistress and Don Smeraldo.

"Holy Virgin," said the lady, kneeling devoutly before a beautiful picture of the Madonna that hung near her couch—"Holy Virgin preserve us!"

She then threw herself into a seat, and Smeraldo placed himself on a cushion at her feet; whilst the duenna, taking up her rosary, proceeded with fear and trembling down stairs to shut the door leading to the garden.

Though the storm continued to rage without, and the sheeted rain to patter against the casements, Vanina soon lost all consciousness of these sounds, in the passionate whisperings of her lover, whilst she twined upon her delicate fingers the dark brown locks of his clustering hair. A single lamp suspended from the fretted ceiling, threw a softened light upon the foreground of this picture, leaving the more distant portion of the vast and antique chamber in gloom and indistinctness. As Vanina, after bending down to answer a question of Don Smeraldo, raised her head, her eyes became fixed upon the curtains that masked the door of the chamber, and a sudden paleness spread itself over her face. Without stirring or changing the direction of her eyes, she said in the faintest whisper, at the same time letting go the hands of her lover,—

"Smeraldo, draw your poignard."

"Ah," murmured he, placing his hand on the hilt of his poignard, but without turning his head, "we are not alone then?"

"No. But you will defend yourself." And as she spoke she rose up, and at the same instant the curtains, which had been a little drawn aside, closed again.

"The Marquis de Donis," said Vanina, in a tone of sombre resolution, "is there—he has seen us. If he attacks you, defend your life; but if it is me only whom he wishes to destroy, hinder him not, he has a right to do so."

"The Marquis de Donis!" exclaimed Don Smeraldo, with more of anger and surprise than alarm in the tone of his voice.

"Yes, he is there. I have just seen him, and saw his eyes glare upon me from out the darkness. Oh, Smeraldo, he has been for some time watching us. Great God, have mercy on us!"

They listened, but no sound was heard save the faint and distant mutterings of the retreating storm.

"Tremble not thus—I do not fear him," said Smeraldo, with a kind of ferocious arrogance: "and you have nothing to dread whilst I am near you."

After another moment's silence the sound of approaching footsteps were heard upon the staircase, and the duenna rushed into the chamber half dead with affright.

"My lord is returned! my lord is here!" she cried. "He let himself in with a master-key which opens all the the doors; he ascended the staircase; I was behind him; he went to that door, and after a short time returned without seeing me. Gerard, his squire, followed him, holding a torch in his hand."

"And where is he gone to?" coldly demanded Don Smeraldo.

"He is gone into the hall on the ground-floor."

"Ah, he has been prudent," said Smeraldo, putting up his poignard.

"Fly—save yourself," impetuously exclaimed Vanina. "You may escape from the house without risk—go—go."

"And when I shall be no longer here, what will become of you?"

"What it may please God to order; my sole hope now is in his mercy."

"My lord loves you," said the duenna, bursting into tears; "he will easily pardon you; but it is upon my unfortunate head that will fall all his wrath. With a few repentant words and vows of submission young and beautiful creatures like you, can soon win a pardon."

"No! no! let us hear nothing of repentance or submission," cried Don Smeraldo. "How can you think that I should leave you at the mercy of this old tyrant?"

"Smeraldo, I deserve my fate, I have betrayed him—I shall not sue for pardon—let the marquis satisfy his vengeance, and may God pardon me."

Smeraldo was well aware that the marquis was of a jealous and intractable character, but still not capable of having recourse to those terrible acts of vengeance with which some husbands of those times had visited the infidelity of their wives: it was, therefore, not the danger of Donna Vanina that weighed with him, but a much more jealous and selfish consideration. His passion for Vanina had not yet had time to cool, and his egotistical nature could not bear the idea

of being prematurely deprived of his young and lovely victim. He resolved, therefore, to persevere in the practice hitherto invariably pursued by him, of abandoning his mistresses only when he was tired of them.

"Vanina," said he, "I shall not quit this house but in your company."

"Go! go!" exclaimed the unfortunate lady, wild with terror.

"What, you dare not accompany me, after having sworn a thousand times that you would willingly sacrifice your honour, rank, and safety to be mine! If we now part it is for ever. You will never see me more, Vanina. To escape from your husband will be impossible. He will never suffer any one but himself to guard you. You will be shut up for the rest of your days and he will be your jailer."

"God will have pity on me," murmured the distracted lady. "I shall find refuge in death."

"Lord Smeraldo," screamed the duenna, haggard with fear, "fly from the house; see you not the danger in which we are. Fly whilst yet the way is clear: if my lord should lock the garden-gate——"

Smeraldo doggedly threw himself into a seat, whilst the two women, trembling and sobbing fell upon their knees before him, and implored him to fly, but his obstinacy was not to be shaken.

"No," he cried, "I will not leave you at the mercy of your husband. And you, Benigna, my poor old friend, how can you wish to remain. The marquis will kill you, or at least send you to pass the remainder of your life in the convent of the *Bon Pasteni* with the most abandoned and shameless women."

The duenna on hearing this besought her mistress to fly from the vengeance of her husband, and Smeraldo having renewed his entreaties to the same effect, Donna Vanina, vanquished by this hypocritical anxiety for her safety, and bewildered by the terror of the situation, at length exclaimed—

"Well, let us go, and may God pardon me."

Don Smeraldo was about hurrying her away, when she said with a generous self-abnegation,—“Walk behind me, I shall be the first to encounter his fury.”

They descended the staircase, which

was still wrapped in darkness, without making or hearing any noise, and found the garden-gate still unclosed.

"Whither are you taking me?" Vanina asked in a faltering voice.

"I know no more than yourself," coolly replied Smeraldo.

On finding themselves in the street they saw at the great gate of the mansion the two saddle horses, which had borne the marquis and his aged servitor.

"To saddle!" cried Don Smeraldo, delighted with such a fortunate chance, and the prospect of such a gallant adventure: and added, "like, as in the good old time of Pierre de Provence and the fair Maguelone, we shall go carcering it gaily, through high-ways and by-ways, over hills and through valleys."

"Holy Virgin!" cried the duenna, "what is to become of me? whither shall I go?"

"Wherever you wish," answered Smeraldo, as he assisted Vanina to seat herself behind him on one of the horses.

"If you wish to follow us mount the other horse."

So saying, he set off at a brisk trot, whilst the duenna, suffocating with rage and terror, cried after him,

"May the devil, who stood sponsor for you, take your soul! Go—but my lord will, one time or other, come across you, you infamous ravisher!"

Whilst this scene was passing, the Marquis de Donis, who was standing behind the door of the hall, on the ground floor, said to his old servitor,

"Gerard, I believe that man has come down and gone out—let there be no scandal—shut the doors. By the keys of Saint Peter! they shall never again be opened. Let us now go up stairs."

But as he emerged from behind the door he came face to face with the duenna, who had just entered from the garden, and who threw herself at his feet. Rage had got the better of her fear, and she re-entered the house to disclose to the marquis all that had happened.

## CHAPTER II.

DON SMERALDO was one of those men who never look beyond the event of the moment, and the immediate gratification of their passions. He was possessed of that audacity which sometimes springs from profound egotism. No consideration checked him, no obstacle embarrassed him; he pushed forward to the object he had in view, determined to crush, or attempt to crush, whatever lay in his path, perfectly heedless of the results of his folly, either to himself or to others. It was actuated by such feelings, that he carried off the Marchioness de Donis, without knowing or caring what was to become of her the next day. His first thought was to take her to the castle of Count Passandi, a young noble of sufficiently bad reputation, who resided on his estate, a few leagues from Avignon. But when they had travelled thither about half way, Donna Vanina became so indisposed, that they were, of necessity, obliged to halt. The sky, which for a short time had cleared, became again overcast, and the rain recommenced falling heavily. The darkness had increased so much, that they could scarcely see three paces

before them; and Don Smeraldo not knowing what to do, vented his rage in all the blasphemous expressions that the French and Italian languages could supply him with. Fortunately they came to a little house by the road-side, over the door of which was suspended a branch of pine—a sign that travellers were entertained there—and after some delay and repeated knockings, the door of this obscure *cabaret* was opened to them.

"Jesus Maria!" said the hostess to herself, on perceiving by the dress of travellers, that they were persons of rank, "what a day of benediction for me and mine—still more guests:" and then adding in a louder voice, "my house is full, but nevertheless, my lord, I shall give you up my own bed; and this handsome young lady will have no reason to complain of being badly accommodated. What shall I get ready for your graces? a cup of quince-water, or a glass of sage wine? both excellent after being drenched by the rain, as they dry up all the humidities of the body."

Whilst speaking, she failed not to examine, with a prying eye, the Lady

Vanina, whose dress bore evident marks of a precipitate flight. She had neither cloak nor hood, nor other head-covering; and her long fair hair, uncurled and dabbled in rain, fell in confusion upon her shoulders; she was deadly pale, exhausted with fatigue, and scarcely able to move, though supported by the arm of Smeraldo.

"My good woman," she replied, in a scarcely audible voice, "I have need of nothing, except a few moments' repose in some chamber where I may be alone—lead me to it."

The hostess conducted her by a narrow ladder-like staircase to a wretched little room, in which the sole furniture was a flock-bed and a crazy stool; and through the open-barred window of which the rain came driving in. The ill-fated lady sat down without taking any notice, but all these signs of squalid poverty disgusted Don Smeraldo, and he remained standing before Vanina, with a frigid and discontented look. She burst into tears, but he said not a word to console her.

"Pardon me, pardon me," she cried, "Smeraldo," as she wiped the tears from her cheeks; "I know that I ought not to weep now, for we shall never again quit each other, but remain united for the rest of our lives. What to me then is the rest of the world? I regret nothing that I have left behind me. You will take me far from this, where I shall never hear any thing of my country or my family. Henceforward, I am dead to all the world but you. Whither will you take me, Smeraldo?"

"Wherever you wish," he replied in a passionless tone.

"Well then, we shall go and hide ourselves in the remotest corner of Italy, in that castle which you described to me so often."

"Oh, that is little better than an eagle's nest perched on the lofty summit of a rock."

"No matter—being together we can be happy anywhere."

She continued for some time longer to speak to him with passionate interest of their future plans, to which he listened with an inattentive ear, apparently preoccupied, as he was, with watching the varied and beautiful expression of her features.

"You are beautiful, and I adore you," he at length abruptly said, "and

I can talk to you, or think of nothing else at present."

The next morning Vanina was still sunk in a deep slumber, when Smeraldo left the chamber, the squalor and nudity of which filled him with horror, and descended into the little garden, enclosed by a hedge of white-thorns, which lay behind the house. The sun had just risen, and its warm rays were already kissing from the shining leaves the drops left by the storm of the preceding night; whilst the breeze that accompanies the break of day shook from the awakening flowers their moisture and fragrance. All was yet silent and sleep-like, neither the lowing of the cattle, nor the song of the reapers having yet given animation to the reposing landscape. Yet Don Smeraldo had not been the only early riser; for on entering the garden he saw a young maiden seated on the stone bench that ran alongside the wall of the house. At sight of her Smeraldo was struck with a feeling of admiration and desire, stronger than any he had before experienced. She was tall for her age, and her slender and delicate form betokened extreme youth, though the beauty of her face was already perfect. Her pure and regular features wore that lofty and calm expression to be found in some of the most finished representations of the Virgin. Her hair, which rivalled in gloss and hue the night-raven's wing, was wreathed round, with graceful simplicity, a head of the most exquisite shape; and from under her finely drawn and lightly-arched brows beamed a pair of humid eyes, whose lambent fire, half shaded by their long and silken lashes, gave to her look an almost angelic serenity; whilst around the whole of this divine countenance there shone as if an halo of innocence and purity.

Smeraldo approached with so noiseless a footfall that the maiden, who was selecting a bouquet from some wild flowers that were spread upon her lap, perceived him not. Her simple but neatly fitting robe of black serge, her snow-white neckkerchief, modestly confined all the throat, denoted her not to be a girl of high rank, and yet her white and delicately-formed little hands proved that she was not of those who live by their labour. A light travelling cloak and a hood of



some ordinary stuff together with a slender walking staff, lay beside her on the bench.

"Beautiful pilgrim, whence come you, all so lone and so lovely?" said Don Smeraldo, as he placed himself before her.

The maiden starting up with alarm, replied in a trembling voice, "Seigneur, I am not alone, nor am I returning from any pilgrimage."

"True enough. I see you have neither the scallop hat nor the sandal shoon. Are you going much farther, my charming child?"

"I am going to Avignon."

"Ah, you are from Avignon? and what fortunate chance has led you hither?"

"I came here from Ile, where I was to see one of my relations. I was overtaken by the storm last night, and obliged to stop here. I am now going to continue my journey. The Lord have you in his holy keeping, seigneur!"

She was about moving away, when Smeraldo stopped her.

"One moment—one single moment," he said, "I wish to know who you are; will you not tell me your name?"

"I am called Aleli," she replied; at the same time reddening with fear and confusion.

"Aleli! that name is not in the Roman calendar. Who gave it to you, my bright angel?"

"It is the name of a flower, in the language of Spain, in which country I was born."

"What a charming emblem! It is quite natural you should have a flower for your patron-saint, for your countenance is as fresh and blooming as the loveliest flowers of the spring."

The youthful maiden, who appeared in no way affected by this commonplace compliment, dropped an humble courtesy to Don Smeraldo, and was again about to move away.

"But you do not deign to answer me," he said, still retaining her. "For whom do you take me? Have I the look of a hired trooper, or adventurer, or of one of those hungry and empty-pocketed cadets of good family, who are eternally on the road, going from one house to another of their richer relations, all whose worldly possessions consist in the cloak they wear, and the sword that hangs at their side, and whose sole trade and calling is to

tell love tales to all the young girls they chance to meet. I am, however, another guess-sort of personage; for I am one of the principal lords of the *Comtat Venaissin*—I am Don Smeraldo de Carretto, nephew of the vice-legatè."

"Dread lord," exclaimed the maiden, struck with fear and surprise, "pardon me—I know and feel how much I ought to respect you."

"Well, well," he said, interrupting her, "sit you down here by me. Why do you tremble? you have nothing to fear, my lovely child. What objection have you to listen to me, or speak to me? For my part I should willingly pass the remainder of my life in so delightful a conversation."

With fear and trembling the young girl sat down, at some distance from Don Smeraldo, who after gloating upon her in silence for some time, exclaimed,

"You are beautiful, divinely beautiful, and I love you, Aleli; ay, love you with all my heart."

"Oh, you cannot be in earnest, my lord," she replied.

"Upon the honour of a noble, I swear to you, that what I say is true."

"But you do not know me!" she replied, in great astonishment.

"Know you!—oh, well do I know you, and have been long seeking after you."

"That is impossible!" she exclaimed.

"Impossible! Why should it be so? I first saw you in the street, and afterwards repeatedly at church."

The maiden smiled, and shook her head, like one who would intimate,—I have now caught you in a most absurd and impossible story.

"Yes," resumed Giovani, in a still more animated tone, "I love you; and I shall see you again, and prove it to you; for I swear that from this moment I shall watch your every step!"

At these words he attempted to seize the hands of the maiden, which she kept modestly crossed upon her bosom, on seeing which she rose up, her large gazelle-like eyes filled with an indescribable expression of offended modesty and disdain.

Smeraldo saw with delight, in this expression, a proof that he was the first man that had ever dared to address her in the language of love, and



his passion acquired accumulated intensity from the conviction.

"My lord," said the young girl, after a moment's pause, "it is growing late: again I beseech God to guard you,—I must depart—you see they are waiting for me." And as she spoke she pointed to the garden-gate, at which stood an old serving-man, holding by the bridle a large and well-shaped ass, of a pure white colour, with a shining black mane; near it also stood a comely and robust hand-maiden.

Smeraldo put on a suppliant air,—  
"Reject me not," he said in a soft and impassioned voice; "behold me humbled and submissive to your slightest wish: for I would give my life here, and my salvation hereafter, to be loved by you.

As he uttered these words, the pale countenance of Vanina appeared at the bars of the window, over the stone bench, and in a voice of agony she cried, "Oh what base treachery, Don Smeraldo!"

He raised up his head, astounded for the moment, and the maiden profiting of the occasion, fled with the rapidity of a bird escaped from its cage. Vanina remained, her face pressed against the bars, and her eyes fixed on Smeraldo. Neither spoke; but there was between these two beings thus suddenly and violently separated, a communication of intelligence more rapid than language could convey. Vanina, with a single look, saw to the bottom of Smeraldo's heart, and with the solemn resolution of a high-souled, though fallen noble lady, who felt that a mortal wound had been given to her good fame, her honour, her pride, and her love, she waved her hand, and with a look, in which were blended reproach, tenderness, and the anguish of an eternal farewell, disappeared from the window.

Smeraldo shrugged his shoulders, hesitated for an instant, and then walked to the stable and had his horse saddled. A few minutes afterwards he was cantering along the road to Avignon.

He was scarcely out of sight when the Marquis de Donis arrived at the little inn, followed by his old servitor and the duenna. The old noble had girded on the good sword he had worn in the principal wars of Italy; his

long and thick grey moustachios, his lofty and erect stature gave him, at one and the same time, a determined and venerable appearance. His vigorous old age seemed still capable of striving, and not disadvantageously, with the effeminate and enfeebled youth of Smeraldo de Carretto. Since the middle of the preceding night he had been in pursuit of the ravisher of his wife, and a fortunate chance had led him into the right path."

"Gossip," said the duenna, addressing the hostess, "you probably might tell us if you saw a young man, on horseback, dressed in a green embroidered vest, with a lady behind him, pass this way?"

The hostess, advancing from the door-way, replied in a confidential tone, "The young man stopped the night here, but has just rode away, after paying his bill,—a proof that he does not intend to return. The lady is above stairs."

"Holy Virgin, protect us!" cried the duenna. "Can he have already deserted her! why it was not worth while carrying her away, if such were his intention."

The Marquis de Donis dismounted, and telling his old servitor and the duenna to wait for him, he went up alone to the chamber where his wife was. Vanina was on her knees, her forehead resting on the stool, her arms hanging listlessly by her side, and her dishevelled hair falling in disorder upon the floor. She looked the very picture of despair and terror, or like a condemned person, awaiting the blow of the executioner's axe. The unfortunate lady had fallen, from weakness, when she saw Don Smeraldo depart. She wept not, but her lips quivered, without giving utterance to any articulate sound; she was evidently praying in her heart to God, the only hope and refuge she had in this, her dire distress. The marquis looked at her for a moment, with a fixed eye, and then said, "Vanina!"

At the sound of his voice, a smothered and agonizing cry burst from her lips, and she fell on her face, remaining with scarcely sense or motion at the feet of her husband.

The Marquis de Donis sincerely loved his wife, and, by character, was capable of great tenderness and generosity. The state in which he saw

the youthful partner of his choice, filled him with grief and pity, and chased away any lingering feeling of wrath from his heart.

"Vanina," he said mildly, "come, arise!"

She obeyed, and there was a moment's silence, during which the marquis seemed to be deliberating upon what he was to do. His wretched wife awaited her sentence with all the sad yet fearful calmness of a soul plunged in the deepest abyss of despair.

"Vanina," said the marquis, "you have grievously offended me, and I have a right to do justice on you; but I am probably already sufficiently avenged. Your base and heartless lover has abandoned you. I ought to have killed him last night; and I should have done so, did I not fear the dishonour it would have entailed upon you in the public estimation, and had I not too generous a disposition to slay my enemy whilst under my roof, and without defence; I therefore suffered him to depart. But to-day I sought him, to provoke him to a mortal combat, in which either one or the other must have fallen. I have succeeded, however, in finding only you."

"My lord, my fate is in your hands," she replied, in a dying voice, "pronounce it, and I shall submit to my punishment without a murmur against its justice."

The marquis was completely soothed by this submission.

"I leave you the mistress of your destiny," he said; "whither do you wish to go?"

"To a convent, my lord, and into one of the poorest and most rigid order; for no privations, watchings, and macerations can appear to me too great to redeem my heavy sins. The remainder of my life shall be con-

sumed in penitence, and mayhap, on my deathbed I may not in vain sue for your pardon, and entertain some hope of mercy from my God."

"I already pardon you, Vanina," the marquis replied; "you will return with me to our common home."

"My lord," she cried, bursting into tears, "may you be for ever blessed for such unequalled mercy and goodness; but, dishonoured as I am, how shall I again appear in the world? No! no! I must seek to hide me in some solitary spot, where I may be entirely forgotten by the world."

"The world shall remain ignorant of all this," the marquis replied. "We shall return together to Avignon; I shall give out that it was by my orders you came forward to meet me; and if some should doubt this assertion, at least none will dare to tell you so. It may be that the dishonourable vanity of that craven cavalier may spread evil reports, but the world will pay but little attention to them on seeing that I disbelieve them. Besides, we shall live in such a manner as to convince the world of our good understanding and domestic affection. My intention is, that henceforward you shall wear the most precious jewels, and most costly clothes: I shall give a succession of fetes, of which you shall be the brightest ornament. Come, Vanina, come!"

Vanina, in a transport of gratitude, threw herself at his feet and kissed his hands. From this he might have been led to believe that the generosity of his conduct had consoled her, and restored her self-content; but he was mistaken, for Vanina returned into society with a heart irrecoverably wounded, and dead to all hope of happiness. Her most fervent and secret wish was, to lead a life of penitence in the solitude of a cloister.

### CHAPTER III.

ABOUT a fortnight after the events above described, Smeraldo was present one night at the coucher of his uncle, the vice-legato, which took place in a vast chamber, fitted up like a chapel, and which was lighted up by gerandoles, bearing numerous wax tapers, the glare of which was softened

by an intervening medium of golden-coloured gauze. The almoner, on his knees, near the bed-side, recited, in a subdued and monotonous voice, the daily offices, or prayers, indispensable to be said or joined in by those belonging to any religious orders of the Roman Catholic church, but which

the vice-legate appeared to pay a somewhat careless attention. Smeraldo, standing before a Venetian mirror, not larger than the hand, but set in a frame of the most exquisite marquetry, was occupied in completing the arrangement of his dress, and fixing in his right ear a pendant formed of a single emerald of inestimable value.

"Smeraldo," said the vice-legate, after glancing at the splendid dress of his nephew, "where are you going to pass the evening?"

"To a place where I should be excessively annoyed not to appear to advantage."

"Is the company to be numerous?"

"Not a soul, I hope, except the person I expect to see."

After a pause the vice-legate said, in half-serious half-jesting tone:—"Smeraldo, beware of one of those days, or rather nights, some mischief will happen to you. You are not going alone?"

"Most assuredly alone, uncle."

"Some grand intrigue," murmured old Carretto. "When one is young, handsome, and a favourite of the ladies, this happens every day; but when one is old,"—he finished the phrase with a sigh, and then turning to his nephew, said, "Come here, Smeraldo, I want to speak to you."

Smeraldo took a seat by his uncle's bed-side, the valet retired to a distant part of the chamber, but the almoner still continued the recital of the usual prayers.

"Smeraldo," said the vice-legate, in a low voice, "these nocturnal visits of yours begin to alarm me not a little. Into what part of the city are you going? is it to the palace of the Marquis de Donis?"

"Ah the fair-haired Vanina! Of her I have seen nothing for the last fifteen days. The present object of my vows is a fair one, with eyes black as the darkest night, and long, undulating locks, near which ebony must appear pale."

"And has this paragon no name?"

"The fact is," replied Smeraldo, "that I myself am, as yet, ignorant of it."

"But if I should guess it?"

The nephew shook his head and smiled.

"Let us see: is the lady noble?"

"Noble!" exclaimed Smeraldo.

"Be assured that there is no family in France or Italy that can boast a descent from a more ancient race."

"Oh, she is one of those nobles who date their parchment titles from the deluge; but there are so many of them that I am puzzled how to choose. Does this high and mighty dame inhabit a palace?"

"I have not yet seen her residence," replied Smeraldo, laughing; "but to secure admission to it, I have been obliged to gain over the warden that keeps watch at her gate."

"A warden! She must, then, be a princess of the blood, or at least the wife of one of those sovereign seigneurs who have a right to coin money within their domains. There are, however, but few of those in France since the time of Louis the Eleventh, of blessed memory. You have lost your wits, nephew. But be prudent, and keep a good look-out on your going and coming. Have you all that is requisite?"

Smeraldo pointed to a poignard, stuck in his belt, and struck his hand on a well-filled purse, concealed in the folds of his dress.

"All right," continued the vice-legate, at the same time tapping his nephew on the shoulder; "go, and God watch over you, my child."

Then, following him with a satisfied look, as he quitted the chamber he said to himself, "He is my true blood—my own child—the living image of what I was in my youth. I have no longer any joy but in him: every thing else wearies and disgusts me." And taking up a mirror, he glanced at the reflection of his yellow, withered features, and thinly scattered grey hairs, and added with a profound sigh: "To this complexion, then, we must come at last—even he, like me, will be thus one day or other."

The bells of Notre Dame de Donis had already chimed midnight, when Smeraldo issued from the vice-legate's palace, enveloped in a light cloak, and with his jewelled cap drawn down over his eyes. The night was dark, and at that late hour not a sound rose from the reposing city. A faint and distant ray of light was, at times, seen struggling through the thick and darkened air, and which proceeded from the high and narrow cells of the watchers, or ringers, in the belfries of

the churches. The streets were utterly deserted, and it was a task of no little difficulty to tread aright the tortuous and gloomy windings of the more remote and less known part of the city to which, however, Smeraldo directed his course, with a rapid and unhesitating step. He at length stopped at a lofty and cumbrous gate, studded with iron knobs, which closed the entrance to a dark, narrow, unpaved, filthy street, or rather lane. On a slight knock being given by Smeraldo, a small wicket was noiselessly opened, and shut as cautiously, the moment he passed through it.

"Here I am in the Jewry, or Hebrew kennel, at last," he exclaimed, looking around him, without being able to see any thing. "What infernal darkness! Why it would be impossible to distinguish here one's mistress from an old, shaven monk, or foul-bearded Israelite. You must lead me, like a blind man, Lawrence."

"Fair seigneur," said the warden, "here I am. I have executed punctually your orders. The ladder is set right under the little window. But, in the name of all the saints, seigneur, think well of what you are about doing. For twenty years I have closed, every evening, at the tolling of the curfew, this gate, and opened it every morning at the first bell for the *Angelus*, I must therefore know right well the race of Abraham, and never yet, to my knowledge, did a Jewess give a rendezvous to a Christian without some wicked intention."

"To the devil with your wise precautions!" cried Smeraldo; "if she had given me a meeting I should not be thus reduced to escalate her chamber,—she would have opened the door to me. Now, show me the house!"

The warden obeyed. At the further end of the narrow street stood a house of mean appearance, in the front of which were several small windows, placed at irregular distances. Under one of the uppermost of these, and which was without bars, such not being looked upon as necessary, from its great height, was set a ladder, which Smeraldo began mounting rapidly, though not without a certain uneasy feeling, so novel and strange was the situation in which he found himself. For the first time in his life he was about to commit an act of

brutal and unmanly violence. Hitherto the obstacles opposed to him had been overcome by other means; and in no case had an inexorable resistance forced him to play so vile and degraded a part. It was not that he had any scruples of delicacy; the honour of a woman, and particularly of a Jewess, was for him of the slightest, or rather, no consideration; but he felt vexed and deeply humiliated at having failed in his attempts at seduction, and in being obliged to act the part of a buccaneer, or a bandit, to accomplish his object.

Smeraldo entered unhesitatingly through the little window, and alighted upon a winding staircase, which he descended with the stealthy pace of a wolf. He had well calculated the chances of his undertaking; and as he knew that at that hour of the night all the members of that Jewish family were assembled in the garden, to celebrate the feast of the Tabernacles, he fearlessly proceeded to examine the house. After having groped his way through several apartments, he entered a chamber, the door-way of which was masked by a heavy silk curtain. A faint and uncertain light, that made its way through the tendrils of the creeping plants that grew about the window, served to render objects partially visible. The floor, which was covered with a soft and silk-like matting, received noiselessly the footsteps of Don Smeraldo. A delicate perfume of sandal-wood floated on the air, and mingled with the breath of flowers from the plants and odoriferous shrubs that partly filled the balcony, over which hung, according to the fashion of Spain, a parti-coloured blind, or slanting curtain: on the seats lay various articles of female dress, and in one corner glistened a small and fancifully-framed mirror.

The sound of voices, united in a solemn chaunt, which rose from below, and the reddish light of torches, which flickered through the jessamine branches that grew about the balcony, attracted him to step out on it, and, on looking down from it, every other feeling was for a moment forgotten in surprise and admiration. Along the inner walls of this house, whose front towards the street exhibited a squalid, discoloured, and dilapidated aspect, ran a tastefully laid-out garden.

ed with pomegranate-trees, and others indigenous to the Holy Land.

In the middle of a marble terrace sparkled a fountain, surrounded by a parterre of rare and exotic plants and flowers: in a word, it strongly reminded Smeraldo of the entrance to one of those Arabian palaces, some magnificent ruins of which still adorn the southern provinces of Spain. For the celebration of the feast of the Tabernacles a bower of living branches had been constructed upon the terrace, and under this verdant canopy was placed a table, covered with a snow-white cloth, and bearing numerous vases, cups, and other vessels of the purest and most curiously-cut crystal, and of the most richly-sculptured silver and gold, from which the light of the torches was reflected back in dazzling brilliancy. Never had Don Smeraldo seen, even in the vice-legat's palace, a more rare or precious display of the goldsmith's art.

Near the table stood the Jew, Ben-Jacob, reading aloud in Hebrew the prayers peculiar to this solemnity. In his right hand he held a palm-branch, the symbol of the east, the native country of his people, and the cradle of his religion. His daughter, and a young man wearing the dress of the Jews of Armenia, stood beside him. At the other end of the table stood, in a reverential attitude, an old grey-headed serving-man, and the female servants of the family. Don Smeraldo was not a little surprised at seeing the young girl, whom he had met in the streets of Avignon poorly clad, and wearing the yellow cap, the distinctive article of dress the Jews were obliged to wear, now covered with jewels and precious stones, that might have excited the envy of a princess. The lofty stature and eastern character of Aleli's beauty, was seen to the greatest advantage in these festal robes, which, bordered with deep gold-fringe, fell in ample folds to her feet, of perfect symmetry, but half concealed in little embroidered oriental slippers.

Smeraldo sat down in the balcony, and, concealing his face from view behind a branch of jessamine, became all eyes and ears for what was passing beneath him. The Jewish family partook of the holy repast in silence;

and standing up after which, the servants hastened to lay on the marble pavement of the terrace some silken cushions, upon which Ben-Jacob seated himself between his daughter and the young Armenian Jew. The waters of the fountain rippled by in gentle murmurs, the torches placed behind the neighbouring shrubs, shed a subdued and mellow light around, whilst the delicious breath of the lemon trees in flower, filled the air with almost overpowering fragrance. The whole scene looked like a realization of one of the most enchanting descriptions in *The Arabian Nights*. Ben-Jacob himself was moved by its beauty; for after casting a regretful look around him, he said with a sigh—"This is the last time we shall celebrate the Feast of the Tabernacles in this quiet and lovely spot. We must, alas! strike our tents once more, and seek for a refuge in other lands. Ah, cursed be the day in which that sacrilegious Nazarene set his unholy eyes upon my child!"

Aleli, interrupting him, said, "but, father, we may return to Spain; I have often heard you regret your residence in Grenada, where I was born."

"May the God of Abraham protect us, my beloved child. There also every thing is changed for the worse. Under the mild and enlightened dominion of the Moorish kings we lived free and respected in the beautiful city of Grenada; but the Catholic monarchs have since planted the cross upon its white and lofty towers; and that emblem has become the signal of persecution to our ill-fated race. We must wander farther for a refuge. "Simon," he added, turning to the young Hebrew, "when I made you come from such a distance to give you my daughter, I felt assured that we might pass the remainder of our lives in peace here. But God ordains that we again gird up our loins, resume our wayfaring staff, and return with thee to thy land—his will then be done!"

"Father," the young man replied, "Israel has no country, why then should you regret going hence?"

The old Jew shook his head—"My son," he said, "this is a good country for the people of our nation; and I have gathered together here more



richer than the Queen of Sheba brought to Solomon. The people are not ill-inclined towards us, and have been long accustomed to the sight of our yellow caps. With a little prudent circumspection, it is easy to avoid mischief at their hands. Then the nobles have always need of us; though they have broad lands, they cannot sell them; and if they want money, they must melt down their plate, after having pledged it to us; and all these little affairs are sure to pass through our hands. Some ruin themselves in making a splendid figure in the wars; for which purpose we procure them armour from Italy, and Arabian chargers from Spain. Others cannot live without the richest perfumes, and the most costly stuffs, which we get them from the far east. By this means I have seen the revenues of many an extensive barony pass into my coffers. As we are upon this subject, I shall give thee one piece of advice for thy guidance: If you wish to do sure business, never lend to one who is all-powerful, no matter what advantage he may offer. Though the vice-legat should offer to pledge me his palace for a miserable sum of a hundred florins, I should answer that I had no money."

Old Judas, said Smeraldo to himself, to-morrow I shall ask a thousand from thee, and thou shalt find them without delay!

Ben-Jacob went on further to explain his commercial and financial theories for the benefit of his future son-in-law, with all the wily sagacity peculiar to the people of his nation. He was one of the true sons of Israel, such as persecution had made them, rapacious, vindictive, mistrustful, and humble, even to servility, in their intercourse with Christians; but yet this long habit of submission had not quelled every energy of his mind; his attachment to the faith and ceremonies of his religion was sufficiently ardent and deep to reconcile him even to martyrdom; and, though a passionate adorer of wealth, he hesitated not to sacrifice a part of his present riches and future prospects in order to save the honour of his child, and by removing to some distant land, secure her for ever from the pursuit of Don Smeraldo.

For a long time back the lovely

Aleli had been betrothed to Simon, of the tribe of Levi, and the young man had quitted Armenia, where his family carried on an extensive commerce, to come and join his future spouse. He had arrived only two days previously in Avignon, and he heard with delight the prospect of returning to his native country in company with his beautiful bride. Whilst apparently listening to the wise saws and instructive instances of the old Jew, his looks and attention were solely fixed upon Aleli, who pensive, her head leaning on her hand, allowed her lustrous eyes to follow unconsciously the flight of the night moths, whose large and tiger-spotted wings fluttered about the flame of the torches. She was still a proud and timid child, who understood not the passion she inspired, and whose heart as yet palpitated not at the look or accents of love.

Smeraldo beheld this scene with mingled feelings of rage and jealousy. The night was wearing fast away, and he feared the opportunity he sought might never occur; no other inquietude was produced in him by his strange and dangerous situation.

At length the family retired; the torches were suddenly extinguished, and one after another the heavy doors of the house were closed and barred. Smeraldo, though possessed of a *sang-froid* and audacity more than ordinary, could not restrain the beating of his heart on hearing footsteps approach the chamber. Placing himself in a corner of the balcony, where he could not be seen from the chamber, he remained motionless as a statue, holding his breath, and with his hand upon the hilt of his poignard. Aleli entered the room; he heard her tell her handmaidens to light the lamp, and leave her alone. After their departure she, without divesting herself of any part of her dress, sat down upon the low sofa, or divan, which, after the eastern fashion, ran along one side of the apartment, and, with her arms crossed, and her head inclined upon her bosom, she seemed absorbed in meditation or prayer.

"By all the demons of this world and the next," muttered Don Smeraldo to himself, "what can she be about now? It is probably some silly ceremony of her infernal religion."



obliges her to watch and pray all this night."

He remained stationary a little while longer. A profound silence reigned throughout the house,—sleep seemed to have fallen upon all the inmates but Smeraldo and his intended victim, and even she appeared calm, motionless, and her eyes half shut, which after a little time closed, as if with drowsiness.

Smeraldo then glided noiselessly towards her, his drawn poignard glistening in his hand, and his cap drawn half down over his face, looking at the moment more like a sordid midnight robber, than a lover that had stolen into his mistress's apartment. Before he could lay his hand upon her, the maiden opened her eyes, and instinctively started back from him, at the same time uttering a stifled cry of terror.

"Aleli," he said resolutely, but in a suppressed voice, "It is I—fear nothing; but above all be silent—at your peril cry not out again!"

She neither spoke nor cried, but with joined hands, and a look of the deepest terror, she implored the pity of Smeraldo. He smiled, and sat down by her side.

"My gentle dove," he said, in a soothing tone, "why do you tremble thus? What can you fear from me, a devoted slave at your feet?" You now may judge if I love you—I, Don Smeraldo de Carretto, who have stolen in here, like a thief in the night, with the hope of speaking to you for a few brief moments. Behold me in your apartment!"

"In the apartment of a Jewess!" she exclaimed, interrupting him.

"True; I know it is a mortal sin; but I have some influence at Rome, and I shall obtain absolution from the Holy Father. Besides, in you I see my religion, my God, my every hope!"

The maiden shuddered on hearing these blasphemous expressions, and she looked upon Smeraldo with indescribable horror, though she did not entirely comprehend the infamous motive of his presence, or the danger in which she stood.

"My gentle angel," he cried, "I have been driven to this extremity by your cruel refusals. Why have you been so rigorous towards me? Did

you imagine I was to be withheld from my designs by any obstacle you could oppose to me? No! no! You must love me, and be mine. Come, look up—speak—ask—say what must I do to please you, silly, but loveliest of your sex?"

"To please me you must, my lord," she resolutely said, "quit this on the instant."

"No, by heaven and earth!" cried Smeraldo, in a sombre but determined tone; "you shall have other proofs of my love beside that. I shall not depart hence till day-break. I fear nothing, you may well believe: for who dare to force me from this? If one of your family dared to raise a hand against me—me, Don Smeraldo de Carretto—to-morrow's sun should not go down without seeing him hanged between two dogs, his body thrown into the common sink, his house razed to the ground, and the ploughshare passed over its site. But we are alone, and no one will interrupt us. You will grant me your love, beautiful Aleli."

"To love you, my lord! And what happiness or advantage could result to me therefrom?" she asked, with the noble ingenuousness of a chaste and youthful maiden, and the instinct of mistrust so peculiar to the people of her nation.

"All the happiness that you can desire in this world—your most boundless wishes shall be gratified. You shall have the most costly robes, the most magnificent jewels, a splendid mansion, far away from the gloomy Jewry, numerous servants, girls of good family, to wait upon you, gay pages to obey your slightest behest; you shall be the envy of all the fairest, and noblest, and richest of Avignon, for you will be the sole and adored mistress of Don Smeraldo de Carretto."

At this word the youthful Jewess started up: a burning impulse of shame and indignation sent the blood rushing to her pale cheeks; the ancient pride and wild energy of her race were roused within her: the signal examples given by the people of God started up before her mind's eye, and the heroic acts of Judith, and other strong women of the remote Jewish times flashed upon her memory, and, with an almost unearthly

fire gleaming from her eyes, she directed her looks and thoughts towards heaven, as if imploring some divine inspiration.

"Is not what I have told you," resumed Don Smeraldo, "a fate to be envied by the proudest of your sex?" at the same time throwing his arms rudely about the neck of the maiden. Aleli slipped from his embrace upon her knees, and her hand, on reaching the floor, encountered the poignard, which Smeraldo had a short time before let fall. The circumstance struck her as the sign and interposition she had been imploring from heaven; she grasped the weapon, and, without uttering a word, plunged it into the breast of her ravisher: a smothered cry escaped his lips, and he fell backwards; his limbs shook for a moment with a convulsive movement, then stiffened, and became motionless, his eyes remaining open, and his head thrown back: the steel had entered his felon heart—he was a corse.

The maiden looked at him for an instant, with a stupified mind and a bewildered eye, and then fled from the chamber, crying out for help. Ben-Jacob and the other inmates of the house hurried towards the alarming sounds, and found her near the threshold of the chamber, pale as a visitant from the other world, and her hands dripping with blood. The old Jew rushed towards his daughter with a shout of anguish and terror.

"Who has wounded you?" he exclaimed.

"Father," she answered, "I am unhurt; but Don Smeraldo de Carretto—the nephew of the vice-legat—is there," pointing to her chamber: "he is probably dead; and if so, it is I who slew him."

She then related what had taken place.

"My child," cried Ben-Jacob, folding his daughter in his arms, "it is the God of Israel who gave strength to thy feeble arm! It was his hand that struck the impious, the blaspheming Nazarene; may his name be for ever blessed! Thou hast not belied the blood from which thou sprangest—thou art truly a descendant from the glorious race of the Machabees!"

But after this first impulse, full of energy, courage, and pride, Ben-Jacob suddenly relapsed into his ordi-

nary caution and prudence; and, struck with the imminence of the danger, he said, releasing Aleli from his arms:—

"Now, what are we to do?"

"Ah, father, we are lost!" cried the maiden, bursting into tears; "the blood of that bad man will fall upon our heads. To escape from his outrages I should have slain myself, not him! What will become of us!"

"We must fly," exclaimed Simon; fly instantly. We shall find a boat upon the Rhone, that will take us down to the sea. What matter if you should abandon what you are possessed of here! I am wealthy enough, and your daughter is my bride. Let us fly—fly without delay, I implore you."

"No, my son," replied Ben-Jacob, "that must not be, for a horrible persecution would then fall upon all the Israelites within the jurisdiction of the vice-legat, and many would perish to revenge our escape: some other means of safety must be found."

They then entered the chamber and at the first glance saw that all was over—Don Smeraldo was indeed dead.

"The corpse must be removed hence," Ben-Jacob observed, with that cool determination that often springs from the very extremity of danger; "it must be carried to a distance from the Jewry—we have still two hours of night before us."

"And how shall we get the gate opened for us?"

"The warden will let us out. He is a poor man and I shall give him more gold than his broad shoulders can carry."

"But if Don Smeraldo should, before coming here, have told any one of his infamous design?"

"They will come here to examine; but what proofs can they discover—no trace will remain of what has passed this night. Come, minutes now are more precious than hours at another time. Wrap up the body; Jonas will assist you; but quick, and lose no time."

Simon, and the old serving-man, rolled the body of Don Smeraldo in his cloak, and bound it round with cords like a large package. Aleli and the female servants had withdrawn into the corridor, and with their faces

prostrated on the floor were praying to God.

The old Jew took from his strong box, without counting it, a quantity of golden coin with which he filled his large leathern pouch or purse, and with a naked Damascus blade under his arm was the first to quit the house. He went to the gate of the Jewry, and after a few minutes' conversation with Lawrence the warden, returned to his house and said: "Come along, the way is clear."

Simon and Jonas raised the dead body upon their shoulders and descended into the street, the old Jew walking before them.

"Father!" cried Aleli, running after him, "I shall not remain alone here—I must accompany you. Should we be discovered, it is better for us to die together."

They issued from the Jewry in solemn silence. The night was pitch dark, and rendered still more desolate by frequent gusts of wind and showers of rain. The streets appeared to be totally deserted.

"What direction shall we take?" asked Simon. As he spoke the tramp of many feet was heard from a neighbouring square, and the sound of voices hoarse from drunkenness vociferated the burthen of a joyous drinking song.

"There are revellers still abroad," whispered the terrified Ben-Jacob; "quicken your pace!"

They hurried forward but for a long while they heard, as if pursuing them, the sound of feet and voices. With trembling but hasty steps, they treaded the narrow and tortuous streets, often not knowing from the profound darkness whither they were going, until they arrived in the square before the vice-legat's palace; by which time the sounds that so terrified them had died away in the distance.

"Here!" said Ben-Jacob, stopping near the parapet that bounded the moat of the palace. They laid the body on the pavement and glided away silently and precipitately.

At the break of day, some devout women hastening to be present at the first mass, and several workmen proceeding to resume their labours, stopped to gaze upon the motionless figure stretched upon the ground, and covered with a long cloak, the hood of which, being drawn down, completely

hid the features. Each spectator thinking it to be a murdered man ventured not to touch it, but remained looking on with a mixture of curiosity and fear, making numberless signs of the cross and saying *Pater nosters* for the repose of the soul of the defunct. At length some one bethought himself of going to inform the guard at the palace gate. There were a half score of military, true soldiers of the pope, snoring all night upon their wooden beds. The officer commanding them, on being roused up and told of the circumstance of the dead body, sullenly and carelessly replied: "Oh, only a dead man! that is none of my business. Let the provost look to it."

In the mean while a poor capuchin monk, who was on his way to *Notre Dame de Douis*, touched with compassion, and thinking that the man might still have some remains of life in him, knelt down along side the body, and withdrew the hood of the cloak from the face of the dead. At the sight of the livid visage then exposed to view, a long and loud cry arose, and the name of Don Smeraldo resounded even under the vaulted corridors of the palace. There is in the promptitude with which certain events become known, something that seems allied to the supernatural; in an inconceivably short space of time the fatal news had reached the bedchamber of the vice-legat. As they were bearing the lifeless body into the palace, Orlando de Carretto appeared on the topmost step of the grand staircase but half dressed, and his head uncovered, his few and scattered grey hairs bristling upon his forehead, whilst from his flaming eyes there fell large drops of tears; he was a frightful object of despair and fury. By a motion of the hand he ordered the body of his nephew to be placed before him; and kneeling down upon the cold marble pavement, he regarded with a fixed look those livid features from which even the hand of death had failed to blot out the traces of beauty, he passed his quivering hands over the forehead and mouth of the slain, and then exclaimed in a voice broken by sobs—"Thou wert but yesterday full of life and joy; I bid thee good night with a heart joyful in the hope of seeing thee again this morning, and it is thus that

thou art restored to me! Smeraldo, my child! my beloved Smeraldo!"

Then turning to the terrified group of his officers and servants he said in a hurried accent—"Does any one of you know, whither Don Smeraldo went last night?"

All answered in the negative: the personal servants of the young noble had seen him leave the palace about midnight, but they could not afford the slightest information as to the person who had given him a rendezvous. The vice-legate then endeavoured to recall to mind the last conversation he had with his nephew, but from the vague and ambiguous answers given by Don Smeraldo to his uncle's questions, he could get no indication as to the place whither he was going or the person he was to meet.

Orlando de Carretto ordered the almoner to assist him in raising up the body of Don Smeraldo, wishing to see if something about his person might not lead to some trace of the murderer. The embroidered pouch, which was attached by a silver chain to his belt, was found to be still filled with golden crowns; the emerald pendant still shone at his ear, it was therefore evident that he had not fallen by the hands of robbers. In the pocket of his vest was a little illuminated tablet book, the vellum leaves of which were filled with Italian verses and French prose, amongst them were songs, odes, amatory sonnets, &c., but the name of her who inspired them was not to be found. The vice-legate threw aside, with a gesture of despair, these useless testimonies, and continued with a horrible perseverance his investigations. He felt for the wound through which Don Smeraldo's heart had been reached, and shuddered on finding under his hand the hilt of a poignard.

"This weapon will point out the murderer," he cried, as he drew forth the sanguined blade, but he instantly thrust it from him with a moan of disappointment.

It was Smeraldo's own poignard! All around stood trembling in presence of this deep sorrow and baffled

vengeance. The court of the palace was filled with a crowd whom the news of the fatal event had drawn thither from all quarters of the city. The vice-legate started up from his knees, and, advancing to the entrance of the court, said in a loud voice to the multitude: "I promise ten thousand crowns to him who shall discover and deliver into my hands the murderer of Don Smeraldo."

He then had the body of his nephew conveyed into the chapel of the palace. Two days and two nights he passed alongside the corse. From hour to hour he impatiently inquired if no discovery had been made; but no one appeared to denounce the murderer, and the most active and persevering researches led to no revelation.

A great but various sensation was made in Avignon by the violent death of Don Smeraldo. His enemies, and they were numerous, could scarcely conceal their joy. The blow that destroyed him, avenged at the same time the outraged honour of many noble families. The whole corps of noblesse, nevertheless, were present in deep mourning, at the solemn funeral service, performed over his remains in the church of Notre Dame de Donis; but Orlando de Carretto could plainly see that his deep sorrow and despair met with no sympathy from them. Whilst this numerous and splendid assembly were upon their knees in the chancel, joining in the requiem chanted for the repose of the deceased, the vice-legate, who was also present, but concealed from view in a screened tribune, above the altar, looked down upon them with a fixed and menacing eye, for he felt convinced that amongst them was the assassin of his nephew.

The vice-legate, not wishing that the lifeless body of Don Smeraldo should remain in Avignon, had it placed in a leaden coffin, and conveyed to Italy; and the mortal remains of the last descendant of the Carrettos was deposited in the sepulchral chapel which his ancestors had founded in a Franciscan convent in the city of Milan.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE public demonstrations of grief, at first exhibited by the vice-legate, ceased suddenly after a brief space of time; so much so, that he appeared to have entirely forgotten his sorrow. This promptitude in finding consolation, was a matter of astonishment to every one; for he took such care to avoid every thing that could remind him of his loss, that a stranger arriving at his court would never have supposed that such a person as Don Smeraldo had existed. Some looked upon this conduct as the result of deep submission to the will of God; others, as arising from a total absence of feeling; whilst those who knew him better, felt convinced, that under this apparent indifference or resignation there lurked some dark and dangerous design.

One person alone, in the world, took part in the grief of the vice-legate, and wept at the death of Don Smeraldo with genuine and deep-felt sorrow, and that person was the Marchioness de Donis. Neither the inconstancy nor heartless treachery of him for whom she had sacrificed all, could cure her of her passion. Unfortunately for herself she was possessed of one of those tender natures and deeply sensitive hearts, in which, when affection once takes root it never perishes. She was wasting away under long-continued despair, and sinking into the tomb under one of those inappeasable sorrows that keep continually gnawing at the heart, whilst a smile plays yet around the lips, and the brow appears calm and unfurrowed by care; or, as it has been more eloquently expressed in verse—

“As a beam o’er the face of the waters  
may glow,  
Though the tide runs in darkness and  
coldness below;  
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm  
sunny smile  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs  
darkly the while.”

Such was the Marchioness de Donis, though she was looked upon by the world as one of the happiest of women. The marquis had at once renounced his jealous precautions and unsocial habits; had thrown his house open for the reception of all that was gayest

amongst the noble and the wealthy; he procured for his wife every kind of elegant and befitting recreation, and profusely provided her with every thing that could gratify the tastes or even vanity of a youthful female heart. By this conduct, at one and the same time both prudent and dignified, he refuted the vague rumours which were abroad. Vanina lent herself to those generous proceedings with the most lively gratitude, but in her secret heart she felt them as the severest punishment of her fault. All these joyous and festive scenes only inspired her with horror; and in the midst of the most splendid *fête*, in which she moved supreme in beauty, and robed and jewelled like a queen, her thoughts were solely occupied with her first and last passion; and to her troubled vision appeared the blood-stained figure of Don Smeraldo; or else she wandered in imagination to the gloomy chapel, paved with grave stones, where her once brilliant and seductive lover slept the sleep of eternity. She had, however, sufficient control over her feelings to conceal from others this burning grief, these terrible musings; she wept only before God, in the solitude of her oratory: and if at times the marquis, alarmed by her paleness, inquired anxiously if she were ill or suffering, she answered, “No, my lord—you do every thing to make me happy, and how can I be otherwise than well and contented?”

One day the marquis entered his wife's apartment, with a thoughtful and preoccupied air, and as he remained silent, she making an effort to smile, asked,

“What news, my lord?”

“Very strange news indeed,” he replied; “my lord the vice-legate gives a magnificent entertainment on Sunday next, which is to conclude with a concert and ball, the latter to be kept up till the next morning. His majordomo, followed by two pages, is now going through the city leaving invitations at all the principal houses. And yet six months have scarcely elapsed since the death of Don Smeraldo, and the period of mourning for him is not yet expired.”

Vanina inclined her head upon her



cold and trembling hand. It was the first time since the day when the generous forgiveness of her husband saved her from public dishonour, that he mentioned in her presence the name of Don Smeraldo.

"All the noblesse of the country, without any exception," continued the marquis, "are invited to this ball, we must therefore go there also, for I have more than one motive for being one of the first to appear there with you—you understand me, Vanina?"

"Yes, my lord, we shall not fail to be present," she replied in a faltering voice.

The marquis raised his wife's hand to his lips, and perceiving that her eyes were filled with tears, he said in a tone of mingled pride, tenderness, and reproach,

"Why weep you, Vanina? have not your honour, your repose, and my affection been preserved for you, and has not a violent death avenged us both of that bad man?"

"My lord," she murmured, while bathed in tears, and sinking on her knees, "you have been but too merciful to me. You should have placed me in a convent, where I should have cheerfully submitted to the severest discipline, to expiate my fault."

The marquis, deeply agitated, raised her up, and folding her tenderly in his arms, said,

"Never again, my beloved wife, speak in this manner; I have forgotten every thing, and my sole wish is to see you perfectly happy. We shall have the mercers and robe-makers here presently, and you must choose a dress for the ball on Sunday. The Jew, Ben-Jacob, has just received a fresh supply of Genoa velvets and new jewellery from Venice—I have sent for him to bring them here."

A short time after, the Jew was announced; and entered the apartment bending under the weight of a large package, and followed by two women carrying large boxes of merchandize. Whilst they were unfolding and displaying to the best advantage various costly stuffs and brocades, and while Vanina was turning over with a careless hand a set of exquisitely wrought and jewelled ornaments, enclosed in a casket of sandal wood, the marquis said to Ben-Jacob,

"You have, no doubt, disposed of

numerous robes and sets of jewels for the vice-legat's ball?"

"Not a few, my lord. They were obliged to come to me for the incarnadine velvets, which are so much in vogue this year. I have completely emptied my cases of them."

"Ay, to replace them by good, heavy, gold crowns."

"Oh, would it were so, my gracious lord. But who is there that pays ready money at present, unless your lordship? However, I do not mean to complain, for those I sold to were good and true noblemen, with broad rich lands, and so I gave them credit; otherwise I should have no means of gaining my poor livelihood."

"But it is said that you are very rich."

"Oh, my lord, those who say so wish me no good. On the contrary, I am often reduced to great straits, when waiting for the payment of a heavy debt. I am even at present obliged to borrow money to pay for the crimson satin with which the state apartment of the palace is to be hung."

"Oh, my lord the vice-legat has given you his custom then?"

"For the first time," replied Ben-Jacob, not without a certain hesitation in his voice, "I am indebted for that favour to one of his household, an Italian, to whom I had occasion to render a service in the noble city of Milan, where gold is more plentiful than silver here."

"And you have furnished nothing but the hangings then?" asked the marquis.

"Nothing but the hangings," Ben-Jacob replied, in an apparently calm and natural tone of voice, after having stolen a cautious, but scrutinizing, glance at the marquis.

Whilst they were speaking Vanina had withdrawn into her oratory, after having put aside, without scarcely looking at it, a rich ball dress.

"My lord has no further orders for me?" said Ben-Jacob, shutting up his cases.

"None. Here is your money. You say that great preparations are making for this *fête*?"

"It will be more than usually magnificent, my lord."

"Oh! I see there is no means of avoiding it," the marquis said adding.



in a tone of mingled mockery and vexation, "If my lord, the vice-legate, ask your opinion about the decorations of his ball room, you ought to advise him to have it hung with black cloth, on which there should be worked a befitting number of death's-heads-and-cross-bones. That would, at least, be in keeping with the circumstances, and would serve to remind him and us of the death of Don Smeraldo."

At the sound of this name, Ben Jacob turned deadly pale and stammered forth—"But no one has regretted the death of that man."

"No! certainly not, and all the *requiems* and *de profundis* said and sung over him will not release him from purgatory; but his uncle, my lord Orlando, who doated so blindly on him when alive, ought not to make us dance, as it may be said, on his coffin lid."

Towards nightfall on the following Sunday, Ben-Jacob, his daughter and son-in-law were assembled in their house in the Jewry. A few months had sufficed to bring about a great change in the person and mind of Aleli: she was no longer the slender and shrinking girl, whose shy and timid beauty captivated Don Smeraldo, but now stood confessed a woman in all the splendour of youth and loveliness, rendered more imposing by the workings of a firm and impassioned soul. The instinctive act of courage, by which she had saved herself from the brutality of Don Smeraldo, had given a sudden development to all her faculties. The recollection of that man, done to death by her hand, had for ever divested her of the gaiety and happy thoughtlessness of youth; though untouched by remorse, she felt that henceforward life for her was a grave and serious affair. In this state of mind she sooner and better understood the love she owed her husband, and the affection due to her father; there were therefore a plenitude and intensity in her sentiments that usually belong only to a more matured age. Her fears for those she loved were unceasing and excessive; and she almost continually trembled with alarm lest some fatal chance might lead to the discovery of what had taken place in the Jewry on the night of The Feast of the Tabernacles.

"Daughter," suddenly observed

Ben-Jacob, who, for the last quarter of an hour, had been standing at one of the windows watching the coming on of night, "my soul is filled with fear and sad presentiments: I tremble not for myself, but for so many innocent people, whose lives are perhaps in danger. Some plot is certainly being got up at the palace. I have terrible suspicions—and I reproach myself with not having endeavoured to clear them up before now. I may however probably do so still."

"Great God," cried Aleli in a tremulous and plaintive accent, "what is it you fear, father?"

"Some act of diabolical vengeance from the vice-legate. Daughter, I must go to the palace this evening. Even though I may not be allowed to enter, I can remain about the gate and may probably hear or see something."

"Ben-Jacob," observed Simon, "you will tell me what to do, and I will go instead of you."

"No," said Aleli rising up, "none of us should remain behind here. You remember that fatal night; we were then together, and the danger certainly was not less then than now. Come, Simon—come, father—if the gate be shut Lawrence will open it for us—we can tell him our object—is he not implicated as well as we?"

Though the night was dark and cold, an immense crowd of people were assembled round the palace gates to see the company enter. That sombre and massive edifice, whose immensely thick walls have often resisted the force of the most formidable artillery, and the high and narrow gateway flanked and defended like that of a fortress, were, on this occasion, one blaze of light from the ground to the roofing.

A regiment of servants in gorgeous liveries, and pages blazoned all over with heraldic emblems, were stationed in the principal courts, into which opened the windows of the ball-room. Thither the Jewish family contrived to win its way, by Ben-Jacob stating that he had been sent for by the major-domo.

All the noblesse of Avignon and the surrounding country had obeyed the invitation of the vice-legate; but an unaccountable and vague impression of dread and gloom seemed to weigh upon the brilliant assemblage. It was remarked with surprise by every one

that the ball-room was decorated precisely as it had been the year before when Orland de Carretto gave a ball in honour of his nephew's birth-day. On all sides were to be seen emblazoned the initials of Don Smeraldo, and the mottos and devices that had been composed or selected by him; it looked as if this *fête* was also in his honour, and that he would shortly make his appearance in the splendid hall, where his presence was alone wanting. Orlando de Carretto stood near the entrance with an affable and smiling countenance, and yet there was an indefinable something in the manner with which he welcomed each of his guests that struck cold to their hearts. In vain the orchestra sent forth its joyous strains; in vain the high-born and beautiful women present, paraded up and down, leaning on the arms of their partners, this festal scene, there was no shaking off the vague impression of terror that hung over the guests—the usual confused but exhilarating hum and buzz of the ball-room was unheard, and no sound broke upon the anxious ear besides that of the music and the creaking of the oaken floor under the steps of the dancers.

The Marchioness de Donis had been amongst the earliest arrivals. Never had she appeared so lovely, nor ever had her beauty been so advantageously set off by dress and ornament. A slight tinge of rouge, with which the paleness of her features had been relieved, gave to her deep blue eyes a more than usual animation; a bandeau of precious stones sparkled on her forehead, and the glow of the incarnadine velvet robe she wore, shed a lovely perceptible roseate hue upon her alabaster-like neck and arms. Who could think that under this fair semblance of health, beauty, and prosperity, there lay withering a desolate heart? Yet such was the reality, for Vanina felt her grief a thousand fold more poignantly on glancing round that hall, every part of which called up the recollection of Don Smeraldo. The scene from that moment filled her with horror, the more vividly it reminded her of a former ball where she had seen Smeraldo animated by love, happiness, and joyful hope of the future. She however succeeded in suppressing all outward signs of her stinging sorrow, and passed on, faintly smiling

through the brilliant throng, leaning on the arm of her husband, to take her place upon the *estrade*, or raised part of the flooring, where were seated those ladies who declined dancing.

The dance still proceeded, but no mirth seemed to animate the dancers; a vague feeling of danger checking every effort at excitement, the only persons present who appeared unconscious of this presentiment being the players at lansquenet, who intrepidly pursued the chances of the game. Towards midnight the vice-legate and the Italians in his suite, withdrew from the hall without being perceived.

Ben-Jacob was still in the principal court-yard, having Aleli leaning on his arm, and holding Simon by the hand.

"What are you doing here? Begone instantly!" abruptly said some one, in passing by him.

"It is I, Seigneur Don Pietro," replied Ben-Jacob.

"In the name of our Holy Lady of Donis," said the Italian, in a tone of alarm and authority, "get you gone without delay, if you be not tired of your life!"

"Seigneur," said Ben-Jacob, venturing to grasp the arm of Don Pietro, "what danger is there? what is about to happen?"

The Italian whispered a word in his ear, and, breaking from him, rushed from the court-yard into the street. An instant after the clatter of horses at full gallop was heard, and the gates were closed with sudden violence.

Ben-Jacob, leaving his trembling daughter with Simon, darted up the great staircase, regardless of the cries of the servants, who pursued him. His hair bristling on his head, and his arms and hands extended, he shouted at the ball-room door:

"Fly, fly!—there is a mine of powder under you—the floor will be instantly blown up!"

At these astounding words, which came with the suddenness of a peal of thunder on them, the whole assembly rushed pell-mell from the hall, and rolled like an avalanche down the great staircase. The lately crowded hall was in a few instants empty, or only filled with light, perfume, and the breath of its late inmates. One lady alone had not followed the impetuous rush of the terrified crowd:

this was the Marchioness de Donis. She had gone towards the upper extremity of the hall, to call her husband, whom she had seen a moment before, engaged at a game of lansquenet, in the deep embrasure of a window. Her countenance was calm, and as she hurried on she was seen to make the sign of the cross.

"Vanina, my wife!" cried the marquis, who had been, in spite of every effort, dragged along by the crowd, "my wife is still in the hall."

Ben-Jacob hearing this, again courageously began ascending the staircase, when the whole edifice shook as if with an earthquake, and a frightful explosion threw every one on their face. A moment of death-like silence and horrible stupor followed; the floor and ceiling of the hall had been blown up, and in their place yawned a vast abyss, at the bottom of which were burning the costly furniture and splendid draperies of the ball-room. The ill-fated Vanina had sunk amidst the rapidly evolving volumes of smoke and flame. No other person had perished. The doors of the palace, which the vice-legat had ordered to be closed at the instant he was setting off, were now burst open, and the half-suffocated, and still terrified crowd rushed forth to breathe free air, and find themselves in safety. The Marquis de Donis and some of his relations remained behind. Towards morning the half-consumed form of the lovely Vanina was discovered and removed from the smouldering ruins.

The next morning every mouth in the city of Avignon was busy in

praising the devotion and courage of an old Jew who had saved the lives of so many Christians. Ben-Jacob declared that what gave him some suspicion of the intended catastrophe was, that the marquis had employed him to purchase secretly a number of barrels of gunpowder.

The conflagration did not extend its ravages beyond the apartments occupied by the vice-legat; the massive walls of the palace were unshaken, and still exist. Before this noble fortress, once the residence of the most polished and enlightened court of the middle ages,—where Nicolas Rienzi was imprisoned, and where Joan of Naples, accused of murder and adultery, came to plead her own cause,—before, I repeat, this noble fortress was turned into a barrack, and the apartments, once graced by beauty, genius, and sovereign power, filled by a rough soldiery, it was still possible to discover some traces of the catastrophe we have been describing. The story of Don Smeraldo was a popular tradition, transmitted from father to son, in each succeeding age, and the terrible vengeance of Orlando de Carretto, and the frightful death of the lovely Marchioness de Donis, served often to beguile the length of a winter's evening amongst the indigenous families of Avignon. Not a hundred years ago some of the old inhabitants of Avignon, who had heard their fathers speak of these strange and sad events, were accustomed to point out to their children the stones, still blackened by the explosion, and then relate to them the thrilling story of the vice-legat's ball.

---

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. XXVI.

SIR WILLIAM B. HAMILTON,

Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, Astronomer Royal for Ireland,  
President of the Royal Irish Academy, &c. &c.

THE name of an English Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at the court of Naples, is still unforgotten as holding a distinguished place among the virtuosos of his time ; and Scotland boasts at present of another Sir William Hamilton, who fills the chair of logic in her metropolitan university, and whose reputation as a champion of his national school of logic and metaphysics is eminent throughout Europe ; we Irishmen have also our Sir William Hamilton—SIR WILLIAM ROWAN HAMILTON : with peculiar gratification we this month suspend his portrait in our gallery ; and, as we do so, we risk nothing in predicting, that to him, his achievements of science, and his fame, Ireland will in years far distant jealously vindicate her title, as among the intellectual possessions of which she has most reason to be proud.

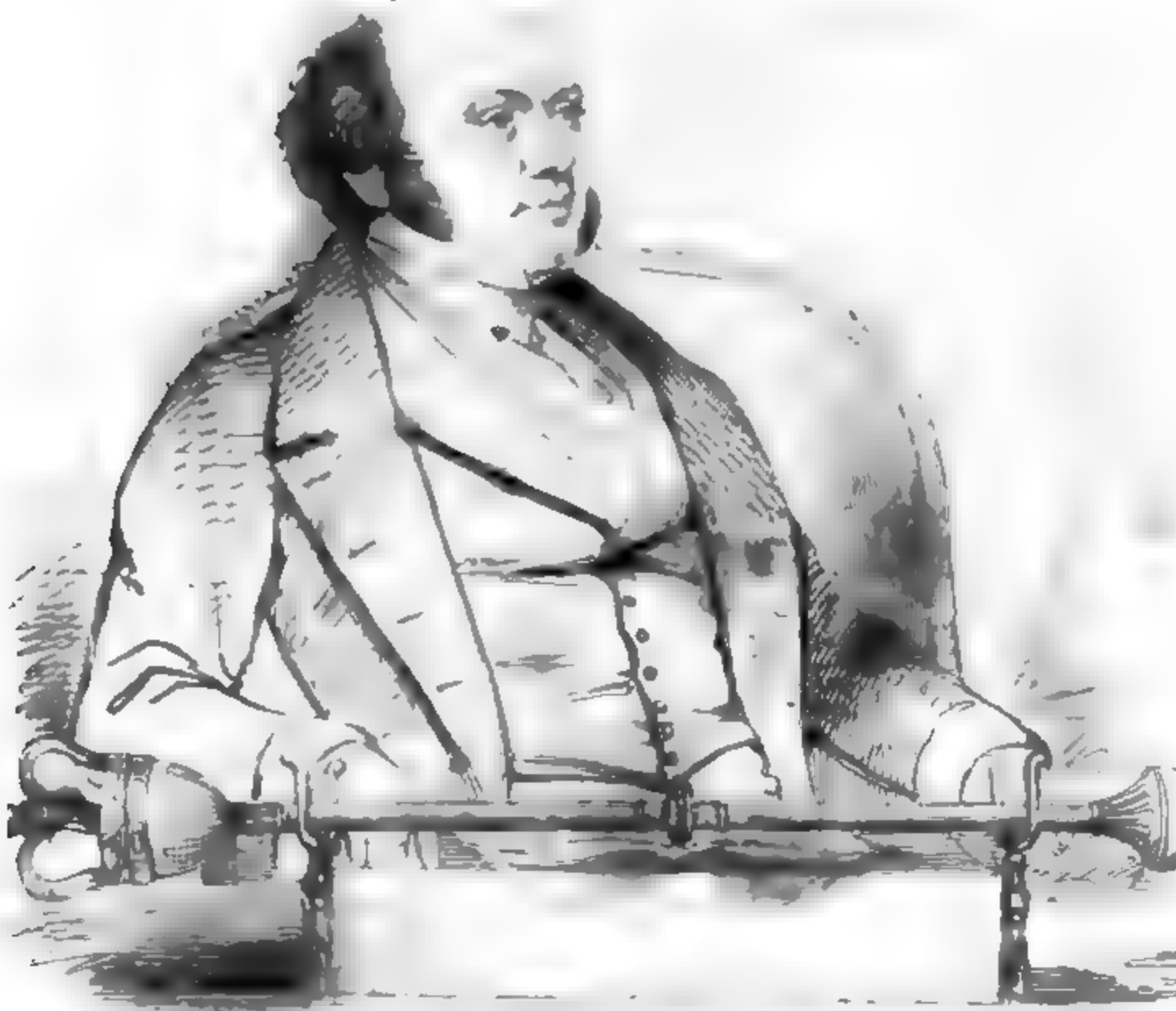
Sir William Hamilton, we are happy to think, is still a young man, being now in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was born on the 4th of August, 1805, in the house of his father, Mr. Archibald Hamilton, in Dominick-street, Dublin. His father was by profession a solicitor, and is still remembered by many in this city as a gentleman possessing character and abilities which gave him a high place in general estimation. The branch to which he belongs of the respectable family of Hamilton, settled, we are informed, in the north of Ireland, in the reign of James the First ; its leading representative being subsequently a baronet of some local distinction, Sir James Hamilton, to whose title, it has been thought by members of the family, that the legitimate succession was vested in the uncle of the subject of our memoir, although investigations, at one time entered upon with a view of substantiating the claim, were rendered fruitless by a defect in some country parish register.

At the very earliest age indications were perceived of W. R. H.'s possession of extraordinary intellectual powers, in consequence of which, his father, unable from professional occupation to superintend their development himself, and recognising with a laudable promptitude their extent and value, consigned him when less than three years old to the care of the Rev. James Hamilton, the uncle of the young genius. To this affectionate relative and estimable man, who was then, and is still, curate of Trim, in the county of Meath, and whose own collegiate course had been distinguished both in science and classics,\* belongs the honour of being the chief, we believe we might almost say, the sole early instructor of his nephew, whose home continued to be with him at Trim until he became an undergraduate at the university.

In consequence of Mr. A. Hamilton, the father, having some friends among the body who then held the patronage of India, he originally destined his son to a life in the east, and accordingly directed that the mind of the child should be early employed in the acquisition of the oriental languages. Happily the subsequent development of his scientific powers frustrated this plan, but its immediate results were too remarkable in themselves, and for the proof they give of the activity and versatility of his faculties, to allow us to pass them unnoticed. At the age of four he had made some progress in Hebrew : in the two succeeding years he had acquired the elements of Greek and Latin ; and when thirteen years old was in different degrees acquainted with thirteen languages, besides the vernacular—Syriac, Persian, Arabic, Sanscrit, Hindoostanee, Malay, French, Italian, Spanish, and German ; and we are not sure that this list is a complete

---

\* Mr. J. Hamilton is the author of an essay printed in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy "On the Punic passage in Plautus."



*William Rowan Hamilton.*





one. We well remember to have heard, long before we ever saw our friend, of Dr. Meredith, formerly fellow of Trinity College, and a man of great learning and ability, reporting with expressions of astonishment, that he had examined in the country a child of six or seven, who read and translated and understood Hebrew better than many candidates for fellowship; this child was young Hamilton: we know also that he not unfrequently wrote letters in Persian; and we think the anecdote should not be lost, that one which he sent in that language as a greeting to the Persian Ambassador, Mirza Abou Hassan Khan, when on a visit to Dublin in 1819, drew from the ambassador the exclamation, that he did not think there was a man in these countries who could have indited such a letter. We believe Sir William has not found it possible or thought it worth his while to keep up his knowledge of all the languages which we have mentioned as occupying his attention in childhood, and that he scarcely ever makes an allusion to these early acquisitions: they constitute, however, an essential part of his intellectual history, and as such claim a record even in the present sketch. It is pleasant to be able to add, and, considering the advancement made by him in both departments, the fact is wonderful, that early as he was trained to the acquirement of languages and the pursuit of science, this training does not appear to have been a mere hotbed-forcing of the intellect, but to have allowed free play and proportionate encouragement to the physical, and imaginative, and moral energies of the human being. We believe that there was not, in his childhood, the want of any element natural and appropriate to that stage of his existence, and that he was then equally a boy, as he is now, in the fullest sense of the word, a man.

We now turn from this record of the literary pursuits of his youth to trace cursorily the history of his scientific powers and investigations,—that department of his history, which, as more identified with his public character, will, perhaps, excite a peculiar interest. For the whole of what, for want of a proper word, we have called, by way of distinction, his *literary* education, he owns himself indebted, we know, to his uncle: in science he was more self-taught. At the age of ten, having accidentally fallen-in with a Latin copy of Euclid, he became rapidly and deeply immersed in the study of geometry; and a little before this he had acquired a liking for arithmetical calculation, and was beginning to take an interest in the elements of algebra, a taste which had become fully confirmed when he had reached the age of twelve. In testimony of this we may introduce the anecdote that it was at this time that Zerah Colburn, the American boy was exhibited in Dublin, as an arithmetical prodigy, and that opportunities occurred for trials of skill between him and Hamilton, in which, rather in play than otherwise, they exchanged questions and fought arithmetical duels; but we have heard Sir William declare, that in these encounters his competitor was usually the more expert of the two combatants. Between the ages of twelve and fifteen he had explored and made himself familiarly acquainted with what may be called the public domain of arithmetic, trigonometry, astronomy, optics, and mechanics, using not only the popular treatises, but also the works of the highest name and authority on these subjects. For instance, at the earliest of the ages we have mentioned, when first interested in arithmetic, he passed almost at once to the study of Newton's "*Arithmetica Universalis*." Of the mode of his study of science in these early years we are able to communicate a fact, which appears to us of considerable value. We have heard from himself that he attributes much of his subsequent progress in science to his habit of never grudging any labour towards fixing clearly theorems in his mind, by applying them to the solution of problems; and that accordingly "the questions for exercise," of various sorts, which he used thus to resolve, while learning the elements of mathematics, were very numerous indeed. As an example of this, we remember his stating, that after being both astonished and delighted by the demonstration of the existence of incommensurability, he was led often to meditate upon it, and to engage for pleasure, in long numerical, and usually, unwritten processes of approximation to the values of surd roots; and this was before he was thirteen years of age. Neither, with reference to his future lot, is the fact without interest, that the possession of a telescope of his own enabled him at this period, to be somewhat of a practical astronomer, and that the same manuscript

books which bear testimony to his early travails in the oriental languages contain also records of some of his boyish observations of eclipses of the moon, and of Jupiter's satellites, and of other astronomical phenomena. From fifteen to seventeen, Newton's "Principia," the application of algebra to geometry—the differential, and in part, the integral calculus, together with such original investigations as the study of these subjects naturally suggested to such a mind as his, occupied most of the time which he could spare to science from the collegiate entrance-course, which necessarily made classical literature engage then a large share of his attention. These studies, to which that of *Laplace's Mécanique Céleste*, in the following year, is to be added, may be said to have brought to a close that stage of his scientific progress in which he is to be considered as predominantly a learner.

Soon after this occurred an event which doubtless exercised an encouraging influence on the young aspirant in science: we allude to his introduction to Brinkley, his illustrious predecessor in the chair of astronomy. This introduction was marked by circumstances equally honourable to both individuals, and which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of relating. In the summer of 1822 W. R. H. was engaged, as we have mentioned, in reading the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace; an objection to a demonstration occurred to him, and a friend (Mr. George Kiernan) induced him to write down his remarks on the subject, and then soon afterwards showed them to Dr. Brinkley. The perusal of these led to the expression of a wish on the part of Dr. Brinkley, that Mr. K. would on the next opportunity introduce to him their author: this kind intention was conveyed to W. R. H. at that time staying with his uncle at Trim, in the autumn of the above-mentioned year, and he determined to take advantage of it at the approaching Christmas, which he was to spend in Dublin. In the mean time he prepared a paper on "Contacts between Algebraic Curves and Surfaces," (containing among other things an investigation of the parabola osculating to a curve of double curvature,) and with this in his hand, additionally to prove himself sensible of the honour to which he was invited, and not unworthy of it, he came up to visit the Observatory, and the celebrated mathematician who presided over it, or, as he must then have felt, to approach an established throne of science, and to receive audience of one whose name shed lustre on that seat of dignity, and whose word of approbation could confer rank in the scientific world, as well as stamp the value of past exertions, and encourage to continued efforts. The result was what might have been anticipated by all who knew the character and abilities of both. Dr. Brinkley, we need not say, received the young Hamilton with kindness; he read and approved his paper, and showed the interest he took in it by asking to see some of the investigations in a more developed form: this request was complied with by Hamilton, who in the following month laid before him a longer paper on the same subject, entitled "Developments." We have ascertained that both papers still exist: they ought some day to see the light. From that time forward for several years Hamilton was admitted to a personal intimacy with the eminent man, to whom he was afterwards by so many titles to be the worthy successor. How fully and gratefully this privilege—a testimony equally to his personal as to his scientific character—was estimated by the younger of the two is evinced in a manner honourable to both parties, by a sentence at the close of the second part of his paper on Caustics. This paper, which was the product of the succeeding year, and the germ of that "Theory of Systems of Rays," which first gave general distinction to Sir W. Hamilton's name, was presented in the year 1824 by Dr. Brinkley, as its sponsor, to the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was then president: it is thus concluded:—

"But whatever may be the opinions of others as to their value, I have the pleasure to think that my paper is inscribed to the one who will best be able to perceive and appreciate what is original;—whose kindness has encouraged, whose advice has strengthened me;—to whose approbation I have ever looked as to a reward sufficient to repay me for industry however laborious, for exertion however arduous."

And, on the other hand, as manifesting the complete and generous recognition by the elder sagan, of the powers and attainments of his youthful friend, we can

record, from our distinct remembrance of the fact being communicated to us by a mutual relative at a period certainly anterior to the date last named, that Brinkley, speaking of Hamilton, emphatically declared, "This young man, I do not say *will be*, but *is*, the first mathematician of his age." They who know how eminently qualified to judge, and how habitually sober and truthful in speech, was Dr. Brinkley, will know the amount of value to be attached to this expression of his opinion on such a point, even though it be only reported as his conversational dictum. Our pen would fain linger to depict with fuller illustration the mutually reflected honour and regard of these two lights in the hemisphere of science; but we must hasten on; suffice it to say, that the receding star rejoiced to behold and to attest the culminating lustre of his successor, and that, when in due time, he sank beneath the horizon of the grave, a fitting close was put to the high intercourse which had been theirs during life in an *éloge* pronounced by that successor at the Royal Irish Academy, upon the intellect, the labours, and the virtues of the illustrious departed.\*

We now return to the year 1823,—when Hamilton was in his eighteenth year. It is an important era in the life of our subject, for it was at this time that he began to employ himself in applying algebraic geometry to optics; an application which he then supposed had not been previously attempted by any other person. In this and the succeeding year, pursuing, at the intervals of his studies for the university examinations, the train of research we have indicated, he arrived at numerous results of the highest interest; most of them altogether new, though in some, as he afterwards found, he had been partly anticipated by Malus; but in connection with which the great feature was, that the method invented and employed by him was so comprehensive as to extend unlimitedly and with universal success over the whole field of optics; "*dominant*," to use the expression, in reference to it, of the elegant historian of geometry, M. Chasles, "*toute cette vaste theorie*." These investigations, presented in a general and abstract point of view, were embodied in the manuscript essay on "Caustics," to which we have before made allusion, and which, after its communication to the Academy by Dr. Brinkley, in December, 1824, was immediately referred by them to a committee, consisting of Dr. MacDonnell, Mr. Harte, and Dr. Lardner. This committee returned, in June, 1825, a report—our limits prevent us giving more than its substance—which bore testimony to the novelty and value of the results, and the analytic skill displayed in the conduct of the investigations; but which recommended to the author, as necessary to fit his memoir for publication, a fuller development of the processes and reasonings by which his formulæ and conclusions were arrived at. Acting on this advice of the committee he employed himself at the intervals of collegiate study in recasting and enlarging his paper, which was anew presented to the Academy under the title of "Theory of Systems of Rays," on the 23d of April, 1827, and was published in 1828 as a paper in the fifteenth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. The table of "contents" announced an intention of publishing in the third part of the essay an application to Dynamics of the same general principle of which the application to Optics was thus in part made public. The second and third parts of the above-named theory, in the form in which they were presented to the Academy in 1827, remain as yet unpublished; but many of the theorems which they contain, along with many others, have been embodied in the three "Supplements" which have appeared in subsequent volumes of the Irish Transactions, and in the two essays "On a General Method in Dynamics," published by the Royal Society of London.

Having been brought, in order of time, to its source, we have thought it

---

\* In November, 1835. Of this tribute the Academy, as we learned from its minutes, requested afterwards to be furnished with a transcript, which might remain amongst its records; but we have ascertained with regret that the author, for some reason, was unable to comply with the request. The subsequently adopted plan of printing the proceedings at the academical meetings, for distribution among the members, is of great value, as securing the preservation of such memorials.

better thus summarily to present to the prospective glance of our readers the whole history of the progress of this great work, by which Sir William Hamilton has, in the opinion of those most competent to judge, revolutionized mathematical optics, and established the means of conquest to a similar extent over other territories of science; but we must now revert to his personal history, of which our sketch must be the more rapid, as we hope to find room for a popular view of the contents of his works.

We cannot allow his collegiate career to pass by in an allusion. It was in the summer of 1823, the year already named by us as dating the commencement of his optical researches, that he entered college,—a year later than had been intended, but illness had kept him back. We well remember the rumour of the intellectual prowess of “Hamilton the prodigy,” which preceded him to the courts of the university, and appalled the courage of his future class-fellows. And, sooth to say, never were expectations more fully realized, or rivals’ fears better justified. He began by gaining the first place at entrance, upon a first mark in every book, and the first premium at the subsequent examination in Hebrew. This commencement was only the earnest of what followed. In a class which contained many competitors of more than ordinary distinction, and in a division which usually concentrated the best of them, he never once was beaten, but uniformly, at every quarterly examination, obtained the chief honour in both science and classics: on two occasions the honour was enhanced by an *optime*, once for his answering in Greek, and afterwards at the examination in Physics. To those who are unacquainted with the conduct of examinations at Dublin, it may be necessary to state that an *optime* is a judgment conferred there, only when the examiner considers his answerer to have absolutely mastered the subject of examination. We need scarcely add that the total number of occasions on which this judgment has been awarded is very small, and we believe it is a fact, that Sir Wm. Hamilton is the only individual upon collegiate record who ever obtained two of them. To this list of honours in the main courses of academic study, are to be added similar successes at Hebrew and Catechetical Examinations, and the acquisition of two Vice-Chancellor’s prizes for English poems, of which the subjects were “The Ionian Islands,” and “Eustace St. Pierre.” This uninterrupted, universal, and distinguished success produced, as may be imagined, an excitement of admiration amongst his compeers, of which we dare to say the glow has not yet altogether subsided in the breasts of many. And in justice to both them and him we must attest, that never were academic honours borne more meekly,—never had academic victor a richer addition to his crown from

“Generous rivals’ sympathy.”

And truly this series of triumphs demanded “special wonder.” Some of our readers know what labour must have been expended for the attainment of such success in every department of collegiate distinction, especially when great expectations, on the part of examiners, had to be satisfied. Now, let it be remembered that, coincidentally with the exertions necessary to secure these results, Hamilton carried on, as we have shown, his own original and laborious mathematical investigations, and brought to the last stage—that of the printing-press—his “Theory of Systems of Rays.” But, moreover, we can state from our own remembrance the additional facts, that he paid with regularity the tax upon his time which, to a man of his attainments, the observance of college discipline in attendance upon lectures, &c. must necessarily have been; and that even the labours we have named did not so absorb him as to prevent his engaging in extra proflusions, scientific and literary, such as, for instance, the calculation of an occultation of Jupiter, about which he busied himself when a junior freshman, and his taking the principal part in contributing to a series of essays, critical or imaginative, yept the “Stanley Papers,” which were for some time supplied weekly to the breakfast-table of a small knot of youthful friends. Neither is it to be thought that he was a mere recluse, or that his energies were all of mind and none of body: eminently fitted in every way, both to enjoy and to enhance the pleasures of intellectual society, he was

greatly in request as a companion—though doubtless in this matter he felt himself oftener called upon to deny than to indulge himself;—and pleasantly can we recall, as having been fellow-votaries in the pursuit, his vigorous prosecution of gymnastics at the academy of M. Beaujeu, where we have seen him as earnest about circles, of which in his own person he flew along the circumference, or about the ascent of perpendicular poles and slanting rope-ladders, and the swinging between parallel bars, as ever he has been in exploring the mysteries of ink-drawn curves and right lines, or in ascending by the ladder of algebra to the specular heights of science.

During his passage through the university, William R. Hamilton resided in Dublin, at the house of his cousin, Mr. Arthur Hamilton, the barrister, a relative amply endowed with the pleasantest and best qualities of a companion and friend, and whose faithful affection supplied the loss which the subject of our sketch and his sisters had sustained at an early age of both their parents. In the beginning, however, of the summer of 1827, he retired to the country—to the haunt of his childhood, at Trim—in order to study for the two gold medals which then crowned the honours of the undergraduate course at Dublin,—(these honours, indeed, had never both been won by a single aspirant, in competition with the main body, or pensioner division, of the class; but in his case the double triumph was looked forward to as not only likely, but certain,)—and to lay in store to meet the subsequent requisition of the Fellowship Examination. But his immediate plans and his ulterior destiny were suddenly changed by a great and unexpected distinction; we allude to his appointment at this time to the high and responsible situation of Andrews' Professor of Astronomy to the University of Dublin and Royal Astronomer of Ireland: an appointment truly extraordinary—perhaps without parallel, when considered as bestowed upon an undergraduate of one-and-twenty,—but in this particular case, we think, equally conferring honour upon the university authorities from whom it emanated, as upon the individual whom it justly signalised. The post in question had become vacant some months before by the resignation of Dr. Brinkley, on his nomination to the Bishopric of Cloyne. To place in the chair of such a man a successor worthy of him, was an object which naturally demanded the anxious care of those in whom the appointment was vested: and their impartiality and public spirit were tested by the decision which was called for from them upon many rival pretensions of no mean order. Among their own body were fellows of high qualifications and influence, desirous of the appointment; and from Cambridge appeared as a candidate, with a reputation almost as high as he now enjoys, George Biddel Airy, the present Astronomer Royal of England. However, when the period approached at which the final determination must be declared, what had been the expressed wish of many in conversation, the idea which the peculiar eminencies of the individual naturally suggested, but which the circumstances of his youth and standing as naturally prevented being quickly put forward as a proposal, became a subject of serious deliberation with the board. That deliberation proved of so favourable a character, that his friend and tutor, Dr. Boyton, to whom this circumstance became known, immediately wrote to communicate the fact, and to advise him at once to come up to town and propose himself as a candidate for the appointment: a step which, before receiving this encouragement, his modesty had withheld him from taking; although he must have often heard himself mentioned by friends and admirers in connexion with the vacant situation, as the individual who would most appropriately fill it, and was therefore abundantly entitled to look for it. He now felt that it was his duty to act upon Dr. Boyton's letter, which was seconded by the advice of his relatives, and in the course of a week from its receipt the honour became his, with all its attendant pleasure and congratulations, of being the successor of Brinkley in the Professorship of Astronomy.

From that time the residence of Sir William Hamilton has been at the Observatory, near Dublin. Here we have had the pleasure of seeing him carrying on his life of high and abstract labour, and of sharing occasionally the means of intellectual improvement, of elevation and enjoyment, which his society lavishly supplies to all who come within its influence. At first his new abode was made a home to him by the presence of his sisters, whose cultivated



intellects and kindred tastes added to the uniting bond of nature many strong and delightful links of sympathy. Of this sisterhood it is impossible here to resist the temptation of mentioning that one—E. M. H.—has been no unfrequent contributor to the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, where, we doubt not, many of our readers remember poems discriminated by that signature, and remarkable for depth and earnestness of thought and feeling, elevation of principle, and force and vividness of expression; and from our pages we may refer to the distinct volume which Miss Hamilton has given to the world. During the Viceroyalty of Lord Anglesey, the Observatory was additionally enlivened by the presence of two youthful sons of the Marquess, who were for a short period pupils of Sir William Hamilton, an advantage subsequently enjoyed for a longer time, and with an ample result of intellectual profit to himself, and honouring attachment towards his instructor by the Viscount Adare, to whose name upon the roll of her nobility Ireland may refer with pride, as that of one whose accomplishments and principles add lustre to his rank. Upon the 9th of April, 1833, Sir William Hamilton married Miss Helen Maria Baily, daughter of the Rev. H. Baily, Rector of Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, and his home has since been enriched by the birth of three children. For the whole of this period that home has been a centre to which the high and various endowments of its occupant have attracted, not only the scientific stranger, but numbers from a wide circle, whose moral and intellectual tendencies have been of a congenial nature; and consequently few scenes have been oftener brightened by the mutual kindlings of genius, by the rich interchange of thought, of imagination, and of wit, than the Observatory at Dunsink. These social enjoyments are, however, speaking strictly, of course occasional only; for, usually, laborious study holds there its reign, and displays its insignia.

The works which we shall afterwards mention, as proceeding from his pen, will show how hard and how successfully Sir William Hamilton has been working in his retirement, as a scientific Author. As Professor of Astronomy two spheres of exertion belong to him: that of Lecturer upon the Science, in College, and that connected with the practical working of the Observatory. Upon his duties as Lecturer Sir William Hamilton entered with zeal, and has bestowed most strenuous and persevering pains,—pains which we cannot but trust have been rewarded by the propagation throughout the students of our university of high and true views of the philosophy of science. In these lectures he has exerted himself to present before his hearers, not merely such information as a teacher of the “use of the globes,” or a university text-book might afford them, but, together with the necessary illustrations of astronomy, such views of its connexion with the other branches of science, and of its relations to the human reason and imagination, as would enable them to possess a comprehensive survey of their subject, and in the light of that survey to pursue its study. Often have we been delighted to attend his introductory lectures, full as they always have been of close logic, of sound metaphysic, of truth united to poetry, and of a high moral consecrating the whole, and all these elements fitted, by the eloquence in which they were couched, to produce in his youthful audience an ardent, and at the same time a wise enthusiasm for the studies thus recommended.\* We can scarcely imagine a book that, to a particular class of intellectual inquirers, would be more delightful or more serviceable, than one formed by a collection of these introductory addresses: and we cannot but entertain the hope, that Sir William Hamilton will one day make this present to the young and generous aspirers after truth among his countrymen.

---

\* It is stated in a note in Blackwood's complete edition of Mrs. Hemans' works that her beautiful poem, “The Prayer of the Lonely Student,” was written after hearing one of Sir William Hamilton's Introductory Lectures. The poem takes up the high religious theme at which the conclusion of the lecture reverentially glances. Sir William Hamilton and his sisters enjoyed the personal friendship of Mrs. Hemans; we happen to know that it was a flower sent to her room of sickness, from the garden of the Observatory, which suggested her exquisite lines, “To the Blue Anemone.”



To the practical working of the Observatory Sir William Hamilton, the bias of whose genius is undoubtedly to pure mathematics, is not naturally so adapted as to the other departments of scientific labour. Here, however, he has, we know, diligently kept up the regular course of observations and reductions; and in justice to him we feel bound to protest against its being thought that the astronomer who presides over it is singly responsible if the Dublin Observatory should not hold a very high rank for the completeness and relative value of its observations: for, besides the disadvantage of our climate, an inadequate staff of assistants—at present there is only one—renders the Observatory totally incapable of answering the requirements, within the last ten years greatly multiplied, of the present state of astronomical science. We have no doubt but that with a sufficient body of assistants, the directing head of Sir William Hamilton would soon raise this department to nearly as high a standing as it is possible for it to attain.

Sir William Hamilton has been before the public eye as an active and influential member of the British Association of Science. He joined it so early as in 1832, when it assembled for its second meeting at Oxford; and there, having been called upon, he laid before its members a concise view of his optical method, and in behalf of the Royal Irish Academy returned thanks, in a speech gracefully evincing a combined pride of nationality, as an Irishman, and of compatriotism, as a Briton. At Cambridge, the next year, his discovery of conical refraction (which had been made in the interval, and of which we shall give an account hereafter) was a principal feature of discussion, and he received upon the occasion, from that university, the honour of admission, in company with some other eminent men, to an *ad eundem* degree of A.B. He took an active part, also, at the meetings subsequently held at Edinburgh, Dublin, Bristol, Liverpool, and Newcastle; but we can now only refer to that which passed with such distinguished eclat in our own metropolis. Amongst its conductors Sir William Hamilton held the prominent post of secretary, in which capacity he delivered the Annual Address, afterwards published in their Report, and to which (since our limits forbid us to extract) we refer, as exhibiting a good specimen of his characteristic eloquence and ability, in the development which it contains of the power of the social sympathy as an impulse to science. It was during this meeting that Lord Normanby, then Lord Lieutenant, seized, with a happy tact, the opportunity of paying a most handsome compliment both to Professor Hamilton and to Ireland, by conferring upon the foremost representative of our nation's science, and in the face of the assembled Association the honour of knighthood. The appropriate scene was the library of our university. It was no slight addition to the honour that Professor Whewell, in his speech at the banquet which followed, should suggest, as a parallel remembrance, the fact that, a hundred and thirty years before, a great man in another Trinity-College knelt down before his sovereign, and rose up Sir Isaac Newton.

Another high distinction has since been conferred upon Sir William Hamilton. We refer to his election, in the year 1837, to the Presidentship of the Royal Irish Academy. This post was for many years filled by Dr. Brinkley, both when Professor of Astronomy, and afterwards when Bishop of Cloyne. Upon his death, in 1835, Sir William Hamilton paid to the late Provost, Dr. Lloyd, the tribute of his personal respect, by coming forward in the Academy and proposing that the vacant seat of honour should be filled by a man, whose combined pretensions, founded upon his personal character and attainments, and his long-continued services to the science of his country, called for such a rewarding recognition from the national Academy. This eminent and excellent man too soon followed his predecessor to the grave, again leaving vacant the presidential chair; and it was upon this occasion that Sir William Hamilton successfully aspired to the distinction; although he had to encounter the competing claims of the Archbishop of Dublin and Professor Lloyd, who were at the same time put in nomination. To the honour we speak of Sir William Hamilton, besides his high scientific reputation, had some peculiar titles. Long connected with the Academy—as an author, from his boyhood—he had for many years taken a zealous interest in its welfare; had enriched its Transactions

with his valuable papers; had been the means, as we happen to know, of inducing several of its most distinguished members to join the body, and, perhaps may with truth be said, to have been mainly instrumental in raising the institution from a state of comparative neglect and inaction to that which it at present enjoys of activity and repute. We may add, that for discharging efficiently the duties of President he possesses eminently the qualifications of wide and accurate knowledge, of a well-tempered impartiality, and (we name an attribute especially valuable in the leader of such a society) a generous aptitude to acknowledge and to give the fullest meed of applause to the talents and services of his fellow-labourers in literature and science: we have been struck by the evidence of these merits exhibited in the published volume of the Academy's Proceedings, containing addresses delivered by him on presenting medals to Mr. Petrie, Dr. Apjohn, and Professor McCullagh.

We shall now essay the execution of that part of our undertaking, of which we have already given notice, and to which some of our readers may be looking forward as to matter more interesting than the biographical portion of our sketch: we mean the presenting a concise statement of the substance of the principal works of Sir William Hamilton: in doing which, we shall endeavour in popular language to give a true—though necessarily very general—answer to the inquiry which has been often made of us in society—namely, what are the nature and extent of those scientific labours and discoveries which have gained for Sir William Hamilton the high reputation he enjoys?

In fulfilment of this part of our task, we shall first attempt to give a slight and rapid outline of the researches which have been published by Sir William Hamilton in his Essay on the Theory of Systems of Rays, and in his Supplements to that essay, contained in the fifteenth and following volumes of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.

These researches may be said, upon the whole, to relate to *mathematical optics*; and especially to contain a fundamental conception, and *general method* and formula for the application of Algebra (including the differential calculus) to the most varied problems of that science. It is true, that before their publication, many problems of this class, perhaps all that are required for the most important practical applications, had been already resolved: many valuable and elegant treatises upon the subject had been published; and a tendency had shown itself, of late years, to assume the algebraical form, and to adopt more or less the Cartesian method of co-ordinates, which may be employed in all applications of algebra to geometry. But with the exception of the profound *Traité d'Optique* of Malus (the well-known discoverer of the polarization of light by ordinary reflexion) this method of calculation, introduced into algebraic geometry by Des Cartes, does not appear to have been extensively and systematically applied to the solution of optical problems, especially so as to take account of the three dimensions of space. And the calculations of Malus, although symmetric, were so extremely complex, that they not only conducted to true results with difficulty, but even in some cases led (through a pardonable, because scarcely evitable, inadvertency) into important error. In a word, it appears that no *appropriate general method* had been discovered for the treatment of optical problems. Either there were *special contrivances* employed for the solution of particular (although practically important) cases, which could not easily be extended to new and more general questions: or when the universally applicable method of co-ordinates was used, and the three dimensions of space all kept in view, no adequate advantage was taken of any thing peculiar to the *laws of light*, but common to all those laws, so as to combine, with the degree of generality aimed at, all such facility and elegance as the nature of the subject might allow. A *method* was to be found, or formed, which should effect for the science of *algebraical optics*, what the method of Des Cartes had done for algebraical geometry, or that of Lagrange for algebraical mechanics.

A method of this kind has, we may assert, been invented by Sir W. H., and has been by him embodied in a new and fundamental formula, for the study of

optical systems. It seems to have occurred to him,\* on abstract philosophical grounds, that in order to set out hopefully in any general *deduction* of the consequences of the laws of the propagation of light by rays, it was desirable to start from an equally general *induction* respecting those laws themselves; from the highest *axiom* (in the Baconian sense of the word) which had yet been discovered respecting them. Now, such an axiom is supplied by that celebrated and general result, which is called by some the law of least action, and by others the law of the quickest propagation of light. From this result of *induction*, admitted to be valid, at least as such, by the adherents of the two rival theories, by those who suppose light to consist of particles emitted, and by those who hold it to be communicated by transmitted vibrations, Sir W. H. accordingly sets out. And as it expresses that a certain quantity (which in one theory is the *action*, and in the other theory is the *time* expended by light in its propagation along any bent or curved path, from one point to another), is, *under certain conditions, invariable*—namely, when the two extreme points are fixed; so he inquires *how the same quantity varies under certain other conditions*—namely, when the extreme points are changed. And the expression which he obtains for the law of such new variation, becomes his fundamental formula, his “equation of the characteristic function;” deduced, indeed, as has been stated, from the most general known law respecting the successive directions of any one path of light, but reciprocally including that law, and adapted rather to the study of *optical systems*, than to that of any single ray.

It would be impossible to enter here into any further details respecting the precise nature of this very general and abstract conception. But we may be permitted to illustrate its bearing by a single elementary example. It has long been known that when light, setting out from any given luminous point, is reflected at any second point upon a given plane mirror, and reaches, after this reflection, any third point; then, *first*, the reflected ray proceeds as if from a given image of the first point, situated behind the mirror; and, *secondly*, the whole bent path traversed by the light, is equal to the distance of the last point of that path from the image of the first point. Now, the general method of Sir W. H., when applied to this simple case, connects these two old theorems together, and shows that the former might have been deduced as a consequence from the latter. In other words, the knowledge of the *law of the length* of the bent path, in this and other cases of reflexion of light, conducts, according to his general method, to the knowledge of the *laws of the directions* of the extreme parts of that path. And analogous connexions are established by him for refraction, ordinary or extraordinary.

Among the results of this general view or method may be mentioned, the facility with which it conducts to a proof of the existence and determination of the properties of a certain series of surfaces, which cut perpendicularly the rays of any ordinary system, reflected or refracted any number of times by any combination of mirrors, lenses, and atmospheres. It is true that the theorem of the general existence of such surfaces had been distinctly perceived by Huyghens, and had even formed an essential element in his theory of light; since those surfaces were, in fact, the *waves*, which in that theory were considered as each marking out, for some one moment of time, the boundary of the spaces traversed by the light on all the several rays of the system. Indeed, in this now celebrated, though for a long time forgotten theory of Huyghens, the rays were derived from the perpendicular wave-surfaces, rather than the latter from the former. But the mathematical deduction of the theorem of the general existence of such perpendicular surfaces, from the consideration of the rays as mathematical lines, and from the purely mathematical laws of reflexion and refraction (abstraction being made of every physical hypothesis), would

---

\* See the article contributed by Sir W. H. to the fourth number of the *Dublin University Review* (Oct. 1833, Milliken), entitled, “On the Paths of Light and of the Planets.” This article, as well as several other papers, by Sir W. H., has been translated into French, and published by Professor Quetelet, of Brussels.

seem to have been not exempt from difficulty, in a recent state of optical science; since Malus, in the important Treatise above referred to, was led to deny the fact of such existence, even for the very simple case of two successive reflexions. And although Dupin had confirmed the theorem of Huyghens, before the publication of Sir W. H.'s first essay, yet Plana, one of the most eminent Italian analysts, in a letter published in the Correspondence\* of Professor Quetelet, of Brussels, later by several years than the researches of Dupin, avowed himself unable to trace the error of Malus to its source, or to point out the mode of refuting it. Sir W. H.'s answer, published in the same Correspondence,† met and removed this difficulty on its own ground: but really, to any one who had caught the spirit of his method, and had understood his fundamental formula (which was not then known in Italy), the mathematical difficulty could not have arisen, nor could the mathematical existence of the surfaces in question have possibly eluded notice. As a matter of personal, though it cannot claim to be of historical interest, we may be permitted to mention what our acquaintance with the subject of the present sketch enables us to do, that the controverted theorem above referred to, was arrived at in his own investigations, during his first collegiate years, and before he had any knowledge of the researches of Huyghens, Malus, or Dupin.

But the published results which Sir W. Hamilton has deduced from his general method, are by no means limited to new proofs of previously known theorems, original or interesting as such proofs may sometimes be; they are, so far as we have been able to ascertain, for the most part entirely new. Our limits compel us to give here a selection, or sample, rather than a catalogue. But we cannot avoid alluding to the theorems respecting osculating focal reflectors and refractors, ordinary and extraordinary, concerning which our author has established a series of new theorems, analogous in part to the known theorems respecting spheres osculating to other surfaces: the discovery of the principal foci, and principal rays, or axes, of a reflected or refracted system generally, including, as infinitely particular cases, those foci and axes of the same kind which alone had previously been treated of; the consequent general theory of optical images and aberrations, with its application to instruments of revolution, of which last application, indeed, only an outline has as yet been published (in the Transactions of the Mathematical Section of the British Association, at the Cambridge meeting), and the prediction of conical refraction. This last result may, perhaps, properly receive a somewhat fuller notice here, because it has attracted more interest than the rest in England and elsewhere.

The law of the reflexion of light at ordinary mirrors, appears to have been known to Euclid; that of ordinary refraction at a surface of water, glass, or other uncrystallised medium, was discovered in a much later age by Snellius: Huyghens discovered, and Malus confirmed, the law of the extraordinary refraction produced by one-axed crystals, such as Iceland spar; and finally, the law of the extraordinary double refraction at the faces of biaxal crystals, such as topaz or arragonite, was found in our own time by Fresnel. But even in these cases of extraordinary or crystalline refraction, no more than *two* refracted rays had ever been observed, or even suspected to exist, if we except a theory of Cauchy, that there might possibly be a *third* ray, though probably imperceptible to our senses. Sir W. H., however, in investigating by his general method the consequences of the law of Fresnel, was led to conclude that there ought to be, in certain cases, which he assigned, not merely two, nor three, nor any finite number, but an *infinite* number, or a *cone* of refracted rays *within* a biaxal crystal, corresponding to and resulting from a *single* incident ray; and that, in certain other cases, a single ray within such a crystal should give rise to an infinite number of emergent rays, arranged in a certain other cone. He was led, therefore, to anticipate from theory two new laws of light, to which he gave the names of INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL CONICAL REFRACTION.

---

\* Tome VIII. Livraison 2, page 99. Il y a dans l'analyse precedente un vice radical qui echappe a toutes mes reflexions.

† Tome VIII. Livraison 1, page 27.

This anticipation he announced to a general meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, on the occasion of presenting to that body the Third Supplement to his Theory of Systems of Rays, in which he had embodied his reasonings upon the subject, on the 22d of October, 1832. On the following day he requested his friend, Professor Lloyd, to undertake an experimental investigation, with a view to effect the actual exhibition of the new phenomena thus predicted. It was difficult, for some time, to procure crystals of the requisite size and purity; but these, and other difficulties, were surmounted by the skill and perseverance of Professor Lloyd, who succeeded in perfectly establishing, by experiment, what Sir W. Hamilton had predicted from theory.

This result excited at the time a very considerable sensation among scientific men in England and on the Continent; it was thought a happy boldness to have thus seized and brought forth into view, by dint of reasoning, a new class of phenomena, to which nothing similar had been before observed, and which even seemed, in the words used by an eminent English philosopher, to be "in the teeth of all analogy." At the Cambridge meeting of the British Association, in 1833, the attention of the mathematical and physical section was largely given to the subject: and Herschel, Airy, and others, spoke warmly in praise of the discovery. In the introductory discourse with which the proceedings of that meeting were opened, Professor Whewell made it a topic, and expressed himself in the following words—"In the way of such prophecies, few things have been more remarkable than the prediction, that under particular circumstances, a ray of light must be refracted into a conical pencil, deduced from the theory by Professor Hamilton, and afterwards verified experimentally by Professor Lloyd."\* Previously, in the same year, Professor Airy had publicly recorded his impression upon the subject as follows—"Perhaps the most remarkable prediction that has ever been made, is that lately made by Professor Hamilton."† More lately, Professor Plücker, of Bonn, in an article on the general form of luminous waves, published in the nineteenth volume of Crelle's Journal, has used these words—"Aucune experience de physique a fait tant d'impression sur mon esprit, que celle de la refraction conique. Un rayon de lumière unique entrant dans un crystal et en sortant sous l'aspect d'un cône‡ lumineux: c'était une chose inouïe et sans aucune analogie. Mr. Hamilton l'annonça, en partant de la forme de l'onde, qui avoit été deduite par des longs calculs d'une theorie abstraite. J'avoue que j'aurois désespéré de voir confirmé par l'expérience un resultat si extraordinaire, prédit par la seule theorie que la genie de Fresnel avait nouvellement créée. Mais Mr. Lloyd ayant démontré que les experiences etaient en parfaite concordance avec les predictions de Mr. Hamilton, tout préjugé contre une theorie si merveilleusement soutenue, a dû disparaître." And it seems to be in part to this subject that reference is made in a passage of the article, attributed to Sir John Herschel, on the inductive sciences, in the last June number (page 233) of the *Quarterly Review*, where mention is made of a sound induction enabling us to predict, bearing not only stress, but torture: of theory actually remanding back experiment to read her lesson anew; informing her of facts so strange, as to appear to her impossible, and showing her all the singularities she would observe in critical cases, he never dreamed of trying.

Be that as it may, it is our pleasing duty as Irishmen to acknowledge the cordiality of the reception which the intellectual exertions of the subject of this sketch have met with in Great Britain, and in foreign countries. Herschel led the way, by giving, as the concluding sentence of his Treatise on Light, in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," a most handsome notice of the Theory of Systems of Rays, then only passing through the press of our academy, but known by private circulation. Airy, at the Cambridge meeting, spoke of our friend as having rendered optics a new science. Whewell, in his History of

---

\* "Report of the Third Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Cambridge in 1833." Page xvi.

† "London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine." June, 1833, p. 420.

‡ As we understand the matter, the interior cone emerges as a cylinder.



the Inductive Sciences, and Babbage, in his Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, have assigned no unimportant place to the prediction of the conical refractions. An appreciation of what had been done in this matter was marked, not only here, by the award to Sir W. Hamilton from the Royal Irish Academy, of their Cunningham Gold Medal, but also by his receiving, from the Royal Society of London, one of the Royal Gold Medals entrusted to their disposal by King William the Fourth. Besides being a member of many scientific societies in England and Scotland, and welcomed to personal intimacy with the most eminent men of science there, he has received many diplomas, and other marks of attention and respect from abroad. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences; of the Academies of Berlin, Turin, and St. Petersburg; and we believe of others, which we shall not now try to recollect. But the mention of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg reminds us of his labours in another direction, of which the diploma from the Russian Society was more especially designed to attest their view of the importance.

Sir W. H., though from motives, we believe, of private convenience, he has not hitherto allowed himself to be proposed as a member of the Royal Society of London, has taken occasion to express his high respect and cordial goodwill towards that society, not only in his inaugural address to our academy, on being elected its president, but also by contributing, in imitation of his predecessor, Dr. Brinkley, some papers to the Philosophical Transactions. The papers thus published by him in London, are entitled, "On a General Method in Dynamics;" and they contain a system of complete and rigorous integrals of the celebrated differential equations of motion of a system of bodies, which had for so long a time tormented the scientific world of Europe: these integrals having been discovered by the application to this important question, of the same general algebraical method which he had already applied to optics. Indeed, as we have before recorded, a notice of the applicability of the method to dynamics, was very early and distinctly given in his first contribution to the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy; but the subject seems to have passed from his thoughts, till after he had completed the investigations respecting conical refraction. He then returned to it, and the papers above mentioned were drawn up. They have, we know, been thought important upon the Continent: and we believe that we are safe in saying, that the great German mathematician, Jacobi (author of the *Nova Fundamenta Functionum Ellipticarum Theoriae*), has considered it worth while to translate largely from them, and to accompany his translations with copious comments, though we cannot at present procure the work in which his remarks are contained. And it was for these particular contributions to science that Sir W. Hamilton received the honour, rare in these countries, of being elected a corresponding member of the St. Petersburg Academy; the diploma assigning as the reason, in Latin words which we forget, "that he had deserved extremely well of science, with respect to the accomplishment of the integration of the general equations in dynamics."

Many other investigations on scientific subjects have been published by Sir W. H., either fully or in outline, in the Transactions and Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, in the Transactions of the British Association, in the London and Edinburgh (now entitled also Dublin) Philosophical Magazine, and perhaps through other channels of publication. Thus, at the Bristol meeting of the Association, he gave an account (very brief, it is true) of a certain "Calculus of Principal Relations,"\* already announced by him in a still briefer manner before,† which includes as particular cases what he had done in optics and dynamics, and has for its object to integrate the differential equations to which the calculus of variations conducts, by combining, in a peculiar way, the principles of the latter calculus with those of the calculus of

---

\* Report of the Sixth Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Bristol in 1836. Vol. V. Notices, p. 41.

† In the introductions to his *Essays on Dynamics*, published in the Philosophical Transactions.



partial differentials. At the same meeting he presented, by invitation, a Report (since published by the Association) on the Researches of Mr. Jerrard,\* respecting Equations of the Fifth Degree; in which, while he acknowledged the great ingenuity of those researches, he maintained that they had not succeeded in effecting their chief object—namely, the solution of equations of degrees higher than the fourth. Sir W. H. has since published, in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy,† an elaborate Essay on Equations of the Fifth Degree, in which he confirms, by reasoning of his own, the argument, or at least the conclusion, of Abel (an analyst of Norway, whose early death has often been regarded as one of the greatest losses sustained by science in recent times)—namely, that a general solution of such equations, by any combination of radicals and rational functions, is impossible. Of this essay, we know that it has been considered by a very high scientific authority, as definitively settling the long-vexed and interesting question upon which it treats; a result which the doubtful expressions used in Professor Peacock's Report‡ prove not to have been attained by Abel's "Demonstration;" and although this Essay of our friend bears the modest title, "On the Argument of Abel," we believe no one of his works displays more fully his great powers of original investigation, and his familiarity with the principles of the most abstract analysis. To give even the titles of all his shorter papers would exceed our limits, on which we have already trespassed; and we shall therefore conclude this part of our sketch by saying a word or two upon a treatise of a peculiar and semi-metaphysical kind, which he has published in the Transactions of the Academy, on "Algebra Considered as the Science of Pure Time."§

Sir William Hamilton, with his strong propensity to generalize, to take of every subject the most central view, and to look not only in physical but even in mathematical science, for somewhat which may interest the imagination, and be of kin to poetry, has not escaped the temptation to indulge in metaphysical reading and speculation, more than is very common, or perhaps quite approved of among mathematicians. Though a firm believer in the Christian revelation, and an attached member of the Church of England, he has allowed himself to be charmed, not only by Berkeley and Coleridge, but by Kant. And though we suppose that he would disclaim the implicit adoption of the teaching of any of the three, who indeed differ widely among themselves, yet we regard him as having made a decidedly Kantian movement, when he conceived and published that view of algebraic science, including the various calculi, to which we have just now referred. Kant's pure intuitions of space and time, now made familiar to the English reader by "Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," had enjoyed very unequal fortunes as compared with one another. The intuition of space was easily admitted by all whose leanings were in this direction, to be the subject-matter of geometry as a science. But the intuition of time was not (we believe) claimed by Kant, or by his followers || as being, in any similar way the ground of any pure mathematical science; except so far as the doctrine of motion ¶ may be such, which however seems to involve other elements. The pendant to the Kantian view of geometry appears to have been

\* Mathematical Researches, by George B. Jerrard, A.B. Strong, Bristol.

† Vol. XVIII.

‡ Report on the Recent Progress and Present State of Certain Branches of Analysis. Report of Third Meeting of British Association. We allude to the following expressions at pages 311 and 312—"Some parts of it are obscure, and not perfectly conclusive." "If the demonstration of Abel should be likewise admitted."

§ Vol. XVII. Part ii.

|| Mr. Semple in the "Metaphysic of Ethics, by Immanuel Kant," speaks of our understanding how geometry and algebra arise, by the theory that space and time are intuitions *a priori*. This work was published (at Edinburgh) in 1836; Sir W. Hamilton's essay in 1835.

¶ Also erklärt unser zeitbegriff die möglichkeit so vieler erkenntniss *a priori*, als die allgemeine bewegungslehre, die nicht wenig fruchtbar ist darlegt.—Kant. C. d. r. V.

supplied by Sir William Hamilton's conception of algebra; which, as a science, rests according to him, essentially on the pure intuition of time. It must be observed, to guard against misapprehension, that he seems to regard this pure intuition, or original mental form, as "closely connected, and in some sort coincident with the notion of *continuous progression*;" and that he is careful to distinguish his science of pure time "on the one hand from all actual outward chronology, or collections of recorded events and phenomenal marks and measures, and on the other hand from all dynamical science, or reasonings and results from the notion of cause and effect." Unless some such view be adopted, and the conception of time (thus generalised and guarded) be admitted as a fundamental element of algebra, it will indeed be hard, as he has shown, to maintain that algebra is a *Science* at all; and we shall be almost driven to concede what is contended for by some eminent men, that algebra is rather to be accounted an *Art*, or a *Language*; or at least that its theorems are nothing else than either, on the one hand, practical rules, or on the other hand, laws of symbolism. We do not feel competent to offer an opinion of our own upon the subject, and doubt whether the question raised by our countryman will ever be entirely decided. It seems to be connected with some of those deep and subtle strifes of intellect, which divide speculative minds at this day, as much, if not as warmly, as in the oldest times.

The train of circumstances which led to the publication of his view we may mention as evincing the friendly spirit by which he has always been actuated towards his fellow-labourers in the field of science. His old college-companion and competitor, John T. Graves, Esq. (now of the Inner Temple, London) had published, in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1829, a paper upon imaginary logarithms, in which conclusions were contained not easily reconcilable with generally received principles, and which met at the time with a good deal of opposition from eminent quarters. Sir William Hamilton records, that "in reflecting on the important symbolic results of Mr. Graves, and in attempting to explain to himself those remarkable symbolisms, he was conducted to his theory "of Conjugate Functions, or Algebraic Couples," which he then gave to the world, in confirmation of the conclusions of his friend: and it was to this theory of Conjugate Functions that he afterwards prefixed the more general essay, of which we have been speaking, as calculated to throw additional light upon Mr. Graves's paper, as well as to suggest a true theory for the science at large. For a distinct view of the object aimed at in that essay, we refer the reader from our slight hints to the general introductory remarks by which it is preceded: those remarks admirably fulfil the intention of their author. We have nowhere met with a piece of composition more remarkable for lucid arrangement of thoughts, and for accuracy and symmetry of expression.

Such is the sketch which we promised of the contents of Sir William Hamilton's principal works. Since the publication of the last of them, a longer pause than had been usual has succeeded, and we had begun to ask, what is Sir William Hamilton doing? Every one, indeed, must know that an indefinite series of productions equal in weight and originality to those we have passed in review is not to be expected from any intellect; but as we were aware that our friend's stores of scientific work, either completed or planned, were by no means exhausted, a moderate degree of impatience, we own, tempered by some anxiety lest previous over-labour might be the cause of the cessation, was rising within us. We have, therefore, hailed with pleasure the indications, in late numbers of the *Philosophical Magazine*, of renewed activity on his part in the way of publication; these re-assure us as to his being in working order: and, freed from apprehension on this score, we will not refrain, in regard to the projects of a higher stamp, which we know Sir William Hamilton to have had on hand, from making an appeal that they be not allowed to lie too long without being brought to book,—*ad umbilicum*. We are the more induced to say this, because we are free to confess, as to our friend, that we do not consider him exempt from our national sin of procrastination. Should curiosity tempt him to read our notice of himself, we are sure that after the praise which we have felt it his due to give, he will be quite refreshed by the hint of a fault; and we trust that, if conscience second us, he will in gratitude set himself to act upon our suggestion. From the

publication of some of his completed papers, we know that he has been hindered by the desire not to press with disproportionate weight upon the limited funds applicable by the Royal Irish Academy to the expenses of printing.

And now, one word upon a subject which we could have wished to avoid, and for touching upon which we are afraid we shall incur our friend's displeasure, but upon which we have too strong a feeling to allow us to be silent. We allude to what we consider the very inadequate income upon which Sir William Hamilton has to live: inadequate as it appears to us, both to his individual claims and the station which he fills. Sir William Hamilton is the possessor of no patrimonial fortune, neither has he been enriched by marriage: he has been restrained from entering into the ministry of a church to which he is conscientiously attached, and to the most lucrative dignities of which he might naturally have looked forward, by a fear, which does him the highest honour, if not of any incompatibility between the functions of a clergyman and those which he now discharges, yet at least of affording ground of offence on this score to weaker brethren, or to enemies of the church: he has been precluded, we believe indeed by compact with the university, but at all events, we will say, by a due consideration of his present standing, and by justice to his own intellect and to the rightful claims upon it of the scientific world, from aiding any longer his pecuniary resources by the task of tuition: and upon a net income of less than six hundred a year, he has not only to support and provide for his family, but to maintain, for the credit of himself, his university, and his country, a hospitality upon which the demands are rendered the greater by his eminent merits and extended reputation. We know too well the dignity and unworldliness of our friend's character, to think that he will remonstrate on this subject, concerning which, intimate as we have been, we have never heard from him a word of complaint; we also know that in this hurrying world such a character and such conduct are too apt to be neglected or admired, rather than advocated and rewarded; and, therefore, feeling that the occasion is exactly one upon which a friend's voice is alone likely to break a silence which ought not to last, we have taken the present opportunity of speaking our word of appeal; and we trust that, humble as is the quarter from which it proceeds, it will not be addressed in vain to the justice and the liberality of authorities, who have at heart, we know, the reputation of our national institutions, and upon whom will be reflected a lasting credit from any act which shall brighten the life of a man now certain of holding a distinguished place in the scientific annals of his country.

The outward form of our friend is the artist's share; perhaps, however, we shall not trespass beyond our dominion by adverting to the "ample dome" which Sir William Hamilton's head presents,—its wide compass, its full-orbed development, its lofty elevation,—a physical type, and if the phrenologists be right, an organic index of the capacious mind, with its harmoniously balanced faculties, there inhabiting. Our task we will now bring to an end by grouping, with as much faithfulness as we can, the features of his mind and character.

Professor Sedgwick, when President of the British Association at Cambridge, illustrated his own liberal spirit—every one knows his manifold ability to judge—by referring publicly to Sir William Hamilton as "a man who possessed within himself powers and talents perhaps never before combined within one philosophic character." Of these powers, however, we believe that we may rightly name that of generalization, as the power which holds the predominant place, and is possessed by Sir William Hamilton in a degree which has been seldom equalled. It is that of which his mathematical works are eminently the product, and which makes mathematics to him a region over which metaphysical thought bears a presiding sway, and where imagination can successfully exercise her creative and combining energy, in devising new relations and higher laws. That he perceives the philosophical obligation afterwards to authenticate these relations and laws by induction, and to demonstrate them by the employment of a strict deductive process, and that he has the power also to fulfil this task, and the disposition to expend upon it the necessary amount of labour, frees him from the imputation of deficiencies which have often depreciated the fame and diminished the usefulness of those explorers in the high

*priori* path, with whom the powers we have above referred to, of generalization and active imagination, were not similarly balanced; but who, after all, because they possessed these highest and most living faculties, will ever be allowed to stand in the first rank of scientific genius. It is this possession by Sir William Hamilton of imagination and metaphysical insight, in addition to the powers more commonly the exclusive property of men of science, which have made his mind and conversation a source of peculiar interest, as we know has been the case, to Coleridge and to Wordsworth, the latter of whom has often, in our hearing, testified the admiration and regard he entertains towards our countryman.

These high powers of Sir William Hamilton are served by a memory of unusual vigour; which also richly furnishes to his conversation, from the various fields of literature, nature, art, and life, felicitous allusion, appropriate example, and illustrative anecdote. That conversation, exception being made that for some audiences it is too wide and elemental in its general character, receives almost every additional intellectual charm from his natural eloquence, from language—his mastery over which is complete—the most varied and often original, from a lively fancy, a free discursiveness, and a clear logic: while the *notes* of the man causes it to shine with a light reflected from qualities still more excellent and amiable;—a buoyant cheerfulness, an ingenuous simplicity, a kindly human-heartedness, glad to praise, and glad to receive the reward of genuine approbation, a patient candour, a singleness of fidelity to truth, a love for all that is intellectually or morally noble, and an habitual reverence for every divinely-imposed restraint upon the play of fancy and the speculations of intellect.

The poetical productions of Sir William Hamilton are in our eyes of considerable value: more perhaps, indeed, as beautiful emanations of his character, evidencing the strength and generousness of his affections, and the loftiness of the aspirations and communings of his spirit, than as works of poetic art: yet many of them, we think, prove that had he devoted his powers to this art as a study, he might have gained a high place among our poets. We annex one of his sonnets, chosen not so much to exhibit to advantage his powers of rhythm and expression, as to accredit our testimony to the exaltation and generosity of his nature.

In politics Sir William Hamilton has always been a Conservative of enlarged views and steadfast principles, which he has not shrunk from publicly maintaining. And as to his religion, we are deeply gratified to have abundant warrant for believing that in conviction, in feeling, and in life he is an attached member of the Church of England, a sincere and devout Christian.

We had thought to conclude our memoir by designating him as “the Irish Lagrange;” flattering, however, to his scientific merits as the parallel possibly might be, his own name, we will believe, is his most fitting and honourable designation—Sir William Rowan Hamilton—a name which, we doubt not, will live a long life of scientific reputation, and be proudly remembered by his country as that of a great and a good man. But listen to his own sublime and holy aspiration!

O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,  
Whose mighty wings even now o’ershadow me,  
Absorb me in thine own immensity,  
And raise me far my finite self above!  
Purge vanity away, and the weak care  
That name or fame of me may widely spread:  
And the deep wish keep burning, in their stead,  
Thy blissful influence afar to bear,—  
Or see it borne! Let no desire of ease,  
No lack of courage, faith, or love, delay  
Mine own steps on that high thought-paven way  
In which my soul her clear commission sees:  
Yet with an equal joy let me behold  
Thy chariot o’er that way by others roll’d!

## NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. I.

“The world's my filbert which with my crackers will I open.”

*Shakespeare.*

“The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
The lawyer beknaves the divine;  
And the justice, because he's so great,  
Thinks his trade's as honest as mine.”

*Beggars' Opera.*

If Providence, instead of a vagabond, had made me a justice of the peace, there is no species of penalty I would not have enforced against a class of offenders, upon whom it is the perverted taste of the day to bestow wealth, praise, honour, and reputation; in a word, upon that portion of the writers for our periodical literature whose pastime it is by high-flown and exaggerated pictures of society, places, and amusements, to mislead the too credulous and believing world; who, in the search for information and instruction, are but reaping a barren harvest of deceit and illusion.

Every one is loud and energetic in his condemnation of a bubble speculation; every one is severe upon the dishonest features of bankruptcy, and the demerits of untrusty guardianship; but while the law visits these with its pains and penalties, and while heavy inflictions follow on those breaches of trust, which affect our pocket, yet can he “walk scatheless,” with port erect and visage high, who, for mere amusement—for the passing pleasure of the moment—or, baser still, for certain pounds per sheet, can present us with the air-drawn daggers of a dyspeptic imagination, for the real woes of life, or paint the most commonplace and tiresome subjects with colours so vivid and so glowing as to persuade the unwary reader that a paradise of pleasure and enjoyment, hitherto unknown, is open before him. The treadmill and the ducking-stool, “*me judice*,” would no longer be tenanted by rambling gipsies or convivial rioters, but would display to the admiring gaze of an assembled multitude the aristocratic features of Sir Edward Bulwer, the dark whiskers of D'Israeli, the long and graceful proportions of Hamilton Maxwell, or the

portly paunch and melo-dramatic frown of that right pleasant fellow, Henry Addison himself.

You cannot open a newspaper without meeting some narrative of what, in the phrase of the day, is denominated an attempted imposition. Count Skryz-nyzk, with black moustachoes and a beard to match, who, after being the lion of Lord Dudley Stuart's parties, and the delight of a certain set of people in the west end, who, when they give a tea-party, call it a *soirée*, and deem it necessary to have either a Hindoo or a Hottentot, a Pole or a piano-player, to interest their guests, was lately brought up before Sir Peter Laurie, charged by 964 with obtaining money under false pretences, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment and hard labour at the treadmill.

The charge looks a grave one, good reader, and perhaps already some notion is trotting through your head about forgery or embezzlement; you think of widows rendered desolate, or orphans defrauded; you lament over the hard-earned pittance of persevering industry lost to its possessor; and, in your heart, you acknowledge that there may have been some cause for the partition of Poland, and that the Emperor of the Russias, like another monarch, may not be half so black as he is painted. But spare your honest indignation; our unpronounceable friend did none of these. No; the head and front of his offending was simply exciting the sympathies of a feeling world for his own deep wrongs; for the fate of his father, beheaded in the Grand Place at Warsaw; for his four brothers, doomed never to see the sun in the dark mines of Tobolsk; for his beautiful sister, reared in the lap of luxury and wealth, wandering houseless and an outcast



around the palaces of St. Petersburg, wearying heaven itself with cries for mercy on her banished brethren ; and last of all, for himself, he, who at the battle of Pultowa led heaven-knows how many and how terrific charges of cavalry,—whose breast was a galaxy of orders only outnumbered by his wounds, that he should be an exile, without friends, and without home !—In a word, by a beautiful and highly-wrought narrative, that drew tears from the lady and ten shillings from the gentleman of the house, he became amenable to our law as a swindler and an impostor, simply because his narrative was a fiction.

In the name of all justice, in the name of truth, of honesty, and fair dealing, I ask you is this right ? or if the treadmill be the fit reward for such powers as his, what shall we say, what shall we do, with all the popular writers of the day ? How many of Bulwer's stories are facts ? What truth is there in James ? Is that beautiful creation of Dickens, "Poor Nell," a real or a fictitious character ? And is the offence, after all, merely in the manner, and not the matter, of the transgression ? Is it that, instead of coming before the world printed, puffed, and hot-pressed by the gentlemen of the Row, he ventured to edit himself, and, instead of the trade, make his tongue the medium of publication ? And yet, if speech be the crime, what say you to Macready, and with what punishment are you prepared to visit him who makes your heart-strings vibrate to the sorrows of *Virginus*, or thrills your very blood with the malignant vengeance of *Iago* ? Is what is permissible in Covent-Garden, criminal in the city ? or, stranger still, is there a punishment at the one place and praise at the other ? Or is it the costume, the foot-lights, the orange-peel, and the saw-dust,—are they the terms of the immunity ? Alas, and alas ! I believe they are.

Burke said, "the age of chivalry is o'er ;" and I believe the age of poetry has gone with it ; and if Homer himself were to chant an *Iliad* down Fleet-street, I'd wager a crown that 964 would take him up for a ballad-singer.

But a late case occurs to me. A countryman of mine, one Bernard

Cavanagh, doubtless, a gentleman of very good connections, announced some time ago that he had adopted a new system of diet, which was neither more nor less than going without any food. Now, Mr. Cavanagh was a stout gentleman, comely and plump to look at, who conversed pleasantly on the common topics of the day, and seemed, on the whole, to enjoy life pretty much like other people. He was to be seen for a shilling, children half-price : and although Englishmen have read of our starving countrymen for the last century and a-half, yet their curiosity to see one, to look at him, to prod him with their umbrellas, punch him with their knuckles, and otherwise test his vitality, was such, that they seemed just as much alive as though the phenomenon was new to them. The consequence was, Mr. Cavanagh, whose cook was on board wages, and whose establishment was of the least expensive character, began to wax rich. Several large towns and cities, in different parts of the empire, requested him to visit them ; and Joe Hume suggested that the corporation of London should offer him ten thousand pounds for his secret, merely for the use of the livery. In fact, Cavanagh was now the cry, and as Barney appeared to grow fat on fasting, his popularity knew no bounds. Unfortunately, however, ambition, the bane of so many other great men, numbered him also among its victims. Had he been content with London as the sphere of his triumphs and teetotalism, there is no saying how long he might have gone on starving with satisfaction. Whether it is that the people are less observant there, or more accustomed to see similar exhibitions, I cannot tell ; but true it is they paid their shillings, felt his ribs, walked home, and pronounced Barney a most exemplary Irishman. But not content with the capital, he must make a tour in the provinces, and accordingly went starring it about through Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester, and all the other manufacturing towns, as if in mockery of the poor people who did not know the secret how to live without food.

Mr. Cavanagh was now living—if life it can be called—in one of the best hotels, when, actuated by that spirit of inquiry that characterizes



the age, a respectable lady, who kept a boarding-house, paid him a visit, to ascertain, if possible, how far his system might be made applicable to her guests, who, whatever their afflictions, laboured under no such symptoms as his.

She was pleased with Barney,—she patted him with her hand; he was round, and plump, and fat, much more so, indeed, than many of her daily dinner-party; and had, withal, that kind of joyous, rollicking, devil-may-care look, that seems to bespeak good condition;—but this the poor lady, of course, did not know to be an inherent property in Pat, however poor his situation.

After an interview of an hour long she took her leave, not exhibiting the usual satisfaction of other visitors, but with a dubious look and meditative expression, that betokened a mind not made up, and a heart not at ease; she was clearly not content, perhaps the abortive effort to extract a confession from Mr. Cavanagh might be the cause, or perhaps she felt like many respectable people whose curiosity is only the advanced guard to their repentance, and who never think that in any exhibition they get the worth of their money. This might be the case, for as fasting is a negative process, there is really little to see in the performer. Had it been the man that eats a sheep; "*a la bonne heure!*" you have something for your money there: and I can even sympathize with the French gentleman who follows Van Amburgh to this day, in the agreeable hope, to use his own words, of "assisting at the *soiree*, when the lions shall eat Mr. Van Amburgh." This, if not laudable is at least intelligible. But to return, the lady went her way, not indeed on hospitable thoughts intent, but turning over in her mind various theories about abstinence, and only wishing she had the whole of the Cavanagh family for boarders at a guinea a-week.

Late in the evening of the same day this estimable lady, whose inquiries into the properties of gastric juice, if not as scientific, were to the full as enthusiastic as that of Bostock or Tiedeman himself, was returning from an early tea, through an unfrequented suburb of Manchester, when suddenly her eye fell upon Bernard Cavanagh, seated in a little shop—a dish of sausa-

ges and a plate of ham before him, while a frothing cup of porter ornamented his right hand. It was true, he wore a patch above his eye, a large beard, and various other disguises, but they served him not: she knew him at once. The result is soon told: the police were informed; Mr. Cavanagh was captured; the lady gave her testimony in a crowded court, and he who lately was rolling on the wheel of fortune was now condemned to foot it on a very different wheel, and all for no other cause than that he could not live without food.

The magistrate, who was eloquent on the occasion, called him an impostor; designating by this odious epithet, a highly-wrought and well-conceived work of imagination. Unhappy Defoe, your Robinson Crusoe might have cost you a voyage across the seas; your man Friday might have been a black Monday to you had you lived in our days. 964 is a severer critic than *The Quarterly*, and his judgment more irrevocable.

We have never heard of any one who, discovering the fictitious character of a novel he had believed as a fact, waited on the publisher with a modest request that his money might be returned to him, being obtained under false pretenses; much less of his applying to his worship for a warrant against G. P. R. James, esq. or Harrison Ainsworth, for certain imaginary woes and unreal sorrows depicted in their writings; yet the conduct of the lady towards Mr. Cavanagh was exactly of this nature. How did his appetite do her any possible disservice? what sins against her soul were contained in his sausages? and yet she must appeal to the justice as an injured woman: Cavanagh had imposed upon her—she was wronged because he was hungry. All his narrative, beautifully constructed and artfully put together, went for nothing; his look, his manner, his entertaining anecdotes, his fascinating conversation, his time—from ten in the morning till eight in the evening—went all for nothing: this really is too bad. Do we ask of every author to be the hero he describes? Is Bulwer, Pelham, and Paul Clifford, Eugene Aram, and the Lady of Lyons? Is James, Mary of Burgundy, Darnley, the Gypsey, and Corse de Leon? Is Dickens, Sam

Weller, Quilp, and Barnaby Rudge?—to what absurdities will this lead us! and yet Bernard Cavanagh was no more guilty than any of these gentlemen. He was, if I may so express it, a pictorial—an ideal representation of a man that fasted: he narrated all the sensations want of food suggests; its dreamy debility, its languid stupor, its painful suffering, its stage of struggle and suspense, ending in a victory, where the mind, the conqueror over the baser nature, asserts its proud and glorious supremacy in the triumph of volition; and for this beautiful creation of his brain he is sent to the treadmill, as though, instead of a poet, he had been a pickpocket.

If Bulwer be a baronet; if Dickens' bed-room be papered with bank-debentures; then do I proclaim it loudly before the world, Bernard Cavanagh is an injured man: you are either absurd in one case, or unjust in the other; take your choice. Ship off Sir Edward to the colonies; send James to Swan River; let Lady Blessington card wool, or Mrs. Norton pound oyster-shells; or else we call upon you, give Mr. Cavanagh freedom of the guild; call him the author of "The Hungry One;" let him be courted and *fêted*—you may ask him to dinner with an easy conscience, and invite him to tea without remorse. Let a Whig-radical borough solicit him to represent it; place him at the right-hand of Lord John; let his picture be exhibited in the print shops, and let the cut of his coat and the tie of his cravat be so much in vogue that bang-ups *à la* Barney shall be the only things seen in Bond-street: one course or the other you must take. If the mountain will not go to Mahomet, Mahomet must go the mountain: or in other words, if Bulwer descend not to Barney, Barney must mount up to Bulwer. It is absurd, it is worse than absurd, to pretend that he who so thoroughly sympathises with his hero, as to embody him in his own thoughts and acts, his look, his dress, and his demeanour, that he, I say, who so penetrated with the impersonation of a part finds the pen too weak, and the press too slow, to picture forth his vivid creations, should be less an object of praise, of honour, and distinction, than the indolent denizen of some drawing-room, who, in slippers and case, dictates his shadowy and imperfect conceptions—

visions of what he never felt, dreamy representations of unreality.

"The poet," as the word implies, is the maker or the creator; and however little of the higher attributes of what the world esteems as poetry the character would seem to possess, he who invents a personage, the conformity of whose traits to the rule of life is acknowledged for its truth, he, I say, is a poet. Thus, there is poetry in Sancho Panza, Falstaff, Dugald Dalgetty, and a hundred other similar impersonations; and why not in Bernard Cavanagh?

Look for a moment at the effects of your system. The Caraccis, we are told, spent their boyish years drawing rude figures with chalk on the doors and even the walls of the palaces of Rome: here the first germs of their early talent displayed themselves; and in those bold conceptions of youthful genius were seen the first dawnings of a power that gave glory to the age they lived in. Had Sir Peter Laurie been their cotemporary, had 964 been loose in those days, they would have been treated with a trip to the mill, and their taste for design cultivated by the low diet of a penitentiary. You know not what budding genius you have nipped with this abominable system: you think not of the early indications of mind and intellect you may be consigning to prison: or is it after all, that the matter-of-fact spirit of the age has sapped the very vitals of our law code, and that in your utilitarian zeal you have doomed to death all that bears the stamp of imagination; if this be indeed your object, have a good heart, leave it to 964, and you'll not leave a novelist in the land.

Good reader, I ask your pardon for all this honest indignation; I know it is in vain: I cannot reform our jurisprudence; and our laws, like the Belgian revolution, must be regarded "*comme un fait accompli*;" in other words, what can't be cured must be endured. Let us leave then our friend the Pole to perform his penance; let us say adieu to Barney, who is at this moment occupying a suite of apartments in the penitentiary, and let us return to the reverse of the medal, I mean to those who would while us away by false promises and flattering speeches to entertain such views of life as are not only impossible but inconsistent,

thus rendering our path here devoid of interest and of pleasure, while compared with the extravagant creations of their own erring fancies. Yes, princes may be trusted, but put not your faith in periodicals. Let no pictorial representations of Alpine scenery, under the auspices of Colburn or Bentley, seduce you from the comforts of your hearth and home: let no enthusiastic accounts of military greatness, no peninsular pleasures, no charms of campaigning life, induce you to change your garb of country gentleman for the livery of the Horse-Guards,—“making the green one red.”

Be not mystified by Maxwell, nor lured by Lorrequer; let no panegyrics of pipe-clay and the brevet seduce you from the peaceful path in life; let not Marryat mar your happiness by the glories of those who dwell in the deep waters; let not Wilson persuade you that the “*Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*” have any reference to that romantic people, who betake themselves to their native mountains with a little oatmeal for food and a little sulphur for friction; do not believe one syllable about the girls of the west; trust not in the representations of their blue eyes, nor of their trim ancles peering beneath a jupe of scarlet—we can vouch it is true, for the red petticoat, but the rest is apocryphal. Fly, we warn you, from Summers in Germany, Evenings in Brittany, Weeks on the Rhine; away with tours, guide-books, and all the John Murrayisms of travels. A plague upon Egypt! travellers have a proverbial liberty of conscience, and the farther they go, the more does it seem to stretch; not that near home matters are much better, for our “*Wild Sports*” in Achill are as romantic as those in Africa, and the *Complete Angler* is a complete humbug.

There is no faith—no principle in any of these men. The grave writer, the stern moralist, the uncompromising advocate of the inflexible rule of right, is a dandy with essenced locks, loose trowsers, and looser morals, who breakfasts at four in the afternoon, and spends his evenings among the side scenes of the opera; the merry writer of whims and oddities, who shakes his puns about like pepper from a pepper-castor, is a misanthropic melancholy gentleman of mournful

look and unhappy aspect; the advocate of field sports, of all the joyous excitement of the hunting-field, and the bold dangers of the chase, is an asthmatic sexagenarian, with care in his heart and gout in his ancles; and lastly, he who lives but in the horrors of a charnel-house, whose gloomy mind finds no pleasure save in the dark and dismal pictures of crime and suffering, of lingering agony, or cruel death, is a fat, round, portly, comely gentleman, with a laugh like Falstaff, and a face whose every lineament and feature seems to exhale the merriment of a jocose and happy temperament. I speak not of the softer sex, many of whose productions would seem to have but little sympathy with themselves; but once for all, I would ask you what reliance, what faith can you place in any of them? Is it to the denizen of a coal mine you apply for information about the Nassau balloon? Do you refer a disputed point in dress to an Englishman, in climate to a Laplander, in politeness to a Frenchman, or in hospitality to a Belgian? or do you not rather feel that these are not exactly their attributes, and that you are moving the equity for a case at common law, exactly in the same way? and for the same reason, we repeat it, put not your faith in periodicals, nor in the writers thereof.

How ridiculous would it appear if the surgeon-general were to open a pleading, or charge a jury in the Queen's Bench, while the solicitor-general was engaged in taking up the femoral artery! What would you say if the Archbishop of Dublin were to preside over the artillery practice at the Pigeon-house, while the commander of the Forces delivered a charge to the clergy of the diocese? How would you look if Justice Pennefather were to speak at a repeal meeting, and Daniel O'Connell to conduct himself like a loyal and discreet citizen? Would you not at once say the whole world is in masquerade? and would you not be justified in the remark? And yet this it is which is exactly taking place before your eyes in the wide world of letters. The illiterate and unreflecting man of underbred habits and degenerate tastes will write nothing but a philosophic novel; the denizen of the Fleet, or

the Queen's Bench, publishes an ascent of Mont Blanc, with a glowing description of the delights of liberty; the nobleman writes slang; the starving author, with broken boots and patched continuations, will not indite a name undignified by a title; and after all this will you venture to tell me that these men are not indictable by the statute for obtaining money under false pretences?

I have run myself out of breath, and now if you will allow me a few moments I will tell you, what perhaps I ought to have done earlier in this article, namely, its object.

It is a remarkable feature in the complex and difficult machinery of our society that while crime and the law code keep steadily on the increase, moving in parallel lines one beside the other, certain prejudices, popular fallacies—nuts, as we have called them at the head of this paper—should still disgrace our social system; and that however justice may be administered in our courts of law, in the private judicature of our own dwellings we observe an especial system of jurisprudence, marked by injustice and by wrong. To endeavour to depict some instances of this I have set about my present undertaking. To disabuse the public mind as to the error, that what is punishable in one can be praiseworthy in another, and what is excellent in the court can be execrable in the city. Such is my object, such my hope. Under this title I shall endeavour to touch upon the undue estimation in which we hold certain people and places, the unfair depreciation of certain sects and callings. Not confining myself to home, I shall take the habits of my countrymen on the Continent, whether in their search for climate, economy, education, or enjoyment, and, as far as my ability lies, hold the mirror up to nature, while I extend the war-cry of my distinguished countrymen, not asking “justice for Ireland” alone, but “justice for the whole human race.” For the gaoler as for the guardsman, for the steward of the Holyhead as for him of the household; from the Munster king-at-arms to the monarch of the Cannibal Island—“*nihil a me alienum puto* ;” from the priest to the plenipotentiary; from Mr. Arkins to Abdel Kader: my sympathy extends to all.

I had nearly attained to man's estate before I understood the nature of a coroner. I remember, when a child, to have seen a coloured print from a well-known picture of the day, representing the night-mare. It was a horrible representation of a goblin shape of hideous aspect, that sat cowering upon the bosom of a sleeping figure, on whose white features a look of painful suffering was depicted, while the clenched hands and drawn up feet seemed to struggle with convulsive agony. Heaven knows how or when the thought occurred to me, but I clearly recollect my impression that this goblin was a coroner. Some confused notion about sitting on a corpse as one of his attributes had, doubtless, suggested the idea, and certainly nothing contributed to increase the horror of suicide in my eyes, so much as the reflection, that the grim demon already mentioned had some function to discharge on the occasion.

When after the lapse of years I heard that the eloquent and gifted member for Finsbury was a being of this order, although, I knew by that time the injustice of my original prejudices, yet I confess, I could not look at him in the house without a thought of my childish fancies, and an endeavour to trace in his comely features, some faint resemblance to the figure of the night-mare.

This strange impression of my infancy recurred strongly to my mind a few days since, on reading a newspaper account of a sudden death.—The case was simply that of a gentleman who in the bosom of his family became suddenly seized with illness, and after a few hours expired. What was their surprise! what their horror! to find that no sooner was the circumstance known, than the house was surrounded by a mob, policemen were stationed at the doors, and twelve of the great unwashed with a coroner at their head forced their entry into the house of mourning to deliberate on the cause of death. I can perfectly understand the value of this practice in cases where either suspicion has attached, or where the circumstances of the decease, as to time and place, would indicate a violent death; but where a person surrounded by his children, living in all the quiet enjoyment of an easy, and undisturbed existence, drops

off by some one of the ills that flesh is heir to, only a little more rapidly than his neighbour at next door, why this should be a case for a coroner and his gang, I cannot, for the life of me, conceive. In the instance I allude to, the family offered the fullest information; they explained that the deceased had been liable for years to an infirmity likely to terminate in this way. The physician who attended him corroborated the statement, and in fact it was clear the case was one of those almost every-day occurrences, where the thread of life is snapped, not unravelled. This, however, did not satisfy the coroner, who had, as he expressed it, a duty to perform, and who certainly had five guineas for his fee; he was a medical coroner too, and therefore he would examine for himself. Thus, in the midst of all the affliction and bereavement of a desolate family, the frightful detail of an inquest, with all its attendant train of harrowing and heart-rending inquiries is carried on simply because it is permissible by the law, and the coroner may enter where the king cannot.

We are taught in the litany to pray against sudden death; but up to this moment I never knew it was illegal. Dreadful afflictions, as apoplexy and aneurism are, it remained for our present civilization, to make them punishable by a statute. The march of intellect, not satisfied with directing us in life, must go a step farther and teach us how to die. Fashionable diseases the world has been long acquainted with, but an illegal inflammation, and a criminal hemorrhage have been reserved for the enlightened age we live in.

Newspapers will no longer inform us, in the habitual phrase, that Mr. Simpkins died suddenly at his house at Hampstead; but, under the head of "Shocking outrage," we shall read, "that after a long life of great respectability and the exhibition of many virtues, this unfortunate gentleman, it is hoped, in a moment of mental alienation, went off with a disease of the heart. The affliction of his surviving relatives at this frightful act may be conceived, but cannot be described. His effects, according to the statute, have been confiscated to the crown, and a deodand of fifty

shillings awarded on the apothecary who attended him. It is hoped, that the universal execration which attends cases of this nature may deter others from the same course; and, we confess, our observations are directed with a painful, but we trust, a powerful interest to certain elderly gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Islington." *Verb. sat.*

Under these sad circumstances it behoves us to look a little about, and provide against such a contingency. It is then earnestly recommended to heads of families, that when registering the birth of a child, they should also include some probable or possible malady of which he may, could, would, should, or ought to die, in the course of time. This will show, by incontestible evidence, that the event was at least anticipated, and being done at the earliest period of life, no reproach can possibly lie for want of premeditation. The registry might run thus—

Giles Tims, son of Thomas and Mary Tims, born on the 9th June, Kent street, Southwark—dropsy, typhus, or gout in the stomach.

It by no means follows, that he must wait for one or other of these maladies to carry him off. Not at all; he may range at will through the whole practice of physic, and adopt his choice. The registry only goes to show, that he does not mean to sneak out of the world in any under-bred way, nor bolt out of life with the abrupt precipitation of a Frenchman after a dinner-party. I have merely thrown out this hint here as a warning to my many friends, and shall now proceed to other and more pleasing topics.

Among the many incongruities of that composite piece of architecture, called John Bull, there is nothing more striking than the contrast between his thorough nationality and his unbounded admiration for foreigners. Now, although we may not entirely sympathize with, we can understand and appreciate this feature of his character, and see how he gratifies his very pride itself, in the attentions and civilities he bestows upon strangers. The feeling is intelligible too, because Frenchmen, Germans, and even Italians, notwithstanding the many points of disparity be-



tween us, have always certain qualities well worthy of respect, if not of imitation. France has a great literature, a name glorious in history, a people abounding in intelligence, skill, and invention; in fact, all the attributes that make up a great nation. Germany has many of these, and though she lack the brilliant fancy, the sparkling wit of her neighbour, has still a compensating fund in the rich resources of her judgment, and the profound depths of her scholarship. Indeed, every continental country has its lesson for our benefit, and we would do well to cultivate the acquaintance of strangers, not only to disseminate more just views of ourselves and our institutions, but also for the adoption of such customs as seem worthy of imitation, and such habits as may suit our condition in life; while such is the case as regards those countries high in the scale of civilization, we would, by no means, extend the rule to others less happily constituted, less benignly gifted. The Carinthian boor with his garment of sheep-wool, or the Laplander with his snow-shoes and his hood of deerskin, may be both very natural objects of curiosity, but by no means subjects of imitation. This point will doubtless be conceded at once; and now, will any one tell me for what cause, under what pretence, and with what pretext are we civil to the Yankees?—not for their politeness, not for their literature, not for any fascination of their manner, nor any charm of their address, not for any historic association, not for any halo that the glorious past has thrown around the commonplace monotony of the present, still less for any romantic curiosity as to their lives and habits—for in this respect all other savage nations far surpass them. What then is, or what can be the cause?

Of all the lions that caprice and the whimsical absurdity of a second-rate set in fashion ever courted and entertained, never had any one less pretensions to the civility he received than the author of '*Pencillings by the Way*'—poor in thought, still poorer in expression, without a spark of wit, without a gleam of imagination—a fourth-rate looking man, and a fifth-rate talker, he continued to receive the homage we were wont to bestow upon a Scott, and even charily ex-

tended to a Dickens. His writings the very slip-slop of "*commerage*," the tittle-tattle of a Sunday paper, dressed up in the cant of Kentucky; the very titles, the contemptible affectation of unredeemed twaddle, '*Pencillings by the way*!' '*Letters from under a bridge*!' Good Lack! how the latter name is suggestive of eaves-dropping and listening; and how involuntarily we call to mind those chance expressions of his partners in the dance, or his companions at the table, faithfully recorded for the edification of the free-born Americans, who, while they ridicule our institutions, endeavour to pantomime our manners.

For many years past a number of persons have driven a thriving trade in a singular branch of commerce, no less than buying up cast court dresses and second-hand uniforms for exportation to the colonies. The negroes, it is said, are far prouder of figuring in the tattered and tarnished fragments of former greatness, than of wearing the less gaudy, but more useful garb, befitting their condition. So it would seem our trans-Atlantic friends prefer importing through their agents, for that purpose, the abandoned finery of courtly gossip, to the more useful but less pretentious apparel of commonplace information. Mr. Willis was invaluable for this purpose; he told his friends every thing that he heard, and he heard every thing that he could; and, like mercy, he enjoyed a duplicate of blessings—for while he was delighted in by his own countrymen, he was dined by ours. He scattered his autographs, as Feargus O'Connor did franks; he smiled; he ogled; he read his own poetry, and went the whole lion with all his might; and yet, in the midst of this, a rival starts up equally desirous of court secrets, and fifty times as enterprising in their search; he risks his liberty, perhaps his life, in the pursuit, and what is his reward? I need only tell you his name, and you are answered—I mean the boy Jones; not under a bridge, but under a sofa; not in Almacks, obtaining it at second-hand, but in Buckingham palace—into the very apartment of the Queen—the adventurous youth has dared to insinuate himself. No lady however sends her album to him for some memento of his genius. His temple is not defrauded of its

curls to grace a locket or a medallion ; and his reward, instead of a supper at Lady Blessington's, is a voyage to Swan River. For my part, I prefer the boy Jones : I like his singleness of purpose : I admire his steady perseverance ; still, however, he had the misfortune to be born in England—his father lived near Wapping, and he was ineligible for a lion.

To what other reason than his English growth can be attributed the different treatment he has experienced at the hands of the world. The similarity between the two characters is most striking. Willis had a craving appetite for court gossip, and the tittle-tattle of a palace : so had the boy Jones. Willis established himself as a listener in society : so did the boy Jones. Willis obtruded himself into places, and among people where he had no possible pretension to be seen : so did the boy Jones. Willis wrote letters from under a bridge : the boy Jones eat mutton chops under a sofa.

But I have done with both : it is an ungrateful subject, and I turn with pleasure to something else.

The pet profession of England is the bar, and I see many reasons why this should be the case. Our law of primogeniture necessitates the existence of certain provisions for younger children independently of the pittance bestowed on them by their families. The army and the navy, the church and the bar, form then the only avenues to fortune for the highly born ; and one or other of these four roads must be adopted by him who would carve out his own career. The bar, for many reasons, is the favourite—at least among those who place reliance in their intellect. Its estimation is high. It is not incompatible, but actually favourable to the pursuits of parliament. Its rewards are manifold and great ; and while there is a sufficiency of private ease and personal retirement in its practice, there is also enough of publicity for the most ambitiously-minded seeker of the world's applause and the world's admiration. Were we only to look back upon our history, we should find perhaps that the profession of the law would include almost two-thirds of our very greatest men. Astute lawyers, deep politicians, eloquent debaters, profound scholars, men of wit, as well as men

of wisdom, have abounded in its ranks, and there is every reason why it should be, as I have called it, the pet profession.

Having conceded so much, may I now be permitted to take a nearer view of those men so highly distinguished : and for this purpose let me turn my reader's attention to the practice of a criminal trial. The first duty of a good citizen, it will not be disputed, is, as far as in him lies, to promote obedience to the law, to repress crime, and bring outrage to punishment. No walk in life—no professional career—no uniform of scarlet or of black—no freemasonry of craft or calling can absolve him from this allegiance to his country. Yet, what do we see ? The wretch stained with crime—polluted with iniquity—for which, perhaps, the statute-book contains neither name nor indictment—whose trembling lips are eager to avow that guilt which, by confessing, he hopes may alleviate the penalty—this man, I say, is checked in his intentions—he is warned not, by any chance expression, to hazard a conviction of his crime, and told in the language of the law not to criminate himself. But the matter stops not here—justice is an inveterate gambler—she is not satisfied when her antagonist throws his cards upon the table confessing that he has not a trump nor a trick in his hand—no, like the most accomplished swindler of Baden or Boulogne, she assumes a smile of easy and courteous benignity, and says, pooh, pooh ! nonsense, my dear friend ; you don't know what may turn up ; your cards are better than you think ; don't be faint-hearted ; don't you see you have the knave of trumps, i.e., the cleverest lawyer for your defender ; a thousand things may happen ; I may revoke, that is, the indictment may break down ; there are innumerable chances in your favour, so pluck up your courage and play the game out.

He takes the advice, and however faint-hearted before, he now assumes a look of stern courage, or dogged indifference, and resolves to play for the stake. He remembers, however, that he is no adept in the game, and he addresses himself in consequence to some astute and subtle gambler, to whom he commits his cards and his chances. The trepidation or the indifference

that he manifested before, now gradually gives way; and however hopeless he had deemed his case at first he now begins to think that all is not lost. The very way his friend, the lawyer, shuffles and outs the cards, imposes on his credulity and suggests a hope. He sees at once that he is a practised hand, and almost unconsciously he becomes deeply interested in the changes and vacillations of the game, he believed could have presented but one aspect of fortune.

But the prisoner is not my object: I turn rather to the lawyer. Here then do we not see the accomplished gentleman—the finished scholar—the man of refinement and of learning, of character and station—standing forth the very embodiment of the individual in the dock? possessed of all his secrets—animated by the same hopes—penetrated by the same fears—he endeavours by all the subtle ingenuity, with which craft and habit have gifted him, to confound the testimony—to disparage the truth—to pervert the inferences of all the witnesses. In fact, he employs all the stratagems of his calling, all the ingenuity of his mind, all the subtlety of his wit for the one end—that the man he believes in his own heart guilty, may, on the oaths of twelve honest men, be pronounced innocent.

From the opening of the trial to its close, this mental gladiator is an object of wonder and dread. Scarcely a quality of the human mind is not exhibited by him in the brilliant panorama of his intellect. At first, the patient perusal of a complex and wordy indictment occupies him exclusively; he then proceeds to cross-examine the witnesses—flattering this one—browbeating that—suggesting—insinuating—amplifying, or retrenching, as the evidence would seem to favour or be adverse to his client. He is alternately confident and doubtful, headlong and hesitating—now hurried away on the full tide of his eloquence he expatiates in beautiful generalities on the glorious institution of trial by jury, and apostrophizes justice; or now, with broken utterance and plaintive voice, he supplicates the jury to be patient, and be careful, in the decision they may come to. He implores them to remember that when they leave that court, and return to the happy

comforts of conscience will follow in everlasting question grave—answer within them—were of this man's guilt? He teaches them how fallacious are all human tests; he magnifies the slightest discrepancy of evidence into a broad and sweeping contradiction; and while, with a prophetic menace, he pictures forth the undying remorse that pursues him who sheds innocent blood, he dismisses them with an affecting picture of mental agony so great—of suffering so heart-rending, that, as they retire to the jury room, there is not a man of the twelve that has not more or less of a personal interest in the acquittal of the prisoner.

However bad, however depraved the human mind, it still leans to mercy: the power to dispose of another man's life is generally sufficient for the most malignant spirit in its thirst for vengeance. What then are the feelings of twelve calm, and perhaps, benevolent men, at a moment like this? The last words of the advocate have thrown a new element into the whole case, for independent of their verdict upon the prisoner comes now the direct appeal to their own hearts. How will they feel when they reflect on this hereafter? I do not wish to pursue this further. It is enough for my present

to see that by the ingenuity of the criminals have escaped, do we, and are escaping, the just sentence on their crimes. What then is the result? the advocate who, up to this moment, has maintained a familiar, even a friendly, intimacy with his client in the dock, now shrinks from the very contamination of his look. He cannot bear that the blood-stained fingers should grasp the hem of his garment, and he turns with a sense of shame from the expressions of a gratitude that criminate him in his own heart. However, this is but a passing emotion; he divests himself of his old gown, and overwhelmed with congratulations for his brilliant success springs into his carriage and goes to dress for dinner—for at day he is engaged to the altar, the Bishop of London, or other great and revered functionary, be church, or

W. I

login all this  
heart- before

the mind of my readers, and that is, that the lawyer, throughout the entire proceeding, was a free and a willing agent. There was neither legal nor moral compulsion to urge him on. No ; it was no intrepid defence against the tyranny of a government or the usurpation of power—it was the assertion of no broad and immutable principle of truth or justice—it was simply a matter of legal acumen and persuasive eloquence, to the amount of fifty pounds sterling.

This being admitted, let me now proceed to consider another functionary, and observe how far the rule of right is consulted in the treatment *he* meets with—I mean the hangman. You start, good reader, and your gesture of impatience denotes the very proposition I would come to. I need scarcely remind you, that in our country this individual has a kind of prerogative of detestation. All other ranks and conditions of men may find a sympathy, or at least a pity, somewhere, but for him there is none. No one is sufficiently debased to be his companion,—no one so low as to be his associate ! Like a being of another sphere, he appears but at some frightful moments of life, and then only for a few seconds. For the rest he drags on existence unseen and unheard of, his very name a thing to tremble at. Yet this man, in the duties of his calling, has neither will nor choice. The stern agent of the law, he has but one course to follow ; his path a narrow one, has no turning to the right or to the left, and, save that his ministry is more proximate, is less accessory to the death of the criminal than he who signs the warrant for execution. In fact, he but answers the responses of the law, and in the loud amen of his calling, he only consummates its recorded assertion. How then can you reconcile yourself to the fact, that while you overwhelm the advocate who converts right into wrong and wrong into right, who shrouds the guilty man, and conceals the murderer, with honour, and praise, and rank, and riches, and who does this for a brief marked fifty pounds, yet have nothing but abhorrence and detestation for the impassive agent whose fee is but one. One can help what he does—the other

cannot. One is an amateur—the other practises in spite of himself. One employs every energy of his mind and every faculty of his intellect—the other only devotes the ingenuity of his fingers. One strains every nerve to let loose a criminal upon the world—the other but closes the grave over guilt and crime !

The king's counsel is courted. His society sought for. He is held in high esteem, and while his present career is a brilliant one in the vista before him, his eyes are fixed upon the ermine. Jack Ketch, on the other hand, is shunned. His companionship avoided, and the only futurity he can look to, is a life of ignominy, and after it an unknown grave. Let him be a man of fascinating manners, highly gifted, and agreeable ; let him be able to recount with the most melting pathos the anecdotes and incidents of his professional career, throwing light upon the history of his own period—such as none but himself could throw ;—let him speak of the various characters that have *passed through his hands*, and so to say, “dropped off before him”—yet the prejudice of the world is an obstacle not to be overcome ; his calling is in disrepute, and no personal efforts of his own, no individual pre-eminence he may arrive at in his walk, will ever redeem it. Other men's estimation increases as they distinguish themselves in life ; each fresh display of their abilities, each new occasion for the exercise of their powers, is hailed with renewed favour and increasing flattery ; not so he,—every time he appears on his peculiar stage, the disgust and detestation is but augmented,—*vires acquirit eundo*,—his countenance, as it becomes known, is a signal for the yelling execrations of a mob, and the very dexterity with which he performs his functions, is made matter of loathing and horror. Were his duties such as might be carried on in secret, he might do good by stealth and blush to find it fame ; but no, his attributes demand the noon-day and the multitude—the tragedy he performs in, must be played before tens of thousands, by whom his every look is scowled at, his every gesture scrutinized. But to conclude,—this man is a necessity of our social sys-

tem. We want him—we require him, and we can't do without him. Much of the machinery of a trial might be dispensed with or retrenched. His office, however, has nothing superfluous. He is part of the machinery of our civilization, and on what principle do we hunt him down like a wild beast to his lair?

Men of rank and title are daily to be found in association, and even intimacy with black legs and bruizers, grooms, jockeys, and swindlers; yet we never heard that even the Whigs paid any attention to a hangman, nor is his name to be found even in the list of a Radical viceroy's levee.

However, we do not despair. Many prejudices of this nature have already given way, and many absurd notions have been knocked on the head by a wag of great Daniel's tail. And if our friend of Newgate, who is certainly anti-union in his functions, will only cry out for repeal, the justice that is entreated for all Ireland may include him in the general distribution of its favours. Poor Theodore Hook used to say, that marriage was like hanging, there being only the difference of an aspirate between halter and altar. The observation must serve as my excuse for my rapid transition to things connubial.

My good reader, if it does not insult your understanding by the self-evidence of the query, will you allow me to ask you a question—which of the two is more culpable, the man who, finding himself in a path of dereliction, arrests himself in his downward career, and, by a wonderful effort of self-restraint, stops dead short, and will suffer no inducement, no seduction to lead him one step further; or he, who, floating down the stream of his own vicious passions, takes the flood-tide of iniquity, and, indifferent to every consequence, deaf to all remonstrance, seeks but the indulgence of his own egotistical pleasure with a stern determination to pursue it to the last? Of course you will say, that he who repents, is better than he who persists; there is hope for the one, there is none for the other. Yet would you believe it, our common law asserts directly the reverse, pronouncing the culpability of the former as meriting heavy punishment, while the

latter is not assailable even by implication.

That I may make myself more clear, I shall give an instance of my meaning. Scarcely a week passes over, without a trial for breach of promise of marriage. Sometimes the gay Lothario, to use the phrase of the newspapers, is nineteen, sometimes ninety. In either case his conduct is a frightful tissue of perjured vows and base deception. His innumerable letters breathing all the tenderness of affectionate solicitude, intended but for the eyes of her he loves, are read in open court; attested copies of them are shown to the judge, or handed up to the jury-box. The course of his true love is traced from the bubbling fountain of first acquaintance to the broad river of his passionate devotion. Its rapids and its whirlpools, its placid lakes, its frothy torrents, its windings and its turnings, its ebbs and flows, are discussed, detailed, and descanted on with all the hacknied precision of the craft, as though his heart was a bill of exchange, or the current of his affection, a disputed mill-stream. And what, after all, is this man's crime? knowing that love is the great humanizer of our race, and feeling probably how much he stands in need of some civilizing process, he attaches himself to some lovely and attractive girl, who, in the reciprocity of her affection, is herself benefitted in a degree equal to him. If the soft solicitude of the tender passion, if its ennobling self-respect, if its purifying influence on the heart, be good for the man, how much more so is it for the woman. If *he* be taught to feel how the refined enjoyments of an attractive girl's mind are superior to the base and degenerate pursuits of everyday pleasure, how much more will *she* learn to prize and cultivate those gifts which form the charm of her nature, and breathe an incense of fascination around her steps. Here is a compact where both parties benefit, but that they may do so to the fullest extent, it is necessary that no self-interest, no mean prospect of individual advantage should interfere: all must be pure and confiding. Love-making should not be like a game of *ecarté* with a black leg, where you must not rise from the table till you are ruined. No! it should rather re-



semble a party at picquet with your pretty cousin, when the moment either party is tired, you may throw down the cards and abandon the game.

This then is the case of the man : he either discovers that on further acquaintance the qualities he believed in, were not so palpable as he thought, or if there, marred in their exercise by opposing and antagonist forces, of whose existence he knew not, he thinks he detects discrepancies of temperament, disparities of taste ; he foresees that in the channel where he looked for deep water, there are so many rocks, and shoals, and quicksands, that he fears the bark of conjugal happiness may be shipwrecked upon them, and like a prudent mariner he resolves to lighten the craft by "throwing over the lady." Had this man married with all these impending suspicions on his mind, there is little doubt, he would have made a most execrable husband ; not to mention the danger that his wife should not be all amiable as she ought. He stops short—that is, he explains in one, perhaps in a series of letters, the reasons of his new course. He expects in return the admiration and esteem of her for whose happiness he is legislating, as well as for his own, and oh ! base ingratitude, he receives a letter from her attorney. The gentleman of the long robe—newspaper again—are in ecstasies. Like devils on the arrival of a new soul, they brighten up, rub their hands, and congratulate each other on a glorious case. The damages are laid at five thousand pounds ; and as the lady is pretty, and can be seen from the jury-box, being fathers themselves they award every sixpence of the money.

I can picture to myself the feeling of the defendant at such a moment as this. As he stands alone in conscious honesty, ruminating on his fate—alone, I say, for like Mahomet's coffin he has no resting-place ; laughed at by the men, sneered at by the women, mulcted of perhaps half his fortune, merely because for the last three years of his life he represented himself in every amiable and attractive trait that can grace and adorn human nature. Who would wonder, if like the man in the farce, he would register a vow never to do a good-natured thing again as long as he lived ; or what

respect can he have for a government or a country, where the church tells him to love his neighbour, and the chief justice makes him pay five thousand for his obedience.

I now come to the other case, and I shall be very brief in my observations. I mean that of him, who, equally fond of flirting as the former, has yet a lively fear of an action-at-law. Love-making with him is a necessity of his existence—he is an Irishman perhaps, and it is as indispensable to his temperament as train oil to a Russian. He likes sporting, he likes billiards, he likes his club, and he likes the ladies ; but he has just as much intention of turning a huntsman at the one or a marker at the other, as he has of matrimony. He knows life is a chequered table, and that there could be no game if all the squares were of one colour. He alternates therefore between love, and lush, between cards and courtship, and as the pursuit is a pleasant one, he resolves never to give up. He waxes old, therefore, with young habits, adapting his tastes to his time of life ; he does not kneel so often at forty as he did at twenty, but he ogles the more and is twice as good-tempered. Not perhaps as ready to fight for the lady, but ten times more disposed to flatter her. She may love him or she may not ; she may receive him as of old, or she may marry another. What matters it to him. All his care is that *he* shouldn't change. All his anxiety is, to let the rupture, if there must be one, proceed from *her* side. He knows in his heart the penalty of breach of promise, but he also knows that the Chancellor can issue no injunction compelling a man to marry, and that in the courts of love the bills are payable at convenience.

Here then are the two cases, which in conformity with the world's opinion I have dignified with every possible term of horror and reproach. In the one the measure of iniquity is but half filled, in the other the cup is overflowing at the brim : for the lesser offence the law awards damages and defamation ; for the greater, society pronounces an eulogy upon the enduring fidelity of the man thus faithful to a first love.

If a person about to buy a horse, should on trying him for an hour or two, discover that his temper did not

suit him, or that his paces were not pleasant, and should in consequence restore him to the owner: and if another, on the same errand, should come day after day for weeks, or months, or even years, cantering him about over the pavement, and scouring over the whole country; his answer being, when asked if he intended to purchase, that he liked the horse exceedingly, but that he hadn't got a stable, or a

saddle, or a curb-chain, or in fact some one or other of the little necessities of horse gear; or that when he had, that was exactly the animal to suit him—he never was better carried in his life. Which of these two do you esteem the more honest and more honourable?

When you make up your mind, please also to make the application.

O.

#### RAILWAYS IN IRELAND.

THE advent of a Conservative government has naturally aroused the hopes of all those who have long looked in vain for some well-digested and extensive plans of internal improvement to be introduced into this country; not schemes for the partial benefit of a few favoured districts, but comprehensive and practically-useful undertakings, applicable to every part of the island, and designed solely with the view of developing the resources, and arousing the energies of the nation, by wisely-directed means.

What a fatality seems to have attended every measure proposed by the late administration! How repeatedly has the chalice of promised benefits, of improved communications been presented, and how often dashed away! Even the success of the plan now in course of execution for the amelioration of the navigation of that inland gulph, the Shannon, is, among many scientific and practical men, extremely problematical in more than one respect; and in the mean time, heavy taxation on the counties has been incurred. Year after year has the long-promised General Drainage Bill been sacrificed to the indolent whims and legal crotchets of one public functionary after another—abortive attempts have been made to place on some systematic and economical footing, the whole arrangements of road-making. And while all other parts of the empire have been constructing railways, their introduction into Ireland has been prevented by the conflicting discussions

of various projects—the sole tendencies of which appear to have been to neutralize each other.

The results of the report of the much-talked-of government railway commission for Ireland, were to crush all hopes of the importation of English, or of the drawing forth of Irish capital, to embark even in the most promising undertakings; and the subsequent changes in that capricious element of speculation, the “London money market,” have since turned the attention of capitalists far away from our shores. Yet we hope the interval and the delay will not have been altogether lost; the paramount necessity of some well-regulated system of public works in Ireland, of which railways will necessarily form a prominent and advantageous feature, cannot but have been duly appreciated by the present administration, who are well disposed to soften the heavy burthens of the poor-rate, and to better the condition of our labouring community. This can never be more effectually accomplished, than by acting on sound principles of improvement, which will afford great and immediate means of occupation to the working classes, and at the same time create sources of permanent employment, derived from the very improvements upon which the capital of the country, under careful and judicious arrangement, shall have been expended.

We confess it is a very difficult task to draw, with any degree of certainty, the line of demarcation between public

and private enterprise, in the execution of works of internal improvement; much may be said on both sides, while changes of circumstances greatly affect the question. It is quite certain that owing to the establishment in France, by the wise administration of Richelieu, of the board of public works, (*ponts et chaussées*,) that country was in possession of excellent roads a century before the rest of Europe; and yet that very establishment is, at the present time, the actual obstacle in retarding, in a most extraordinary manner, the introduction into France, of the modern system of improved communications by the combined bad influence of the centralizing and monopolizing spirit in the government administrative departments, and the consequent want of self-dependence among the people.

In England, the opposite system of leaving almost every thing to private enterprise and individual or associated exertion and speculation, has been most strikingly successful. From the time when a few spirited individuals obtained the first charter from the Stuarts, for the drainage of the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, to the late splendid results of combined capital, for the execution of those "iron orbits," the railways, which have almost realised the modest prayer of the absent lover, and annihilated "*time and space*," every improvement has been independent of the government, and probably more impeded than aided by legislative enactments or regulations. It is, however, a very remarkable fact, that up to the middle of the last century, almost all these enterprises or speculations, whichever they may be styled, were not undertaken so much, if at all, with direct views of permanent investment, as for the immediate improvement of the local districts, in which the parties promoting them resided, or were interested. Scarcely any of the managers of these concerns had any pecuniary interest in their success, as commercial speculations; and the funds for the requisite works were in almost every case obtained in small sums, not by shares, but as loans from the adjacent landowners and occupiers, on bonds issued for the purpose; the principal and interest for which were secured on the proceeds of the under-

taking, the surplus profits accumulating in a sinking fund, to pay off the original cost. This is well known to be the present financial system, in respect of turnpike roads, both in England and Scotland; but in the latter country, there exists this peculiar feature: that whereas the parties named as road commissioners, and being the persons about to procure money on bond, to make the new roads, are in general the owners of the lands and properties to be pervaded and improved thereby, or otherwise more or less directly or indirectly interested in the success, or rather in the construction of the intended roads; so these road commissioners, in Scotland, are made, by the acts of parliament, *personally responsible* to the lenders of the money, both for the principal and interest. This, of course, induces great caution, as to the undertaking of new roads; though the augmented value of the agricultural produce, the increased rental of estates, or the generally-improved state of the district is the invariable result. But in the event of the bond-holder finding any difficulty in getting back his principal with interest, (which is seldom the case, as it is generally easy enough to renew to other parties the bonds,) which may be unpaid by the trust, instances are not wanting in which the trustees, or road commissioners have been compelled to pay—but in such cases, on a proper and formal representation to the parties having the control, the deficient money has always been provided out of the county rates.

In England, almost all the improvements in navigable rivers have been made by local commissioners, who pay back the interest and principal from the nett proceeds of the tolls, &c., until the original debt is cleared off. In several instances the acts of parliament provide, that on repayment of all incumbrances, the future nett proceeds, after going in part to the reduction of charges, to improvements, and to repairs, shall ultimately accrue to the benefit of the county in which the work may be situated; and in this way, the county palatine of Chester derives a large profit from the tolls of a navigable river (the Weaver). Allusion was made to this, at the recent meeting held in Cork, upon the subject of Irish railways, by Mr. Dillon

Croker, and his quotation on the subject is sufficiently remarkable to be here repeated:—

“The net returns from the tolls on the river Weaver navigation, in Cheshire, pay the rates of that county, and have paid for some of the finest erections in the North of England. The splendid courts of justice, and the magnificent bridge at Chester, (designed by the late Mr. Harrison, the celebrated architect,) were constructed from the funds of the river Weaver. Indeed, that river is humorously called, ‘*Miss Weaver, the Cheshire heiress*—an heiress who has brought a splendid dowry to the county to which she is united.”

These instances in respect of Scotch roads and English rivers are interesting, as they fully recognise the principle of the counties running the risk of loss, and reaping the benefit of gain from the returns on internal improvements.

While on the subject of the Scottish system of road security, we ought to have added a remarkable instance of the extent to which the longheaded and high-spirited landed proprietors there will go, backed by the ratepayers of the counties. A road, to connect a northern English county with a southern Scottish county, had to pass, necessarily, through lands on each side of the border. In Scotland the system of giving the personal security of the trustees or commissioners (in other words, of the county-rate, which is the practical result) being well known and understood, the money was obtained forthwith. On the English side there was difficulty in raising the money, as the district was poor and bleak, and the system of responsibility unknown;—to cure the difficulty, the commissioners north of the Tweed became individually bound to the parties who lent the money to make the road in England!

We have been led to go further with these remarks than we intended; but, in discussing, presently, one of the proposals in respect of Irish railways, there are certain analogies which may make a reference to these cases necessary, as they carry out the great principle of self-dependence, in separate districts, to work out their own improvements.

This system of self-reliance on the

part of our English neighbours, has had its origin attributed to the introduction of the poor-law into that kingdom. And certain it is, that from the passing of the act of Elizabeth, which instituted a legal maintenance for the destitute, and, by making mendicity a crime, swept the hordes of itinerant beggars, friars, idlers, and sorners from the face of the land, that country took a start, and, overtaking in improvement the other nations of Europe, then far in advance of her, has since pursued that successful and continued march of internal amendment of her communications and properties, which forms so remarkable a feature of England, proving so decidedly her wisdom, and proclaiming her prosperity.

If, as a friend of ours has often remarked, the effect of the original institution of the poor-law has been to compel the rich to find employment for the poor, or be bound to support them, then may the introduction of the poor-law into Ireland be followed by an equally beneficial and blissful result; for certainly our great, our crying evil is want of employment for the labouring population, and that removed, the priest may fulminate, the demagogue may bluster, the Rockite may threaten us in vain.

This internal prosperity of England has been the growth of centuries. But are we to toil through the long years of agrarian and political agitation, until the much-desired improvement is so gradually effected? Surely some means may be found legitimately to accelerate the period; and to the wise and strong government now in power we may reasonably look for some combination of public aid and control with private enterprise, which we have ever considered the best, perhaps the only means of uniting the wishes and interests of all classes and districts, and of rapidly advancing us from a state of lethargy to a sphere of usefulness and activity.

Though we cannot but seriously lament that the well-intended railway projects, brought forward a few years since, were so cruelly and indiscriminately annihilated by the acts of the late government, we shall now, at least, have the benefit of the dear-bought experience of Great Britain, and be able, not only to make our railways

more cheaply in general, but, taking advantage of those improvements which science is ever pointing out in advance to the practical man, to construct on improved systems, and to work on greatly more economical principles, whatever lines may hereafter be selected for this country.

We are far from joining in the loud cry against the private management of the English railways, for in our humble judgment, considering the extent, the novelty, and the complexity of the arrangements of the already numerous lines, it is wonderful so few real faults have occurred; and we are quite satisfied that, on our short railway out of this metropolis, there has been one unvarying system of study and success, in combining public safety with individual and general convenience. How much of this may be due to the constant eye which our excellent board of works has necessarily had on this railway, we cannot say, but doubtless the moral, if not the actual control has had its due weight.

Nevertheless, experience has shown that a certain amount, at least, of government surveillance might not be without good effect, amid the extensive system and conflicting interests now at work in England and Scotland; and, while Ireland is, as it were, a *tabula rasa*, in respect of railways, it is certainly well worthy of the most mature consideration, how far it may not be desirable to hold a greater amount of control over the future lines, for the sake of the community in general, so far as this may be insured in the most systematic manner; guarded, however, by the efficient check of public opinion, from becoming an excuse for jobbing, or favouritism: and we think a part of one of the plans for establishing railways in Ireland, is very well calculated to effect this object. Several of the publications on our table, some of which we may, perhaps, have occasion to refer to, discuss not only the plan and machinery for raising money, but put forward an entirely new system of construction and working of railways, and the prospect of any such plan advancing the cause of Irish railways, is sufficient to call our respectful consideration to the matter. Before entering into any detail, however, we

must cast a rapid glance on the state in which, what we cannot otherwise designate than, the vacillation of the late government left the question of railways for Ireland.

Lord Morpeth's project of 1839 proposed to appropriate two-and-a-half millions of money to make railways from Dublin to Cork and Limerick, with branches to Kilkenny and Clonmel, being to the extent of nearly two hundred and thirty miles, and (assuming them to have been made double lines of railway throughout) at the rate of about £11,000 per mile. The lines were to have been constructed at government expense, the cost to be repaid by a sinking-fund, out of the net revenues arising from the working of the railways, and any deficiency below five per cent. to be charged on the county rates.

The whole spirit of Sir Robert Peel's objection to this plan resolved itself into the emphatic enunciation, "that raising money for the advantage of one locality was taxing the whole empire for that object; that Munster was thus benefitted at the expense of Connaught; that the scheme was partial, and destroyed the lines projected by private enterprize, without presenting proper substitutes; that no plan ought to be sanctioned, the principles of which were not applicable alike to all parts of the country; and that particular districts, wishing for particular advantages, should run the risk and raise the funds, as done by private companies."

These sound statesmanlike views, to which we humbly but heartily respond, were also propounded by many of the Conservative members of the House of Commons, several of whom are now taking part in the government; and it comes within our own knowledge, that the same just sentiments have been distinctly repeated within these very few months past, and even since the accession of the present administration. We assume, then, that it is not likely opinions so strongly expressed, and so long and so deliberately entertained, will be readily sacrificed to any system of expediency—a system which is far from being a characteristic of our present rulers. Consequently, the raising money for, and the construction of, railways in Ireland, by the government, as a di-



rect and purely state undertaking, may be considered as a proposition not to be taken into account.

On the other hand, whatever might have been the attention bestowed upon railway projects in Ireland, by speculative capitalists, a few years ago, it is equally clear, from the present state of the sharemarket in England, and from the heavy disappointment of too highly-raised expectations of profit from those undertakings, and from the reckless, ruinous, and unpardonable excess of expenditure over parliamentary estimates of cost, that any thing like an extensive embarkation of private funds, in railway speculations in Ireland, is now utterly hopeless, for a very long, long time to come, except indeed for one or two particularly choice and short lines: and we confess that we should be sorry to see these exclusively selected, as they would certainly throw any general system illimitably into the back-ground. No promise or representations of success, however flattering, will at present avail in forwarding undertakings not yet commenced upon, when so many railways, actually completed and in receipt of permanent flourishing incomes, have their stock so low:—witness, in England, the North Union Railway, to Preston, with a dividend of seven per cent. the shares selling only at par: witness in this country our Dublin and Kingstown Railway, the stock of which is at twenty-five per cent. discount, under the following favourable circumstances, which can only make us wonder why it should be so. It appears from their published reports, that they have hitherto paid four per cent. to their subscribers, on the amount of the paid-up capital, and this after discharging all the heavy expenses of their short and peculiar line, besides interest on the money borrowed from government. In addition to these charges, the receipts enable a regular annual instalment to be repaid to the board of works, in discharge of the principal of the debt, and a very large and valuable annual addition is made to their carrying establishment, ensuring a reduction of future current expenses; and further, a reserve fund of some extent is laid by; all these last-named items amount to about another four per cent.; making the actual net profit

of the company about eight per cent.: still, such is the distaste of monied men at the present moment to an unguaranteed investment, that this stock is at the discount we have quoted; and many lines in Great Britain are scarcely in a better situation, not more than perhaps half a dozen of the favourite speculations having their shares at a premium.

The contingency, therefore, of private enterprise to carry out a system of railways for Ireland, is still more remote than the expectation of having them undertaken by the government.

We have, therefore, to seek some feasible and least objectionable plan which may obviate these two great difficulties; and it must be confessed that it would seem as if the railways for poor Ireland had got fixed upon the horns of a dilemma, or involved in a labyrinth of obstacles and bound by a gordian knot. Some attempts have been made to untie this, but we fear recourse must be ultimately had to the Alexandrian operation. That such a consummation were most devoutly to be wished there can be but one opinion, from the great good it will effect in this country. And however trite the subject may be, it is almost impossible for us to refrain, before going into this knotty question, from gleaning at random a few of the most prominent observations on the high value and importance of railways to Ireland, which are to be found abundantly distributed over the pages of the many papers and pamphlets that have been put forward from time to time upon this subject; and we must do this “to perform our duty as journalists, and to ease our hearts as men.”

Ten years ago a select committee of the House of Commons, in considering the Post-office communications with Ireland, thus reported:—

“Every new communication which shall be opened will open new districts for the employment of capital, and the increase of industry; a new market for the manufacturer; a new supply of food for the artisan; and a new source of revenue for the state. Every improvement of lines of communication will tend to induce the capitalist to settle in the more remote parts of Ireland, and thus spread industry and happiness in those hitherto neglected districts. Civilisation

and employment will extend; and disturbance, and the cost of putting down disturbance will be got rid of. The government should recollect that it is peculiarly an English object, that the most remote parts of Ireland should be connected as intimately and as closely as possible with herself; that this object will be mainly effected by opening to every part of that country the most direct and easy lines of communication with England; that thus the identity of feeling and interest will be soonest obtained, on which depends the prosperity and permanence of the union of the two countries."

And an eloquent anonymous writer on the same subject, says,—

"The essential interests of Ireland require that English prejudice, so hurtful, so baneful to her, should be dispelled, and mutual confidence substituted in its stead: and for rival and injurious jealousies, a feeling of reciprocity. Facilitate the intercourse between the two countries, connect, not only the island generally, but also her *remote parts*, as intimately as possible with England; and without in reality changing the distance of places, we shall in effect bring all not within the influence of each other, but within the influence of the executive; giving to each the advantages of both; compressing the whole of the countries, as it were, within the circuit of a few miles. We shall thus introduce into Ireland not only the muscle, but the mind, the *enterprise*, and the *security* of England; imparting to her new life, new feelings, new objects, and new interests: ingenuity and capital will have an *undisturbed* and peaceable scope to improve, where nature has been so superabundantly bountiful; agriculture will advance, manufactures flourish, science employ her genius and talent; industry, happiness, and civilization extend."

And applying all these remarks, which were made as to ordinary roads, to communications by railway, to which they are even more strikingly applicable, they are thus followed up by one of the witnesses before the select committee of 1835, on public works in Ireland:—

"However philanthropists and politicians may differ about many of the causes of the sufferings of the Irish poor; however various the proposed panacea, all unite in declaring that want of employment for the labouring classes was

the great evil, requiring the application of immediate remedies; and that all experience shows that any expenditure of money on public works had invariably introduced comfort and peace to the most destitute and disturbed districts, and had increased the public revenues in direct proportion to the amount of money expended. Of such public works railways stand first; presenting the mode of *communicating on land by steam*, which on water was and has continued to be so beneficial to Ireland. Railways possess extraordinary claims on the favour of the legislature, wholly irrespective of their efficiency as instruments of commerce and agriculture, and as conducive to wealth and prosperity—claims more especially paramount in regard to Ireland, since in their construction two thirds of the capital would necessarily be expended in weekly payments among the country labourers."

And we conclude these extracts by reverting again to the author of the anonymous pamphlet, before quoted, who observes,—

"Railways and steam are indeed effecting a new economization of life, of business, of government, which neither ignorance can stop, nor interest interrupt: they will be the great regenerating powers of Ireland. The occupation of the public mind and the employment of the peasantry in such enterprises, and the constantly increasing fruits of their progress, would do more to pacify the fearful dissections of the people, and ameliorate their condition, than any legislation of even the best disposed parliament. The more the case is considered, do advantages, benefits, conveniences, and accommodations multiply. It opens to Ireland, as it were, a new world, and discloses her resources to the enterprise and public spirit of England. In fact, it calls into existence a UNION WHICH NOTHING CAN REPEAL, but a convulsion of nature or a moral revolution."

With such cheering results to look forward to in the bright perspective of the future, our most sanguine hopes, our fondest wishes, our just expectations, nay, our most undoubted rights, prompt us to appeal with confidence to the first strong administration Ireland has possessed for many years, to search for the solution to this great financial problem—for the clue to this labyrinth of conflicting interests; to approach with a bold but master hand, and raise the drooping energies of the

country, and to foster, encourage, and mature such well-considered proposals as may offer the advantages of railway communication, on equal terms, to all those districts, who, relying on their own hitherto undeveloped resources, may be disposed to show their confidence in themselves and in the government, by uniting in working out this most desirable measure.

Nearly every plan which has come within our cognizance for establishing railways in Ireland, has been imbued with the radical error of partiality in its application and injustice to some one or other portions of the country. This error runs through the whole of the bill brought into parliament by Lord Morpeth, and which was read *pro forma*, and printed, immediately previous to that dissolution which pushed its author from his chair of office. It was certainly called a general bill, and, so far as the machinery went, it was so; but the London capitalists chose Limerick for their first terminus, leaving out not only Cork, which has lately raised such a tremendous howl in consequence, but also omitting the equally desirable extensions to Athlone or Galway, to Longford or Sligo, to Clonmel, Kilkenny, &c. &c. Enabling powers were certainly introduced, if capital could have been found, not only to make such lines, but to go to the north; and yet the very contemplation of such a possibility seems to have naturally alarmed the directors of the Drogheda railway, who look to extend that line northwards to Belfast by the commercial towns on our east coast, and they are said to have remonstrated as strongly against such a *permissive* provision in the bill, as the southern people are doing, because a *compulsory* enactment has not been put in to save "*that beautiful city, called 'Cork,'*" from being swallowed up by Limerick. We hold, however, on other grounds that that scheme never could have succeeded.

It was proposed to make the counties to be pervaded and benefitted, liable for any deficiency in the nett profits from the railway below four per cent—the counties, in return, dividing with the capitalists any surplus of the clear income above that rate. Now, abstractedly, this is a very fair principle; and, in our judgment, "to

this complexion it must come at last"—it is, indeed, nothing more than following out what Sir Robert Peel enunciated, and it is an absolute demonstration of the self-dependence of the proprietors of the districts, who become thus bound up with the success of an undertaking, wherein none will be so much benefitted as themselves; but, although provision was made by a board of control, and other ingenious machinery in the bill, for the details of the assessment, in case of need (since it is agreed on all hands, that while there is no chance of any actual payment of money in this respect, yet, like the provisoes, remainders, &c. in a family deed, all such contingencies and possibilities must be looked forward to, and provided for); yet a demur arose, and was likely to become very strong, from the counties nearest Dublin, and exceedingly great difficulties would have arisen in settling in the bill those leading principles for proportioning the liabilities of the respective counties and districts. There is no doubt, for instance, that the county of the city of Dublin would be vastly benefitted; but it is not quite so clear, that *for a line to Limerick only*, those counties nearest the metropolis would be so much improved and advantaged as to make them very desirous of joining in the bond. We are satisfied they would run no risk, but they might not think that enough—the counties of Dublin and Kildare might very probably object to a liability, in common with the more distant counties, for a partial line brought forward by private capitalists; but for a system that would embrace Kilkenny, Clonmel, Cork, Limerick, Athlone, Longford, Monaghan, &c. &c. with capital raised under the direct sanction of the government, especially such a government as we now possess, these objections must be removed, both from the increased probability of profits and total absence of all risks, and from the great advantage to all parts of the country, instead of the favouring one particular district. The Queen's County could not but be greatly benefitted in every way, but the lower parts of Kilkenny would derive little or no advantage. The extensive county of Tipperary might demur to a liability throughout, for a line, which is so deviated

from a comprehensive system, that one half of the promised advantages to her were suspended. The county and city of Limerick would, of course, have been too happy to pledge their revenues to effect so desirable an object, and not the less readily, because they found their neighbour and rival, Cork, was so uneasy at the thought of their success; and Clare, though not actually touched, would purchase, at little or no risk, all the advantages to be possessed by the principal part of Limerick county: so perhaps would Kerry, though unanimity is by no means to be expected there, if we may judge from what passed in the grand jury room at the last summer assizes. But after the highly respectable and influential meeting which took place at Cork lately, at which the Earl of Bandon was in the chair, and where his noble son took the lead in the discussion, it is clear as noon-day that the landowners of that county would never have submitted to be taxed for the benefit of Limerick. To so partial a plan, therefore, the consent of the necessary number of counties and towns, to the power of assessment over a sufficiently extensive range of landed property by a railway rate, although so distant and improbable, would never have been given; and, however well intended by Lord Morpeth, not even the power of such an administration as the present could have passed such a bill, on account of the above objections, independent of those arising from the clauses in respect of excess of estimate, which could not have been carried in their present shape. But, we do not believe, even if the counties had been unanimous in their consent, that when it came to the last pinch the subscribers would have been content with the simple county guarantee on their rates, of a minimum interest of four pounds per cent. We do not think the London capitalists would, *on that security only*, have advanced their funds, when money for mortgages on county rates in England can only be raised at five per cent.; and, looking at the cautious way in which provision is made in the printed bill before us, as to any excess over the original estimates of the government railway commissioners, we are quite certain the bargain would have been broken off, in a committee of the House

of Commons, in the struggle to obtain a better description of security and to make assurance doubly sure as to the extent of capital to be forthcoming; both of which must constitute the very essence of a financial bargain. Nor could it be wondered at—the capitalists gave, or offered to give up, the whole and sole conduct and management of the railways to government—the board of control acting as mediators and umpires between the capitalists and the counties; and content with a very low rate of profit, *and speculating only on the probable returns beyond that*, the city men naturally looked, that they should not be called on for more than a specified sum, and that their minimum interest should be duly and regularly paid.

It is a mere truism to observe, that whether for a line of railway extending but a comparatively short distance out of Dublin, or for such a line as the one to Limerick, those parties who may be willing to come forward and find the money to make it, will, themselves, select the direction in which it shall go; and, it is no more than a matter of course, that the right and the characteristic of application of private capital to works of public utility, should be exercised in choosing its own sphere of action; and the very point at issue is here involved for no real good, but much harm may ensue to the whole country, if partial lines, however profitable, be made in the first instance, and a general system can only be introduced by some considerable participation in the arrangements by the government. Could we for a moment suppose, that private capital, associated enterprise, and legitimate-honest speculation, would be exclusively devoted to carrying out the Irish railways, we should be the last to ask the direct aid of the government; nor is that, indeed, necessary *now*, for the counties in Ireland are perfectly able, and ought to obtain the money for any comprehensive plan, on engaging to indemnify the state; and should any such general leading principle be admitted, it would only remain to consider the proper machinery for carrying it into effect.

In a letter addressed, two or three years ago, by Mr. James Pim, the treasurer of the Dublin and Kingstown railway, to Mr. Recorder Shaw, there

are several suggestions on the monetary part of the question, which Mr. Pim's practical knowledge as a banker may render very valuable; and though advanced by him, on the supposition of a direct expenditure of money by government, are equally applicable to the protection of the state, should any limited amount of interference in assisting the counties to obtain funds, be conceded. Speaking of the security on the county-rates, Mr. Pim says,

"We do not want a grant of one farthing of English money. Having no separate Exchequer of our own we ask for the aid of British credit, (or rather the credit of the state, and to which we are parties,) to enable us to raise the necessary funds, and at the same time offering unquestionably good security to protect the state against loss. The security proposed, in addition to the proceeds of the railway, is an assessment on property of great extent and of immense value—a description of guarantee which those who understood the subject admit to be a perfect security. To the granting of such security I admit there are some objections, and particularly where the parties have no control over the expenditure of the funds, or the management of the railways. But if the Irish representatives, convinced of the importance of the object to be obtained, convinced also that under suitable management, it is scarcely possible but that the great lines of Irish communication will yield a far greater return than three and a half per cent, will consent—and almost unanimously—to this condition, it becomes extremely difficult to imagine any sound arguments against the principle of the plan. To a detail of the plan as brought forward there was an objection: it was proposed to commence with one line, (to the south-west,) and consequently partially; although I entertain no doubt whatever that the southern line was selected solely in consequence of its being more remunerative, and tending directly to make some of our south-western harbours available for facilitating British intercourse with almost every part of the world."

Mr. Pim goes on to explain a suggested modification of the plan, to which we will presently advert, and then observes:—

"No government advances, by way of loan, (to private companies)" could possibly effect more than the construction of one or two short lines out of Dublin, in the direction of the principal streams

of traffic. In my opinion" (and we pressed a similar one) of the introduction of any comprehensive system. One of the most important advantages of the plan being that by making the more profitable portions pay for those which are less so, the advantages of railway communication may ultimately be extended to the more remote districts; where, if the direct pecuniary returns may not be so great, other results may be looked for, well calculated to afford the highest gratification to the enlightened legislator and statesman."

The modified plan alluded to by Mr. Pim, was one to appropriate the same sum of money intended to have been raised by Lord Morpeth, viz. two and a half millions, to the construction of several lines towards the north, west, and south of Ireland, having one common entrance into Dublin. These lines were suggested at the great meeting held in the spring of 1839, at the Thatched-house Tavern in London, consisting of landed proprietors, members of parliament, and others generally interested in the prosperity of Ireland.

"The lines" (we extract from the printed statement circulated at that time) "here suggested combine many peculiar advantages; they unite in one common entrance into the capital—branching into the several provinces, they necessarily command a larger amount of traffic than could be expected from a single line of the same extent, to any particular part of Ireland, they confer equal advantages,—impartially distributed over the north, the west, and the south. By a glance at the map of Ireland it will be seen that the lines now suggested will terminate respectively at Armagh, Athlone, and Cashel. This application of the proposed expenditure is not only more equitable, and, as regards the interests of all parts of the country, more advantageous and complete than that which has been submitted to the consideration of parliament, and is free from the objections that have been urged against it on the score of partiality."

It is impossible for us to refrain, while on this part of the subject, from repeating here one of the resolutions, passed at another great public meeting in support of Irish railways, held in Dublin nearly three years ago, and participating as we do in the sentiments and opinions then expressed,



we cannot but ask attention to them, viz. :—

“ That although anxiously desirous for the success of a measure, which we are persuaded would in a most important degree promote the future prosperity of Ireland, we desire distinctly to *disclaim being influenced by any partial views whatever* : we can, in fact, have no interest as to the several directions in which such proposed lines should be laid down, save only that they should, whether singly, as to distinct lines, or collectively as to one great comprehensive system, be so directed and combined, as in the utmost possible degree to conduce to the general prosperity, not only of Ireland but of the empire.”

And at the recent meeting in Cork, which we have before alluded to, in the memorial prepared therefrom, and which has been within the last week or two presented to the Lord Lieutenant General, the parties while naturally advocating the claims of their own city and district, &c. (and, *par parenthese*, we may say that they are most ably supported,) still echo the same sentiments emanating from the above Dublin meeting. They observe—

“ That, while we are pleased that England should continue to maintain its pre-eminence over other countries by a vast and comprehensive system of railway communication, we do feel, *if some effort be not made to introduce the same mode of internal intercourse into Ireland*, instead of partaking of the prosperity of the sister kingdom, this country will still further be thrown back by the very impulse that will assist the onward progress of our more fortunate neighbours.

“ That, independently of the vast employment which this undertaking would give to a now destitute population, a comprehensive plan of railways would in a short period unfold the national resources of the country, would increase the productiveness of the soil, would sanction the establishment of manufactures, *would create an intercourse between Irishmen* which does not at present exist, and would soon assist in raising Ireland to the condition of being to Great Britain its strength, not its weakness.

“ That, while your memorialists, for these considerations, ardently desire the establishment of railroads in Ireland, they earnestly press upon your excellency the necessity of a general and comprehensive system *which would be-*

*nefit the country at large.* The construction of partial lines would tend rather to injure than to serve the whole community by concentrating in one district the employment, the industry, and the commerce of the counties ; and therefore if the sanction of government is to be given to any plan of private enterprise, connected with railways in Ireland, care should be taken that the completion of one line of railway should not destroy or lessen the chances in favour of the construction of the rest. That if it be permitted to private individuals to select what lines of railways they please, the shorter and cheaper lines will be preferred, and thus the undertaking, which, in a national point of view, would be of the first advantage, will be altogether thrown aside, unless the government make such provision as will protect the country from so palpable an injury.”

As we know these views are equally entertained by our western and northern friends, we are convinced the above may be fairly represented as the unanimous opinion of the intelligent, commercial, and agricultural interests of the whole of Ireland ; and probably Lord Morpeth was himself pretty much of that opinion in his own mind. The introduction of the resolution as to the south-west line in the first instance, was carried in the House of Commons by a small majority, against which Sir Robert Peel had the good nature not to join, for he did not vote, though he spoke against the motion ; but Lord Morpeth suffered the affair to die a natural death, and in a subsequent session declined to revive it.

A modification however of public opinion in England appears to have gradually taken place on the subject of government interference in railways ; and the prejudice once raised, parliament took the matter up, and a committee of the House of Commons recommended—

“ That a general effective supervision and control by the executive should be enacted to ensure the protection of the public interests, and the arrangements of public safety, and, at the same time, provide for the collection and registration of all important matters, connected with the railway system, with a view to future improvements.”

Since then we have had the creation of the railway department of the board of trade armed with certain powers,

by act of parliament, which will probably be still further extended in the ensuing session; and thus the principle of government interference seems fully admitted.

Waiving for a while the consideration of the mode of raising the funds, and the proper form of guarantee, we think there are several excellent features in the principles of the plan laid before the late government.

*First*.—That of entrusting the execution of the railways to the parties now in this country originally engaged on the railway commission, whose standing, abilities, and characters, are of the very highest grade, and who would thereby have the greatest interest in the verification of their original designs and estimates of construction and traffic, thus throwing on them a responsibility of no ordinary kind, and ensuring a degree of vigilance, circumspection, and zeal, wholly unattainable by any other device.

*Second*.—The entire separation of all pecuniary transactions from that board, and from the executive administration of the country; leaving this in the hands of the parties who are to advance the funds, and to pay only on the certificates of the railway commissioners sanctioned by the board of control: thus cutting off all possible chance of jobbing, speculation, and favouritism.

*Third*.—The constitution of the board of control: this is a novel and peculiar feature, whereby men of high rank and influence, in those parts of the country where the lines are to pass, would be enabled to keep a constant and efficient check on the administration and expenditure on the railways, and to protect the different subdivisions of the counties which may give the guarantee by seeing to the impartial distribution of the assessment: and with such a board the county guarantee becomes an essential portion of the scheme; for being deeply interested in the success of the railways, every one concerned becomes keenly alive to the necessity of the most rigorous economy in the construction, management, and working, and of the utmost watchfulness in their preservation: by this means a cordial co-operation of all parties is insured in every improvement and arrangement likely to enhance the

efficiency: of the lines by afford facilities and accommo- thus creating t to watch and provide against every tendency to loss, damage, or deterioration, and promote every thing having the contrary effect. In this way we have the most desirable of all combinations—private capital, state support and regulation, and local self-government and responsibility, with just so much centralization as would be useful in ensuring uniformity of arrangement and general principles of management.

The constitution of one or more of these boards of control may be made applicable to every part, and will practically place the railways within the jurisdiction of those who are to guarantee their success. In fact, it becomes analogous to an adaptation of the grand jury system for railways, as now existing for roads, except that the counties have no capital to levy; and in return for a mere contingency of assessment, which is so remote as to be almost hypothetical, they will have the present positive benefit of the railway system, and the more than probability of such a return from them as will either pay off the capital eventually by a sinking fund, or will go in diminution of the county rates: while in the construction and future working of the railways, the employment of the labouring population will keep them from falling back on the poor rates, and thus render them independent of the agitators by giving them useful and profitable employment.

It will have this further good effect, that it must give rise to additional confidence in the breasts of wealthy individuals to invest the redundant capital in Ireland, and in Irish improvements, particularly in bringing the waste lands into cultivation, thereby opening innumerable new channels of industry and employment; and this for the most possible reason—they will have the reflected assurances of the stability and tranquillity of those parts of Ireland, where railways shall be introduced under the responsibility of a board of control, who, not only are representatives of the counties, but are as do and as large know and as large p and c plers of the ment: and

thereby they become securities for the success, and partners in the speculation: thus mutual bonds of interest would be interchanged, not only between the railway capitalists, but between all others coming to this country, and the districts to which they would apply their funds; and on such mutual obligations virtually and practically depend the elements of advantage to all embarking in such undertakings; while the executive government of the empire, acting through the railway commissioners, would protect the public—the combination of the various parts of the whole system being calculated to produce the greatest amount of beneficial results with the minimum of expenditure.

Still we come back to the inquiry of *how are the funds to be raised?* All this well-devised scheme of combination is useless without the *primum mobile*: though we do not despair of the ultimate arrangements being made, still time is creeping on, and *deeds, not words*, must be the characteristics of the present government. Having amused ourselves with picking holes in the plans and devices of all who have gone before us on this debateable question, we pretend to give our own opinions that the following leading points should be kept in view under any kind of arrangement, viz.:

1st. That government should not be called on to make any monied advances; consequently, no part of the state taxation would be made liable or available to benefit one district at the expense of other parts of the island and of the empire.

2d. That the government should in some shape (which we will not now pretend to point out, though we think within our own minds that we see a clear way to effect it,) *lend the credit of the state* to the counties on some safe guarantee, by which the treasury shall run no pecuniary risk whatever.

3d. That the plan be as comprehensive as practicable, and be not confined to the *south*, but that the arrangements be made applicable to every part of the country.

4th. That the lines of existing companies be not interfered with, except so far as they may positively obstruct the carrying out of a general system; but that, on the contrary, every facility

and encouragement should be given to them to fall into that system, as branches or extensions. Thus all the local advantages of the Kilkenny line may be ensured by its falling into the main southern trunk at Kildare; and all the anticipated benefits to the Drogheda railway will be retained by leaving the north open to them for the present. Should the one decline to form the branch to the south, and the other to make the extension to the north, after sufficient time for consideration, these may be hereafter introduced into the general arrangements.

5th. That a government commission to execute, and a board of control to regulate, be combined with a court of fiscal management; and that the counties pervaded or benefitted, and giving a guarantee, should in some form derive advantage from the profits.

6th. That power of redemption of the original capital be provided.

7th. That to whatever extent the lines be first carried, provision be made for future extensions and other lines, which the localities may demand, upon their offering a proper guarantee.

On some such great and sound principles as these, do we conceive a comprehensive system of railways for Ireland may be safely and easily introduced; and these same principles may be applied to other parts of the empire, and especially to forming the direct communication through Wales to a post-office packet-port for connection with this country; nor need they be confined to that line only, the extension of a series of railways through the north of England to Scotland might, with great propriety, be undertaken on the same terms, or to any other parts of Great Britain, where the importance of the measure, and the demand of the localities, may call for it—the *leading feature always being, that the credit of the state is extended on the security of the local resources*; and, indeed, we see no reason why it should not be also advanced on such description of personal or associated security, of an undoubted character, as may be offered.

We observe, for instance, that certain railway companies in the midland counties of England, have come forward to guarantee a minimum of interest to those who may embark their

capital in extending a northern railway from Darlington to Newcastle; in fact, these securities are as good as, or even better than, what the Exchequer Loan Commission of England, and the Board of Public Works in Ireland are in the constant habit of accepting for loans of money actually advanced, and this must be equally secure, and, indeed, more so, when the money has to be raised by others, the state merely acting as a middle party.

Having had the advantage of seeing some of the papers and correspondence, on the subject of Irish railways, of more than one person, we have freely availed ourselves of them, and of every other source likely to throw light, or to bring support to bear on this interesting question; nor do we scruple to transfer to our pages those opinions of others that may enforce our own arguments. Thus, with one of our political adversaries, we concur in saying—

“That should this particular object, after all the time, labour, and expense already bestowed upon it, be blindly rejected by the counties, or harshly forbidden by parliament, it will confirm and prolong the feelings of desponding indifference so prevalent in Ireland as to almost every former undertaking for public objects, and the consequences will be deeply and permanently injurious. On the contrary, should the works be prosecuted with vigour, the result will be found to realise the expectations which all inquiries have tended to confirm; public operations in Ireland will no longer be considered as fit subjects merely for derision and discouragement; Ireland will be awakened from its torpor, and that spirit of enterprise called forth, which, when controlled by prudence, sustained by adequate means, and directed to useful and practicable objects, constitutes one of the most powerful agents of national improvement.”

Nor will we refuse to make the following extracts from one of the early numbers of that periodical, which has not always advanced such sensible practical measures, and which seems to have since forgotten them, now that their party is no longer the one to carry them out.

“The question of execution is no

longer a subject which respects the great works of the state. It remains only to determine the parties who shall execute them, and the time when they shall be accomplished. If our present rulers be wise, they will not allow the honour to be snatched from them. Happily, most happily, for our country, this is no party question, nor one in which the demon of politics can intermeddle—Protestant and Catholic are equally interested in it. Independent of ministerial changes, it will form itself on the government, borne forward by the progress of circumstances. The time should be the present, it is clear that some vast remedial measures must follow to alleviate the first sharpness of the local burthens, which must necessarily be thrown on the landed interest by the poor law, and which should be met as far as possible by the employment of the labouring and necessitous population—public works. The path is therefore clear, the time propitious, the nation willing, and the capitalist not disinclined to co-operate with the government. Here is a combination of circumstances which, by framing plans of civilization and employment, are to raise the Irish peasant in the scale of society; to teach him the value of time, the advantages of habits, of order, and temperance, and to prove to him the determination of the government to maintain his rights as a citizen whatever his religion or politics; to induce him to become a useful member of society, and as ardent a supporter as he might have been tempted to be a repealer of the union.”

We must now close, in the hope of having another opportunity of going into and discussing points of construction, estimates, &c., and of showing that facilities for the transport of agricultural produce at a very low rate, or over great distances, will undoubtedly be attained, as well as a variety of other details for which we have left ourselves no space. Our first object has been to broach principles, to analyze leading features, and to draw the attention of the executive and of the landed interest to this absorbing question, so pregnant with beneficial results for few objects of ambition more honourable than that of being instrumental in promoting such a moral and comprehensive system of internal communications through this

## RECENT PAMPHLETS ON IRELAND.

AGAIN we resume our observations on the condition and prospects of Ireland under the new administration. Already we believe, it may be perceived that they have inspired all classes of men with confidence; and that a degree of tranquillity and security is felt by all the holders of property, and all those who look to honest industry for a comfortable independence, which has not been known for many years. It is our firm conviction that Lord De Grey will find it much easier to govern the country upon constitutional principles, than either Lord Normanby or Lord Ebrington found it to break through all the established rules of government, and setting at naught the natural aristocracy, exercise the powers entrusted to them in obedience to the behests of the democratic leaders.

Although we believe the value of Lord Alvanley's pamphlet is already pretty well ascertained by all those whom it concerns, we cannot omit all notice of the reply which it has received from the good Lord Roden,\* whose character would be alone sufficient to recommend his thoughts upon such a subject to the consideration of every wisely-judging man in the empire. His lordship writes with all the courtesy which becomes him towards his brother peer, whose motives he believes to be good; and, at the same time, with all that manly candour, fulness of information, singleness of mind, and soundness of judgment, by which all his public efforts have been distinguished. But for Lord Alvanley we should have wanted this faithful testimony respecting the evils of Ireland and their remedies; and we thank the British peer for the mistakes and misstatements (occasioned wholly, we are fully satisfied, by want of correct information,) which have given rise to a production by which they have been so thoroughly exposed, and which, as far as it can be made known, must prevent any one from being misled by them. In the following observations, with which Lord Roden commences his reply, the reader will discern a spirit of honesty, and, at the

same time, of conciliation, equally characteristic of the enlightened politician and the real Christian.

"I feel persuaded that many of my Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, wearied with the ever-recurring agitations with which we have hitherto been afflicted, are anxious for a state of repose wherein alone the resources of our country can be developed, and her prosperity and peace promoted. They have hailed, no doubt, as I have, the accession of men to place and power, who are likely to exercise the authority with which they are entrusted, with justice and decision, to repress lawless violence, to discountenance turbulent agitation, and thus to make way for the introduction of such salutary measures as will tend to advance our commerce and our agriculture. No one will be more grieved than I shall if these expectations are disappointed. There is no concession, short of compromise of principle, that I am not ready to make, even to the prejudices of my Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, if thereby harmony and peace could be established amongst us. I am decidedly opposed to the measures proposed by Lord Alvanley for restoring tranquillity to Ireland, not because I am averse to the principle of concession, but because I am clearly convinced that his proposition would but increase tenfold the diseases which they are intended to cure. Lord Alvanley, like many others who have attempted to prescribe for the evils of Ireland, is not sufficiently acquainted with either her past history or her present circumstances. This of itself is calculated to raise objections in my mind to his proposed measures."

His lordship then proceeds to show how unfounded is the assumption of Lord Alvanley, that the *Roman Catholic* is the *ancient* religion of Ireland, pretty much as we have ourselves done in our last number; and respecting this portion of the pamphlet we shall only say, we rejoice to find our views in strict conformity with those of so well read an Irish historian as Lord Roden proves himself to be. Nor is it possible to doubt the justness of the inference from his lordship's very well-considered premises, that, *not* the popish, but the Established Church,

---

\* Observations on Lord Alvanley's Pamphlet on the State of Ireland, &c. by the Earl of Roden. 8vo. London, 1841.



is the direct and legitimate successor to the ancient Church of Ireland.

"As well might the successors of the Independents, who intruded themselves into the livings of the Church of England during the period of the Commonwealth, claim them now as theirs, as that the Romish church, because she had violently seized on the property of the Irish church for three centuries, should now lay claim to it, when the latter has been enabled by the state to vindicate her rights. "*Nullum tempus contra ecclesiam*," is a maxim of the law founded in wisdom, and a century's possession does not, any more than a year's, make invalid an ancient law or title."

Respecting the grievance of tithes, so much insisted on by Lord Alvanley, Lord Roden thus writes:—

"As a mere pecuniary burden, especially as the law at present exists, tithe cannot press at all upon the Roman Catholic farmers; it is really, as it always has been, a portion of that which otherwise would be available to the landlord. The landlords are the *bona fide* tithe payers, and if tithe were done away in reality, as well as in name, they would alone be the gainers. The total amount of tithe payable to the clergy of the Irish church amounts, in round numbers, to about three hundred thousand pounds; of this the landlords, in fee, that are Roman Catholics, pay only about 14,000*l.*, so little grounds have they for asserting that the Established Church is supported in whole, or even chiefly, by the Roman Catholics. Indeed, under the existing state of the law, the tithe is already scarcely noticed by the majority of tenants. In a short time, if left to themselves, the name of it will be almost forgotten, and unless some strange revolution takes place there cannot be any successful agitation in regard of it. Some such measure as that which Lord Alvanley recommends is the most likely means of producing such an unfortunate result."

But now we come to matter to which we must take some exception—namely, Lord Roden's own proposal for the extinction of tithes. So sincerely desirous is he of evincing a spirit of conciliation, that he would fain remove a nominal, at the expense, to our seeming, of establishing a real grievance. His project we think it

right to give in his own words. It is as follows:—

"If the obligation to pay tithes to the Irish church be the great grievance under which the Roman Catholics are weighed down (which I deny), and if this be the only obstacle which stands in the way of restoring peace and tranquillity to Ireland, as Lord Alvanley infers, a much cheaper and more effectual means of accomplishing its removal can be devised than the payment of the priests—recommended by his lordship. There are in Ireland, I believe, about 4,000 priests, who, on a moderate calculation, for confessions, marriages, baptisms, extreme unction, masses, month's minds, churchings of women, priests' coin, &c. receive about £600,000, thus affording to each a salary of about £150 per annum. In this sum salaries of bishops are not included. Take it, however, at £600,000, and large as it is, who is there that would not be willing to sacrifice it, provided there were no surrender of principle involved therein, if by doing so peace and harmony would be secured to Ireland? A much less sum, however, will be required, if the grievance of tithe be all that is necessary to be removed. I have said that the amount of tithe, payable to the clergy of the Established Church, is about £300,000, half the sum necessary to be paid to the Roman Catholic priests, supposing they would be satisfied with it. Let lands be purchased by the government at every opportunity, producing a yearly amount equal to that of tithes, and according as the land is purchased let the proceeds be applied to the use of the clergy, in lieu of their tithes; the expense will then come gradually off the state, without suddenly depreciating the value of money or increasing that of land; tithes will be extinguished in a few years in name and reality, and the presumed grievance, arising from the obligation to pay them, will be completely and for ever removed. The reason for investing the money in land must be obvious: it will give the property a character of security and permanence which it otherwise could not have, and will cause the income of the clergy to fluctuate according to the changes of the times."

Supposing this project realised, how would it work? Simply as a bonus to the Roman Catholics. The State would have to pay the land which the clergy would have.

would be, that that which was tithe-rent would become rent in its ordinary acceptation; while the nation would be burdened by the whole amount of the sum necessary to effect the proposed purchases of land. Would not common sense soon teach the people that *they* were no gainers by such an arrangement? And would not the new property of the clergy soon become as unpopular and as odious as ever was the property in tithe? It may also be asked, *would it not be a much handier thing for confiscation?*

The real state of the case is this: *at present* the clergy are entitled, as *first-class proprietors*, to a certain lien upon the land, which operates as a *deduction from the rent*. By this no one is burdened. The *head* landlord never had a right to what they receive; and an *allowance* is made for it to the tenant, whose rent is diminished by the amount of his tithe. According to Lord Roden's plan, a sum is raised sufficient to purchase land, equal in point of value, to the present commuted rent-charge. This at once makes the maintenance of the clerical body a *public burden*, while it operates no change whatever in the liabilities of those classes who clamour most loudly against the grievance of tithes, and only in reality "gilds the refined gold" of the Corinthian pillars of society.

All this supposes that the rent-charge finds its equivalent in landed property, without any loss from the process of exchange; but Lord Roden well knows that such would not be the case, and that what is parted with must go at a discount, while what is to be acquired can only be procured at a premium. It is our belief, from the analogy of similar transactions, that if his lordship's project were seriously adopted by the government, not more than two-thirds of the value of the present rent-charge would be realized.

There is to be set over against this the superior advantage of possessing a property which will continue to bear a certain definite relation to the value of all other land. This, undoubtedly, is something; but very little indeed when compared with its other disadvantages, by which the clergy become in reality a burden upon the state, and the people find themselves subjected to *two* impositions instead of

*one*—that which the landlord receives upon the relinquishment of the rent-charge, on the part of the clergy, and the tax that would be necessary to make the proposed provision for the latter, in lieu of property in tithe. It would be exactly the case of a man who should mortgage his property for the purpose of paying off an incumbrance, which would increase under one denomination precisely in proportion as it diminished under another, while the mortgage would only constitute an *additional incumbrance* for which there would be no compensation.

No. We would venture respectfully to advise Lord Roden, not to tamper with the present state of church property, in any vain hope of reconciling the discontented amongst the Roman Catholic community to the payment of those whom they denominate an heretical clergy. He may depend upon it that "*delenda est Carthago*" is their motto; that their objection is not to the name but to the thing; and that if they were in reality gratified by the change which he proposes, it would only be because it would afford them stronger grounds for clamour than they at present possess, and therefore a better hope of accomplishing their ulterior objects.

Instead of advising further experimental changes, with a view to propitiate a wicked agitation, we would strongly advise the noble lord to use whatever influence he possesses, to impress upon the legislature, that in conceding so much as they have conceded already to turbulence, they have been departing from true wisdom.

The tithe system has always appeared to us the most perfect in theory for the purpose for which it was intended, that ever was devised. In practice it had its evils, and these might all have been corrected without laying the axe to the root of the principle upon which it was founded. *It was God's own plan for providing for the ministers of his holy religion*; and man seldom attempts to improve upon HIS finished work without evincing either folly or ignorance, by which, sooner or later, his presumption will be rebuked and confounded.

What are tithes? They are the tenth part of the produce which is the free gift of the bounty of God; and they are set apart for the maintenance

of an order of men who are appointed to minister in his holy temple. Let the reader suppose himself in possession of a piece of unproductive ground, and that an individual proposes to endue it with fertility, upon the condition of receiving a tenth of the produce, would not the possession of the remainder be an ample inducement to the proprietor to close with the offer, seeing that the whole nine-tenths must be a clear gain, after making due allowance for the seed and the labour. That is exactly what Jehovah has said to the cultivators of the earth; with this difference, that what *he* reserves, he reserves for the purpose of cultivating amongst them that godliness which exalteth a nation, and without which their best possessions must only prove a source of misery and ruin.

But why not have allocated a separate portion of the soil as a property for the clergy, in the manner Lord Roden proposes, instead of burdening every individual cultivator with the payment of what many will consider an obnoxious impost? For this plain reason, that by the tithe system alone can an effectual provision be made for the increasing moral exigencies of the population. In proportion as a parish is cultivated, in the same proportion it is but reasonable to suppose it will be peopled; and the tithe system will thus possess a kind of *elastic accommodation* to the increasing necessity for religious ministrations. It will be like the skin of the animal, which grows with the growth of its whole frame. Thus the tithe system, as instituted by Almighty God, provides effectually, at the same time, *both for clerical maintenance and for church extension*. It is thus secured, as far as divine wisdom could secure it, that, in moral and religious matters, the supply shall never halt behind the demand. As society progresses, the provision for this first want, this prime necessity of society, progresses also. And no imaginary point of advancement can be attained in temporal prosperity, which will not be attended by a commensurate moral apparatus for promoting "peace upon earth, good will amongst men, and glory to God in the highest."

Such is *the theory* of tithes. Such right, such ought to have been the working of the system. But the system was abused: an outcry was raised against

it: and wicked and interested men, who hated the religion which it was intended to uphold, availed themselves of these abuses for the purpose of effecting its overthrow. They have but too fatally succeeded.

The various tithe-reform acts, as they are called, which, from 1820 to the present period have engaged the attention of the legislature, have all proceeded upon the principle of making a provision for the present, to the neglect of the future. Suppose a parish, one-half of which is under cultivation, to yield an income of two hundred pounds a-year upon the old system; when it becomes fully cultivated, it should yield four hundred pounds a-year; thus enabling the pastor to provide, as the case might require, one or more assistants; and this by a gradual accession of income, proportioned exactly to the growing increase of population. *This was God's plan*. Let us see how man has improved upon it. By the recent enactments the income has become fixed, and is distributed evenly over the whole parish, and any increase of cultivation will only operate in effecting a proportionate diminution of the liabilities of the original contributors, so that the two hundred a-year will now be levied from a greater, which before was levied from a smaller number of the proprietors of land. We omit all consideration of the miserable expedient of averages, by which a make-believe compensation is provided for that principle of the old tithe system which causes the provision for the maintenance of an established clergy to keep pace with the exigencies of the population: a compensation which at best would come tardily in the rear of agricultural prosperity, and which we may be very sure would never be practically realized. We would now ask Lord Roden calmly to look on that picture, and on this; and to say, whether the change which has taken place can be called an improvement? We ask him (without any reference to the great loss of income incurred by the clergy in the process of change, and supposing they have been no sufferers,) what benefit has the church, what benefits have the public derived from the recent enactments, by which, as it appears to us, a total alteration has been made in the principle

upon which a national establishment has been hitherto maintained? He cannot, we are bold to say, point to one solid advantage resulting to the public from this arrangement, to compensate its crying evils. We know very well that the old tithe system was abused; but we know also that a remedy for these abuses might well have been found, if men were only sincerely bent upon finding such a remedy; and that under proper arrangements, the old property in tithe might have been as easily collected as any other property in the empire.

We never heard an objection, which seemed to us even for a moment plausible, against the plan proposed by the present Archbishop of Dublin for regulating the property in tithe. He would congregate the various parishes into separate corporations, (say let from eight to twelve parishes go to make up one corporation,) and over each of these he would have an agent appointed, whose duty it would be to receive the amount of the tithe, and to distribute his proper share to each of the several incumbents. By this plan, the property would be as secure as the present collegiate estates; and the clergy would be paid their incomes with punctuality, while they would be removed from all disagreeable contact upon pecuniary points with their parishioners: and thus every one of the advantages of the tithe system would be realized, and every one of its evils would be avoided.

But why do we allude to these which may now be called by-gone questions? For the purpose of showing the mischief which may be done by rash and empirical legislation. For the purpose of showing the grave error of legislating upon mere prejudice, and with more regard to public clamour than the grounded reasons of things. We allude to them because one of the best of men—one of the truest-hearted Protestants of whom Ireland can boast—exhibits a leaning towards a course of policy by which the great moral instrument for the regeneration of the country has been already grievously crippled; and which, if it should be persevered in only a little longer, would operate as a fatal impediment to her tranquillity and improvement. His lordship may be perfectly satisfied that we have already

had enough, and more than enough, of the thumb-screw process, as applied to the revenues of the church. No one, we are sure, laments more than he does the extent to which the Whig-Radical government were suffered to go in what may well be called legislative spoliation. Let what remains be at least held sacred from further invasion; and a further invasion, his lordship may rest assured, would be made, although he intends it not, if his plan of commuting the rent-charge into landed possessions were adopted.

The experiment was tried in Canada; and with what result? Only to prove its utter failure. At that time the prejudice against a tithe assessment ran high. It was a season of religious deadness and political phrenzy or infatuation. The illustrious Edmund Burke aroused himself, and put all his mighty powers in requisition against the latter; but while his religious instincts were always right, his religious convictions were not of that distinct and determined character which clearly discriminated truth from error; and while he would tolerate popery to an extent that would have amounted to encouragement, he was comparatively indifferent about providing in the only wise and efficient way, for the extension of Church-of-England worship in the colonies belonging to the British crown. Accordingly, a system of reserved lands was adopted in lieu of a system of tithes. It was thus in that instance, that God's plan was set aside, and man's plan was adopted. And how has the truth-teller, experience, taught us to estimate the wisdom of the course which was then pursued? Truly as one which, affecting to pronounce a blessing, inflicted a curse; which, affecting to make a provision for, brought penury and destitution upon the clergy; which, professing to benefit, most seriously injured the colony; proving a grievous and almost insurmountable impediment to its cultivation. We believe that we are greatly within bounds when we say, that a tithe of the cultivated land of Canada would be a cheap purchase of exemption from the evils caused by the system of reserved lands, which left the clergy to starve, while it interposed almost impassable barriers to that intercourse which was indispensable to the prosperity of the people.

There is, we know, much difference between lands already cultivated, and in a country abounding with cultivation, and lands covered with forest, in a country such as Canada was in 1793. But Lord Roden has heard of bishops' lands, and he is not, we are sure, unaware of the sort of reproach under which they have laboured, as being a species of property which is adverse to improvement. A similar reproach, he may be sure, would attach to that other property into which he would have the tithe rent-charge commuted: and it would very soon be as invidious and as obnoxious to captious objection, as ever was the old tithe system in the days of its worst abuses, and before there was any commutation at all.

But we dwell upon the subject, by-gone though it be, because we are desirous of impressing upon our readers, that church-reform hitherto has consisted in nothing more than plucking the church. Any ruffian who hoped to realize any project for robbing the clergy, for which he might receive a legislative sanction, took his degree as a church reformer. The question never was how the property of the clergy might be most effectively secured, or how it might be most beneficially improved, or how it might be most advantageously administered, but how it might be most extensively curtailed, how the utmost possible amount might be squeezed out of it, to satisfy the greedy voracity of its assailants. And thus it was that a clamour and an agitation was got up, by which the whole country was thrown into confusion—until the timid friends of the clergy were themselves consenting parties to measures which were considered advisable upon the principle of sacrificing a part to secure the remainder—until the very principle of a church establishment became fatally compromised, and that power of progressive expansion which was the very essence of the tithe system, and which would always have commanded a supply of spiritual labourers in proportion as their services were required, was sacrificed in order to purchase a

temporary r  
renewed at tem  
tunity, when t  
should again me  
nanced by a h  
adverse parliament.

Such has been hitherto the spirit of church reform: and we do think it not unreasonable to remind our readers of it, now that church extension begins to be so much talked of. It is right that the public should know—it is right that the landed proprietors should consider—where the responsibility of church extension lies;—seeing that legislative enactments have taken place by which they alone have benefitted, which have deprived the church of its means of meeting those increasing exigencies, for which its property would have otherwise afforded a sufficient provision, and which, under good direction and management, would have ensured throughout the length and the breadth of the land the effective preaching of the Gospel.

The project of plundering the Established Church having been tried without much success, except as far as it aimed at the impoverishment of the clergy;—the new panacea for all the evils of Ireland is to be found—according to Lord Alvanley—in paying the Romish priests. Upon this part of the subject Lord Roden's strictures are admirable. But there is another writer by whom Lord Alvanley's pamphlet is also reviewed, and whose sound good sense, as well as excellent religious feeling, entitle his observations upon it to the respectful notice of our readers.\* He thus observes:—

"It is true that your graphic sketch of the present Romish clergy in Ireland intends to prove them a low-born and worse-bred order of men in order to which, you propose to reform Maynooth, the hot-bed of all the pollutions of Ireland; and then to neutralize the poison of popery, by paying its dispensers. Alas! the prospect of such a reform seems to be utterly hopeless. Has much of Rome yet attained reform?—Is she not too infallible to—and too immutable to alter? Did our monasteries and nunneries, or—of Ireland, reform themselves, the exposures incessantly turning

\* "The State of Ireland re-considered. In answer to Lord Alvanley's 'State of Ireland considered.' By a Commoner."—Hatchard and Son, 1841.



up, from the Norman Conquest, till Henry VIII. and his minister Cromwell overthrew the whole? Is popery any wiser now? Perhaps you will say she is better: you do, in fact, say so, by advising us to pay her priests. But can your lordship indeed be ignorant of the present state of the whole Irish priesthood (not only as trained at Maynooth, but elsewhere), or of what must inevitably be the condition—while human nature continues what it is—of the whole Romish priesthood of Italy, France, Spain, and Portugal, condemned to hopeless celibacy, and deprived of the charities of life?

“Mr. Pinkerton, in his able work on Geography in speaking of France, observes:—‘The laws and decency of marriage are frequently sacrificed; and the looseness of the French morals, with regard to the female sex, has become proverbial.’ In reference to Spain and Portugal, he says:—‘Human nature being ever the same, those ascetics atone for the want of marriage by the practice of adultery; and the husbands, from the dread of the Inquisition, are constrained to wink at this enormous abuse. The conscience is seared by the practice of absolution; and the mind becomes reconciled to the strangest of all phenomena—theoretic piety and practical vice, united in bonds almost indissoluble. The vice becomes flagrant beyond conception, as it is practised by those very men who ought to exhibit examples of morality!’ And again:—‘It may perhaps be asserted, that the Roman Catholic system in the south of Europe is the only superstition in the universe which has, at any period, necessitated the practice of vice; thus confirming the maxim, that the corruption of the purest and best system is always the worst. Were an apostle again to visit Spain, he would certainly begin with preaching the Christian practice, as if the very idea of Christianity had perished, and his first duty would be *to convert the ecclesiastics.*’ Now, my lord, it is to the Irish priesthood, as ‘educated in Rome, France, and Spain,’ that your lordship (as if forgetful of your honourable birth) expressly refers us for examples of ‘piety and courage,’ and for men of ‘ability and energy, deserving the suffrage of cotemporaries,’ and as ‘of simple manners and studious habits, strictly attentive to the instruction and care of their flocks.’—(See pp. 8, 10, and 18.)

“In reference to the case of Ireland, which is more particularly in hand, will your lordship permit me to inquire whether you never heard of the ‘house-keeper,’ ‘cousin,’ ‘friend,’ or other con-

venient appellative so common in the dwelling of every priest? or will you believe, that, with the mighty power of absolution in his hands, as following the mysteries of the confessional, the case is any better in Ireland than elsewhere?”

“It will be no answer to such a statement to call it slander, when every man, woman, and child in these places is perfectly aware of what such a nomenclature intends. Assure yourself, my lord, that as no honest man can find any pleasure in the exposure of human infirmity, and as the duty of Christian charity would rather require a decent silence on such subjects, when it may be practicable, this remark would never have been made by the writer, had he not felt, that, before the priests of Ireland can make out a case of claim on the revenue, they must deserve it better: but is not your lordship aware, that, with many persons whose opinions are not to be despised, there would be, upon high scriptural principle, full as much, or greater, objection to support the clergy of such an apostate communion as that of Rome, from the public money, on account of their corruption of doctrine, as there would be on account of the corruption of their practice?”

Lord Alvanley recommends the adoption by the government of the Romish priests as the instructors of the people, upon the ground that they are now very different from what they were “two hundred years ago,” and that “they are eminently calculated to succeed in the objects for which they are designed,” and that, when taken under the patronage of government, they will be found “friends to peace and order,” “exemplary in their moral conduct,” and, above all, “tolerant to those who differ from them in religious opinions.” That the noble lord believes all this we are well assured; but, in thus frankly admitting his honesty and his truth, what are we to say of his knowledge and of his understanding? Popery as it exists, and as it is actually worked in Ireland, a system which a Christian government should deliberately patronize! This, the advice of an hereditary legislator, and one whose principles rather lead him to side with a Conservative ministry than to lend any aid to their factious opponents!—this, we confess, does both pain and amaze us; because it indicates the contemptuous indifference with which the affairs of this country have been regarded by one who, neverthe-

less, undertakes to prescribe a remedy for its evils, and the very little account which one who ought to be considered a guardian of the national faith, makes of the difference between true and false religion. Before we have done we may, perhaps, enable the reader to understand how far, in reality, the nature of popery is changed. In the meantime we recommend the following passage from the pamphlet of his antagonist, the "Commoner," to Lord Alvanley's attentive perusal:—

"It is not likely that your lordship will have read Coudrette's History of the Jesuits; but before you persist in your eulogies upon such nefarious instruments of evil, it may be as well that you should. If you have met with that able and unanswerable work, and can yet have written as you do, it will be to little purpose that any thing should be added here: if not, its perusal is very earnestly recommended. To designate, as your lordship does, these thorough-paced slaves of another master that can never be mentioned to 'ears polite,' as 'distinguished instructors'—as 'not the same as those of two hundred years ago'—'eminently calculated to succeed in the objects for which they are designed,' namely, 'propagating the Romish faith by fire and sword, as in the Palatinate and everywhere else, when it has been necessary to their purpose'—'friends of peace and order'—'making converts by the force of good example'—'living admirably well with each other'—'attentive to their spiritual duties'—'exemplary in their moral conduct'—above all, 'tolerant to those who differ with them in religious opinions!'—and finally, as endowed with qualities rendering it 'desirable that the regulation if not the government of Maynooth should be placed in their hands:' all this may be implicitly believed by your lordship; but it is absolutely at antipodes, not only with all that we have ever read, but now know to be transacting by this antichristian league against every other church and creed upon earth, at the bidding of a general, whose centre is Rome, and whose circumference is everywhere. The application of that subtle and specious assurance, which is no more true of Jesuitism in particular than of Romanism in general, viz. that each are other things than they once were, and that their respective members are no longer the same men, is effectually rebutted by all that we at this moment too certainly know, and too bitterly feel, of a system which claims at once an infallibility that

exempts her from error, and an immutability that precludes her from change. And it is to propagate this delusion, my lord, that at this period of the world's age you are deliberately lending yourself, supported by all the influence, if not of a public or private character, at all events of elevated rank!"

That popery should be cherished in order that it might be extinguished—that it should be fed in order that it may be starved—that in short, we should set it up, as the very best means of putting it down—has been, almost from the date of the establishment of Maynooth, the cuckoo note of pseudo liberals of every grade, who, unrebuked by the failure of the fatal experiment then made, continue to the present period their senseless, if not wicked cry, as though any thing had resulted from the endowment of popery, as far as it has already been endowed, but only evil continually. To reason with such charlatans and sciolists would be almost to imitate their own folly, or to evidence their own infatuation. But we tell the government deliberately, that if it be influenced by their clamorous importunity, or their stupid and ten-times exposed and refuted asseverations, to afford a marked encouragement to a system of glozing imposture, such as that which the Church of Rome exhibits this moment in Ireland, in the hope that either the faith of the credulous votaries of Romanism may thus be undermined, or that their priesthood may thus become attached to the interests of a Protestant government, and obedient to the behests of its rulers, they will have committed the gravest error into which, as statesmen, they could be betrayed, and may find, when it is too late, that in employing superstition in purposes of policy, they have only been aiding, by policy, in the purposes of superstition.

The true wisdom of government would be, not "to meddle or make" with popery in Ireland. We counsel them to have nothing to do with it at all. It is a system which, for the degree of mischievous vitality which belongs to it in this country, is entirely, or almost entirely, indebted to the state empirics who took it under their especial care; and if it be only left to its own resources, its own absurdities will become so apparent, that it must, in process of time, become as

insignificant as it has ever been dangerous. Our counsel, therefore, is, that neither pains nor penalties be resorted to on the one side, nor state encouragement afforded on the other. Should popish priests abuse their influence for any bad political purpose, let them be treated like any other incendiaries who offend against the laws. We do not think the instances are many in which such offences would be committed. But we are very sure that the only proper mode of dealing with them would be, to make the culprits sensible that no assumption of a spiritual character could empower them to set the ordinary jurisprudence of the country at defiance. Yea, the very office which they profaned should only, in the eyes of a just government, aggravate the guilt of which they might stand charged; and every instance of subornation of perjury—every instance of outrage against personal liberty—every instance of persecution for opinion—every instance of intimidation, by which the personal freedom of the voter was sought to be coerced at contested elections\*—should be considered only more heinous and more re-

prehensible when proved in the case of ecclesiastics, by whom a very different example should be shown, than in that of ordinary delinquents, who might have been betrayed into transgression by ignorance or delusion. In all such cases, we would give the Romish priests no benefit of clergy: and certain we are that they would find out very soon that it was neither pleasant nor profitable to engage in practices of which the consequences might be so very inconvenient. Certain we are also that a large proportion of their own laity, and no inconsiderable portion of the priesthood themselves, would hail with joy any symptom of a vigorous administration of the laws, by which the turbulent and seditious tendencies of the more violent and ungovernable of their body, both lay and clerical, might be timely prevented.

Concurrently with this avoidance of all interference with, and abstinence from all encouragement of, the Church of Rome, we would earnestly advise the upholding by all legitimate means the cause of true religion. This we would advise, upon high grounds, without any reference to the question

---

\* The following we extract from the *Statesman and Record* newspaper, of December the 17th, for the purpose of showing the extent to which intimidation of voters was carried in this metropolis, during what may well be called the reign of terror, at the last election, and also *the light in which the atrocity thus recorded is regarded by the present Lord Mayor*. Such would be his "tender mercies!" Can we be too thankful for the blessed change which has taken place in the government of the country, by which it is to be hoped, such miscreancy will, for the future, be prevented?

"TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD MAYOR.

"SIR—A friend has just put into my hands, *Saunders's News-Letter* of the 14th instant, in which you are reported as having made the following statement:—

"The Lord Mayor again rose and said he had now to make a short report from the committee, to whom the case of Reilly, the coal-porter, was referred. They would recollect him as the youth who was engaged in some of the election scuffles during the recent contest, when one of the persons to whom he was opposed drew forth a pistol, and firing it, the ball carried away the index finger of his left hand. Reilly then got his opponent into his power, but instead of seeking any revenge for his wound, he said to the man, "you have now maimed me for life, but I am willing to forgive you, provided you go and vote for O'Connell." The other, struck with such a noble disinterestedness and gallantry, did as he was desired, and with a degree of virtue, scarcely less commendable than that displayed by Reilly, gave him the required compensation for the injury he had inflicted on him, and voted in his favour. Poor Reilly, notwithstanding his wound, was tried before the Recorder for a riot, and being convicted was of course sent to gaol. They supported him there, and after his release, in order to support him in his honest and sober industry—for he was a teetotaler—they purchased a horse and car for him. His lordship then moved that the manner in which the committee had acted in the case should receive the approbation of the association. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously."

"I confess that it is a great pity to destroy so sentimental a narrative, and for me to relinquish the fine heroism attributed to me; but as the conduct of your pro-

as one of policy ; but if we were asked to point out the wisest and the most statesman-like course, by which, humanly speaking, the affairs of this country might be brought into order, so that its condition should no longer be a disgrace and a source of danger to the empire, we most unfeignedly say that by no other course could the requirements of true policy be so fully satisfied ; as it is, indeed, our full persuasion, that the statesman would find, by seeking "*first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness," upon just and solid grounds, that "all other things would be added unto him."

The following observations of the "Commoner" are well worthy the most heedful attention :—

"It appears to many, that 'the head and front of our offending,' as a nation, has been a contemptuous neglect of the blessings of the Reformation, as presenting us with an exhibition of Him who is the sum and substance of revelation, the great centre of the Christian system, and the sole foundation of our common hope ; and that there is scarcely

a religious or moral delinquency, either among ourselves, or in our relations with Ireland or our colonies, which may not be resolved into this primary source of the evil we deplore. In the degree that the traditions of man had obscured or invalidated the doctrines of eternal truth, and that the corruptions of man (the necessary consequence of doctrinal error) had poisoned the current of practice, was the blessing of our deliverance from the darkness and pollution of popery. As the great Protestant empire of the world, we had, of late years, been opposed to whole nations sunk in the kindred alliance of all the spiritual idolatry and mental ignorance, from which we had ourselves been delivered. With no adequate means for engaging in conflict with the whole world, it pleased God to favour us, by prospering our arms in an unexampled degree, both by sea and land : and while even imperial Rome herself was humbled by hostile armies, in the revolutionary war, and plundered by the professors of her own creed—while nations, too, which owned her spiritual sway, were abased or overthrown in succession—Great Britain still kept her throne, her altars, and her hearths, inviolate. Not merely

---

*tegé*, Reilly, and my own, were proved at his trial—and as you have yourself alluded to that trial—I think it more prudent to divest myself of the borrowed plumage.

"The simple facts are, that Reilly was one of a furious mob, who, in order to coerce me to vote for you, attacked my house, and, by volleys of paving stones, smashed not only all the glass, but the wood-work of the sashes of the windows in front ; and, that, being anxious to avoid a collision, but determined to defend my person, I armed myself with a gun, and endeavoured to escape from the back of my house, but was intercepted by some of the most daring of the mob breaking into the rear of the premises, the foremost of whom was the 'sober and industrious Reilly,' who was wounded when endeavouring to seize me. He was by this means placed *hors de combat*, so that I never was in his power for a moment. I did, however, fall into the hands of his associates, who appear to have been mostly coal-porters, to whom you or your committee, as it would seem, let the cars hired for the election, and on which your name appeared most conspicuous. I received from the 'patriotic body of men,' as they are called at the Corn Exchange, such treatment as I was led to expect. They robbed me of every article in my pockets ; they took most of the pockets themselves too ; my clothes were torn to rags ; I was bruised by blows from fists and sticks ; a naked knife was held to my throat, and I was at length dragged violently into a dark cellar, exactly under your own tally-room, where I was threatened with instant death. It was under these circumstances, sir, that you obtained my vote. I was not struck by the generous conduct of Reilly, which, on the contrary, was then and since that, of a ferocious, low-bred ruffian ; and for my own part I cannot conceive any degree of charity or credulity so great as to enable any one to think that you believe one tittle of the ridiculous romance of your statement. Whether the report on which your speech was founded be of your own creation, or that of your accomplices at the Corn Exchange, is of little consequence. It is clearly yours either mediately or immediately, and when we, Protestants, observe your high professions of impartiality as lord mayor, together with the praises you lavish, as grand master of the Corn Exchange, on the coal porters, for their outrages on us, it really requires a strong effort in separating the idea of office from that of person, to enable us to refrain from charging our impartial lord mayor with the insults we are suffering from Mr. O'Connell.

THOMAS COCKSON.

"6, Upper-street."

did she escape the insult of invasion, but she carried the thunder of her power, and the operations of her commerce, far and wide; until the same Almighty protection, which had thus girt her like His servants of old, delivered her from the fearful struggle, covered with victory and honour, by events as unexpected as they were sudden, placing her in an attitude of peace with all the world.

"Among those with whom we were thus brought into collision, was an integral portion of our own empire; since that part of Ireland which owned only the priests of Romanism for their head, had not scrupled, in the midst of a general war, to attempt, by an unnatural rebellion, to sever the ties which united us together; although, indeed, under the Divine assistance, the parent state found no more difficulty in escaping from the traitorous ingratitude of her own offspring, than she did from the destruction with which she was threatened by strangers."

Nor will the following have been written in vain, if only one of our legislators (alas! how we miss the late member for Kilmarnock,) should be induced to give utterance to the sentiments which it contains in his place in parliament:—

"The time is arrived when the duty as well as policy of conversion to Protestantism—not merely as a name, but to the religion and practice of holy Scripture as a vital principle of action—must be fearlessly acted upon by a government which has no such effectual means of saving Ireland, or ourselves. The means for effecting this object most happily abound in the national establishment: it will be our duty to employ them; but not to the exclusion of all the co-operation which we can obtain from every modification of Protestant dissent—provided only it be of an orthodox and unexceptionable character—as auxiliary to the designs of a government honestly desirous of operating on the hearts of its subjects. If this view of our responsibility be correct, it will follow, that to contribute, under such an altered sense of duty, to the support of a college for training Romish priests, and inculcating the worst doctrines, religious and political, will be felt at once to be the violation of a great public trust, and a perversion of the national revenue; an anomaly which, as it cannot be defended, except upon such principles as involve a surrender of the national faith, ought to be at once abandoned by

any legislature continuing to make that profession. Without the pure gospel of Christ, the work of evangelizing and educating this noble country can never be effected; and therefore the monstrous impurities of idolatry and superstition should be discountenanced, and not encouraged; and their professors and adherents kept in their proper places, and neither elevated to the rank of a national establishment, nor furnished from the purse of the state with the means of perpetrating more extensive mischief.

"Let this system of teaching receive all possible encouragement from the friends of Ireland; and let adequate provision be made, not merely for the formal, but scriptural instruction of the Irish population, and there will yet be every thing to hope. But should popery, in addition to the encouragement and strength she has derived from the late concessions, go on, under favour of the further treason of nominal churchmen, (no matter whether Conservatives or not) to pull down the faith of their forefathers, and destroy a constitution whose base was rested on the word God, and whose superstructure was cemented by the blood of martyrs and the sacrifices and struggles of the wisest and most virtuous of their kind, we may bid adieu for ever to the improving prospects now opening before us, whether in religion or civilization. Let us confine ourselves to this 'cheap defence of nations'—this unequivocal mode of benefitting and blessing Ireland—and our feet are on a rock. Whatever of power or vigour can be contributed to the machinery of Protestant preaching and education—whatever of facility and freedom can be effected in its working—whatever of acceleration can be imparted to its movements—to provide for these objects, will be within the legitimate province of Protestant statesmen. Light is now beginning to dawn upon that country, by means of those societies and individuals on both sides the channel who are wise to discern, and anxious to apply, the only real remedy for religious and moral wretchedness—I mean, the pure and unadulterated Gospel of our Lord and Saviour. The call is imperative upon us to reject the political empiricism which has but too long administered the worst of poison—from the absolute ignorance of all that concerns the moral interests of the empire; and the call is equally urgent, to furnish the efficient provision already adverted to. The fact is, and it is in vain for our ecclesiastical or political superiors to close their eyes upon it, that Ireland, as a nation, is precisely in the same con-



dition in which the apostle of the Gentiles (or heathens) found the metropolis of Greece—'wholly given to idolatry,' or the worship of other gods than the God of the Scriptures: and in every age and nation of the world, idolatry has been found inseparably connected with criminal and sanguinary practices. It would be endless to enumerate the dangerous doctrines thence resulting; but a religion founded on such a basis is any thing but that of Christianity. Such a religion must, of course, oppose the dispersion of the holy Scriptures, and of education; since ignorance alone is the nursing-mother of such a system. Hence the revolting superstitious practised, to this hour, in Ireland, are in strict conformity with the abominations of paganism:—witness the impositions of the priests upon their deluded flocks, of painful austerities, distant pilgrimages, and heavy penalties; as also their embrace of all those corruptions by which any profit is to be obtained for themselves, more especially the daily masses going on for relieving souls from purgatory, into which, if the canonical scriptures be true, no soul ever yet entered, and from which, therefore, no soul can be delivered, much less by that immoral portion of our fellow-creatures who are now badly paid for the purpose, or propose to be better paid by your lordship."

This is true wisdom. Thus, and thus alone can an effectual remedy be applied to what is the great source of all our evils. Let superstition only not be directly encouraged, and let true religion be upheld, and those means duly provided for its effectual dissemination in this Protestant country, which it is the bounden duty of the state to furnish, and we shall very soon witness a change in the condition of Ireland such as would astonish even the most sanguine friends of scriptural education. But for this purpose it is not merely necessary that a proper system should be devised, for which, indeed, the apparatus is already prepared in the machinery of the Established Church; it also necessary that care be taken that that system be duly administered. Let the following observations sink deep into the mind of every sincere friend of the Church of England:—

"It is true, that we have there all the scaffolding and framework of Protestantism; but it is not a mere nominal

Protestantism that will any longer avail us; nor is it a dignified, respectable, or even moral clergy which will save Ireland. Let us hasten to put away the reproach of our own church, that she will 'die of dignity:' we want a clergy whose hearts are in their work, and who are headed by such men as Archbishop Usher and Bishop Bedell. The men who would make converts from popery, must be, themselves, first converted from an irreligious and secular Protestantism; and furnish evidence of such a change of heart and life, as may mark them for fitting instructors of the ignorant, and guides of the deluded. Mere learning, however indispensable in itself, is not even wisdom, much less is it piety; but no clergyman should be employed in Ireland who is not a tried man—a working and laborious parish priest, who will not merely perform a stinted quota of service, but 'be instant in season, and out of season,' 'condescend to men of low estate,' act as a missionary, and look for his chief reward in his work. We want preaching bishops, such as Leighton, in Scotland, and Jeremy Taylor and Hopkins, in Ireland—men who revered and used the Sabbath, and never questioned its sacred obligation, nor gave any other reasons for suspecting their ignorance of those first elements of scriptural truth, upon which every Sunday-school child is now abundantly instructed. We want an active and devoted ministry there, who, with the zeal of secretaries, but without their errors, doctrinal or political, shall be able and willing to teach the people, both publicly and privately, the difference between the religion of forms and the religion of Scripture. . . .

. . . . Another advantage of an increased attention to the wants of Ireland would be, an immediate discovery, by the constituted authorities at home, of the absolute inefficiency both of the *morale* and *matériel* for that spiritual warfare which might successfully be waged, in the spirit of Christian love, with the rulers of the darkness of this world. It would then appear, not only that the actual apparatus of Protestantism is deficient in respect of the agents who are to work it, but that the whole machinery requires revision and enlargement: it would be seen, not only that we want better soldiers for the spiritual conflict, but that we want more of them, no adequate provision having been even contemplated for the crisis at which we have arrived. It would be seen, not only that there is a dearth of proper Christian instructors, but a corresponding want of plain and inviolable places

of worship; while, in the midst of all this neglect of our own population, the temples of idolatry have tacitly sprung up in every direction, and cover the land. It would appear, that large districts of that country have been, without an effort or a struggle, as completely abandoned to the desolating influence of falsehood, as if they had belonged to the great desert. It would then be manifest, that while royal letters, to the honour and glory of our last reigns, have gone out for the instruction of distant heathens, Ireland stood in no less need of the same paternal solicitude; and that, while the Societies for the Propagating the Gospel, Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for the Church Missions have been long mindful of the miseries of distant lands, we have subjected ourselves to the imputation of overlooking the calamities of our own."

"Let the leaders of the church take this work in hand, and we shall again entertain some hopes for Ireland. An unadulterated Gospel alone is the remedy for moral guilt: the worship of the true God must henceforth supersede the bowing before them that are no gods; since nations and individuals can only alike be blessed as they receive that revelation which God has been pleased to make of himself, and who govern themselves according to his laws. Popery is dishonourable to God, as a corruption of his holy word, and a departure from his commandments: it is dangerous to the soul, and burdensome to the conscience; destructive of religious freedom, and hostile to civil liberty. If some new efforts were made, on the part of the government, honestly to confess, and diligently to inculcate, the religion of truth, in contradistinction to a religion of error, we might soon hope to see Protestantism no longer acting on the defensive. The war (of course one of wisdom and affection alone) would soon be transferred into the enemies' borders; and we should be found beating them with weapons of spiritual temper, drawn from the armoury of heaven. Protestants would no longer, under the timid and reptile policy which is at present pursued, be ignominiously craving leave to carry on their own religion by stealth; but would come out of their hiding-places, with all the native dignity and energy of truth, and carry conviction with them wherever they might go. The present policy of too many nominal Protestants is, to avoid confessing their Master under the fear of giving offence to the priesthood and their people. All who have the means

of knowing the feelings of Irish Protestants of late, or the ungracious manner in which their long-tried services and unshaken loyalty have been appreciated, will estimate aright the state of feeling which now prevails among the steadiest adherents of our Irish church."

"It is painful to consider what practical ignorance prevails with regard to Ireland, for want of a reference to the religion by which the bulk of that nation is enslaved and deluded, and to that better religion by which alone her fetters can be broken. For want of reference to these particulars, no less a statesman than the late Lord Liverpool was able to give no better account of the causes of Irish misery, than to refer them to what he called 'a state of society;'—a phrase which, after having been often repeated in the course of a long, and otherwise able, speech, left his hearers (not to say the speaker himself) precisely in the same state of obscurity as before, both as to the cause and cure of the woes of Ireland. It is equally for want of reference to these particulars that the political catholicon of Emancipation, prescribed by so many who should have known better—above all, by Mr. Wilberforce (without whose lamentable defection it is not too much to affirm that the measure never could have been carried), had just as little relation to the real disease which it proposed to meet, as the above explanation of the cause of that malady had to the malady itself. It is the religion of popery, and the priesthood of popery, and the foreign allegiance and intrigue which they necessitate, which form the millstone now hanging about the neck of Ireland. It will be to the eternal glory of the Church of England, which alone possesses adequate resources for this exigency, to rouse and bestir herself. Let her awake to the perishing condition of this fine but neglected country, before its knell shall sound in her ears. Let those, especially, with whom rests the responsibility of ecclesiastical patronage, determine henceforth, that—not political interest, not merely literary talent, not even moral character (however indispensable, when united with other qualifications), shall sway their decision in the choice of the bishops and clergy of Ireland; but let such men be selected, as really know, and dare to teach, the distinction which subsists, and ever must, between false and true religion—between a religion of forms and the religion of the heart. Let such men alone go out against the corruptions of the truth, as are themselves biblical and experimental Christians—men whose

hearts are in their work—as taught of God, and therefore ‘able to teach others also.’ It is in vain to disguise, that if the unkind suspicion, and unjust reproaches, are to continue against many, which have so long obtained, so long the Church of England will be depriving herself of the most valuable agents whom she can call into action; and that the door will continue closed against those who are, of all others, the best qualified to feed the famishing population of Ireland with ‘that bread which cometh down from heaven,’ to conciliate their long alienated affections, and to rescue them from degradation and ruin. To the efforts of an evangelical clergy (so called) and an enlightened laity, together with those of some valuable and right-minded Protestant dissenters, we have long been indebted for the light at present diffused in Ireland: and although myself a member of the national establishment, both from education and upon conviction, I can yet cordially rejoice in these last-mentioned labours, and wish they may increase an hundred-fold.”

In these (which, with some slight qualification, to which we do not think it necessary at present more fully to allude, are our sentiments and opinions, as well as those of the “Commoner,”) we do not expect to find any cordial concurrence from mere worldly politicians, although those who may be ranked as such are wiser now than they were of yore. There are many things in which modern statesmen, who are still nothing better than mere men of the world, will acquiesce, as admitted though inevitable evils, but to which, had they to be done now for the first time, they would be very reluctant to be consenting parties. Amongst these we hesitate not to rank the Maynooth and the education grants, and all those measures which have for their object to give a *quasi* and *pro tanto* establishment to the Church of Rome. In all those cases, the duty of those who reverence God more than man is quite plain. They cannot do evil that good may come; much less can they do evil, when only evil must come. They must, therefore, in every instance, raise their voices against a system of concession which compromises the truth of God, and the tendency of which is to bring back upon the nation that reign of spiritual darkness from which we have been delivered by the Reformation. What that is, and

what the evils which it involves, we now proceed to exhibit to our readers, by an instance, which does certainly exhibit the wonder-working power of popery in darkening the understanding and perverting the conscience, more strikingly than it has often fallen to our lot to witness in this age of improvement, and this country of spiritual illumination.

If there be any class upon whom the fooleries of popery would be likely to prove harmless, that class, it might be expected, would be found amongst the highly-educated nobility of England. The English Roman Catholics as a body have always stood high above the Irish professors of the same faith, not only for the superior refinement of their manners, but the superior enlightenment of their views — and there are few who would not revolt from imputing to them the grossness of superstition and the abjectness of credulity by which the humbler classes of Romanists in this country are distinguished. But we really do think that we have hitherto been doing our poor countrymen great injustice. There is a production before us at this present moment which evidences a degree of infatuated credulity on the part of an English nobleman, of which many of them, we are persuaded, would be ashamed. We allude to Lord Shrewsbury's letter to Mr. Phillipps, respecting the poor diseased women on the Continent, whom he calls the *Estatica* of Caldero, and the *Addolorata* of Capriana. A more astounding instance of weakness and gullability it is scarcely possible for any stretch of imagination to conceive; and we call public attention to it just for the purpose of exhibiting in a palpable form that mental degradation and imbecility which, had the religion of Rome still continued paramount amongst us, would be the rule and not the exception in the British empire. The noble lord thus commences his letter to his friend:—

“Munich, May 27, 1841.

“MY DEAR FRIEND — You have doubtlessly heard of the *Estatica* of Caldaro, and of the *Addolorata* of Capriana. We have lately seen both. Considering them the most extraordinary objects in the world, and confident that you will see the same intense inte-

rest in their regard as we did, I will endeavour, as leisure and opportunity shall serve, to give you a more distinct notion of them than any you have probably yet formed.

“ On Thursday the 20th of May, being Ascension-day, we left Neumarkt, a post station about half-way between Trent and Botzen, in those light but incommodious carriages which alone are to be procured in those parts of the country, and after travelling for about two hours along an exceedingly rough road, through a wide and smiling valley, we ascended to the large, substantial village of Caldaro. Having brought letters from the Bishop of Trent to the clergyman of the place, we were very shortly introduced into the house and into the chamber of the Estatica, accompanied by her confessor and the assistant priest of the dean. It was about eleven o'clock. We found her in her usual state of ecstasy, as represented in the annexed print, kneeling upon her bed, with her eyes uplifted, and her hands joined in the attitude of prayer, as motionless as a statue. She was dressed in white, with her head uncovered, but with very long, flowing, black hair; and there was much of elegance in her figure, and grace in her attitude. Our first feeling was that of awe at finding ourselves in the presence of so favoured a creature. When this had partially subsided, we might have mistaken her for a waxen image: for it appeared impossible that any being possessed of a soul could seem so inanimate—could remain so motionless; still a closer inspection soon proved that that soul was at work. When in this state, she neither sees nor hears: all her senses are absorbed in the object of her contemplation; she is entranced—but it is neither the trance of death, nor the suspension of life, but a sort of supernatural existence—dead indeed to this world, but most feelingly alive to the other; one might fancy that the spirit were dwelling in heaven, while the body (without, however, losing its consciousness) remained expecting its return. After contemplating her in this condition for some minutes, she closed her eyelids, but without any other, even the slightest, movement, and certainly without the least perception of our presence. She might have remained in this state and posture for several hours, had not her confessor by a slight touch or a word, we could not exactly say which, so quiet and imperceptible it was, caused her to fall back upon her pillow, which she did with the most perfect ease, placing herself in a sitting posture, with her legs extended

under the counterpane, without the slightest effort, and without awaking from her ecstasy, remaining with her eyes shut and her hands joined as before, in the attitude of prayer, her lips motionless, and her soul transfixed in the same profound meditation. After again contemplating her for a few moments in this new position, her confessor proposed to us that he should awaken her entirely from her trance. We had no sooner assented, than he addressed her in a mild, gentle tone, as did the assistant priest from the other side of the bed, which was placed with its head against the centre of one side of the room, we standing close at her feet,—when, in an instant, the most perfect animation was restored to her. She let fall her hands and opened her eyes, while her countenance beamed with a most heavenly, benignant smile, full of gratitude and joy, looking first to one side, then to the other, as if it were the unexpected meeting of friends whom she had not seen for years. She then took the hand of her confessor and kissed it with most unaffected devotion, and turning with equal kindness to the assistant, paid him the same mark of affectionate respect. Her consciousness of our presence was merely signified by an occasional glance of the eyes, which otherwise were kept modestly cast down upon her hands. These she was continually covering with the ruffles of her sleeves, which were wide and ample, for the express purpose of hiding the stigmata with which they were marked. Both the confessor and assistant said a few words to her at short intervals, which appeared to give her great pleasure, and to which she ever assented by an inclination of the head, with that same placid, benignant, and heavenly smile, which had stamped the moment of her awakening with an inexpressible charm. Amongst other things, the assistant said to her, ‘Maria, this is an easy life,’ to which she replied, ‘Yes,’ with her usual sweetness. This was said in Italian, which we understood, while the rest was spoken in German, which we understood not. We all agreed it was the sweetest scene we ever beheld. It was, however, soon and abruptly terminated; for one of our party happening incautiously to ask the confessor, in her hearing, whether she were marked with the stigmata, she instantly changed countenance, as if she had heard that which should make her sorrowful, and without any perceptible transition became again transfixed in ecstasy, with her hands, as before, joined over her breast in the attitude of prayer. Her confessor then

told us that she had the stigmata on her hands, feet, and side, and that they occasionally emitted blood; a statement which was afterwards confirmed by the assistant, who remarked that he could only vouch for the wound in the side by the assertion of the women who had dressed her, but the others he had seen with his own eyes."

Alas, alas! what are we to say to this? Is there not something painfully humiliating in the whole statement? A British peer, one of those who were lately privileged to occupy a position in the high court of parliament, and to legislate respecting the Established Church, thus befooled by a vulgar imposition, in which it is very difficult to say whether the poor girl, who is the principal agent, is more the tool or the victim! Such is popery amongst the nobility of England! Oh ye, who undervalue the blessings of the Reformation, and who special plead about the precise degree in which it has overpassed the limits within which ye would fain have it circumscribed, contemplate this poor nobleman in the crawling attitude in which he presents himself in these pages, and say what would the condition of our common country be at the present moment if the vast majority of our countrymen were now the dupes of a revolting superstition! But it is time to make our readers acquainted with the other sublime object of the noble lord's adoring wonder:—

"Having also brought letters from the Bishop of Trent to the pastor of the place, we readily gained admittance to the chamber of the Addolorata, as she is styled, and there found her with the stigmata in a state of the most painful reality, and perhaps more distinctly marked than they have ever yet been known in any human being. It was at about a quarter after three, on Friday the 21st of May. She was as usual lying on her back in bed, though comparatively free from suffering. The crown of thorns was as regularly and as distinctly marked across her forehead by a number of small punctures as if they had been pricked with a large pin, and the wounds appeared quite fresh, though no blood was flowing from them. Beneath was a regular interval of about a quarter of an inch, also perfectly free from blood, so as to give the punctures, which represented the wounds from the crown of thorns, the

most perfect possible degree of distinctness. Below this line, her forehead, eyelids, nose and cheeks, were entirely covered with blood, leaving only the upper lip, and the whole of the lower jaw free from it. It had flowed in the morning, and was then dry. Her hands were firmly clasped over her chest, as of one in a state of considerable pain, and her whole frame was convulsed with a short, quick, tremulous motion. The blood was still oozing perceptibly from the wounds in the back of her hands, though the blood and serum which had flowed from them did not extend above two, or at most three, inches. Her fingers were so firmly clasped, that, to judge from appearances, she had not the power to loose them; but on the clergyman who accompanied us asking her to let us see the inside of her hands, she immediately opened them from underneath, without unclasping her fingers, as a shell opens upon its hinges; so that we distinctly saw the wounds, and the blood and serum quite fresh, and flowing down over the wrist. At our request, he also asked the mother to uncover her feet, which she did, though with some small reluctance, when we found them in the same condition as the hands, with, however, this singular and surprising difference, that instead of taking its natural course, the blood flows upwards over the toes, as it would do were she suspended on the cross. We had already heard of this extraordinary deviation from the laws of nature, and were now happy to have an opportunity of verifying it in person.

"Understanding that she sometimes gave small prints of pious subjects to her visitors, we asked for some through the clergyman, who took them out of a drawer, and at our earnest request gave them to her to kiss before we received them from her. She took them between her forefinger and thumb, one after another as presented to her, without unclasping her hands, kissed them with great apparent fervour, and returned them to us. She said a few words to the priest, but did not speak to us, though by the intelligent expression of her countenance it was clear that she understood all that was said. She often moved her lips as if in prayer. She sometimes smiled, and her whole demeanour impressed us with the idea of a person of the most mild and amiable disposition. We solicited her prayers, to which she signified her assent, and then took our leave with feelings of reverential awe, inspired by the presence of so supernatural a spectacle, and of gratitude to the Almighty for



permitting us to witness so striking an evidence of the truth of his holy religion, and so singular a manifestation of his power."

That all the appearances here presented are to be accounted for from physical causes, with which medical men are perfectly familiar, has been shown very clearly by Dr. Gordon, of Bellaghy, in a letter to the editor of *The Evening Packet*, bearing date Tuesday, December 14. Indeed, we would feel any grave refutation of such disgusting and incredible trash an insult to our readers; but to Lord Shrewsbury, all these are veritable Gospel truths. The aberrations of a mind diseased with him pass for seraphic ecstasies and heavenly contemplations!—the inflictions of interested fraud or the workings of bodily disease are, with him, the evidences of superhuman sanctity! Alas! poor human nature! Such is man, when at his best, under the influence of popery! After all, the only miracle which we can recognise in the case is the miracle of the noble lord's credulity!

This work, as the reader will see from the subjoined letter, was brought out under the inspection of Dr. Wiseman. Is it, therefore, too much to affirm either that the doctor fully agrees with the noble lord in his convictions respecting these absurd impostures, or that he uses him as an instrument for imposing upon the credulity of others? A third supposition is, doubtless, possible—namely, that he is merely an agent in the business, and should be considered as expressing no opinion either for or against the miraculous nature of the cases narrated by the noble lord. Whether this be the reasonable supposition we leave our readers to judge, after they shall have perused the following note, with which Lord Shrewsbury's letter concludes, and which we presume to be from the pen of the learned and very reverend editor to whom the publication was entrusted.

"The following account of the most recent case of stigmata upon record, in the person of Catherine Emmerich, who died in 1824, is extracted from an abridgment of her life prefixed to her beautiful and interesting *Meditations on the passion of our Saviour*:—

"Her stigmatization took place to-

wards the last days of the year 1812. On the 29th of December, about three in the afternoon, she was in her little room, very ill, and lying upon her bed with her arms extended, and in a state of ecstasy. She contemplated the sufferings of our Saviour, and moved by the most profound sympathy, she demanded to suffer with him. She said five Paters in honour of the five wounds, redoubled her fervour, and felt herself consumed with the desire of suffering with Jesus: her face became red and inflamed; she then saw a light descending towards her, and in the midst of it she could distinguish the resplendent, and as it were living form of her crucified Saviour, his wounds radiating like five luminous stars; her heart was touched with mingled joy and grief at the sight of these holy wounds, and her desire of suffering became so intense, that it seemed to herself as if her sympathy darted from her hands, her feet, and her right side, towards the wounds of this apparition; there then came from each of the wounds of the two hands, then from each of those in the two feet, and finally from the wound on the right side of this apparition, triple rays of a burning red, and terminating in the form of arrows, which struck upon her hands, her feet, and her right side; the rays of the side were larger, diverged more widely, and terminated in the head of a lance: so soon as she had been touched by them, drops of blood sprang from the places of the wounds. She remained long insensible, and when restored to herself, she knew not who had put down her extended arms. She saw with astonishment the blood which flowed from her hands, and felt violent pains in the feet and on her side. The young daughter of her hostess, who had been concealed in the room, had seen her bleeding hands, and told what she had seen to her mother, who came in great uneasiness to inquire what had happened; and Anne Catherine requested her not to mention it. She felt after the stigmatization, that a change had taken place in her body, the course of her blood seemed changed, and it now flowed with violence towards the stigmata. She said herself, 'It is inexpressible!' We owe the knowledge of these events to a singular incident. On the 15th Dec. 1839, she had a vision, in which she saw, in great detail, every thing that had happened to her up to that time, but so presented to her, that she thought the vision represented some other nun to whom the same things had happened as to herself, and who, she fancied, lived not far from her. She narrated all these details with a sentiment of strong com-

passion, humbling herself unconsciously before herself. It was extremely touching to hear her say, 'I ought never more to complain; I have seen the sufferings of that poor nun, her heart is surrounded by a crown of thorns, but she bears it tranquilly and with smiles; it is a shame for me to complain, for she bears a heavier burden than mine.' These visions, which she afterwards recognised as representing her own history, were several times repeated, and it was from them that the details of her stigmatization became known, for she would never have repeated them so circumstantially, having from humility a great dislike to speak upon the subject; and when her spiritual superiors asked her what occasioned these wounds, she only answered, 'I hope they come from God.' The limits we have laid down for ourselves will not allow of our discussing here the question of stigmatization in general. There have existed in the Catholic church, since St. Francis of Assisium, a considerable number of pious personages, who have attained to this degree of the contemplative love of Jesus, this most sublime expression of identification with his sufferings, known to theologians by the name of *vulnus divinum, plaga amoris viva*—there have been at least fifty persons thus favoured. Veronica Giuliani, of the order of the Capuchiness, who died at Citta di Castello in 1727, was the last of the number who was canonized (the 26th May, 1831). Her biography (published at Cologne in 1810) gives such an account of the spiritual condition of stigmatized persons, as agrees in many respects with what we know of our Anne Catherine. Those best known in our days have been the Dominicans, Colombe Schanolt, who died at Bamberg in 1787; Madeleine Lorgier, who died at Hadamar in 1806; and Rosse Serra, a Capuchiness, at Ozieri in Sardinia, stigmatized in 1801; Josephine Humi of Wollrau, of the convent of Wesen, near the lake of Wallenstadt in Switzerland, who was living in 1815; she belonged to this class of persons, but we not remember whether she had received the stigmata."

Such, reader, is the theology of the Church of Rome! Such is the wisdom exhibited by the popish Gamaliels of this our day, at whose feet Lord Shrewsbury is contented to sit down, and from whose lips hundreds of thousands of poor deluded Romanists take their faith as from the dictates of inspiration! All this in the nineteenth century, in an age which boasts of its

enlightenment, and in a country the most advanced in civilization!

Why do we allude to this? Is it for the purpose of heaping ridicule or opprobrium upon the wretched dupes, or the interested impostors, who are thus guilty or thus deluded? No such thing. They have our unfeigned compassion. But we draw the attention of the Protestant public emphatically to the narrative of this pitifully credulous nobleman (endorsed, as it must be presumed to be, by the most distinguished doctor of his church, a divine respected for his attainments as a scholar, and admired for his manners as a gentleman), for the purpose of impressing upon them the deep debt of gratitude which we owe to Almighty God for having redeemed us from bondage and servitude to the Church of Rome. It is by the contrasted darkness and wickedness of such exhibitions of imposture and of fraud, that we are best enabled to perceive and appreciate the blessedness of that Gospel light, for which, under a graciously overruling Providence, we are indebted to the fathers of the Reformation. Heroic Luther, martyrs of the ruthless Mary, ye have not lived or died in vain! Nor should we be unmindful of our obligation to the Romish peer, whose crawling superstition has thus brought the worthies of the reformed Christian church freshly to our remembrance. But for them, we, in all probability, and countless myriads beside us, would resemble the noble lord in that abjectness of credulity by which religion is insulted, and reason overthrown. The juggleries of a corrupt and intolerant priesthood would still continue to outrage the common sense of mankind, and wrest from them that liberty wherewith Christ would make them free; and darkness and the shadow of death would still continue to overspread the world. We thank Lord Shrewsbury unfeignedly for recalling us to a lively sense of all this; and we trust that his revolting eulogies upon the poor diseased women, whose sores and whose insanity he magnifies as special evidences of divine power, will only serve to fill us with a deeper gratitude for that ever-blessed and adorable Gospel, by which we are preserved from such delusions.

And let us never forget, that it is to recall that ag . . . darkness which pre-

vailed before the spirit of the Reformation brought life and immortality a second time to light, all those efforts tend, which would reinstate the Romish priesthood in any of that power which they forfeited, or any of those privileges which they have abused. Such is the tendency of the grant to Maynooth. Such is the tendency of the present much-abused grant for what is called national education. Such is the tendency of every measure which gives any legislative recognition as religious instructors to the clergy of an idolatrous superstition. Mark us, reader—we are not so foolish as to suppose that mere statesmen or politicians should be expected to act upon such subjects upon religious convictions; nor are we so absurd as to advise any defection from a Conservative ministry, because they may not all at once jump into our views upon matters respecting which they may yet require to be better informed, and respecting which also difficulties may have arisen which would render it almost impossible for them to act upon their better convic-

tions. But this we say—whatever be *their* duty, *our* duty is plain. Let us uniformly act ourselves in such a way as that our professions will not be belied by our practice. Let us, in our respective circles, according to our several abilities, use our humble diligence that others may be as well informed as we are ourselves; and thus, in no very long time, a progress will be made in the improvement of public opinion, by which our rulers, be they who they may, must be deeply impressed; and measures, having a savour of godliness, and by which the interests of religious truth would be carefully guarded, may proceed from men who might, in themselves, be but little solicitous about such matters; but who would feel that they were constrained by a power which they could not withstand, and that they were only giving a constitutional expression to a public sentiment, when they were securing to the church its proper pre-eminence, and ceased any longer to pander to the cravings of a degrading superstition.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

We lose not a moment in apprising our readers that we have received a letter from Dr. Wiseman, in which he repudiates the statement that he is the author of the letter of Lord Shrewsbury, to which we have already, in former numbers, repeatedly directed their attention. We receive the doctor's declaration as a clear acquittance of any imputation which may be implied in such an allegation; and shall only say that, if we were deceived, we were deceived by a very generally accredited rumour, to which the ability of the letter in question gave some countenance—being obviously above the level of the intellectuals of the noble lord, who has come forward as a voucher for one of the most stupid and disgusting impositions by which human reason ever was insulted, or Romish credulity upon the Continent ever was abused. Of this *first* letter to Mr. Phillipps, containing the description of "the virgins of the Tyrol," Dr. Wiseman acknowledges that he took charge; and it is not at all unlikely that his obvious connection with the publication of the one, may have given rise to the rumour which connected him with the other. However, we fully admit Dr. Wiseman has satisfied us, that for that letter he is not responsible. There is, probably, a division of labour amongst the pious fraternity to which he belongs; and while he undertakes the regulation of the noble lord's religious belief, and the moulding and fashioning of his understanding, so as to give rise to such productions as that relating to "the virgins of the Tyrol," there are others upon whom the political department devolves, and who take good care that his views as a politician shall be in exact keeping with his principles as a member of the Church of Rome.

Dr. Wiseman intimates, that by ascribing to him the authorship of Lord Shrewsbury's pamphlet, we impliedly charge him with cowardice, as though "he sheltered himself under his lordships responsibility, and tried to give, under it, currency to opinions which he was afraid to avow." This is not so. Not cowardice only, but cunning also, might have dictated the course which we supposed the learned doctor to have pursued, and which we well know has been pursued on former occasions by Romish divines, who never on that account incurred the reproach of their ecclesiastical superiors, as though it were criminal in them to suffer the wisdom of the serpent to predominate so considerably over the simplicity of the dove.

With respect to the stupid and revolting exhibitions which Dr. Wiseman lent his assistance to Lord Shrewsbury to authenticate, we have already spoken above, and we shall not permit ourselves to say more at present than that they furnish the most damning evidence of the debasing and demoralising influence of the Romish super-

stitution. His lordship's pamphlet is thus alluded to by Dr. O'Sullivan, in the second part of his admirable work on "The Apostacy, as predicted by St. Paul," for the purpose of showing that even at the present day the Church of Rome pretends to "lying wonders," which were to be among the characteristics of the apostacy, as described by the apostle:—

"A letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Phillipps, esq., recently published, describes a miracle of the kind with which Romanism now satisfies such votaries as wish to see with their own eyes the signs for which they are to give her credit. The letter contains an account of two females, the Estatica and the Addolorata, who are supposed to be favoured with ecstasies and visions, and who are said to have received the stigmata, or marks of the wounds inflicted on our Lord. On one of these favoured females the noble lord writes:—

" 'She has been known to remain thirty-six hours together in the state and position in which we first saw her, and on Sunday it generally happens that she is raised off her knees, resting only on the tops of her feet, as if enjoying a nearer prospect of heaven, and participating in the glorious mystery of that auspicious day. Yet, with all this, it requires no effort, no noise, hardly any ostensible agency to break the spell;' (break the *spell*! how unconsciously the noble lord is led to the proper unscriptural expression)—'a gentle touch or whisper from her confessor, or any ecclesiastic with whom she is acquainted, is sufficient to *dissolve the charm* completely, and at once.'—p. 8.

"The power thus exercised by the confessor is 'the result of a vow of obedience, taken upon entering the third order of St. Francis'—p. 8.

"The lady having taken this vow, manifests her sense of its obligation in the most rapt ecstasy. The gleanings of the noble lord from the Estatica's discourses are not of a very interesting character. The following is a fair specimen. The lady has been exhibited in various postures, described as not at all unlike what may be seen in cases of catalepsy, or in those instances in which magnetizers display their power over professional somnambules: the narrative then proceeds:—

" 'After again contemplating her for a few moments in this new position, her confessor proposed to us that he should awaken her entirely from her trance. We had no sooner assented than he addressed her in a mild, gentle tone, as did the assistant priest from the other side of the bed, which was placed with its head against the centre of one side of the room, we standing close at her feet—when, in an instant, the most perfect animation was restored to her. She let fall her hands and opened her eyes, while her countenance beamed with a most heavenly, benignant smile, full of gratitude and joy, looking first to one side, then to another, as if it were the unexpected meeting of friends whom she had not seen for years.' This is rather extraordinary, as an evidence of the nature of that ecstasy from which the lady has been delivered. From 'a nearer prospect of heaven' she is suddenly torn away to the sad and sinful mortalities of this lower world, and her countenance witnesses, not resignation, but gratitude and joy—just what it might be expected to witness were her ecstasy a possession, and her deliverance from it a release from agony and temptation. The noble lord proceeds:—'She then took the hand of her confessor, and kissed it with the most unaffected devotion, and turning with equal kindness to the assistant, paid him the same mark of affectionate respect. Her consciousness of our presence was merely signified by an occasional glance of the eyes, which otherwise were kept modestly cast down upon her hands. These she was continually covering with the ruffle of her sleeves, which were wide and ample for the express purpose of hiding the stigmata with which they were marked. Both the confessor and assistant said a few words to her at short intervals, which appeared to give her great pleasure, and to which she ever assented by an inclination of the head, with that same placid, benignant, and heavenly smile, which had stamped the moment of her awakening with an inexpressible charm. Amongst other things, the assistant said to her, "Maria, this is an easy life;" to which she replied, "yes," with her usual sweetness. This was said in Italian, which we understood, while the rest was spoken in German, which we understood not. We all agreed it was the sweetest scene we ever beheld.'

"In a similar strain the noble lord writes of the Addolorata, who appears to add abstinence to her other peculiarities. After delighting himself with the recital of afflictions, which he affirms to be miracles, he gives his opinion of the two females so greatly favoured:—

" 'Without any doubt, in the eye of a Christian they are the two most interesting objects now in existence.'

" 'A pious fraud so ably conducted would be a greater miracle than those which we see before us. If they who have not seen them should presume to advance such a supposition, in the face of the testimony of all who have, let them explain to us by what exquisite jugglery, or for what object so perfect a deception



could have been carried on with such unremitting success, for so many years, under such trying circumstances ?

"The noble lord is evidently sincere. The naivete of his demands upon the incredulous shows him to belong to the class for which miracles are manufactured without difficulty. 'Let them explain by what exquisite jugglery—' The jugglery has been, unhappily, too well explained and exposed. It seems a very vulgar repetition of frauds, which, one would think, would never have been hazarded again. Lord Shrewsbury seems not to have known, or to have forgotten the narratives of impostures far more complicated and daring than have even been attempted of late days, and of endurances which far exceed those of the Estatica and the Addolorata. He seems to have forgotten, that nuns, for the glory of their convents, have actually consented to be nailed to a cross, and that the agony of crucifixion alone, overcame the purpose of deception. Poor victims of sacrilegious fraud, betraying their imposture on the cross, and ending their days in a mad-house ! 'Let them explain—' They need not. Ecclesiastical history has already explained. They need not :—every day's experience teaches, that exhibitions, far more striking than those which Lord Shrewsbury has described, are to be witnessed at a trifling cost, and are not pretended to be miracles.

"But there is another thing which Lord Shrewsbury requires to have explained, namely—'For what object' this deception is carried on? He asks this question, although, in a note appended to the passage, he suggests the object which might naturally have been anticipated. 'Gorres,' he says, 'thus concludes his account of Maria Mörl (the Estatica). Such is the history of Maria Mörl, who has, in our days, been chosen to feed the holy lamp which burneth in the sanctuary, that its light may never be quenched, and that the chain of evidence which winds through ages past, may remain unbroken.' Here is the object which the noble lord requires. Miracles are necessities of Romanism ; they must be got up from time to time ; they are among her substitutes for the forsaken Scriptures.

"The miracles of the Estatica and the Addolorata, are wrought in attestation of the Romish doctrine of images and transubstantiation. 'Yes!' exclaims the noble lord, 'it is under the very shadow of the large crucifix which is suspended over the head of Maria Mörl, that the spirit of ecstasy is inspired into her, and that she becomes inspired with those supernatural meditations upon the mystery of our redemption, represented by that very image of a crucified God.' Those 'supernatural meditations'—what are they?—Lord Shrewsbury has not said. 'Maria, this is an easy life ; to which she replied, "yes," with her usual sweetness.' This is the noble lord's recollection of 'the sweetest scene he ever witnessed.' Is this his report of the supernatural meditations inspired by the shadow of a crucifix ? And the miracles to which the devoted Roman Catholic peer so frequently appeals—what are they ? The ecstasies, the stigmas, (not, the blind receive their sight, the dead are raised up, &c.) are the only miracles which modern Romanism exacts from 'the two most interesting objects in existence.'

"These miracles or signs will probably bring to the reader's mind a remembrance of those of St. Francis, of which they seem to be a repetition. A curious reason has been assigned for the extravagant praises of this wonder-working saint :—

"In proportion as the Franciscans relaxed from the strictness of the supposed evangelical mode of life which their founder had established, it seemed as if they hoped to appease the saint by the increased extravagance of their praises, and the impious comparisons they instituted between him and Christ.' As an instance, Gieseler adduces the Liber Conformitatum, 'showing forty points of agreement between St. Francis and Christ.' One of these conformities is not very easily intelligible. 'Jesus is seen cast away (*abjectus*), Francis is separated (*separatur*). It would be, perhaps, not very difficult to form some idea of what is meant by this agreement, were it not that it is explained by its author—'e. g. the apostles left the ship and other things, but retained the clothes on their backs. Francis cast away every rag upon his person (*sed et pannos et femoralia rejecit*) and offered himself naked in body and mind, &c. "*nudum corpore et mente se offerens brachiis crucifixi, quod de nullo alio sancto mundum abrenunciante alicubi legitur,*' &c. Lib. Conf. i.—1, quoted in Text-Book of Ec. Hist. by J. C. J. Gieseler, vol. iii. 96. A thing (the writer adds) which is not elsewhere read of any saint renouncing the world.' A notice of his recompense follows. 'Thus one of the order saw, in a vision, the courts of heaven, and therein numerous seats ; one higher, and shining far more gloriously than others, adorned with every precious stone. Admiring its beauty, he began to think whose it might be ; and immediately he heard a voice saying to him, this was the seat of Lucifer, and in his place shall sit the humble Francis.'—*Ibid.*



“ TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

“ St. Mary's College, Birmingham, Dec. 10, 1841.

“ SIR,—My attention has been directed to an article in the November number of *The Dublin University Magazine*, headed, ‘ Lords Shrewsbury and Albanley on Ireland,’ into which my name is repeatedly introduced. Thus, page 635, speaking of Lord Shrewsbury's pamphlet the writer says: ‘ Dr. Wiseman is its reputed author.’ Again, page 638, ‘ There is a sort of contradiction between the statements contained in the productions of Dr. Wiseman and that of the noble lord ’ (Albanley). So likewise, ‘ In the pamphlet to which Lord Shrewsbury has lent his name.’ In these passages there is a twofold imputation—to the excellent Lord Shrewsbury of incapacity of writing that to which he affixes his name; to myself of cowardice, as though I sheltered myself under his responsibility, and tried to give, under it, currency to opinions which I am afraid to avow.

“ More, however, for his sake than for my own, I feel called on to make the following statements, to which I request you to give a place in your next number.

“ 1. Though I was for some days with Lord Shrewsbury, in Belgium, in the course of the summer, and though his lordship requested me to take charge of the publication of his first letter to Mr. Phillipps, containing the description of ‘ the virgins of the Tyrol,’ which I did, he did not give me the slightest intimation of any idea of writing a second or any political letter at all, nor have I any reason to suppose that he then entertained any such idea.

“ 2. I never heard of the pamphlet in question till it was in England, and in the printer's hands.

“ 3. I never saw or heard of a line of it, either while in manuscript or in the proofs, or in fact at all, until I procured a copy of it in Birmingham, already published, and in every body's hands.

“ The supposition that the pamphlet in question was not the sole production of Lord Shrewsbury betrays complete ignorance, first of his lordship's upright and honourable character, which would make him disdain to ‘ lend his name ’ to what was not his own; and secondly, of his abilities and acquirements, which those who have had opportunity of intimately knowing him acknowledge to be very considerable.

“ As to myself, if, as your writer truly observes, I am but a poor theologian, I can assure you that I am a far poorer politician, and pretend to no knowledge of the corn question, or many other topics of Lord Shrewsbury's letter. And while I can boldly assert, that I have never written or said any thing which could give the slightest grounds for attributing to me the opinions expressed in that pamphlet, allow me to assure you, that on whatever subject I may ever feel myself called upon to speak my sentiments, I will not shrink from avowing them, and appearing before the public, as I have always done, in my own name and on my own responsibility.

“ I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

“ N. WISEMAN.”

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

---

No. CX.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

VOL. XIX.

---

### CONTENTS.

	Page
THE CORN LAWS . . . . .	159
NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS—No. II. . . . .	176
THE WIDOW AND HER SON . . . . .	187
CENTRAL AMERICA, ANCIENT AND MODERN . . . . .	189
ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA—No. XVII.—BALLADS AND ROMANCES . . . . .	201
GASPAR, THE PIRATE; A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.—CHAP. VIII. . . . .	217
THE PYRENEES.—THE VALLEYS AND THE BATHS . . . . .	232
THE DEATH-BLOW . . . . .	245
ODE ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES . . . . .	256
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. XXVII.—ROBERT JAMES GRAVES, M.D., M.R.I.A.— with an Etching . . . . .	260
SONNETS, BY COUL GOPPAGH . . . . .	274
LETTERS FROM ITALY—No. II. . . . .	275
PROPOSAL FOR THE RECONCILIATION OF THE PROTESTANT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES. BY AN IRISH PARISH PRIEST.—No. IV.—CELIBACY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY . . . . .	280
NATIONAL EDUCATION . . . . .	286

---

DUBLIN:  
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

...

...

...

...

# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CX.

FEBRUARY, 1842.

VOL. XIX.

## THE CORN LAWS.

BOTH houses of parliament are pledged to take into early consideration the effects of the present system of corn laws, and the improvements of which it is susceptible. We have briefly stated our opinions on the matter about three years ago (No. 75, for March, 1839), and we have not seen any reason to change them since on any material point; still, as the subject is one of incalculable importance, and as it will in future engross so much of the thoughts and conversation of the political world, our readers will probably not take it amiss that even at the risk of repeating what they may have read before, we should now endeavour to give an account of the views taken of the subject by the leading parties of the state. The three great parties we may denominate the Conservatives, the Radicals, and the Whigs, and the three opinions held by them are in favour respectively of the sliding scale—no duty—and a fixed duty. Of course, in each party a few may be found to hold the opinions on this subject which are espoused by the party to which they do not belong, and a few hold opinions peculiar to themselves; still with very few exceptions we may say that the Conservatives advocate the sliding scale, the Whigs (within the last year) have adopted the fixed duty, and the Radicals have long called for the total abolition of all corn laws. Both the latter parties unite in their attack on the present system, or the sliding scale, and appear to have formed a temporary alliance for the purpose of substituting a fixed duty in its place. The present system

was introduced by the statute 9 Geo. IV. cap. 60, which is the corn law now in force. By it the duty depends upon the price, but is not like that on many other articles proportional to the price, but is the very reverse, the higher the price is, the less the duty. The schedule of the act gives the following rates of duty for wheat, oats, and barley, viz. wheat, according to the average price of wheat made up and published in manner required by law. Videlicet, whenever such price shall be 62s. and under 63s. the quarter, the duty shall be for every quarter, £1 4s. 8d.; when such price shall be 63s. and under 64s., the duty shall be £1 3s. 8d.

	£	s.	d.
Price, from 64s. to 65s.	duty, 1	2	8
65s. to 66s.	duty, 1	1	8
66s. to 67s.	duty, 1	0	8
67s. to 68s.	duty, 0	18	8
68s. to 69s.	duty, 0	16	8
69s. to 70s.	duty, 0	13	8
70s. to 71s.	duty, 0	10	8
71s. to 72s.	duty, 0	6	8
72s. to 73s.	duty, 0	2	8
73s. & upws.	duty, 0	1	0
61s. to 62s.	duty, 1	5	8

And in respect of each integral shilling, or part of an integral shilling, by which such price shall be under 61s., such duty shall be increased by one shilling.

For barley, the same schedule lays down the following scale of duties:—Whenever the average price of barley, made up and published in manner required by law shall be 33s., and under 34s. the quarter, the duty shall be for every quarter, 12s. 4d.; and in respect of every integral shilling by which such

price shall be above 33s., such duty shall be decreased by 1s. 6d. until such price shall be 41s., and whenever such price shall be at or above 41s., the duty shall be for every quarter 1s.; and whenever such price shall be under 33s. and not under 32s., the duty shall be 13s. 10d. the quarter; and in respect of each integral shilling or part of each integral shilling, by which such price shall be under 32s., such duty shall be increased by 1s. 6d.; and for oats the following scale: when the average price of oats, made up and published in manner required by law, shall be 25s. and under 26s. the quarter, the duty shall be for every quarter 9s. 3d.; and in respect of every integral shilling by which such price shall be above 25s., such duty shall be decreased by 1s. 6d. until such prices shall be 31s.; and whenever such price shall be at or above 31s., the duty shall be 1s. the quarter, and in respect of each integral shilling, or any part of each integral shilling by which such price shall be under 24s. the duty shall be increased by 1s. 6d.

The above is the sliding scale according to which the duty is levied on all European corn imported into England, but there is a different rate of duty for all corn the produce of, and imported from, any British possession in North America, or elsewhere out of Europe: viz. for every quarter of wheat 5s., until the price of British wheat made up and published in manner required by law, shall be 67s. the quarter, and when such price shall be at or above 67s., the duty shall be sixpence per quarter. The duty on barley shall be 2s. 6d. until the price is 34s. per quarter, and when the price shall be at or above 34s. the duty shall be sixpence per quarter. The duty on a quarter of oats shall be 2s. until the price shall be 25s. and thenceforward the duty shall be sixpence per quarter. The law, in the 9th Geo. IV. cap. 60, directs that the price of corn shall be made up and published in the follow-

ing manner:—An officer styled "Inspector of Corn Returns" is appointed for each of a certain number of the chief cities and towns in England. These are in number one hundred and fifty, and are some of them inland and some seaport towns. No town of any consequence is omitted. Every corn dealer, and person engaged in trades requiring considerable consumption of corn, such as millers, brewers, proprietors of stage-coaches, &c. is obliged on the first market day in every week to make a return of all the British corn, *bond fide* purchased by him during the preceding week, with the price at which he bought each parcel, the name of the seller, and the manner in which it was weighed and delivered, and other particulars mentioned in the act. The accounts thus obtained are transmitted to London, to an officer called the comptroller of corn returns, who on every Thursday takes an account of all the corn returned to him as sold in the preceding week, and of the total price at which it was sold, and dividing the latter by the former he obtains the average price for the week. The average of the averages thus obtained for six weeks, is the price by which the duty is regulated. Every Thursday a certificate of this average is sent to the collector of customs of every port, and the duty is collected according to the certificate last received.\*

It is obvious that the first and immediate tendency of the sliding scale is to diminish the variations which might otherwise take place in the price of corn. When corn rises in price in England, it will of course have a tendency to rise in the continental markets, from which England must draw part of her supply. That which has been already imported, and remains in bond, the duty not yet being paid, will certainly rise in price with the rise in the market to which it is destined. But at the same time the duty falls; and the selling price to the consumer being composed partly of the duty and

\* We do not think it necessary to detail the regulations made to prevent fraudulent returns, such as, that a merchant making a false return may be punished as for a misdemeanour, and the comptroller of corn returns may, with the consent of the privy council, omit from his computations any return which appears suspicious. It may not be amiss to inform some of our Irish readers that a quarter of wheat is a measure containing eight bushels, and that it weighs about thirty-five stone. Thus the barrel is to the quarter in about the proportion of four to one.



partly of the price in bond, will be less than if the duty had not fallen. The price depends chiefly on the quantity of corn in the country; when prices are low and corn abundant, we do not want any importation of foreign corn, and the high duty co-operates with the low prices to take away all inducement from the corn merchant to import from the Continent that corn which the country does not want. The duty is even more influential than the low price, since the latter might be counteracted by a corresponding depression in the price of foreign grain. On the other hand, when high prices indicate a diminished produce, and the want of a further supply from abroad, the duty is reduced to the trifling sum of one shilling, and the high prices and low duty co-operate to urge the corn merchant, by the prospect of certain gain, to import that corn of which the country stands in need. The difference, then, between the price here and the price on the Continent will not exceed the cost of transit; and it is evident that the difference in the price between an importing and an exporting country cannot be less than that.

Thus, the intentions, and the apparently obvious result, of the sliding scale, are to protect the farmer from foreign competition when there is an abundant harvest and moderate prices, and to ensure the consumer an adequate supply when there is a deficient harvest and consequent high prices. Accordingly, since the passing of the 9 Geo. IV. there has been less fluctuation in the price of corn than has ever been experienced before, although

the system has been tried by a succession of good and abundant harvests at one period, and by a similar succession of deficient harvests at a subsequent period. We have no doubt that this will be satisfactorily proved when inquiries shall be made as to the prices in other countries in different years, and that the returns thus obtained will show that the variations of price in this country, great as they have been, have still been much less than those which other countries have experienced.\*

On the whole, therefore, we have reason to believe that neither free trade nor the proposed system of a fixed duty would be as effectual as the present system in attaining what ought to be the great object of all legislation on the subject. The object of the framers of the 9 Geo. IV. has clearly been, in the first place, *to keep prices steady, and to secure an abundant supply*; in the second place, *to afford the farmer the protection to which he is fairly entitled*; and, lastly, although perhaps the most important object of all, *to prevent the country from being too much dependant on foreign nations for its necessary supply of food*.

It has not been denied that the corn laws have been successful in attaining this latter object, and that the supply of British corn is, in ordinary seasons, so abundant as to make the import from other countries a matter rather of convenience than necessity. But many writers utterly deny the importance of this point; and some of the writers in favour of a free trade in corn even maintain that this is one of the pernicious effects of the corn laws, and

---

\* Since the above was written, we have seen a report of a speech made by Mr. Christopher, at Lincoln, in which he makes the following statement, confirmatory of our position:—"It is a satisfactory thing, in considering this question, that since the adoption of the present corn laws, the price has varied less in England than in any other country in Europe, with the single exception of Sweden. I find that from 1815 to 1838 the price of wheat in England varied 140 per cent.; in Prussia, 212 per cent.; Saxony, 262; Westphalia, 343; Rhine, 312; Sweden, 116; Bourdeaux, 260; Hamburg, 321; Dantzic, 235; Petersburg, 155; Trieste, 176." On the above statement we would make three remarks. First, that if the prices since the present corn law was passed had been alone considered, the result would have been still more favourable, as the variation is made to appear so high as 140 by comparing the highest price under the old law with the lowest under the new one. Secondly, that England being the richest country, an equal variation in the supply will produce the greatest variation in the price. With equal wisdom, therefore, in legislation, the price would vary less on the Continent than in England. Thirdly, that the alleged frauds in taking the averages being committed only when prices are high, tend to increase the apparent fluctuations of prices—since in the returns they increase the highest averages, and have no effect upon the low ones.

that it would be better for this country and the world at large that the kingdom should be utterly dependant upon foreign countries for its necessary supply. We shall consider the argument in its place.

With regard to the second object, or the protection of the farmer, the opponents of the corn laws at once deny that the object is attained; and assert that it is one for which the legislature ought to have no regard. They attribute the defeat of the proposed measure to the interested opposition of the agricultural party, at the same time that they contend that the party stood in the singular position of a large body of highly educated men utterly ignorant of their true interests. In general, the children of this world are sufficiently wise in their generation. It would not be difficult to show that a majority of the opponents of our present corn laws are actuated by a spirit of hostility to the possessors of land. They seldom allude to what they term the landocracy except in language which displays the bitterness of their feelings, and would evidently be gratified by their ruin or degradation. For such we do not write; we address ourselves to those only who are not influenced by envy, hatred, or malice towards any class, but who desire to promote the prosperity of every class, as far as it is consistent with the general good of the community.

It is, therefore, on the effect of the corn laws in keeping prices steady, and in securing a sufficient supply, that the principal controversy arises. We contend that to let in corn on moderate terms, when it is wanted, and to keep it out by high duties when it is not wanted, is the best mode of keeping prices and supply steady and uniform; while our adversaries contend that to let in corn at all times, free of duty, or at a fixed duty—which, for the purposes of this argument, is the same—must be the best mode of insuring a steady price. This appears to be a paradox, so contrary is it to the consequences which any one would draw on his first comparing the two systems, Mr. M'Culloch thus endeavours to prove it. (See his pamphlet, p. 17.)

"If, therefore, we would form a fair estimate of the operation of the existing corn law, we must consider how it af-

flicts the and the other  
classes, abundance in  
the land, and prices w, but when  
a short crop is anticipated, and prices  
are rising. In such a case, the duty  
sinks till it be reduced to next to no-  
thing; and not merely all the foreign  
corn that may happen to be warehoused  
in the country, but every contiguous  
foreign port is swept of its supplies,  
which are hurried off to England and  
entered for consumption at the low duty,  
whether the occasion requires it or not.  
It is hardly possible to exaggerate the  
pernicious consequences of such pro-  
ceedings. Surely it is unnecessary to  
say that it is of vital importance that  
the supply of corn should be distributed  
according to the real wants and neces-  
sities of the people, which it would be,  
were there either no duty, or one that  
was fixed and invariable. But with a  
fluctuating scale, every bushel of corn  
that can be procured is thrown upon the  
market, when the duty happens for a  
moment to be low or nominal—not be-  
cause such corn is really required, but  
because were it kept back even for the  
shortest period, it might be impossible  
to enter it, except at an oppressively  
high duty. In consequence of this pe-  
riodical overloading of the market, the  
farmer is not only deprived of the fair  
advantage he would have reaped from  
the rise of price occasioned by the ap-  
prehended deficiency; but in the event,  
which very frequently occurs, of the  
apprehension of a deficient supply being  
unfounded or exaggerated, the market  
is unduly and unnaturally depressed by  
the quantity of foreign corn that has  
been forced upon it. An inspection of  
the table No. iv., in the appendix, will  
serve to convince even the most scepti-  
cal of the truth of what has now been  
stated. The low prices of 1821 and  
1822, and again, of 1823, 1824, and  
1825, were no doubt in part occasioned  
by the excess of the foreign entries for  
consumption in the previous years.

The above argument although di-  
rected against the present corn-law,  
is merely a statement of the objections  
to which the old corn-law was liable,  
but from which the present corn-law  
is practically free. We repeat that  
the present law can never produce the  
mischief above stated, and that an  
inspection of the table to which Mr.  
M'Culloch refers as sufficient to con-  
vince the most sceptical, will prove to  
any but the most prejudiced that it  
was not produced in the instances  
which he alleges.

We need not remark on the services

of 1821 and 1822, as they certainly cannot have been caused by the corn-law which was enacted in 1828; but let us refer to the low prices of 1832, 1833, and 1834, which he says were in part occasioned by the excess of the foreign entries for consumption in the previous years. The average price in 1832 was £2 18s. 8d. and only 375,000 quarters of foreign wheat were entered for home consumption in that year. This was considerably less than the average amount which had been imported for the ten preceding years, and was less than half the average import which has taken place under the present corn-law. There could have been no excess of foreign entries for consumption in that year, yet in the next year, 1833, the average price of wheat fell about six shillings, being only £2 12s. 11d. per quarter. In this year only 83,000 quarters of foreign wheat were entered for home consumption, and such a trifling amount could not have the least perceptible effect upon the prices of the succeeding year, yet in 1834 wheat fell about six shillings a quarter more; and the average price during the year 1834 was only £2 6s. 2d. per quarter; and in this year only 64,000 quarters of foreign wheat were entered for home consumption; still prices fell about six shillings a quarter; and in 1835 the average price of wheat was £1 19s. 4d. being the lowest price to which it had fallen for forty years. Compare this gradual fall of prices, extending over a period of four years, with the process described by Mr. M'Culloch as the effect of the corn-law, and the discrepancy will be too palpable to be denied or explained away. If the depression of prices had been in part caused by the excess of the entries for home consumption during the previous years, it would have been greatest and prices lowest after the harvest immediately following those redundant entries, that is, during the year 1832. Those low prices would have led to an increased consumption which would have absorbed the greater part of the excess. This process would have continued until prices regained their original natural average. The instance, therefore, referred to by Mr. M'Culloch instead of supporting his position, proves the direct contrary, and shows

that no reduction of price was caused by any excess of imported corn in preceding years. He speaks of a "periodical overflowing of the market," as if it were an incident that occurred several times; forgetting that the system has been only thirteen years in operation, and that during that period not a single instance can be found where the corn imported at a low duty during a dear year had the alleged effect of unnaturally depressing the market the following year.

A little consideration will suffice to show how unlikely it is that the effects apprehended by Mr. M'Culloch can ever follow from our present corn-laws. When a deficient harvest produces a rise in prices, the wealthy and intelligent merchants make it their business to acquire the most extensive and minute information respecting the extent of the deficiency, and the probable supply which may be expected from the Continent. This information has its necessary influence upon the markets. If prices rise to seventy-four shillings the quarter, it must be because there is reason to expect that even with the quantity of corn which will probably be imported the supply will be so short as to call for that price. If corn is seventy-four shillings in December, all those who do not send their corn to market to get that high price for it, keep it in their own hands, because they believe that in January or February, or at some future time within the year, they can sell it to equal advantage. The average prices are publicly known, and the admission of foreign corn at a low or nominal duty is always anticipated and calculated on some weeks before it takes place. The quantity in bond is also well known. If the admission of this corn was likely to depress prices, the mere expectation of it would make them fall; those who had corn would send it to market while prices were high instead of waiting until it should come into competition with the foreign corn. Thus there would be a press of corn into the market, and the certain expectation of a future supply would prevent prices from rising so high as they otherwise might. Thus when prices rise so high as to admit foreign corn at the duty of one shilling, this very circumstance proves that the supply

is still short, even with the addition of all the corn in bond. Neither will prices be injuriously affected by all the corn that can be procured from the Continent, and admitted at a low duty. This corn cannot be procured all together; it can only be gradually collected and imported, and as fast as it is introduced in the market prices fall, and the duty rises. If, therefore, the corn merchants speculate too extensively, and endeavour to import more than the wants of the country require, all that portion which comes in last and constitutes the excess must pay a higher rate of duty, and be sold at a lower price, to the loss of the importer. The dread of this contingency is a sufficient inducement to the merchant to be cautious how he gluts the market; and as it has hitherto been sufficient, we may fairly hold that it always will be sufficient to prevent any excessive entries for home consumption.

The next objection to the sliding scale is thus stated by Mr. McCulloch in his pamphlet, p. 21 :—

“To show the practical operation of the existing duty, let it be supposed that when prices in England are between 69s. and 70s. a quarter, a merchant orders a cargo of wheat from Dantzic, or some other port, and that in the interval between the giving the order and the arrival of the grain the price has sunk to 62s. In this case the wheat will sell for 7s. or 8s. less than the importer expected; and the duty on it will be 24s. 8d: whereas, when the order was given, and prices were between 69s. and 70s., the duty was only 13s. 8d: so that the merchant, besides having to sell his wheat at 8s. below his estimate, will have to pay on the article so reduced in price an additional duty of 11s. *No wonder that the corn trade should have been so very ruinous to those who have embarked in it of late years.* The risk attending it is, under any circumstances, proverbially great; but our legislation more than doubles that risk; and is in this respect as contradictory to every sound principle as can easily be imagined.”

We have considered this argument in our seventy-fifth number, for March 1839, page 343; and our readers may observe that we did not misstate or evade it. We said :—

“This tendency of corn to fluctuate

considerably in price in a rich country makes the trade of the corn-dealer one of great hazard and uncertainty; and it is objected to our present system of corn-laws that they increase not a little the uncertainty of his speculations. He is not only obliged to take into his calculations the varying prices, but the varying duties also. If he purchases corn for importation, and in the meantime the prices advance 1s. a quarter, he gains 2s. a quarter by the change, viz. 1s. by the rise in price, and 1s. by the reduction of duty, which lessens the expense of bringing it into the market. In the same manner, if prices fall his loss is doubled by the consequent rise in duty. This undoubtedly is an evil, but it is a very slight one. It has the effect of rendering a particular trade less inviting to persons of an enterprising disposition, but it certainly has not the effect of preventing a sufficient number of persons from entering into the trade, or of depriving the public of the services of that useful class of merchants.”

We have marked in italics one of Mr. McCulloch's sentences, wherein he appears to treat it as a notorious fact, that the corn-trade has of late years been ruinous to those who have been engaged in it, in consequence of the losses which they sustained by a rise in duty and fall in price. Now this fact we utterly deny; and we confidently assert, that no trade has been more profitable to those who have entered into it with a reasonable share of capital and skill. Indeed so notorious is this, that lately, when Sir Robert Peel was making some statistical inquiries, for the purpose of considering the propriety of modifying the corn-laws, the opposition papers complained that those inquiries were made in too many instances of corn-merchants, who had an interest in continuing the present system—an interest in continuing a system which is ruinous to themselves!

An examination of the average prices for the last few years would show, that the corn-merchants cannot have sustained such losses as Mr. McCulloch states. From 1832 to 1837 inclusive, scarcely any corn was imported, the prices not being sufficient to call for any supplies from abroad. From 1837 to the present period, prices have been high, and the merchant who imported corn had always sufficient opportunity to enter it

for home consumption at a low rate of duty. Such an unsuccessful speculation as that instanced by Mr. M'Culloch can scarcely occur without such rashness in the merchant as would certainly lead to his ruin in whatever trade he embarked. The duty is regulated by the average prices for the preceding six weeks; the merchant compares this with the present price, and sees whether prices are rising or falling. If prices have been rising, and the average according to which the duty is computed is 69s. the present price must exceed 69s.; it is therefore most unlikely that the average for the six weeks preceding the entry of the corn which he purchases will be lower than the present averages. In a country possessing such wealth and intelligence, nothing is more unlikely than a sudden, unforeseen fall in the price of corn. We have already observed that this fall cannot take place in consequence of the release of bonded corn, since the existence of this corn in bond, and the expectation of its entry for home consumption has already exerted its influence upon the price.

If the legislature shall be of opinion that there is any thing in this objection of the hazards of the corn-trade so important as to require a remedy, it may be obviated in the following manner, without interfering with the principle of the sliding scale:—Let it be enacted, that any merchant, on payment of 25 per cent. in addition to the duty of the day, shall be at liberty to name any week, within the next four months, in which he shall be at liberty to enter his corn for home consumption. Thus, suppose that on the 10th of March the duty is 8s. a quarter, let a merchant, by paying £1,000, that is 25 per cent. in addition to the duty on 2,000 quarters, be at liberty, in the week commencing on the 20th of June, to enter 2,000 quarters of wheat, duty free. Thus, by payment of a certain small sum he will get rid of the risk apprehended for him by Mr. M'Culloch. He ought to be made pay a small percentage, in addition to the duty of the day, in order to encourage him to keep his corn in bonded warehouses in England, rather than on the Continent. As a further encouragement

to bonded corn, we would permit the owner of corn in bond to take it out, and to name a future day on which the duty shall be computed. Thus, we would let him take it out on the 10th of March, and agree to pay the same duty as if it were left in until the 10th of June. This latter regulation would remove an objection made to the existing system, that while prices are rising it is never the interest of the merchant to take his wheat out of bond until the duty is at the minimum; and even when prices are falling, the averages according to which the duty is computed might be rising. The case has been thus stated: Suppose wheat is at 54s. a quarter, and the expectation (perhaps mistaken) of a deficient harvest suddenly raises the price to 72s. It will be six weeks before the low price of 54s. ceases to affect the average by which the duty is computed, and therefore, even if corn is falling again, it will be the interest of the importing merchant to wait, unless it falls below 54s. This is an extreme case, and very unlikely to happen, as the reader will perceive if he bears in mind what we have already said respecting the influence of an expected future supply upon the present price; but slight as the objection is, it may be altogether obviated by the measure we have proposed, which would also hold out an encouragement to the merchant to keep a large supply of corn in bond. He will not avail himself of the permission, unless he considers that the price of the day is greater than the future price is likely to be; and in this case it is the interest of the country that the corn should be at once brought into the market.

To this latter measure it may be objected, that it will give the merchant an interest in falsifying the averages, since he would be bound to pay duty according to the averages at a future day; but we consider this objection as trivial; and the merchant who has corn in bond, or on its way to the English market, has at the present the same interest in committing frauds upon the averages. Indeed this is one of the popular objections made against the present system, and we hear strange and incredible stories of the devices used to affect the averages. We are convinced that those



frauds are fewer and less effectual than the enemies of the corn-laws represent. The real purchases made in the natural course of business, for consumption, are of such an enormous amount as to make it impossible to affect the averages by purchases made with that view; and the stories circulated respecting frauds on the averages are so silly that none believe them, except those who are ready to believe any thing that suits their purpose. One of those stories which appears in all the opposition newspapers was, that a respectable-looking stranger called on a number of farmers in the vicinity of a great commercial town, and contracted to buy large quantities of wheat at prices considerably exceeding the market-price of the day, and after giving some money in part-payment, departed and was no more heard of. The mystery was explained by stating that those purchases were fraudulent, and made with a view of appearing in the returns, and affecting the averages.

Now let the reader reflect to what an enormous extent those false purchases must have been made to have any effect upon the averages. The controller of corn returns will perceive that certain speculators whom he knows to be in concert with the import merchants, (for his information is most extensive,) have made large and unusual purchases at rates considerably above the market rates, or the prices paid by those who buy for their own consumption. Those returns will be suspected, and struck out of the computation in taking the averages, and thus the fraud will be defeated. The fraud will not only be defeated, but punished, for inquiry will be made of those persons by whom the return stated the corn to have been sold and delivered. The result of such inquiry will prove that the return was false, and the perpetrator of the abortive fraud will be indicted and punished by fine and imprisonment, pursuant to the provisions of the statute. We firmly believe that under the present law, no fraud of importance can be perpetrated to affect the return, if the controller will exercise due vigilance. We can suggest no improvement on this point, except that the total quantity sold each week, should be published along with the averages.

But if such frauds upon the averages have been successful, two consequences would follow, which those who allege such frauds as objections to the corn laws, neglect to take into account. First, that the real fluctuations which have taken place in the price of corn, have not been so great as the returns show, for the highest returns are those which have been affected and increased by the fraudulent operations. Secondly, that the corn laws are not so restrictive as they appear, since the average according to which the duty is computed, is in general, or at least when corn is entered for consumption, it is greater than the actual *bona fide* price at which the consumer can procure it. The temptations, however, to such frauds, the tendency of the corn laws to increase the speculative character of the corn trade might be considerably lessened by an improvement in the scale. We think it probable that it ascends too fast, and too high; as an example of the too quick ascent, we observe that when wheat is at 70s. 11d., the duty is 10s. 8d, but if the average was one penny more, the duty would be only 6s. 8d.; another shilling added to the average, would reduce the duty to 2s. 8d. Thus a diminution of one shilling in the average price, adds four shillings to the duty, and another shilling to the price adds four shillings more to the duty. Hence, when the price of wheat is about 70s., the temptation to speculation is excessively and unnecessarily great. It would be better if the variation in the duty were never greater than the variation in the price. We would propose the following simple scale—when the price of wheat is 70s., or upwards, let the duty be 4s., and let it increase 1s. with every diminution of 1s., in the price, until it reach £1, beyond which it should never rise. We have observed that in our opinion the duty ascends too high under the present system; this indeed produces no practical inconvenience, but it mars the beauty of the system, and appears almost absurd. Thus, if the average price of wheat on the present system, were 41s., a quarter, the duty would be £2 5s. 8d, that is, it would exceed the total price at which it could be sold for after the duty was paid. The farmer does not require for his protection, a duty higher than £1, because when prices fall below £1, the low

price is of itself a sufficient protection against foreign competition. The duty of £1, and the costs of transit, about 10s. would effectually prevent any importation for consumption when prices were low in England. As to the duty on colonial corn, we would, for the sake of uniformity, have it also regulated by the sliding scale, the duty to be one-fourth of the duty on European corn.

We believe that the introduction of such an alteration in the corn laws as we have proposed, would meet with much opposition, but that if it passed, it would put an end to all clamour against the corn laws except among that party who think that there ought to be no duty on corn, and that the agriculturist ought to receive no protection. However, we propose the measure to improve the law, and not in order to conciliate any party. Neither shall we be deterred from offering our suggestions by any fear that the Whigs will claim it as a triumph, that a step has been made apparently in their direction. No; we propose an improvement in the law, because the very principles upon which it is formed, naturally lead to such a modification of it. We detest what are frequently called half measures, but which in reality, and practically, are extreme measures. Let the principles upon which legislation ought to be conducted, be maturely and dispassionately considered in all their bearings, and then let those principles be followed to their full extent. But if a principle is false, let us not adopt it in part, merely because a clamour has been raised in its behalf; such a mode of proceeding although apparently moderate, ultimately leads to the adoption of most immoderate measures, and gives to men of professed extreme opinions, a weight to which they are not entitled. The average of opinions is most influenced by those which differ most widely from it. We are reminded of the fable of the man who asked for timber to build his house, and obtained as much as would repair a gate, which, when he got it, he said, was as much as he wanted, and more than he expected. Unreasonable demands are encouraged by the system of granting part, and part only of whatever is demanded. Every concession leads to fresh clamour which is with more dif-

culty resisted, as it is easier to keep a body in motion, than to move it when it is at rest. We would yield any thing to reason, but nothing to clamour.

The amendments which we have suggested, would carry into full effect the principle of the sliding scale, and instead of approximating the corn law to that proposed by the Whigs, would actually widen the breach between them. The present system is that of the sliding scale, and our amendment is to make it slide more smoothly. Mr. M'Culloch's proposal is to have a fixed duty of 8s., to be reduced to nothing when the price reaches a certain point, that is, to have the scale make one great jump, instead of sliding gradually. We have proposed that the maximum duty should be 20s., because when corn sinks so low at 50s., the farmer has nothing to dread from the competition of imported corn, and a higher duty is therefore unnecessary, and although the excess of duty is not required as a protection to the home agriculturist, it furnishes a popular topic to the anti corn law declaimer. The fixing of the maximum at 20s., is the theoretical improvement, but adds little, if any thing, to the practical merit of the law. We believe that in fact since the present corn law was passed, not 100 quarters have been entered at a higher rate of duty than 20s. We have proposed that the minimum duty should be 4s., because we are of opinion that a reduction of the duty below the sum, would be a benefit to the foreigner only, and would enhance the price of corn in the foreign market when a scarcity was felt in England, so that the selling price in England, with the reduced duty, would be as high as if there were a duty of 4s. The tax on corn would then, at 4s. be only about 6 per cent., almost the lowest duty levied on any article of consumption; and there are financial reasons, and reasons connected with the currency, that would make this addition to the revenue particularly desirable in a year when a quantity of corn is imported from abroad. The minimum fixed at 4s. will also have the effect of diminishing undue speculation, and fraudulent operations on the averages in a season of scarcity; it is in such seasons, we admit, an approximation to the system of a fixed duty.

It has been objected that the alteration above proposed in the sliding scale would not diminish the frauds on the averages, which will be committed as long as a scale of duties varying with the averages holds out any temptation to the commission of such frauds. This in fact is equivalent to an assertion that a strong temptation and a weak temptation will lead to an equal extent of crime—that a high duty and a low duty will equally promote smuggling. At present, at a certain point in the scale an increase of 2s. in the average prices effects a reduction of 8s. in the duty. By a fraudulent operation on the averages, therefore, the corn importer makes a profit of 8s. a quarter, and this in some cases may more than compensate him for the risk, and trouble, and expense incurred in the perpetration of his fraud, whereas a profit of 2s. might leave him a loser by the transaction. It would still be his interest that the averages should be raised, but it would not be worth his while to take any steps to effect that object. We do believe that if the measures above proposed were adopted it would not be necessary to make any change in the mode of taking the averages. No change would be required for the protection of the farmer, and no change is called for by any other class. Those who clamour against the corn-laws, it is true, complain of the frauds committed on the averages, because it is their object to find as many faults as they can in the law, but they must admit that those frauds increase the apparent, and diminish the real bad consequences of the system.

The supporters of a fixed duty reason in the following manner:—

“Were our ports always open under a moderate duty, nothing would be gained by pouring in supplies at any particular moment; they would only be furnished when necessary, and would be limited by the necessity: and when prices were low, or falling, a large proportion of the imports would be warehoused in anticipation of a future rise. But at present there is no room for consideration or combination; every thing must be done on the moment, and by fits and starts: we may not have brought a bushel from the Baltic for a year or two, but prices having risen in this country, and the duty having fallen still more rapidly, we have now an instan-

taneous the corn that can be expected, no pro' no ling such suddenness; and prices rise to such a degree as to make our presence hateful to every one, except the few who may happen to have on hand stocks of corn. It is plain too, that a commerce, if so we may call it, conducted in this way cannot be carried on by an interchange of goods for corn, as it would be if the ports were constantly open. We may have a demand this year for ten times the quantity of Polish corn that we required last year, but it is abundantly certain that the Poles will not reciprocate by taking off corresponding quantities of our cottons, wollens, and hardware. Under ordinary circumstances an increase of imports is always accompanied by a corresponding increase of exports; but to bring this about the increase must be neither sudden nor excessive; for if so the chances are a thousand to one that the foreign demand for our products will not increase to a corresponding extent. Corn is the principal means which the Poles have for paying for English goods; and as we frequently shut it wholly out, their imports from England are unavoidably below even the average amount of their exports; so that when we have an extraordinary demand for their corn, the greater part of the excess must be paid for in bullion; and instead of being benefitted by its occurrence, our commercial and manufacturing interests are deeply injured.”—*M'Culloch*,—p. 12.

The author then proceeds to state that the drain of bullion to pay for the imported corn, endangers the bank, deranges the currency, depresses the price of every article, and vitiates every speculation. That these inconveniences are wrongly attributed to the conduct of the directors of the Bank of England, but that they have little or nothing to do with the matter; they are merely endeavouring to provide, as is their bounden duty, for the safety of the bank, which is suddenly called upon to advance four, five, or six millions of bullion, to be sent abroad in payment of foreign corn; “it is plain that the real origin of the pressure is to be found in that system of legislation that produces every now and then such sudden and heavy drains on the resources of the bank and the country.”

The fallacy of the above arguments, or rather assertions, chiefly consists in an artificial representation of the evils

that are experienced under, not from the present system of corn-laws, and in the concealment of the fact that under the proposed system, or under a free trade, the same evils would necessarily be found to exist to the same extent. This concealment is effected in part by misstatements, or at least by an ambiguity of language. Thus in the passage commencing with "were our ports always open," and concluding with "a large proportion of our imports would be warehoused, in anticipation of a future rise," it is strongly implied that this cannot be done, or at least is not done, under the present system. But the truth is, that under the present law the ports are always open, so far as to permit corn to be warehoused in anticipation of a future rise, and that without payment of any duty. The present state of the law is most favourable to the merchant, who in cheap seasons imports his corn, not for present consumption, but to warehouse it in anticipation of a future rise; and accordingly a large supply of corn is imported for this purpose, when the wants of the country do not require it for immediate consumption. This tends to even the imports by increasing them in a cheap year and diminishing them in a dear one. Thus, supposing that a million and a-half of quarters are warehoused in bond one year, and that a supply of five millions of foreign corn is required the following year, this want will be supplied by the importation of three and a-half millions and the one million and a-half in bond; and thus the imports in a dear year will exceed those in a cheap year by only two millions instead of five. It is true that when several years of scarcity occur in succession, the corn in bond will not offer any resource in the second year, neither would it if there were a fixed duty; if a supply of five millions is required it must all be imported, still the increase is comparatively gradual, as three and a-half millions had been required the previous year, and the encouragement this had given to the cultivation of Polish corn, and the exportation of English goods, will prevent the commerce from being inconvenient to either country. Mr. McCulloch says that "not being expected, no provision is made for such sudden and capricious demands." We suppose he

thinks the word "*capricious*" adds force to the sentence, and will have its weight with those who like brave words but do not care much about the meaning of what they read; but we can see nothing capricious in the country requiring more foreign corn after a deficient harvest than after an abundant one at home; or in a merchant buying corn when he can sell it at profit rather than when he cannot dispose of it without loss. We deny altogether that such a demand is capricious; sudden we admit it to be to a certain extent, inasmuch as the scarcity which gives rise to it is in some degree unexpected, and this it must be alike under every state of the law.

We deem it necessary to dwell a little on this part of the question, as it seems to have misled many who are sincere in their preference of a fixed duty. Their ideas are confused by contemplating different natural events to arise under the two systems. When speaking of the fixed duty, they assert that there is generally an equal produce over the world: so that a deficiency in the harvest of one country is sure to be compensated by a more than ordinary abundance in the harvest of other countries; and that, therefore, to secure a constant supply to England, all that is necessary is that she should not counteract the bountiful disposition of Providence by preposterous legislation, forbidding the occasional deficiency of the harvest at home to be supplied by the redundancy of those abroad. But when they speak of the sliding scale, they say that when prices rise in England, a demand is made for all the corn that can be procured, and that, not being expected, no provision is made for meeting such sudden and capricious demands. What then becomes of this compensation of harvests, this bountiful arrangement of Providence, which the supporters of a fixed duty affect to admire, when it suits their purpose? Does it exist? or does the sliding scale exert a prejudicial influence upon the vicissitudes of seasons?

To make a fair comparison between the two systems proposed by the Whigs and the Conservatives, it is obvious that all exaggeration must be most scrupulously avoided. In every question of mere prudence or policy, exaggeration is as deceitful as falsehood. As truth

is our only object, we shall adhere to it most strictly, even with the certainty that our arguments will appear dry, when compared with our opponent's rhetorical amplifications. Next, in fairness, the same natural condition of affairs ought to be viewed in reference to each system.

Now, let us fairly consider what are the natural consequences of a deficient harvest, or of a succession of such, and how far those consequences can be mitigated by legislative prudence. Let us suppose the harvest to be deficient to the amount of seven millions of quarters. The first effect is that the wealth of the country, the result of its productive industry, is less by that amount; and the consequences must be suffered by the inhabitants in the form of increase of privations, diminution of expenditure or of savings. The burthen must be borne: it cannot be shuffled off, though legislation has a certain influence in directing in what form and by whom the pressure must be felt. Whether it be sent to chasten us, or to try us, or for inscrutable purposes of God, a deficient harvest must be viewed as a grievous temporal calamity. It is not merely a loss of wealth, but a loss in that which is most severely felt by the greatest number: it is a loss of food, an article which is absolutely necessary to the support of all. It will be less felt by bearing the burthen, or the greater part of it, in some other shape, the loss of wealth, however, still remaining the same. Corn will rise in price, and will be imported in exchange for other articles. The rise of price will diminish the consumption, say by two millions, leaving five millions to be procured from other sources. The privation by which the deficiency of two millions is thus borne, is easily understood. It is the reduction of the consumption of corn principally by the labouring classes, caused by the increased prices. But there remains an additional loss of five millions to be borne, and this is dwelt upon at great length when speaking of the sliding scale, but no notice whatever taken of it when speaking of the free trade or fixed duty, as if by some juggler it could be dispensed with in reality, as readily as it may be lost sight of in argument. Accordingly, various writers finding this distress to exist after a deficient harvest, attribute

it to ( ording to the  
discussing at  
is it to free-  
ture of the  
corn laws—  
all bearing to forget that a harvest  
ment by seven million of quarters is  
a loss to the country of nearly twenty  
millions sterling, and that it is impos-  
sible to prevent this loss from being  
severely felt. Some even write as if  
they thought a bad harvest might be  
even a gain to the nation, by affording  
a useful stimulus to trade and manufac-  
tures to pay for the imported corn.  
But on whom does the loss fall? It  
certainly does not fall entirely on the  
farmer, since the increase of price in  
part compensates for the deficiency of  
produce. The loss would fall upon him.  
on the supposition of there being  
no rise of price. It would be im-  
possible beforehand to say whether the  
increase of price will or will not give  
the farmer a full compensation for the  
deficiency in the harvest. This must  
depend in a great measure upon the  
extent of the deficiency, and the amount  
of the exportation. It is probable that  
the farmer does bear his part: the in-  
quiry remains, by whom is the rest  
borne? This will best be understood  
by investigating the process which  
takes place without reference to any  
particular state of the currency or the  
corn laws. An unusual importation of  
corn takes place. If the nation was  
in the habit of importing a certain  
quantity in seasons of ordinary plenty,  
still, in this season of scarcity an in-  
creased supply will be required, say to  
the amount of five million quarters of  
wheat, at the cost of, say, fourteen mil-  
lions sterling. Of this large sum,  
paid by the consumers of corn, not one  
penny is received by British agricul-  
turists: it is all paid to the Poles and  
other foreigners. The English are  
poorer, and foreigners richer, by that  
t. Now, far the greater por-  
t of the wealth of the inhabitants of  
country is expended in the pur-  
se of commodities raised or man-  
red in that country. The de-  
mand for foreign goods is therefore  
ed, and that for British goods  
shed. The former, therefore,  
the lat— value, until  
ative values  
nt quantity  
the balance



of trade. Meantime, however, the income of all classes is somewhat reduced. If this importation of foreign corn took place every year, this reduction of income would be permanent, and therefore would not be remarked. Things would sink to their proper level, and every man would become accustomed to his condition; and though poverty would become more general, there would be less complaint.

The considerate reader will admit that a deficient harvest is a loss of wealth to the country. That if no corn is imported, this loss is felt in its most severe form by the consumer, who receives a diminished quantity of food, and in order to pay the higher price which this lesser quantity commands, is forced to retrench something from his other comforts or luxuries. Trade is a little deranged but not seriously depressed, since whatever those lose who supply the consumers of food *i. e.* the people at large, is gained by those who supply the producers of food *i. e.* the farmers and owners of land. As those two classes of men, the consumers and producers, are very much intermixed, and do not differ much in their tastes and habits, the derangement of trade is very slightly felt. But when the deficiency is in part supplied by imported corn, the derangement of trade becomes a serious evil to England, inasmuch as the producers are partly foreigners, by whose increased custom the foreign tradesman gains, and the consumers are entirely Englishmen, by whose diminished custom the British tradesman loses. All this is true irrespective of the state of the currency or the corn laws. In England, however, it is through the medium of the currency that those operations are conducted, and by the affair it suffers too; it bears part of the shock, and diminishes its force against the public, and spreads the same amount of loss over a longer period, and yet strange to say, part of the evil is sometimes attributed to the currency, which is actually alleviating instead of causing the calamities of the country. This takes place in the following manner. The Poles and other foreigners, require immediate payment for their corn, but will not receive it in British goods, except at a price at which it would be ruinous to the British manufacturer to

sell them. A considerable part of the price is therefore paid in gold and silver, which diminishes the currency, compels the bank from regard to its own safety to contract its issues, and the reduced circulation diminishes the price of every commodity in England. The reverse of this process takes place abroad. The exchanges then turn in favour of England, the bullion slowly returns, and prices gradually rise to their accustomed level. In the meantime the British merchant attributes to the exportation of bullion, the fall of prices under which he is suffering, whereas, that very exportation has lessened the fall and tended to keep up prices as much as if it had been entirely expended in the purchase of British goods. A circumstance which very much diminishes the necessity of reducing the price of English goods in order to bring back the exported bullion, is, that the manufacturing industry of England is so great and productive, that in ordinary years the balance of trade is in its favour, and gold flows naturally into the country. In time, therefore, the gold exported would return of itself. Its natural motion is in the right direction, and a very slight impetus will give it the required velocity.

The above observations suggest to us the natural and proper mode of alleviating the mischief which results to trade from a deficient harvest. If every person would, on such occasions, reduce his consumption of foreign goods, and confine himself, as far as possible, to the use of home-made articles, the evil would be remedied; but the abstinence from foreign articles would be an evil to which men will not voluntarily submit, and which cannot, and ought not to be enforced by law. It might, indeed, be in part brought about, if the duty on imports was to vary with the price of corn; but this would be a complex measure, pregnant with many frauds, and would introduce many evils in order to alleviate one. We must therefore look for a remedy to some other course than to either a voluntary or compulsory abstinence from the consumption of foreign articles. The first and most obvious remedy would be, to have large stores of corn laid up in ordinary years, as a provision against a season of scarcity. The state need not do this itself, but



arguments which were used to defend what was formerly called the mercantile system, only in order that they may have the pleasure of again refuting them; but they scarcely notice the real objects of our present corn laws. The "catechism of the corn laws" argues chiefly by way of illustration or example, taking care that the example put, should have a certain likeness to the real case, but should be without all those circumstances which prove the policy of our corn laws, and should even contain a few peculiarities in favour of its own view of the matter. It opens with a view of Noah's ark, with this motto underneath, "If Noah had shut himself up in his ark, and let his family eat nothing but what could be grown upon his decks, he would soon have had an outcry against population, and an emigration committee; and Shem, Ham, and Japhet, would have been distressed manufacturers." "It can make no difference except in the size of the experiment, whether men are confined to the corn of an ark or of an island." The author of this illustration would doubtless be of opinion that it would make no difference, "except in the size of the experiment," whether a man was confined to an ounce or a pound of meat each day. And what means the sneer against emigration committees? Does it mean that Noah and his family did not emigrate, or that they were wrong in doing so? Is there no difference between a barren ark, and a nation capable of feeding forty million of inhabitants in comfort, and supplying them with every variety of remunerative employment? Such assertions can only prove the desperate state of the cause which they are called upon to support.

In every consideration of this important question this fact ought not to be lost sight of, that, owing to the corn laws, or notwithstanding the corn laws, as the case may be, but at all events, certainly during the existence of the corn laws, the English labourers have in proportion to their numbers, consumed more wheaten bread and animal food than those of any other fully-peopled country. They have not only been better fed, but they have worn better clothes, lived in better houses, and consumed more fuel. Medical aid, the means of education, and religious consolation, have been

within easy reach of every family. In general comfort, and the possession of all things conducive to human happiness, the industrious classes of England may challenge a comparison with those of any nation upon earth. The English labourer is not only comfortable in his situation, but has many opportunities of rising above it. Every day furnishes examples of men belonging to the very poorest class winning their way to rank and opulence, and becoming the founders of distinguished families. These advantages are not obtained by what Malthusians term the preventive check, or an abstinence from marriage for the sake of enjoying the comforts of life, for the census shows that the population of Great Britain has increased with a rapidity unknown in any other densely-peopled country, while by the colonists which it sends forth it is laying the foundations of magnificent empires. These admitted facts sufficiently demonstrate the unfairness and absurdity of such illustrations as Noah and his family shut up in the ark, a number of rats confined in a cage to starve, or a law made to prevent Englishmen from eating any corn except that raised in the Isle of Wight, or a law passed to prevent the public from using any water except that drawn from expensive wells. Instead of wasting our time in a detailed exposure of each of those unfair and absurd illustrations, we shall examine the case really before us, and consider what would be the probable consequences, present and future, of a free importation of foreign corn. We admit that the foreign corn would undersell the English grain, and this cheapness of food would of itself be a desirable thing. In Poland, good tillage land capable of yielding to an ordinary cultivation more than thirty bushels of good wheat to the acre, can be got in any quantities at a rent of from 2s. 9d. to 3s. an acre. In addition to this, a quantity of land for the support of the peasants attached to the estate, is given free of rent. Those peasants render without any wages sufficient labour for the rude cultivation of the estate. If further services are wanted, they can be readily obtained at very moderate wages, 5d. for a day's hire of a man and horse. A Scotch farmer who had been settled there for several years, declared that he could make a rapid fortune if he could sell

his wheat at the lowest prices. But there was no demand for his wheat. Even the low price at which it is sold in the seaport, is in a great measure composed of the profits of the corn dealer, and the expenses of carriage, in a country where the profits of capital are very high, and the means of transportation very rude and imperfect. The Poles, at the same time, have no desire for British manufactures; their great ambition is to become manufacturers themselves. For the first year after the abolition of the corn laws, the corn imported from Poland should be chiefly paid for in gold. After a short time, however, the Poles might become good customers to some of the English manufacturers. This state of things would be brought about by the following process:—The low price of corn would ruin the English farmer and throw out of employment a vast number of agricultural labourers and others depending on him. Not only the farmers or immediate tenants of the soil would be ruined by the projected change, but all those who had any interest in land would suffer severely by the change. Those who had rents to pay would feel it most; the head landlords would be the last to feel it, and would suffer least, since all the inferior derivative interests would be forfeited before any loss would fall on them. The ruin would be so extensive that it is not too much to say, that neither revolution nor invasion has ever produced such extensive calamity—such widely-spread distress, as would immediately follow from the total abolition of all duty upon corn. The families of the agricultural labourers would betake themselves to the manufacturing towns, and become artisans, and by their competition reduce their wages. Numbers of farmers and agricultural labourers would emigrate to Poland, and there, English skill and industry, aided by English capital, would raise abundance of corn for the English market. Here, the small towns and villages, and those artisans and shopkeepers who look entirely to the home market, would fade away; but the large towns, and manufacturers whose goods are chiefly destined to the foreign market, would thrive and increase. Manchester, and Leeds, and Birmingham, and Glasgow, would almost rival London in wealth

and splendour. The population would be divided into two classes—the very rich, and the very poor; the intermediate classes would be destroyed by the violence of the change. The population of England would increase with tenfold rapidity. But scarcely would the general distress occasioned by the subversion of the present order of things subside, and the trade of the country be re-established in a state of apparent prosperity, than the unsoundness of the new system would show itself in striking colours. The four or five millions ruined by the change would have been disposed of by death or exile; or have become accustomed to their lot, and their complaints would no longer be heard; but the evil of dependence upon foreigners for food would be severely felt. In war, Great Britain would no longer enjoy the advantages of her island position: her cities and her towns would still be encompassed by the sea, but the fields and the harvests from which she derived her subsistence would be exposed to the devastations of the enemy. An army in Poland could starve London into a surrender. This could be more easily effected than some people seem to imagine. Strange as it may appear, it is still true, that an injury done to the harvest of Poland, either by war or an unfavourable season, would produce greater distress in England than a damage to the same extent in proportion suffered by the English harvests, because we can never get more corn than the foreigner can spare. Thus if Poland should raise annually one hundred and twenty million quarters of wheat, of which twenty should be sent to England, and one hundred should be consumed at home; if the enemy or the season should destroy one-sixth of the crops, she would have none to spare for exportation. The loss would fall upon the English, who would be totally deprived of their corned supply from abroad. Export prices might induce foreigners on such occasions to permit the exportation of a small quantity, but not so much as to prevent England from suffering such a famine as she has not experienced for many generations. It would prevent England from becoming a successful competitor with the

loss of all her foreign dominions, and allow her flag to be insulted and her rights to be trampled upon in every coast: by the consequent loss of her fisheries and colonies, and various privileges of trade, her merchants and manufacturers would lose more than they could possibly gain by any increase of traffic with the corn-exporting countries. No statesman would venture to contemplate the idea, under any provocation, of going to war with the country on which the nation was dependent for its bread. Any great continental power which could for a season occupy it with a superior army, would be an equally formidable foe. Even a small power, by its privateers, might so increase the freight and insurance of such a heavy article as corn, as to raise its price to a height sufficient to make a war so unpopular that no minister could obtain the supplies necessary to conduct it with vigour. Great Britain would lie a helpless mass at the mercy of every foe: its wealth would only furnish temptation to foreign aggression.

As population continued to increase both in England and on the Continent, the misery of dependence would be more severely felt. When a deficient harvest should happen abroad, the entire weight would be felt by England. Neither the government nor the populace on the Continent would permit the exportation of corn when they wanted it themselves. Nothing can more strongly show the invincible strength of this part of the case, than the feeble answers given to it by the opposite party. Some English gentlemen came over to Dublin, to instruct us on the subject, and obtained great applause by their ridicule of this argument against dependence upon foreigners. They supposed a person entering a fashionable drawing-room in London, and there discovering a number of articles of ornament or apparel of foreign extraction, and on the discovery of each exclaiming, "but we must not be dependant upon foreigners," as if any dependance was created by the importation of such commodities. Silly as was this argument of the itinerant orators, it was not original. We find the same in "*The Catechism of the Corn-laws*," No. 322.

"**Objection.** That a deficient crop or a bad harvest would cause prices to rise very rapidly on the Continent, and the clamours of the common people would speedily compel the continental governments to prohibit the exportation of corn.

"**Answer.** The common people on the Continent would not clamour to be deprived of clothes. The only consequence, therefore, would be that the price of corn would rise, and the price of cloths fall. The British manufacturer must give a greater proportion of cloth for a scantier meal of corn; and be content to live less plentifully than usual, till the next year brought relief. And the foreigners, on their part, must economise in the use of corn, that they may have wherewith to buy clothes;—and in the use of cloth too, that they may have less diminution in their meal of corn. The consequences will be equally shared; and the relative deficiency will be no greater on the whole than it would have been if the supplying of the British manufacturers had never entered into the calculation of the foreign growers."

And in the answer to No. 295 it asserts that the argument is equally good against foreign commerce universally. These people will not see the difference between corn and every other commodity. It takes a year to produce it. Not one man in ten has a week's store in hand. It is an article of universal demand, equally necessary to the poor as to the rich, and which cannot be wanting even for a week. Even the apprehension of a deficient supply produces an immediate rise of price, and inflicts severe sufferings on the multitude. On the other hand, a deficiency in the supply of any thing else (except fuel) is a matter of little concern to any body. If the materials of clothes were suddenly doubled in price, the shopkeepers and merchants who had a stock on hands would be gainers by it. Those who wished to buy clothes should be satisfied with articles of inferior beauty, and many should be content to wear their old clothes a little longer. But scarcely any person would feel a moment's discomfort. Even vanity and fashion would not be shocked, since the high prices would give a credit to inferior articles which they do not now possess. The catechism misstates the case when it says, that the common people on the Continent would



not clamour to be *deprived of clothes*. As if the clothes which they had would be taken from them by the English, in revenge for their refusal to part with their corn. They would insist on keeping their corn, and would care very little for the rise in the price of broad-cloth. It is not the people who most want the corn that would buy the cloth. Our own experience shows us that when prices are high, the populace will not permit the removal of food from one town to another. You cannot prove to a starving population, with food within its reach, that any good can be obtained by its exportation. It is well known that a high duty was once placed upon the exportation of Prussian corn, because England stood in need of it. Again, the readers of

English history were that in the year 1791, when there was a corn-exporting crisis, and yet the anticipation of a scarcity induced Lord Chatham, contrary to law, to lay an embargo on the corn about to be exported; and the government, in compliance with the wishes of the populace, violently and illegally prevented the exportation of corn. Again in 1792, the apprehension of a war with France induced Mr. Pitt to obtain an act to prohibit the exportation of grain to France. But we need not multiply examples: history is full of them. The nation which supplies another with food will always feed itself in the first instance; and all the consequences of a deficient harvest will be felt by the inhabitants of the dependant country.

NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. II.

“The world’s my filbert which with my crackers will I open.”

*Shakespeare.*

“The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
The lawyer believes the divine;  
And the justice, because he’s so great,  
Thinks his trade’s as honest as mine.”

*Beggars’ Opera.*

Police Peripatetics—A Vagary of Sir Peter—Transportation and the Revenue—  
Repeal of the Union—National Prejudices—The French and the English—Sir  
Peter’s last.

WHEN the Belgians, by their most insane revolution, separated from the Dutch, they assumed for their national motto the phrase “*L’union fait la force*.” It is difficult to say whether their rebellion towards a rightful sovereign, or this happy employment of a bull, it was that so completely captivated our illustrious countryman, Dan, and excited so warmly his sympathies for that beer-drinking population. After all, why should one quarrel with them? Nations, like individuals, have their coats-of-arms, their heraldic insignia, their blazons, and their garters, frequently containing the sharpest

sarcasm and most poignant satire upon those who bear them; and in this respect Belgium is only as ridiculous as the attorney who assumed for his motto “*Fiat justitia*.” Time was when the chivalrous line of our own garter, “*Honi soit qui mal y pense*,” brought with it its bright associations of kingly courtesy and maiden bashfulness: but what sympathy can such a sentiment find in these degenerate days of rail-roads and rack-rents, canals, collieries, and chain-bridges? No, were we now to select an inscription, much rather would we take it from the prevailing passion of the age,

and write beneath the arms of our land the emphatic phrase, "Push along, keep moving."

If Englishmen have failed to exhibit in machinery that triumphant El Dorado called perpetual motion, in revenge for their failure, they resolved to exemplify it in themselves. The whole nation, from John O'Groat to Land's End, from Westport to Dover, are playing cross-corners. Every body and every thing is on the move. A dwelling-house, like an umbrella, is only a thing used on an emergency; and the inhabitants of Great Britain pass their lives amid the smoke of steam-boats or the din and thunder of the Grand-Junction. From the highest to the lowest, from the peer to the peasant, from the lord of the treasury to the Irish haymaker, it is one universal "*chassée croissée*." Not only is this fashionable—for we are told by the newspapers how the Queen walks daily with Prince Albert on the terrace—but stranger still, locomotion is a law of the land, and standing still is a statutable offence. The hackney coachman, with wearied horses blown and broken-winded, dares not breathe his jaded beasts by a momentary pull-up, for the implacable policeman has his eye upon him, and he must simulate a trot though his pace but resemble a stage procession, where the legs are lifted without progressing, and some fifty Roman soldiers in Wellington boots are seen vainly endeavouring to push forward. The foot passenger is no better off—tired perhaps with walking or attracted by the fascinations of a print-shop, he stops for an instant: alas, that luxury may cost him dear, and for that momentary pleasure he may yet have to perform a quick-step on the mill. "Move on, sir. Keep moving, if you please," sayeth the gentleman in blue; and there is something in his manner that won't be denied. It is useless to explain that you have nowhere particular to go to, that you are an idler and a loungeur. The confession is a fatal one; and however respectable your appearance, the idea of shoplifting is at once associated with your pursuits. Into what inconsistencies do we fall while multiplying our laws, for while we insist upon progression we announce a penalty for vagrancy. The first principle of the British constitution, how-

ever, is keep moving, "and I would recommend you to go with the tide."

Thank heaven, I have reached to man's estate—although with a heavy heart I acknowledge it is the only estate I have or ever shall attain to; for if I were a child I don't think I should close my eyes at night from the fear of one frightful and terrific image. As it is I am by no means over courageous, and it requires all the energy I can summon to combat my terrors. You ask me, in all likelihood, what this fearful thing can be? Is it the plague or the cholera? is it the dread of poverty and the new poor-law? is it that I may be impressed as a seaman or mistaken for a Yankee? or is it some unknown and visionary terror, unseen, unheard of, but foreshadowed by a diseased imagination? No; nothing of the kind. It is a palpable, sentient, existent thing—neither more nor less than the worshipful Sir Peter Laurie.

Every newspaper you take up announces that Sir Peter, with a hearty contempt for the brevity of the fifty folio volumes that contain the laws of our land, in the plenitude of his power and the fulness of his imagination keeps adding to the number; so that if length of years be only accorded to that amiable individual in proportion to his merits, we shall find at length that not only will every contingency of our lives be provided for by the legislature, but that some standard for personal appearance will also be adopted, to which we must conform as rigidly as to our oath of allegiance.

A few days ago a miserable creature, a tailor we believe, some decimal fraction of humanity, was brought up before Sir Peter on a trifling charge of some kind or other. I forget his offence, but whatever it was the penalty annexed to it was but a fine of half-a-crown. The prisoner, however, who behaved with propriety and decorum, happened to have long black hair, which he wore somewhat "*en jeune France*" upon his neck and shoulders; his locks, if not ambrosial, were tastefully curled, and bespoke the fostering hand of care and attention. The Rhadamanthus of the police-office, however, liked them not: whether it was that he wore a Brutus himself, or that his learned

cranium had resisted all the efficacy of Macassar, I cannot say; but certain it is, the tailor's ringlets gave him the greatest offence, and he apostrophised the wearer in the most solemn manner:

"I have sat," said he, "for——," as I quote from memory I shan't say how many, "years upon the bench, and I never yet met an honest man with long hair. The worst feature in your case is your ringlets. There is something so disgusting to me in the odious and abominable vice you have indulged in, that I feel myself warranted in applying to you the heaviest penalty of the law."

The miserable man, we are told, fell upon his knees, confessed his delinquency, and, being shorn of his locks in the presence of a crowded court, his fine was remitted, and he was liberated.

Now, perhaps, you will suppose that all this is a mere matter of invention. On the faith of an honest man I assure you it is not. I have retrenched considerably the pathetic eloquence of the magistrate, and I have left altogether untouched the poor tailor's struggle between pride and poverty—whether, on the one hand, to suffer the loss of his half-crown, or, on the other, to submit to the desecration of his entire head. We hear a great deal about a law for the rich and another for the poor; and certainly in this case I am disposed to think the complaint might not seem without foundation. Suppose for a moment that the prisoner in this case had been the Honourable Augustus Somebody, who appeared before his worship fashionably attired, and with hair, beard, and mustache far surpassing in extravagance the poor tailor; should we then have heard this beautiful apostrophe to the croppies, this thundering denunciation of ringlets? I half fear not. And yet under what pretext does a magistrate address to one man the insulting language he would not dare apply to another? Or let us suppose the rule of justice to be inflexible, and look at the result. What havoc would Sir Peter make among the Guards? ay, even in the household of her majesty how many delinquents would he find? what a scene would not the clubs present on the police authorities dropping suddenly down amongst them with rule and line to

determine the length of their whiskers, or the of their eye-brows? H of Hanover, were you still: not even the

Alliance would insure your mustaches. As for Lord Ellenborough, it is now clear enough why he accepted the government of India, and made such haste to get out of the country.

Now we will suppose that as Sir Peter Laurie's antipathy, is long hair, Sir Frederick Roe may also have his dislikes. It is but fair, you will allow, that the privileges of the bench should be equal. Well, for argument's sake, I will imagine that Sir Frederick Roe has not the same horror of long hair as his learned brother, but has the most unconquerable aversion to long noses. What are we to do here? Heaven help half our acquaintance if this should strike him! What is to be done with Lord Allen if he beat a watchman? In what a position will Fonblanque stand if he fracture a lamp? One's hair may be cut to any length,—it may be even shaved clean off; but your nose.—And then a few weeks,—a few months at farthest, and your hair has grown again: but your nose, like your reputation, can only stand one assault. This is really a serious view of the subject; and it is a somewhat hard thing that the face you have shown to your acquaintances for years past, with pleasure to yourself, and satisfaction to them, should be pronounced illegal, or curtailed in its proportions. They have a practice in banks if a forged note be presented for payment, to mark it in a peculiar manner before restoring it to the owner. This is technically called raddling. Something similar, I suppose, will be adopted at the police-office, and in case of refusal to conform your features to the rule of Roe, you will be raddled by an officer appointed for the purpose, and sent forth upon the world the mere counterfeit of humanity.

What a glorious thing it would be for this great country, if, having equalized throughout the kingdom the weights, the measures, the miles, and the currency, we should at length attain to an equalization in appearance. The "facial angle" will then have its application in reality, and, instead of the *facial angle* being a

Old Bailey trial, we shall hear a judge sum up on the externals of a prisoner, merely directing the attention of the jury to the atrocious irregularity of his teeth, or the assassin-like sharpness of his under-jaw. Honour to you, Sir Peter, should this great improvement grow out of your innovation; and proud may the country well be that acknowledges you among its lawgivers!

Let men no longer indulge in that absurd fiction which represents justice as blind. On the contrary, with an eye like Canova's, and a glance quick, sharp, and penetrating as Flaxman's, she traces every lineament and every feature; and Landseer himself will confess himself vanquished by Laurie. The pictorial school of judicial investigation will now become fashionable, and if Sir Peter's practice be but transmitted, surgeons will not be the only professional men who will commence their education with the barbers.

---

I remember once coming into Matlock on the top of the "Peveril of the Peak," when the coachman who drove our four spanking thoroughbreds contrived, in something less than five minutes, to excite his whole team to the very top of their temper, lifting the wheelers almost off the ground with his heavy lash, and thrashing his leaders till they smoked with passion, he brought them up to the inn door trembling with rage, and snorting with anger. What the devil is all this for, thought I. He guessed at once what was passing in my mind, and, with a knowing touch of his elbow, whispered:—

"There's a new coachman a-going to try 'em, and I'll leave him a precious legacy."

This is precisely what the Whigs have just done in their surrender of power to the Tories. They have, indeed, left them a precious legacy:—without an ally abroad, with discontent and starvation at home, distant and expensive wars, depressed trade, and bankrupt speculation, form some portion of the valuable heritage they have bequeathed to their heirs in power. The most sanguine sees matter of difficulty, and the greater number of men are tempted to despair at the prospects of the Conservative

party; for, however happily all other questions may terminate, they see in the corn-law a point, whose subtle difficulty would seem inaccessible to legislation. Ah! could the two great parties, that divide the state, only lay their heads together for a short time, and carry out that beautiful principle that Scribe announces in one of his vaudevilles:—

"Que le blé se vend chér et le pain bon marché."

And why, after all, should not the collective wisdom of England be able to equal in ingenuity the conceptions of a farce-writer. Meanwhile, it is plain that political dissensions, and the rivalries of party, will prevent that mutual good understanding which might prove so beneficial to all. Reconciliations are but flimsy things at best; and whether the attempt be made to conciliate two rival churches, two opposite factions, or two separate interests of any kind whatever, it is usually a failure. It therefore becomes the duty of every good subject, and, *à fortiori*, of every good Conservative, to bestir himself at the present moment, and see what can be done to retrieve the sinking fortune of the state. Taxation, like flogging in the army, never comes on the right part of the back. Sometimes too high, sometimes too low. There is no knowing where to lay it on. Besides that, we have by this time got such a general raw all over us, there isn't a square inch of sound flesh that presents itself for a new infliction. Since the first French Revolution, the ingenuity of man has been tortured on the subject of finance; and had Dionysius lived in our days, instead of offering a bounty for the discovery of a new pleasure, he would have proposed a reward to the man who devised a new tax.

Without entering at any length into this subject, the consideration of which would lead me into all the details of our every-day habits, I pass on at once to the question which has induced this inquiry, while I proclaim to the world loudly, fearlessly, and resolutely, "Eureka!"—I've found it. Yes, my fellow-countrymen, I have found a remedy to supply the deficient income of the nation, not only with-

out imposing a new tax, or inflicting a new burden upon the suffering community, but also without injuring vested rights, or thwarting the activity of commercial enterprise. I neither mulct cotton nor corn; I meddle not with parson nor publican, nor do I make any portion of the state, by its own privations, support the well-being of the rest. On the contrary, the only individual concerned in my plan will be not alone benefitted in a pecuniary point of view, but the best feelings of the heart will be cultivated and strengthened, and the love of home, so characteristically English, fostered in their bosoms. I could almost grow eloquent upon the benefits of my discovery, but I fear that were I to give way to this impulse, I should become so fascinated with myself, I could scarcely turn to the less seductive path of simple explanation. Therefore, ere it be too late, let me open my mind and unfold my system:

“What great effects from little causes spring.”

Any one who ever heard of Sir Isaac Newton and his apple will acknowledge this, and something of the same kind led me to the very remarkable fact I am about to speak of.

One of the Bonaparte family—as well as I remember, Jerome—was one night playing whist at the same table with Talleyrand, and having dropped a crown piece upon the floor, he interrupted the game and deranged the whole party to search for his money. Not a little provoked by a meanness which he saw excited the ridicule of many persons about, Talleyrand deliberately folded up a bank-note which lay before him, and lighting it at the candle, begged, with much courtesy, that he might be permitted to assist in the search. This story, which is authentic, would seem an admirable parody on a portion of our criminal law. A poor man robs the community, or some member of it (for that comes to the same thing) to the amount of one penny. He is arrested by a policeman whose salary is perhaps half-a-crown a-day, and conveyed to a police office that cost perhaps five hundred pounds to build it. Here are found three or four more officials, all salaried, all fed and clothed by the

state. In due course of time he is brought up before a magistrate, also well paid, by whom the affair is investigated, and by him he is afterwards transmitted to the sessions, where a new army of stipendiaries all await him. But his journey is not ended. Convicted of his offence, he is sentenced to seven years' transportation to one of the most remote quarters of the globe. To convey him thither the government have provided a ship and a crew, a supercargo and a surgeon; and to sum up in one word, before he has commenced the expiation of his crime, that penny has cost the country something about three hundred pounds. Is not this, I ask you, very like Talleyrand and the prince? the only difference being, that we perform in sober earnest what he merely exhibited in sarcasm.

Now my plan is, and I prefer to develop it in a single word, instead of weakening its force by circumlocution. In lieu of letting a poor man be reduced to his theft of one penny—give him two pence. He will be a gainer by double the amount, not to speak of the inappreciable value of his honesty, and you the richer by 71,998 pence, under your present system expended upon policemen, magistrates, judges, gaolers, turnkeys, and transports. Examine for a moment the benefits of this system. Look at the incalculable advantages it presents—the enormous revenue, the pecuniary profit, and the patriotism, all preserved to the state, not to mention the additional pleasure of disseminating happiness while you transport men's hearts, not their bodies.

Here is a plan based upon the soundest philanthropy, the most rigid economy, and the strictest common sense. Instead of training up a race of men in some distant quarter of the globe, who may yet turn your bitterest enemies, you will preserve to the country so many true-born Britons, bound to you by a debt of gratitude. Upon what ground—on what pretext can you oppose the system? Do you openly confess that you prefer vice to poverty, and punishment to prevention? Or is it your pleasure to manufacture roguery for exportation, as the French do politeness, and the Irish linen?

I offer the suggestion ~~paraphrasing~~,



freely, and spontaneously. If the heads of the government choose to profit by the hint, I only ask in return, that when Graham of Netherby announces in his place the immense reduction of expenditure, that he will also give notice of a motion for a bill to reward me by a government appointment. I am not particular as to where or what: I only bargain against being Secretary for Ireland, or Chief Justice at Cape Coast Castle.

When the cholera first broke out in France, a worthy prefect in a district of the south, published an edict to the people recommending them by all means to eat well-cooked and nutritious food, and drink nothing but *vin de Bordeaux*, Anglice, claret. The advice was excellent, and I take it upon me to say, would have found very few opponents in fact, as it certainly did in principle. When the world, however, began to consider that *filets de bœuf à la Maréngo*, and "*dindes truffées*," washed down with *Chateau Lafitte* or *la rose*, were not exactly within the reach of every class of the community, they deemed the prefect's counsel more humane than practicable, and as they do at every thing in France when the tide of public opinion changes, they laughed at him heartily, and wrote gasconades upon his folly. At the same time the ridicule was unjust, the advice was good, sound, and based on true principles, the only mistake was, the difficulty of its practice. Had he recommended as an antiseptic to disease, that the people should play short whist, wear red nightcaps, or pelt stones at each other, there might have been good ground for the disfavour he fell into; such acts, however practicable and easy of execution, having manifestly no tendency to avert the cholera. Now this is precisely the state of matters in Ireland at this moment: distress prevails more or less in every province and in every county. The people want employment, and they want food. Had you recommended them to eat strawberries and cream in the morning, to drink lemonade during the day, take a little chicken salad for dinner, with a light bread pudding and a glass of *negus* afterwards, avoiding all stimulant and exciting food—for your Irishman is a feverish subject—you might be laughed at perhaps for your

dietary, but certes it would bear, and bear strongly too, upon the case in question. But what do you do in reality? The local papers teem with cases of distress: families are starving, the poor, unhoused and unfed, are seen upon the road sides exposed to every vicissitude of the season, surrounded by children who cry in vain for bread. What, I ask, is the measure of relief you propose? not a public subscription; no general outburst of national charity—no public work upon a grand scale to give employment to the idle, food to the hungry, health to the sick, and hope to all. None of these. Your panacea is the repeal of the union; you purpose to substitute for those amiable jobbers in College-green, who call themselves directors of the Bank of Ireland, another set of jobbers infinitely more pernicious and really dishonest, who will call themselves directors of Ireland itself; you talk of the advantage to the country, and particularly of the immense benefits that must accrue to the capital. Let us examine them a little.

Dublin, you say, will be a flourishing city, inhabited by lords and ladies: wealth, rank, and influence will dwell in its houses and parade its streets. The glare of lamps, the crash of carriages, all the pride, pomp, and circumstances of fashion, will flow back upon the long-deserted land, and Paris and London will find a rival to compete with them in this small city of the west. Would that this were so! would that it could be! This, however, is the extent of what you promise yourselves: you may sing the changes as you please, but the "refrain" of your song is, that Dublin shall have its own again. Well, for argument's sake, I say, be it so. The now silenced squares shall wake to the echoes of thundering equipages, peers and prelates shall again inhabit the dwellings long since the residence of hotel-keepers, or still worse, those little democracies of social life, called boarding-houses. Your theatre shall be crowded, your shops frequented, and every advantage of wealth diffused through all the channels of society, shall be yours. As far as Dublin is concerned, I say—for mark me, I keep you to this original point, in the land of your promise you have strictly limited the diffusion of your blessings by the boundary of the Circular road;

even the people at Ringsend and Ballybough bridge are not to be included, unless a special bill be brought in for their benefit. Still the picture is a brilliant one: it would be a fine thing to see all the pomp and ceremony of proud popery walk the land at noon-day, with its saints in gold and its relics in silver; for of course this is included in the plan. Prosperous Ireland must be catholic Ireland, and even Spain and Belgium will hide their diminished heads when compared with the gorgeous homage rendered to popery at home. The gentlemen of Liffey-street chapel, far better-looking fellows than any foreign priest you'll meet with from Trolhatten to Tivoli, will walk about in *pontificalibus*; and all the exciting enthusiasm that Romanism so artfully diffuses through every feature of life, will introduce itself among a people who have all the warm temper and hot blood of the south, with the stern determination and headlong impulse of the north of Europe. By all of which I mean to say, that in points of strong popery, Dublin will beat the world, and that before a year of such prosperity be past, she will have the finest altars, the fattest priests, and the longest catalogue of miracles in Europe. Lord Shrewsbury need not then go to the Tyrol for an estatica, he'll find one nearer home worth twice the money. The shin-bone of St. Januarius, that jumped out of a wooden box in a hackney coach, because a gentleman swore, will be nothing to the scenes we'll witness; and if St. Patrick should sport his tibia at an evening party of Daniel O'Connell's, it would not in the least surprise me. These are great blessings, and I am fully sensible of them. Now let me pass on to another, which perhaps I have kept last as it is the chief of all, or as the late Lord Castlereagh would have said, the fundamental feature upon which my argument hinges.

A very common topic of Irish eloquence is, to lament over the enormous exportation of cattle, fowl, and fish, that continually goes forward from Ireland into England. I acknowledge the justice of the complaint—I see its force, and appreciate its value. It is exactly as though a grocer should exclaim against his misery, in being compelled to part with his high-flavoured bohea, his sparkling lump sugar, and

his Smyrna figs, or our publisher his books, for the base lucre of gain. It is humiliating, I confess; and I can well see how a warm-hearted and intelligent creature, who feels the hardship of an export trade in matters of food, must suffer when the principle is extended to a matter of genius; for not content with our mutton from Meath, our salmon from Limerick, and our chickens from Carlow; but the Saxon must even be gratified with a soul-stirring eloquence of the Great Liberator himself, with only the trouble of going near St. Stephens' to hear him. I say near—for among the other tyrannies of the land, he is compelled to about loud enough to be heard in all the adjacent streets. Now this is too bad. Take our prog—take even our poteen, if you will; but leave us our Penates; this theft, which embodies the antithesis of Shakspeare, is not only "trash," but "naught enriches them, and makes us poor indeed."

Repeal the union, and you remedy this. You'll have him at home with you—not masquerading about in the disguise of a gentleman—not restricted by the habits of cultivated and civilized life—not tamed down into the semblance of mockery of good conduct—no longer the chained-up animal of the menagerie, but the roaring rampant lion, roaming at large in his native forest—not performing antics before some political Van Amburgh—not opening his huge jaws, as though he would devour the Whigs, and shutting them again at the command of his keeper—but howling in all the freedom of his passion, and lashing his brawny sides with his vigorous "tail." Haydn, the composer, had an enormous appetite; to gratify which, when dining at a tavern, he ordered a dinner for three. When the time arrived, the waiter delayed in serving, as he said the company hadn't yet arrived. Haydn told him to bring it up at once, remarking, as he patted complacently his paunch, "I am *de compagnie* myself." Such will you have the case in your domestic parliament—Dan will be the company himself. No longer fighting in the ranks of opposition, or among the supporters of a government—no more the mere character of a piece, he will then be the Jack Johnson of the political world, taking the money at the door—in which he has

had some practice already—he will speak the prologue, lead the orchestra, prompt the performers, and announce a repetition of the farce every night of the week for his own benefit. Only think what he is in England with his forty thieves at his back, and imagine what he will be in Ireland without one honest man to oppose him. He will indeed then be well worth seeing, and if Ireland had no other attraction, foreigners might visit us for a look at the liberator.

He is a droll fellow, is Dan, and there is a strong dash of his native humour in his notion of repeal. What strange scenes to be sure, it would conjure up. Only think for a moment of the absentee lord, an exiled peer, coming back to Dublin after an absence of half his lifetime, vainly endeavouring to seem pleased with his condition, and appear happy with his home. Like an insolvent debtor affecting to joke with the jailer, watch him simulating so much as he can of habits he has long forgotten, while his ignorance of his country is such, that he cannot direct his coachman to a street in the capital. What a ludicrous view of life would this open to our view. While all these men, who have been satisfied hitherto to send their sympathies from Switzerland, and their best wishes for Ireland by an ambassador's bag, should now come back to writhe beneath the scourge of a demagogue, and the tyranny of a man, who wields irresponsible power.

All Ireland would present the features of a general election, every one would be fascinating, courteous, affable, and dishonest. The unpopular debater in England might have his windows smashed. With us, it would be his neck would be broken. The excitement of the people will be felt within the parliament, and then fostered by all the rancour of party hate, will be returned to them with interest. The measure discussed out of doors by the liberator, will find no one hardy enough to oppose it within the house, and the opinions of the Corn Exchange will be the programme for a committee. A notice of a motion will issue from Merrion Square, and not from a seat in parliament, and wherever he moves through the country, great Daniel, like a snail, will carry "his house" on his back. Rob me the Exchequer, Hal! will be the cry of the priesthood, and

no men are better deserving of their hire; and thus wielding every implement of power, if Ireland be not happy, he can only have himself to blame for it.

National pride must be a strong feeling, and one of the very few sentiments which are not exhausted by the drain upon them, and it is a strange thing, how the very fact upon which one man plumes himself, another would regard as a terrible reproach. A thorough John Bull, as he would call himself, thinks that he has summed up in those few emphatic words, a brief description of all that is excellent in humanity. And as he throws out his chest, and sticks his hand with energy in his breeches pocket, seems to say, I am not one of your frog-eating fellows, half monkey, half tiger, but a true Briton. The Frenchman as he proclaims his nation, saying, "*je suis l'-r-r-r-rançais*," would indicate that he is a very different order of being, from his blunt untutored neighbour, "*outré mer*," and so on to the end of the chapter. Germans, Italians, and Spaniards, and even Americans, think there is some magic in the name of their fatherland: some inherent nobility in the soil; and it was only lately I read in a French paper an eloquent appeal from a general to his soldiers, which concluded by his telling them to remember that they were Mexicans. I devoutly trust that they understood the meaning of his phrase, and were able, without difficulty, to call to mind the bright prerogative he alluded to; for upon my conscience as an honest man, it would puzzle me sorely to say what constitutes a Mexican.

But the absurdity goes further still: for not satisfied with the bounties of Providence in making us what we are, we must indulge a rancorous disposition towards our neighbours for their less-favoured destiny. "He behaved like a Turk" is an every-day phrase to indicate a full measure of moral baseness and turpidity. A Frenchman's abuse can go no further than calling a man a Chinese, and when he says "*tu es un Pékín*," a duel is generally the consequence. I doubt not that the Turks and the Chinese make use of retributive justice and treat us no better than we behave to them.

Civilization would seem rather to have fostered than opposed this preju-

dice. In the feudal ages the strength of a brawny right arm, the strong hand that could wield a mace, the firm seat in a saddle, were the qualities most in request; and were physical strength more estimated than the gifts of a higher order, the fine distinctions of national character either did not exist or were not attended to. Now, however, the tournament is not held on a cloth of gold, but on a broad sheet of paper; the arms are not the lance and the dagger, but the printing-press. No longer a herald in all the splendour of his tabard proclaims the lists, but a fashionable publisher, through the medium of the morning papers, whose cry for largess is to the full as loud. The result is, nations are better known to each other, and by the unhappy law of humanity, are consequently less esteemed. What signifies the dislike our ancestors bore the French at Cressy or Agincourt compared to the feeling we entertain for them after six-and-twenty years of peace? Then indeed it was the strong rivalry between two manly natures: now the accumulated hate of ages is sharpened and embittered by a thousand petty jealousies that have their origin in politics, military glory, society, or literature; and we detest each other like quarterly reviewers. The Frenchman visits England as a Whig commissioner would a Tory institution—only anxious to discover abuses and defects—with an obliquity of vision that sees every thing distorted, or a fecundity of imagination that can conjure up the ills he seeks for. He finds us rude, inhospitable, and illiterate; our habits are vulgar, our tastes depraved; our House of Commons is a riotous mob of underbred debaters; our army an aristocratic lounge, where merit has no chance against money; and our literature—God wot! a plagiarism from the French. The Englishman is nearly as complimentary. The coarseness of French habits is to him a theme of eternal reprobation; the insolence of the men, the indelicacy of the women, the immorality of all overwhelm him with shame and disgust: the Chamber of Deputies he despises, as a contemptible parody on a representative body, and a speech from the tribune a most absurd substitute for the freedom of unpremeditated eloquence:

the army he discovers to be officered by men to whom the new police are accomplished gentlemen; and, in fact, he sums up by thinking that if we had no other competitors in the race of civilization than the French, our supremacy on land is to the full as good as our sovereignty over the ocean. Here lie two countries, separated by a slip of sea not much broader than an American river, who have gone on for ages repeating these and similar puerilities, without the most remote prospect of mutual explanation and mutual good-will.

I hate prejudice, I hate the French, said poor Charles Mathews, in one of his inimitable representations, and really the expression was no bad summary of an Englishman's faith. On the other hand, to hate and detest the English is the *sine quâ non* of French nationality, and to concede to them any rank in literature, morals, or military greatness, is to derogate from the claims of his own country. Now the question is, are the reproaches on either side absolutely just? They are not. Secondly, if they be unfair, how comes it that two people pre-eminently gifted with intelligence and information, should not come to a better understanding, that many a long year ago, simply this plain fact, that the opinions of the press have weighed against the of individuals, and that the published satires on both sides have had a greater currency and a greater credit than the calm judgment of the few. The leading journals in Paris and in London have pelted each other mercilessly for many a year. One might forgive this, were the attacks directed by such topics as stimulate and strengthen national feeling; but no, the controversy extends to every thing, and worse than all, is carried on with more bitterness of spirit than depth of information. The reviewer "par excellence" of our own country makes a yearly incursion into French literature, as an Indian would do into his hunting ground. Resolved to carry death and carnage on every side, he arms himself for the chase, and whets his appetite for slaughter by the last "*bonne bouche*" of the day; we then have some introductory pages of eloquent exhortation on the evil tendency of the

and the contamination of those unsettled opinions in politics, religion, and morals, so copiously spread through the pages of every French writer. The revolution of 1797 is adduced for the hundredth time as the origin of these evils; and all the crime and bloodshed of that frightful period is denounced as but the first step of the iniquity which has reached its pinnacle, in the novels of Paul de Kock. To believe the reviewer, French literature consists in the productions of this writer, the works of George Saul, Balzac, Frédéric Soulié, and a few others of equal note and mark. According to him intrigue, seduction, and adultery, are the staple of French romance: the whole interest of every novel turning on the undiscovered turpitude of domestic life; and the great rivalry between writers being, to try which can invent a new feature of depravity and a new fashion of sin. Were this true, it were indeed a sad picture of national degradation; was it the fact that such books, and such there are in abundance, composed the light literature of the day—were to be found in every drawing-room—to be seen in every hand—to be read with interest and discussed with eagerness—to have that wide-spread circulation which must ever carry with it a strong influence upon the habits of those who read. Were all this so, I say it would be, indeed, a deplorable evidence of the low standard of civilization among the French. What is the fact, however, simply that these books have but a limited circulation, and that only among an inferior class of readers. The *modiste* and the *grisette* are, doubtless, well read in the mysteries of Paul de Kock and Madame du Defant; but in the cultivated classes of the capital, such books have no more currency than the scandalous memoirs of our own country have in the drawing-rooms of Grosvenor-square or St. James's. Balzac has, it is true, a wide-spread reputation; but many of his books are no less marked by a powerful interest than a touching appeal to the fine feelings of our nature. Leon Gozlan, Paul de Muset, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, Eugene Sue, Victor Hugo, and a host of others, are all popular, and, with the exception of a few works, unexceptionable on every ground of morality; but these after all are but the skirmishers before

the army. What shall we say of Guizot, Thiers, Augustin Thierry, Toqueville, Mignet, and many more whose contributions to history have formed an era in the literature of the age?

The strictures of the reviewers are not very unlike the opinions of the French prisoner, who maintained that in England every one eat with his knife, and the ladies drank gin, which important and veracious facts he himself ascertained, while residing in that fashionable quarter of the town called St. Martin's-lane. This sweeping mode of argument, a *particulari*, is fatal when applied to nations. Even the Americans have suffered in the hands of Mrs. Trollope and others; and gin, twist, bowie knives, tobacco chewing, and many similarly amiable habits, are not universal. Once for all then, be it known, there is no more fallacious way of forming an opinion regarding France and Frenchmen than through the pages of our periodical press, except by a *short* residence in Paris—I say short, for if a little learning be a dangerous thing, a little travelling is more so; and it requires long experience of the world, and daily habit of observation, to enable any man to detect in the ordinary routine of life the finer and more distinctive traits that have escaped his neighbour; besides, however palpable and self-evident the proposition, it demands both tact and time to see that no general standard of taste can be erected for all nations, and, that to judge of others by your own prejudices and habits, is both unfair and absurd. To give an instance. No English traveller has commented on the French Chamber of Deputies, without expending much eloquence and a great deal of honest indignation on the practice of speaking from a tribune, written orations being in their opinion a ludicrous travesty on the freedom of debate. Now what is the fact; in the whole French Chamber there are not ten, nay, there are not five men who could address the house extempore; not from any deficiency of ability—not from any want of information, logical force, and fluency—the names of Thiers, Guizot, Lamartine, Dupin, Arago, &c. &c. are quite sufficient to demonstrate this—but simply from the intricacy and difficulty of the French language.

A worthy alderman gets up, as the phrase is, and addresses a speech of



some three quarters of an hour to the collective wisdom of the Every; and although he may be frequently interrupted by thunders of applause, he is never checked for any solecisms in his grammar: he may drive a coach in six through Lindley Murray; he may inflict heaven knows how many fractures on poor Priscian's head, yet to criticize him on so mean a score as that of mere diction, would not be thought of for a moment. Not so in France: the language is of one equivocal and subtlety; the misplacement of a particle, the change of a gender, the employment of any phrase but the exact one, might be at any moment fatal to the sense of the speaker, and would inevitably be so to his success. It was not very long since, that a worthy deputy interrupted M. Thiers by alleging the non-sequitur of some assertion, "*Vous n'êtes pas conséquent*," cried the indignant member, using a phrase not only a vulgarity in itself, but inapplicable at the time. A roar of laughter followed his interruption. In all the journals of the next day, he was styled the deputy *consequent*, and when he returned to his constituency the ridicule attached to his blunder still traced his steps, and finally lost him his election.

"Thank God I am a Briton," said Nelson, a phrase, doubtless, many more of us will re-echo with equal energy; but while we are expressing our gratitude let our thankfulness extend to this gratifying fact, that the liberty of our laws is even surpassed by the licence of our language. No obscure recess of our tongue is so deep that we cannot by *habeas corpus* right bring up a long-forgotten phrase, and provided the speaker have a meaning and be able to convey it to the minds of his hearers, we are seldom disposed to be critical on the manner, if the matter be there. Besides this, there are styles of eloquence so imbued with the spirit of certain eras in French history, that the discussion of any subject of ancient or modern days will always have its own peculiar character of diction. Thus, there is the rounded period and flowing sententiousness of Louis XIV. the more polished but less forcible phrasology of the regency itself, succeeded by the epigrammatic taste and pointed brevity introduced by Voltaire. The empire left its impress on the language, and all the

literature of the empire, and the very days of the empire, each changing phase of non-sequitur, was not of course the gift of every man, and yet to have erred in their adoption, would have been palpable to all; here then is one important difference between us, and on this subject alone I might cite at least twenty more. The excitable Frenchman scarcely uses any action while speaking, and that of the most simple and subdued kind. The phlegmatic Englishman stamps and gesticulates with all the energy of a madman. We esteem humour; they prefer wit: we have the long consecutive chain of propositions that leads us step by step to a final conviction; they like better a brief but happy illustration that, mingling with the tedium of arguments, presents a question at one glance before them. They have that general knowledge of their country and its history, that an illustration from the past is ever an effective weapon of the Frenchman; while with us the force would be irretrievably lost from the necessity of relating the incident to which reference was made.

How have I got myself into a mess, if I do not emerge from it at once, here is no saying where it may lead. I shall, however, return to the Frenchmen, and have many an opportunity of discussing them hereafter. Let me, therefore, adjourn this question for the present, and now for Sir Peter's last. This excellent man and profound justice has just declared that for the future he will account the attempt at suicide as a felony. If it were not too serious a thing to impute bribery to the bench, we should say, that the amiable justice has been bought by the barbers. Only a fortnight ago he sentenced long hair to the gallows, and now comes out an edict which in another way would redound to the profit of that profession. What gentleman with a capital indictment hanging over his head, will now attempt to shave himself. The operation of applying a sharp razor to one's chin is one that under the happiest circumstance demands courage, patience, energy, steadiness, and manual dexterity: who I say will venture on it now, with a knowledge that the slightest shake of his head the next

minute gap in the razor, the very least inequality of surface, may involve him in a criminal prosecution and transportation for life.

Only imagine for a moment, you are observed for some days past to be low-spirited and desponding—you even drop some hints about making your will—you have been more than usually kind and affectionate to your children—and when wishing an old friend good-night you are heard to add in an impressive manner, God bless you—the next morning is frosty—you happen to be hurried, or from any other cause in endeavouring to perform a very dexterous sweep with your razor, you take a slice off your chin, making what the surgeons call a simple incised wound—while you endeavour to stop the bleeding with one hand, you ring the bell for the servant with the other—while, flurried by the accident and annoyed at your awkwardness, you mutter something between a curse and a request—you ask for court plaster—the fellow owes you a grudge and he brings back the police—the circumstantial evidence is complete, and you are a fortunate man, if Charles Phillips with a fifty-guinea brief save you from a trip to Swan River.

This is only one among many nice questions such legislation will give rise to. Who will be bold enough to follow a fox-hunt—— Show me the man that will ask twice for stewed

mushrooms—— Let me see the villain that will wear a stiff cravat or a tight boot.

Truly, our limits are contracting every day. Diseases, our ancestors only bewailed as fatal, we must lament over as felonious; and the smallest liberties a man may take with his own flesh and blood, may cost him as dearly as though he had plotted a murder. A poor Irishwoman died the other day of starvation at Spitalfields, and the coroner's jury while admitting the fact explained it by their verdict of "natural death." Alas! I believe it is a very natural way for many more of her country to meet death! but still there seems something incongruous in those multiplied laws for protecting life, while the most obvious mode of sustaining it is completely overlooked, and starvation pronounced natural.

After all we have a great many misfortunes, and certainly many things to grumble over at this moment: corn, cotton, and the Chinese—the east and the west—the priests multiplying in the inverse ratio with the potatoes—and O'Connell assuring us that he never felt in better health in his life. Still with all these there are some people more wretched still; for I have this moment before me a paragraph in a French paper announcing the names of eight persons who desire naturalization in Belgium!!!

#### THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

(The following lines were suggested by the sight of a beautiful picture by Thomas H. Illidge, Esq., in the Liverpool Exhibition of the present year, 1841.)

The sunset hour! how many hail  
Rejoicingly its glow,  
Bordering with golden hues the veil  
That twilight spreads below.  
Gladly the peasant sees its fire  
Tinging the old tree stems,  
Turning church window, roof, and spire,  
To gold and living gems.

The lover hails its reign on earth,  
For then he knows, full soon,  
The loved one from her home comes forth,  
To wander 'neath the moon;  
But never may its fleeting waves  
So fittingly be shed,  
As on the hallowed place of graves,  
The City of the Dead!

So thinks the pale and silent one,  
 Who seeks her husband's tomb ;  
 With him went down her cheering sun,  
 And all around was gloom.  
 Yet, as in darker skies there are  
 Some little streaks of light,  
 Still shines for her *one* lonely star,  
 When all besides is night.

She brings that living treasure here,  
 With awed and reverend tread,  
 Yet, with the love that casts out fear,  
 He stands beside the dead.

Her home hath grown a lonely place,  
 Though friends may gather there—  
 Without the *one* beloved face,  
 What pleasure can she share?

Her *home*!—no more her *house* may claim  
 A word so very dear,  
 The only spot that hath that name  
 For her on earth is *here*!

Now hath it grown a daily joy,  
 To steal from friends and kin,  
 And by this tomb, with that fair boy,  
 To talk of him within.

Each day he lists with ear intent  
 To all she can impart,  
 She builds her husband's monument,  
 Within that orphan's heart.

And who can tell but after years,  
 May witness to the power,  
 A mother's words, and prayers, and tears,  
 Can have at sunset's hour?

When dark temptations shall be his,  
 Perhaps this thought shall save:  
 "My mother warned me once of this,  
 Beside my father's grave!"

Well, painter, didst thou choose the hour,  
 To paint the widowed one  
 Beneath the magic and the power  
 Of that declining sun.

This is the spot her heart holds dear—  
 This is her happiest time—  
 Her gentle spirit rises here  
 To something of sublime.  
 If 'midst her sorrow, hope, or pride,  
 Her heart may overspread ;  
 'Tis when these twain are by her side—  
 The Living, and the Dead.

M. A. HAYNE.

## CENTRAL AMERICA, ANCIENT AND MODERN.\*

MR. STEPHENS, the author of the work before us, is well known from the entertaining and lively account which he has published of his travels in Egypt and Palestine. In his narrative of a mission to Guatamala—a tour through a great part of Central America—he has had the good fortune to enter upon a hitherto untrodden field, and to bring under public notice the remains of an ancient civilization, of whose existence, a few years since, even the learned of Europe were completely ignorant. The history of the countries around the Mediterranean, so interesting and important to us, as that of the parent regions whence the civilization and religious faith of Europe have been derived, will ever command an attention to which the works of antiquity in other countries can lay no claim. At the same time, it must be confessed that the very importance of the subject has rendered it a hackneyed one; and he must now be a very learned or a very philosophic traveller who can hope to bring home original observations or startling discoveries from Palestine or the valley of the Nile. Public attention has been so long occupied with dissertations on the hieroglyphics and monuments of Egypt—of the sculptured caverns of Ellora, or the mythological literature of the Hindoos—that the discovery of cities, obelisks, and temples in Central America cannot fail to prove an interesting and welcome antiquarian novelty. Although not, in strict language, the discoverer, Mr. Stephens has the greater merit of being the first who has afforded satisfactory information respecting the antiquities of Central America; and few, but for the publication of his work, would have been aware of the existence of many ruined cities and splendid monuments in that little-known region of tropical America. In this little-explored country we find the seats of ancient and organized communities, leading a settled life, ca-

pable of acting with unity and continued effort, and certainly not inferior in civilization to the empires of Montezuma or the Incas.

It is remarkable that the present social and political state of Central America is almost as little known in Europe as that of its ancient empires which were overturned by Cortez or Alvarado. In this respect also Mr. Stephens was fortunate in the choice of a subject, and he has been enabled to place before us a perspicuous and lively account of the present condition of the republic of Central America. The picture which he draws appears to be faithfully executed, and exhibits such a scene of anarchy, crime, and barbarism, that one is almost induced to believe that Spanish civilization is inferior to that of Indian growth which it displaced. We shall endeavour to lay before our readers a summary of the information which Mr. Stephens has collected, respecting the ancient and present state of Central America.

It will be requisite, however, to premise, that Mr. Stephens is a citizen of the United States, as any one may easily find out by perusing a few pages of his work, in which he will discover a style and vein of peculiar humour, which leaves no doubt on the reader's mind as to the nativity of the author. The visit which he made to Central America was in the capacity of diplomatic agent from the cabinet of Washington to the supreme government of Central America. He was, however, less fortunate as a diplomatist than as an antiquarian; for after visiting every part of the country, and seeking, often at much personal risk, for interviews with the chiefs of the different factions, he was at last compelled to report to President Van Buren that no commercial treaty could be concluded, as no regularly-constituted government could be found. From statements in the work before us, it would appear that the social and poli-

---

\* *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Cheapas, and Yucatan.* By John S. Stephens, author of "*Incidents of Travel in Egypt*," &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1841.

tical condition of Central America is as bad as it can possibly be; it is a chaos out of which the elements of stability and subordination have yet to be eliminated. In viewing this deplorable condition of one of the finest regions in the American continent, we believe that in strict impartiality the inhabitants are far more entitled to compassion than deserving of blame. When these countries were conquered, Spain, from a variety of causes, was the most fanatical country in Europe; and the portion of political freedom which she possessed had been crushed under the despotism of Charles the Fifth and his son. While the rest of Europe was making gradual progress in civilization, Spain was stationary or retrograding; and her colonial administration was, without doubt, the worst the world has ever seen. It is, therefore, no cause of surprise that the children of so unnatural a parent, when emancipated from her yoke, should be found incapable of managing their own affairs.

After throwing off the Spanish yoke, Central America remained for a short time united to Mexico; but the co-partnership was soon dissolved, and each country became an independent republic. In the former state the citizens soon ranged themselves under two parties, or rather factions, of which one may be termed the liberal, and the other the aristocratic. At first the liberal party had the ascendancy, which it retained for several years. It consisted of the more intelligent part of the community; and sensible of the enormous abuses which had so long prevailed, and desirous to remove them, it soon proved itself totally incompetent to the task. Although the liberal party was possessed of some knowledge of the general principles of legislation, its members were destitute of all experience in carrying on a government, or of the art of effecting a compromise between rights and interests, by which alone permanent improvements could be obtained. The reforms of the liberal party were violent and intemperate; the priests, with the bishop at their head, were banished; the episcopal palace was changed into a theatre. These wanton proceedings only served to arouse the feelings of a people who are as superstitious, without being more religious, than the so-called Christians of

Abyssinia. The introduction of the criminal code of the state of Louisiana, although a great improvement, appears to have had no other effect than that of rousing the prejudices of the populace to a greater height of exasperation, and afforded an additional handle of mischief to be grasped by priests.

The aristocratic party consists of the old and wealthy families, who had grown rich through monopolies they enjoyed under the Spanish rule, which at the same time excluded them from all share in the government of the country. This party is identified with that of the clergy; and the sole object of these confederates was, to exercise the political power formerly held by Spain, while the condition of the country was to be retained as nearly as possible unaltered. The leaders of this party had been banished along with the priests; and the liberals might long have retained their ascendancy but for the rise of a third faction, whose ignorance and fanaticism bide fair to accomplish the ruin of the country.

It is well known that the people of pure Indian blood constitute by far the greater part of the population of Central America. Previous to the revolution they were secluded from all intercourse with the whites, and occupied solely with agricultural pursuits. The only Spaniard settled among them was the cura or priest, who, besides his professional influence, was the guide and director of the ignorant Indian in all his temporal affairs, and the ruling mind which regulated the concerns of each community. These poor Indians, who have never been more than nominal Christians, are as superstitious as their ancestors were at the time of Cortes; and they have merely changed the names of their deities for those of the saints; and their whole religion consists now, as formerly, in shows, processions, and ceremonies. As the interest of the priests and old families was identical, this vast mass of ignorance and fanaticism was easily set in motion, and its weight soon crushed all improvement, and laid the country prostrate under the united influence of the sacerdotal and oligarchical parties.

Carrera, an ignorant but fanatic Indian, raised the standard of revolt



and, after a series of battles and massacres, succeeded in overthrowing the government and recalling the priests and banished oligarchy. In this history we have an example of the meanness to which faction will sometimes stoop, and of the inveterate hate with which party feuds are followed out. The members of the vanquished party were either murdered or banished, and the restored party stooped to acknowledge the supremacy of an ignorant ruffian, who murdered his opponents without the forms of law, and was unable even to write his own name. Central America was in the midst of these civil wars, or rather faction-fights, when Mr. Stephens visited the country, and on that account a brief notice of them was required.

Mr. Stephens landed at Balise, a British settlement in the Bay of Honduras, which is the most convenient place of access into the central regions of America. We should not have detained our readers with any preliminary remarks concerning a British settlement, had it not been that the state of society which exists there has no parallel in the United States, and one for which every true American must have an intense abhorrence.

At Balise difference of colour is no ground of political distinction, and coloured people are not only eligible to the highest offices, but, what is more, they often obtain them. Although the kind and hospitable treatment which Mr. Stephens met with at Balise prevents him from expressing his feelings on this delicate matter, it is plain that it excited his astonishment.

"On my way back I stopped at the house of a merchant, whom I found at what is called a second breakfast. The gentleman sat on one side of the table, and his lady on the other; at the head was a British officer, and opposite him a mulatto; on his left was another officer, and opposite him also a mulatto. By chance a place was made for me between the two coloured gentlemen; some of my countrymen, perhaps, would have hesitated about taking it, but I did not; both were well dressed, well educated, and polite. They talked of their mahogany works, of England, hunting horses, ladies, and wine: and before I had been an hour in Balise I learned that the great work of practical amalgamation, the subject of so much angry

controversy at home, had been going on quietly for generations; that colour was considered a mere matter of taste, and that some of the most respectable inhabitants had black wives, and mongrel children, whom they educated with as much care, and made money for them with as much zeal, as if their skins had been perfectly white."—Vol. i. p. 12.

Nor was this all: Mr. Stephens saw, for the first time, coloured judges and coloured jurymen, and yet justice was soberly and impartially administered. Possibly the facility with which lawsuits are terminated may depend upon another strange peculiarity of this anomalous and amphibious place.

"I had noticed," says Mr. Stephens, "the judges and jurors, but missed an important part of an English court—where were the gentlemen of the bar? Some of my readers will, perhaps, concur with Captain Hampton, that Balise was the last place made, when I tell him there was not a single lawyer in that place, and never had been: but lest some of my enterprising professional brethren should forthwith be tempted to pack up their trunks for a descent upon the exempt city, I consider it my duty to add, that I do not believe there is the least chance for one."

From Balise Mr. Stephens proceeded in the steam-boat along the coast as far as the Golfo Dolce, from whence the land journey to Guatamala commenced. Had Central America been under any other than Spanish rule, it would have excited surprise that a region as extensive as the Austrian empire, and with many hundred miles of coast, should have no port on the shores of the Atlantic, nor any properly constructed road from the coast to the capital. The road or rather track to Guatamala from the Golfo Dolce is across the Mico mountains, and its physical difficulties are as great at the present day as they were three centuries ago. The Mico mountains appear to consist of argillaceous matter, which, when softened by the tropical rain, becomes a mass of viscid and tenacious clay, through which men and mules find their way with nearly as much difficulty as is compatible with the smallest amount of progress. The following incident will give a good idea of the nature of the road, and also of the

strange characters which are sometimes to be found on it :—

“ We were toiling on toward the top of the mountain, when at a sudden turn we met a solitary traveller. He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, with a broad-brimmed Panama hat, rolled up at the sides; a striped woollen Guatemala jacket, with fringe at the bottom; plaid pantaloons, leather spatter-dashes, spurs, and sword. He was mounted on a noble mule, with a high-peaked saddle, and the butts of a pair of horseman's pistols peeped out of the holsters. His face was covered with sweat and mud; his breast and legs were spattered, and his right side was a complete incrustation. It seemed strange to meet any one on such a road, and to our surprise he accosted us in English. He had set out with muleteers and Indians, but had lost them in some of the windings of the woods, and was seeking his way alone; he had crossed the mountain twice before, but had never known it so bad; he had been thrown twice—once his mule rolled over him, and nearly crushed him, and now she was so frightened that he could hardly urge her along. He dismounted, and the trembling beast and his own exhausted state confirmed all that he had said. He asked us for brandy, wine, or water, any thing to revive him; but unfortunately our stores were exhausted, and for him to go back one step was out of the question. Imagine our surprise when, with his feet buried in the mud, he told us that he had been two years in Guatemala, negotiating for a bank-charter. Fresh as I was from the land of banks, I almost thought he intended a fling at me, but he did not look like one in a humour for jesting; and for the benefit of those who will regard it as an evidence of incipient improvement, I am able to state, that he had the charter secured when he rolled over in the mud, and was then on his way to England to sell stock.”

After crossing the Mico mountain, Mr. Stephens rested for some time at the village of Gualan; and as he found the civil war still raging in the interior, he resolved not to visit the capital until something like order was established, and in the meanwhile to explore the ruined Indian city of Copan. Even the town of Gualan is not without its interest; and its patron-saint, St. Lucia, has numerous votaries and pilgrims, inasmuch as she is always ready to procure a wife or husband

for those who wish to have their matrimonial in their own hands. As it was the period of the festival of St. Lucia, Mr. Stephens accompanied some ladies to the church, who went to pray for husbands.

“ Donna Bartola, who was a widow, and the other ladies of our party fell on their knees, and recommending myself to their prayers without doing any thing for myself, I studied attentively the faces of those around me. There were some of both sexes who could not strictly be called young, but they did not on that account pray less earnestly. In some places people would repel the imputation of praying for a husband or wife: not so in Gualan; they prayed publicly for what they considered a blessing. Some of the men were so much in earnest that perspiration stood in large drops upon their faces; and none thought that praying for a husband need tinge the cheek of a modest maiden. I watched the countenance of a young Indian girl, beaming with enthusiasm and hope; while her eyes rested upon the image of the saint, and her lips moved in prayer, I could not but imagine that her heart was full of some truant and, perhaps, unworthy lover.”—Vol. i. p. 65.

The journey to Copan is full of interesting incidents, and strikingly illustrative of the difficulties a traveller must overcome, and the dangers he must encounter, in a country where frequent revolutions have made every one suspicious, and where all are too ignorant to comprehend how strangers should visit their country, and incur toil and risk to gratify a disinterested curiosity. Besides those troubles which travellers from every country must experience, there are some which are the exclusive and merited portion of the citizens of the United States. We can easily perceive, even from Mr. Stephens' narrative, that the sympathizing pirates of Texas, backed as they were by the government at Washington, have inspired the people of Central America, and still more of Mexico, with deep feelings of distrust. To return to more agreeable matter. On arriving at Chiquimula, Mr. Stephens found the military authority of the district in the hands of General Cascara, one of Napoleon's veterans who had found his way to Central America. Next stage he was arrested

by one of Carrera's officers, and ran the hazard of being murdered. To sum up his troubles, on arriving at Copan he found the chief man, Don Gregorio, to be the greatest churl since the days of Nabal. The other inhabitants viewed every stranger with suspicion, as they might unawares bring down the vengeance of the ruling party, in the shape of a visit from Carrera's soldiers.

The description of the ruins of Copan is one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Stephens' work,—both from its novelty, and from the deep mystery which must ever involve the history of the arts and civilization among the early inhabitants of America. Although the site of this ruined city is only a short distance from the shore of Honduras, and not very far removed from the line of communication between Guatamala and the Atlantic, still its history and even its existence were quite unknown to Europeans. When Humboldt published his important work on the monuments of the Americans, he made no allusion to any of the splendid relics of Indian civilization which occur in so many places in Central America. The first notice of the ruins of Copan which we have had an opportunity of seeing is to be found in the history of Guatamala, by Juarros, as quoted by Balbis in his "Atlas Ethnographique." The work of Juarros, in Spanish, is not easily procured, but a little-known English translation of it appeared in 1823. This work, unphilosophical as it is, is still a necessary accompaniment to that of Mr. Stephens, in as far as the former is the only source whence we can obtain any historical or traditional notices respecting the original inhabitants of Central America. It is, however, from the lively descriptions of Mr. Stephens, and the excellent illustrations of his friend, Mr. Catherwood's pencil, that we can form a correct idea of the state and character of these remarkable ruins.

The city of Copan stood upon the bank of a small river of the same name, and appears to have been one of very considerable magnitude.

"The extent along the river," says Mr. Stephens, "as ascertained by monuments still found, is more than two miles. There is one monument on the

opposite side of the river, at the distance of a mile, on the top of a mountain two thousand feet high. Whether the city ever crossed the river, and extended to that monument, it is impossible to say. I believe not. At the rear is an unexplored forest, in which there may be ruins. There are no remains of palaces or private buildings, and the principal part is that which stands on the bank of the river, and may, perhaps with propriety, be called the temple.

"This temple is an oblong inclosure. The front or river wall extends on a right line, north and south, six hundred and twenty-four feet, and is from sixty to ninety feet in height. It is made of cut stones from three to six feet in length, and a foot and a half in breadth. In many places the stones have been thrown down by bushes growing out of the crevices, and in one place there is a small opening, from which the ruins are sometimes called by the Indians *Las Ventanas*, or the windows. The other three sides consist of ranges of steps, and pyramidal structures, rising from thirty to one hundred and forty feet in height on the slope. The whole line of survey is two thousand eight hundred and sixty-six feet, which though gigantic and extraordinary for a ruined structure of the aborigines, that the reader's imagination may not mislead him, I consider it necessary to say that it is not so large as the great pyramid of Ghizeh."

The general character of the monuments of Copan may be described as consisting of pyramids of very various magnitude, sculptured altars and stone obelisks, seldom exceeding twenty-three feet in height, and covered on all sides with intricate but symmetrical ornaments, human figures and hieroglyphics. We shall select a brief description of each of these kinds of monuments, merely premising, that in such matters no description can convey an adequate conception of the complicated ornaments, unless accompanied by engravings.

Pyramidal buildings appear to have been extremely frequent at Copan, as in fact, they are in every part of North America where ancient monuments have been discovered. The pyramid of Cholula, near Mexico, is merely an immense heap of earth, divided into four successive terraces, and faced by stone. The pyramids of Copan are of much smaller size, but they are constructed of cut stones, arranged in lines, and

forming a series of steps from the base to the summit of the pyramid. Copan appears to have been a city of pyramids.

The stone altars constitute a still more remarkable description of relics found at Copan.

"The altars, like the idols, are all of a single block of stone. In general they are not so richly ornamented, and are more faded and worn, or covered with moss; some were completely buried, and of others it was difficult to make out more than the form. All differed in fashion, and doubtless had some distinct and peculiar reference to the idols before which they stood. This stands on four globes cut out of the same stone; the sculpture is in bas-relief, and is the only specimen of that kind of sculpture found at Copan, all the rest being in bold alto-relievo. It is six feet square, and four feet high, and the top is divided into thirty-six tablets of hieroglyphics, which, beyond doubt, record some event in the history of the mysterious people who once inhabited the city."

The sculptures on each side of the altar represented four individuals :—

"On the west side are the two principal personages, chiefs or warriors, with their faces opposite each other, and apparently engaged in argument or negotiation. The other fourteen are divided into two equal parties, and seem to be following their leaders. Each of the two principal figures is seated cross-legged, in the oriental fashion, on a hieroglyphic which probably designates his name and office, or character, and on three of which the serpent forms a part. Between the two principal personages is a remarkable cartouche, containing two hieroglyphics, well preserved, which remind us strongly of the Egyptian mode of giving the names of the kings or heroes in whose honour monuments were erected. Their head-dresses are remarkable for their curious and complicated form: the figures have all breast-plates, and one of the two principal characters holds in his hand an instrument which may, perhaps, be considered a sceptre; each of the others holds an object which can be only a subject for speculation and conjecture. It may be a weapon of war, and if so, it is the only thing of the kind found represented at Copan. In other countries, battle-scenes, warriors, and weapons of war are among the most prominent ob-

jects of sculpture, and the entire absence of them here is reason to believe that the people were not warlike, but peaceable, and easily subdued."

The obelisks, covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures, form the most remarkable feature among the monuments of Copan. The hieroglyphics, it is true, are of the same kind as the Mexican, and the style of art which the figures exhibit does not differ from what is seen in many other places in North America: the curious circumstance is the decided predilection which the Indians of Copan have shown for sculpture and stone monuments, very few of which are to be found in the ruins of Palenque. These stone monuments, called idols by the Spaniards, are found in great abundance amid the ruins of the city, and, being of moderate size, seldom exceeding twenty feet in height, one cannot but wish that some of them were transported to Europe. These obelisks have usually on one side the representation of a human figure, and the other sides are covered with hieroglyphics, or with ornaments of the most fantastic and complicated kind. The human figures are distinguished by the enormous head-dress which they support. The arms are adorned with bracelets, and what appear to be strings of pearls are also frequent. It is also worthy of notice that the borders of the dress have a fringe of some kind of fruit, in all probability the cones of some kind of pine. In many of the figures rosaries are suspended from the neck, and to which a figure, probably emblematic of the sun, is attached. The style of countenance in the human figures is also deserving of attention, inasmuch as we find that two different classes of men are represented, or perhaps two different tribes or nations, which had been united under a common religion and government. In the first set of features, which are very well seen on the altars already mentioned, we observe a race of men distinguished by their extremely flat and receding foreheads, and the compression carried to such a degree as could only be produced by a long-continued pressure applied to the head after birth. In short these flat-headed figures bear a

striking resemblance, in point of features, to the present inhabitants of Nootka Sound, who are known to practise the art of flattening the head. That the flatness of the forehead is not exaggerated in these sculptures is pretty certain, and any one who will consult Mr. Catlin's interesting work on the North American Indians, will find a Cheenook woman represented, (plate 210,) whose head is even more deformed than any of those observed on the monuments of Copan. In the second class the head is round, and not disfigured, and the countenance has something of the Chinese or Mongol cast. In most of these the face is perfectly smooth, while in a few we observe bearded men, who, however, in as far as we can learn from the monuments, do not appear to have held any supremacy over the others.

We shall conclude our observations on Copan by stating, that as is the case in Egypt, even the quarries where the stones were obtained may still be seen, and the unfinished blocks which still remain attest the source whence the Indian architects and sculptors obtained their materials. The quarries are fully two miles distant from the city:—

“The stone is a soft grit. The range extended a long distance, seemingly unconscious that stone enough had been taken from its sides to build a city. How the huge masses were transported over the irregular and broken surface we had crossed, and particularly how one of them was set upon the top of a mountain two thousand feet high, it was impossible to conjecture. In many places there were blocks which had been quarried out and rejected for some defect; and in one spot, midway in a ravine leading toward the river, was a gigantic block, much larger than any we saw in the city, which was probably on its way thither, to be carved and set up as an ornament, when the labours of the workmen were arrested. Like the unfinished blocks in the quarries of Assuan, and on the Pentelican Mountain, it remains a monument of baffled human plans.”

After finishing his exploration of Copan, Mr. Stephens set out on his journey for Guatamala, to enter upon his diplomatic duties, if he should be fortunate enough to find a govern-

ment. His journey to the capital affords much interesting matter, of which we can only present a very brief outline to the reader. As Mr. Stephens had now some experience of travelling in Central America, he found that the cura or parish priest was the only person on whose hospitality he might calculate, or who could afford him useful information. Although it must be confessed that the influence which this body of men enjoy is incompatible with the progress of improvement, either in intellect or morals, still they possess virtues for which they are entitled to praise. Being removed from the scene of religious controversy, in a country where every one yields a quiet and indolent acquiescence to what they are taught, intolerance has not been called forth, as it was unnecessary; and an authority firmly established is seldom jealous. Being the only educated people in the country, and with no family to care for, they are distinguished for their hospitality, and this virtue appears to be the generic character of the order. They may be vicious or virtuous, pious or irreligious, but their house is always open to the stranger. On leaving Copan the next stage was the town of Esquipulas, and the following is Mr. Stephens' portrait of the cura:

“In the course of the day I had an opportunity of seeing what I afterwards observed throughout all Central America—the life of labour and responsibility passed by the cura in an Indian village, who devotes himself faithfully to the people under his charge. Besides officiating in the services of the church, visiting the sick, and burying the dead, my worthy host was looked up to by every Indian in the village as a counsellor, friend, and father. The door of the convent was always open, and Indians were constantly resorting to him. A man who had quarrelled with his neighbour; a wife who had been badly treated by her husband; a father whose son had been carried off as a soldier; a young girl deserted by her lover: all who were in trouble or affliction came to him for advice and consolation, and none went away without it. And besides this, he was the principal director of all the public business of the town; the right hand of the alcade; and had been consulted whether or not I ought to be considered as a dangerous



person. But the performance of these multifarious duties, and the excitement and danger of the times, were wearing away his frame. . . . Once the troops of Morazan invested the town, and for six months he lay concealed in a cave of the mountains, supported by the Indians solely. The difficulties of the country had increased, and the cloud of cruel war was darker than ever. He mourned, but, as he said, he had not long to mourn; and the whole tone of his thoughts and conversation was so good and pure, that it seemed like a green spot in a lonely desert. We sat in the embrasure of a large window; within, the room was already dark. He took a pistol from the window, and looking at it said, with a faint smile, that the cross was his protection: and then he put his hand in mine, and told me to feel his pulse. It was slow and feeble, and seemed as if every beat would be the last; but he said it was always so; and rising suddenly, added that this was the hour of his private devotions, and retired to his room. I felt as if a good spirit had flitted away."

We shall add, by way of contrast, the portrait of the next padre, the cura of San Jacinto:—

"My muleteer, without unloading the mules, threw himself down on the piazza, and, with my greatcoat on his unthankful body, began abusing me for killing him with long marches. I retorted, and before the padre had time to recover from his surprise at our visit, he was confounded by our clamour.

"But he was a man who could bear a great deal, being above six feet, broad-shouldered, and with a protuberance in front that required support to prevent it from falling. His dress consisted of a shirt and pair of pantaloons, with button-holes begging for employment; but he had a heart as big as his body, and as open as his morning apparel; and when I told him that I had ridden from Esquipulas that day, he said I must remain a week to recruit.

"The household of this padre consisted of two young men, one deaf and dumb, and the other a fool. The former possessed extraordinary vivacity and muscular powers, and entertained the padre by his gesticulation *stories* and sleight-of-hand tricks, particularly with a still puzzle. There was something intensely interesting in the kindness with which the padre played with him, and the earnestness with which he hung around his gigantic master. At times the young man became so excited

that it seemed as if he would burst in the effort to give utterance to his thoughts; but all ended in a feeble sound, which grated upon my nerves, and seemingly knitted him more closely to the good-natured padre. The padre finished with a warm panegyric on the virtues of both, which the deaf and dumb boy seemed to understand and thank him for, but which he that had ears seemed not to hear."

We need not enlarge on the hospitality of such a cura, and Mr. Stephens assures us that he was not starved:—

"Before I got up he stood over me with a flask of aqua ardiente. Soon after came chocolate, with a roll of sweet bread; and finding it was impossible to get away that day, I became a willing victim to his hospitality. At nine o'clock we had breakfast; at twelve fruit; at two dinner; at five chocolate and sweet bread; at eight supper; with constant intermediate invitations to aqua ardiente, which the padre, with his hand on that prominent part of his own body, said was good for the stomach. In every thing except good feeling he was the complete antipodes to the cura of Esquipulas."

Mr. Stephens' next journey was to the capital, whence, after spending some time, he set out upon a tour through the southern and western parts of the country; partly, as he says, in search of a government, and partly to explore the country. On this part of his work our remarks shall be brief. The city of Guatemala may, in the strictest sense of the word, be denominated a revolutionary city, and has suffered more from moral and physical changes than any other city in the old or new world. It is built at the base of the two great volcanoes which bear the philosophical names of Aqua and Fuego (Fire and Water): two volcanoes are quartered on the arms of the town, which is overturned by earthquakes three or four times in a century.

As no diplomacy could be transacted in the absence of all government, our traveller resolved to visit some of the other ruined cities, with which this part of the new continent abounds. One of the most interesting of these remains are those of the city of Quiche, the capital of a powerful kingdom of that name, and

which was destroyed soon after the conquest of Mexico, by Alvarado, one of Cortes' lieutenants. A considerable portion of the stones have been carried away for building materials, but the remains of altars and palaces can still be traced. At this place the cura of Quiche displayed the usual hospitality of his order, and also acted as *cicerone*, to point out whatever was interesting in the vicinity. The cura was an original in his way, and withal a man of sense and humour:—

“His laugh was so rich and expressive that it was perfectly irresistible. In fact we were not disposed to resist; and in half an hour were as intimate as if acquainted for years. The world was our butt, and we laughed at it outrageously. Except the church there were few things that the cura did not laugh at; but politics was his favourite subject. He was in favour of Morazan, or Carrera, or El Demonio: ‘*Vamos adelante*,’ go a-head, was his motto, and he laughed at them all. If we parted with him then we should always have remembered him as the laughing cura, but on further acquaintance, we found in him such a vein of strong sense and knowledge, and retired as he lived, he was so intimately acquainted with the country, and all the public men,—as a mere looker-on his views were so correct and his satire so keen, yet without malice, that we improved his title by calling him the laughing philosopher.”

Among other pieces of information the cura of Quiche communicated to his friend the following extraordinary statement:—

“But the thing that roused us was the assertion by the padre, that four days on the road to Mexico, on the other side of the Great Sierra, was a living city, large and populous, occupied by Indians, precisely in the same state as before the discovery of America. He had heard of it many years before, at the village of Chajul, and was told by the villagers that from the topmost ridge of this sierra this city was distinctly visible. He was then young, and with much labour climbed to the naked summit of the sierra, and from which, at a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, he looked over an immense plain, extending to Yucatan and the Gulf of Mexico, and saw at a great distance a large city. The traditionary account of the Indians of Chajul is,

that no white man has ever reached this city; that the inhabitants spoke the Maya language, are aware that a race of strangers has conquered the whole country around, and murder any white man who attempts to enter their territory. They have no coin or other circulating medium; no horses, mules, or other domestic animals, except fowls, and the cocks they keep under ground, to prevent their crowing being heard.”

Such was the extraordinary narration of the cura, and what is still more extraordinary, it gained belief from his visitor. The story appears, however, to be merely a version of the old fabulous story, the source of so many chimerical expeditions—of

“The untouched city,  
Which Geryon's sons called El Dorado.”

In short, the shrewd and laughing cura of Quiche has been more than a match for Mr. Stephens, knowing Yankee as he is. The cura is fit to take charge of a bishopric of Kentuckians any day.

We shall conclude our notices with some account of the ruins of Palenque, which, in our opinion, exceed those of Copan in interest and importance. The palace of Palenque is situated, not in the republic of Central America, but in that of Mexico. The monuments, although possessing what may be called the general American character, differ greatly in detail from those of Copan. At the latter place, the numerous obelisks and sculptured stones were the chief objects of interest; while at Palenque the figures are usually in bas-relief, on stucco. There is another circumstance still more remarkable, namely, the great superiority, as works of art, which the monuments of Palenque exhibit when compared with any of the other relics of American civilization. Humboldt, who never visited Palenque, has published an engraving of some of the objects seen there. The style of art they displayed was so superior to any thing he had seen in America that the illustrious traveller suspected, that the rude figures of Palenque had been improved by the artist who copied them. That such is not the case is apparent from an inspection of the drawings given in the work before us, and many of them

are even superior in character to that which excited the surprise of Humboldt. In these remarkable figures we cannot fail to observe a most decided improvement upon the taste displayed in other situations. The human figures have less of that sternness of feature, and stiff, disproportionate outlines, which we observe at Copan. Their attitudes are more varied, and the forms graceful and correct. This display of taste is the more curious as it admits of one exception, for the heads are in almost every case represented as flattened to a degree amounting to deformity. The figures and relics of Palenque chiefly relate to religious ideas, and hieroglyphic figures are found in great numbers, and with remarkable distinctness of outline. To give even an intelligible conjecture on the nature of these figures would be impossible without a constant reference to the engravings. There is one extraordinary fact, however, which we ascertain from these monuments, namely, the adoration of the symbol of the cross by a people of America, long before the discovery of the new world by Columbus. This inference admits of no doubt, and the engravings in the work before us represent the symbol with a distinctness which precludes mistake.

It is a difficult task to speculate to any good purpose on the early history and antiquities of America; it is a subject on which, to use the lively expression of a French author, we should say very little, and that very much to the purpose. That the population of the new world was derived from the old, not to insist upon its being obviously implied in Scripture, is the opinion of unbiassed common sense. To ascertain at what period the first migration into America took place, or even in what direction it flowed, appears to be impossible. The following very obvious truth ought to have operated as a check upon all extravagant speculations: nearly thirty-seven centuries elapsed from the period when the patriarchs of nations departed from the plains of Assyria, to take possession of the various regions of the earth, and the discovery of the new world by Columbus. During that long period America was unknown to the enlight-

ened nations of Europe and Asia, and the most polished of its own tribes were ignorant of the art of writing; the inference, therefore, is obvious, that on such a subject there are not materials even for conjecture.

We need scarcely mention any of these conjectures. Some are of opinion that the Americans are descended from the Welsh, some claim for them the honours of an Irish origin, and others, with equal probability, contend that the Jews are the parent stock whence the Indians of America are derived. This fable was first moulded into shape by the Spanish monks, soon after the conquest. According to them, a portion of the Israelites fell into idolatry shortly after crossing the Red Sea. To avoid the reproofs of Moses they made their escape, under their leader Tanub, and finally, after many wanderings, they made their way to Mexico. From Tanub sprang the royal lines of Tula and Quiche. We merely mention this fable, concerning whose origin there can be no doubt, as it affords a significant hint as to the sources of our own Milesian fables; and we have no doubt that some Spanish Vallency may find a Hebrew-Mexican language which may rival our own Phoeni-Iberian in its antiquarian and philological glories. Another hypothesis, analogous to the preceding ones is, that the monuments of the new world were constructed by a race of wandering masons, who, being driven from the tower of Babel, or from Canaan, we do not remember which, made a tour of the world, building Cyclopean walls in Italy, excavating caves at Ellora, raising obelisks in Egypt and pyramids in Mexico. We shall leave such matters to those who are versed in the secrets of the druids or Cabiri.

It is far from being apparent that the sculptures and stone buildings of America are of a very remote antiquity. Their characters indicate a state of society rather than a particular epoch. That they were not of remote antiquity is also obvious from the fact, that most of the cities now in ruins were inhabited at the time of the discovery of America. This opinion is also strengthened by the fact, that at Copan, for example, it was the fashion to pair the sculp-

tures, and the vestiges of the paint is still to be seen. Such a circumstance, especially under a rainy and tropical climate, indicates a comparatively modern epoch. One agent which is very influential in destroying abandoned buildings, is the growth of trees and shrubs, which tear the stones asunder, and ultimately precipitate them to the ground. This cause must operate with great intensity in tropical climates, and still the ruins of Central America are in a very fine state of preservation.

There is another circumstance which must strike every one who examines the engravings of Indian antiquities, published by different authors,—we mean what may be called their national character. Under whatever varieties of defect or excellence these works of art may occur, they all bear an American type. The monstrous head-dresses, and the profusion of grotesque and intricate ornaments,—the produce of patience rather than of invention, are so many indications of barbarism. On the other hand, the total absence of all gay or licentious emblems, such as were represented by the Greeks and Egyptians in ancient, and the Hindoos in modern times, were unknown in America. In the total absence of all indecent emblems from their arts and their mythology, we perceive a well-marked feature of distinction between the American and Asiatic characters. On the other hand, the monuments of the Americans are on all occasions stern, lugubrious, and gloomy. They indicate indifference in supporting or inflicting pain,—the same character which is exhibited in the North American savage, who tortures his prisoner, or the Mexican Sultan who offered to his gods whole hecatombs of human victims.

It appears to be the most probable

opinion, that the arts and civilization are entirely, or in great part, of native growth, and afford but slight indications of any intercourse with the old world. Indeed the assumption that civilized colonies emigrated from Asia to America, or that Bhuddist princes made their way thither, is a gratuitous and unnecessary supposition. Had such an intercourse existed we might have expected to have found many arts practised by the Indians, of which we know they were ignorant. Barley and wheat were unknown to the Indians. They had in North America no domestic cattle, although millions of buffaloes roamed on the frontiers of Mexico; and above all, they were ignorant of the use of iron. If we turn to their mythologies, we find that the evidences of oriental traditions are equally obscure. The division of time into portions of seven days was unknown throughout the American continent; and their zodiacs and astronomical symbols are very different from those of the nations of the old world. Those coincidences which have been traced between the traditions of the old and new worlds, are rather to be viewed as results of the uniform conduct of the human mind, under similar circumstances, than as the consequence of communication of thought from one nation to another. The worship of the sun and asterisms is the most obvious and natural form of idolatry; and in the mythological ideas of the Mexicans or Peruvians we find no traces of a systematic or metaphysical doctrine, which might either result from foreign teaching or from the speculations of native inquirers.\*

The uniformity and national character of the remains of American art and civilization, in whatever quarter found, have already been alluded to,

---

\* When we seek for resemblances between the arts in the old and new worlds, it is not among the polished nations of Europe or India that such affinities are to be sought; it is among tribes in a semi-civilized condition, such as the Javanese before the arrival of Hindoo colonies among them, that we find some resemblances to the monuments of the Americans. The people of America did not know how to construct an arch; the nearest approach which they made was by placing stones so as to overhang each other, like inverted steps, as is also the manner in which the roof of the temple of Brombanan, in Java, is constructed. The ancient temples of Java were almost identical in arrangement with those of the Mexicans. According to Raffles, the temple of Suka is a truncated pyramid, situated on the most elevated of three successive terraces.

and we may mention that their political systems exhibit equal similarity. The chief idols were the sun and moon. With the exception of Mexico, the governments were theocratic, or in the hands of a priestly aristocracy. The interest of the community was the sole object, while that of individuals was neglected; and the monarchies of Peru or Bogota may be viewed as immense hives, in which the human insects, so to speak, laboured under a common impulse, independent of the stimulants of personal advantage, or any prospect of ever rising to wealth or eminence. Such a state of society is favourable to the construction of temples and palaces; it is the condition of an equally diffused misery over the population, and of public splendour. Under such a system, the nations of America constructed their religious edifices, and their style of ornaments are such as we might anticipate,—a great expenditure of labour and mechanical dexterity, with little originality of thought. The pyramid of Cholula is remarkable only for the vast quantity of materials which have been brought together. At Copan we cannot but admire the labour which squared stones without the knowledge of iron tools, and transported vast blocks across valleys and streams without the aid of mechanical contrivances. The sculptured obelisks display the same servile spirit, in the minute and intricate, but barbarous, ornaments with which they

are covered. In short, a vast amount of combined labour was set in motion, not by military force, but by superstition.

If it be conceded, that monuments of the American nations are seldom of a very remote antiquity, it by no means follows that the population of the new world is equally modern. On the contrary, the very remarkable grammatical structure of their languages shows, that the Indian race have been separated from their brethren of the old world from a very remote period. On this subject, and that of early American history, there is yet a vast field of investigation, in which reasonable and inductive antiquarians and philologists cannot fail to make important discoveries. In this department there is yet one source of information which may throw much light on the antiquities of America. After the conquest of Mexico and Guatamala, many of the descendants of the native princes entered the ecclesiastical state, and employed their leisure hours in writing treatises on the antiquities and history of their race. Many of these works are written in their native language, and still exist in manuscript, in the libraries of the convents of Mexico and Central America, and perhaps at Simanca, in Spain. The publications of these works, which Spanish indolence and jealousy have so long neglected, would in all probability afford a vast amount of information which could be obtained in no other way.

---



## ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. XVII.

## BALLADS AND ROMANCES.

A FEW years back, as doubtless our multitudinous readers will remember, we undertook the job of analysing the literary merits of the Ballad-mongers of Germany. As the indefatigable industry, at least, of that numerous class of writers, from the merry days of the Minnesingers down to our own, was quite notorious, we of course looked for a glorious reward of our labours in those treasures of romauntistic lore which our researches were for the first time to bring forth into (Irish) daylight. This, we say, was our expectation—and surely it was but a natural one under the circumstances. That, however, all our fine prospects terminated in a vision of smoke—that we were on that occasion doomed to drain the wormwood cup of disappointment—that the superstructure of ideal magnificence reared by Hope and Fancy disappeared from our mental vision as completely as whilome the palace of Aladdin from the eyes of his electrified father-in-law, the Sultan—is a matter of fact with which, unfortunately, the Dublin Public of 1837 soon became but too familiar, and which has since—we almost weep to record it—stereotyped itself in indelible characters upon the national mind.

The first of the tuneful tribe to whom we took the liberty of introducing ourself was Ludovic Tieck. This was and is a fine fellow—particularly as viewed in Berlin from Dublin—and we were glad to be able to bid him *Guten Morgen*. We opened his books; but, to our utter astonishment, could for some hours discern nothing therein except a huge floating mass of mist and moonshine: our friend had evidently gotten into the clouds; and there was “no coming up to him.” When we did at length succeed in grappling with an odd stanza here and there, the sum of what we were able to gather amounted simply to this:—that the Cloudlanders were divided into four classes, all marvellously like one another—viz. 1. *Wanderers* (or Master-Vagrants); 2. *Wandersmenn* (i. e. Travellers, or Journeyman-Vaga-

bonds); 3. *Wandlers* (Walkers or Loungers-about); and, 4. *Waddlers*—a term needing no parenthetical elucidation:—which same Wanderers, Wandersmenn, Wandlers, and Waddlers did little, it appeared to us, but soliloquise themselves into German “swoonds”—and come to themselves again when no body was looking on. And yet—with all his follies—Tieck is regarded as,—ay, and is—a first-rate æsthetical critic, and—take him out of his namby-pamby rhymes—handles a story—be it English, German, or Etruscan—in a style that distances all competitors. Too much laudation cannot be given to his various analyses of Shakspeare’s characters,—or to his tales of *The Pictures* and *The Betrothing*,—as well as *The Old Man of the Mountain*—though we admit we can hardly say as much in reference to his *Ghost-hunting*, (*Geistersucht*)—a work written for the purpose of preventing the learned Dr. Justinus Kerner and the encyclopædical Dr. Franz Baader from seeing any more ghosts—and therefore, we suspect, not likely ever to become very popular either among ghosts or Germans.

Having laid down the barren Tieck, we took up the Baron de la Motte Fouqué. This distinguished hero immediately ushered us, with a flourish of trumpets, into a locality which at first sight imposed itself on our senses as a tournament-ring, but which, as subsequent inspection satisfied us, was in reality a grand “banqueting-hall,”—filled with knights—

“Who ate at the meal  
With gloves of steel,  
And drank the gold wine through the  
helmet barred.”

On further inquiry we found that our noble host was accustomed to practise a similar deception upon his readers nearly every day in the twelvemonth. We should scarcely, however, complain that the Baron’s shields do for the most part turn out mere scoured potlids, and that his weapons usually

take the shape of extra-long carving-knives, if either edibles or potables were to be looked for at the hands of his cooks. But the peculiar peculiarity of the Baron's "banquets" is, that you can never detect the presence of aliment in any shape at any of them:—not a single tumbler of double stout—not the phantom of one consumptive parsnip can be had either for love or money. Now few people would care to stomach treatment like this. There is no precedent for it. Even our friend, Bernard Cavanagh, would, we are certain, have manifested more hospitality than the Baron: there would have been on Bernard's mahogany at least the appearance—the theatrical show—the Barmecidal promise—of a ham and a brace of snusages. "I never drink," said a very solemn friend of ours to us once, "but I like to see the decanter on the table;" and there was in the observation a profounder instinct of spiritual philosophy than even the observer himself suspected. The anti-bread-and-butter squeamishness of the Baron is surely carried to too great an excess. Then, as to his absurd system of dietetic nomenclature—his rhodomontade about "golden viands" and the "golden wine," and, of course, golden wooden buttermilk-noggins, and golden pewter stirabout-platters,—to him, as a Romancer, it may seem very fine, but with us it passes for mere flummery, or something even less substantial. The Baron's phraseology almost reminds us of a certain queer at-dinner story related of an uncertain young lady (no acquaintance of ours); namely: that, being one day seated at table near a very sensitive-minded gentleman, with a very considerably long nose, she felt so excessively anxious *not* to make the remotest allusion to the latter enormity, that, being, as it happened, in want of a potato, she gently leaned forward towards her neighbour, and (a dead

silence reigning in the room at the time) addressed him in a soft and thrilling voice with the words—"I'll trouble you, sir, for a—nose!"

Well, we need not degenerate into twaddlesomeness. Let it suffice to state that we ran through as many of "these same metre ballad-mongers" as fell into our hands—and for the most part with the same result—disappointment. We opened Heine—and again shut him up, as a humdrum. Langbein—and shut him up, as a humbug. Schubart—but he, poor fellow, was shut up, already, in the Fortress of Arnsberg; and we paid the tribute of a tear to the misfortunes of a man of genius. Schiebeler, Löwen, Weisse, Gleim, Stolberg and Voss passed along, like shadows at a midnight review, before our critical eye; and then came our dear Hölty, and after him Bürger, the evil-starred Bürger, (who, being acquainted with two sisters, had the ill-luck, imprudence, and bad taste to fall fathoms deep in love with one of them on the same day that saw him married to the other—and thus unsealed for himself a fountain of poisonous waters, the flavour whereof ever afterwards mingled with and embittered his best earthly enjoyments.) In fine, we analysed them all, including Schiller and Goethe—and, by the way, with respect to the latter Titan, could not see much in what his countrymen, intending him a compliment, call his "outlandish" ballads. Yet there are two or three of these that do read magnificently. We admire and love that old *Monarch of Thule*, with his one goblet; and have always cherished—how could we otherwise than cherish?—a warm esteem for the *Blind Harper*—a man, reader, who when the great King Cole proffers him a German silver watch-chain and a beggarly matter of a shilling or so at a feast, scornfully puts aside the tin with one hand, and, elevating the other into mid-air, exclaims—

"Not so! Reserve thy chain, thy gold,  
For those brave knights whose glances,  
Far flashing through the battle bold,  
Might shiver sharpest lances!  
I sing as in the greenwood bush  
The cageless wild-bird carols:  
The songs that from the full heart gush  
Themselves are gold and laurels!"

What a noble fellow! Observe the generous way in which he affects to mistake the shilling for a sovereign! He has evidently a soul above shillings, and looks forward to a crown—not indeed King Cole's crown—and still less a shabby crown-piece—but a crown of bays.

Such being, then, the melancholy history of our experiences as a criticaster of German ballads, for what purpose, it may be asked, do we again bring the topic upon the *tapis*—or with what show of consistency can we pretend to collect the materials of another Ballad-anthology? The question shall have an answer, and that answer is this. We entertain a profound respect both for Poetry and the Public—for the first in the abstract, for the second in the concrete—and we are naturally desirous of doing every justice to the one and the other. Our private conviction is, that the German Balladists have mistaken their vocation. But, what then? Man is fallible; and in all probability this conviction of ours is grounded on an erroneous basis. Nay, let us be honest, and acknowledge that we are ready, in the face of Europe, to stake a small sum of money on the absolute

certainly that we are under an egregious delusion! Whatever may be the disesteem in which we hold the German Balladists, thousands of more competent judges regard them with feelings barely stopping short of idolatry. Is it not a matter of duty, then, that we should at once defer to the opinions of these men? Yes!—we unhesitatingly trample under foot our individual prejudices, and once more come forward and doff our castor to the descendants of the Troubadours and Minnesingers!

Moreover, there is another circumstance which we are bound to take into account. Of late years there has been growing up in Germany a new school of Romantic Poetry, which affords promise of a glorious era for legend-and-ballad-lovers all over the world. This is an important consideration. We shall dilate more upon it hereafter.

Come!—we are already rewarded for our good-nature. Here is a noble Arab legend by that clever young poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath, who has travelled in the far East, and now comes home quite as much a “Child of the Sun” in soul as any Caucasian of them all.

### The Spectre-Caravan.

“Mitten in der Wüste war es, wo wir Nachts am Boden ruhten.”

'Twas at midnight, in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;  
There my Beddaweens were sleeping, and their steeds were stretched around;  
In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the Nile,  
And the camel-bones that strewed the sands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,  
And my kaftan-cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,  
While beside me, as the Kapitaun and watchman of my band,  
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry  
From some stray belated vulture, sailing blackly down the sky,  
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,  
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

When, behold!—a sudden sandquake!—and, atween the earth and moon,  
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim lagoon:  
Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook every man,  
And the cry was, *Allah Akbar*!—'tis the Spectre-Caravan!

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore;  
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,  
Guides and merchants, youthful maidens, bearing pitchers in their hands,  
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sunless as the sands!

More and more !—the Phantom-pageant overshadowed all the plains,  
 Yea, the ghastly camel-bones arose, and grew to camel-trains ;  
 And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs,  
 Here, afoot as Hadjee-pilgrims—there, as warriors on their barbs !

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had sought and found  
 Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach around,  
 Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,  
 And in dim procession march to kiss the Caaba's Holy Stone.

And yet more and more for ever !—still they swept in pomp along,  
 Till I asked me, Can the Desert hold so vast a muster-throng ?  
 Lo ! the Dead are here in myriads ; the whole World of Hades waits,  
 As with eager wish, to press beyond the Babelmandel Straits !

Then I spake, Our steeds are frantic : To your saddles every one !  
 Never quail before these Shadows ! You are Children of the Sun !  
 If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here,  
 Cry, *Bismillah* !—and that mighty Name shall banish every fear.

Courage, comrades ! Even now the moon is waning far a-west,  
 Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies, in gold and crimson vest,  
 And in thinnest air will melt away those Phantom-shapes forlorn,  
 When again upon your brows you feel the odour-winds of Morn !

This is, however, one of Freiligrath's tamest pieces—but he and we shall meet again. Meantime we extract the following from Simrock's *Legends of the Rhine*.

### **The Lily-Maidens.**

A POPULAR LEGEND OF THE BLACK FOREST.

“ Am Mummelsee, am dunkelu See.”

Anigh the gloomy Mummel-Zee \*  
 Do live the palest lilies many :  
 All day they droop so drowsily,  
 In azure air and rainy ;  
 But when the dreamful noon of Night  
 Rains down on earth its yellow light,  
 Up spring they, full of lightness,  
 In Woman's form and brightness.

The sad reeds moan like spirits bound  
 Along the troubled water's border,  
 As, hand-with-hand linked wreathwise round,  
 The virgins dance in order,  
 Moonwhite in features as in dress,  
 Till o'er their phantom huelessness  
 A warmer colour gushes,  
 And tints their cheeks with blushes.

Then pipe the reeds a sadder tune ;  
 The wind raves through the tannen-forest ;  
 The wolves in chorus bay the moon,  
 Where glance her grey beams hoarest ;  
 And round and round the darkling grass  
 In mazy whirl the dancers pass,  
 And loudlier boom the billows  
 Among the reeds and willows.

---

\* A lake in the Black Forest, near Baden.

But see!—the Giant-Elf\* anon  
 Half rises from the water's bosom,  
 With streaming beard, and head whereon  
 Dank weeds for garlands blossom ;  
 And, fiercely lifting towards the strand  
 A naked arm and clenched hand,  
 He shouts in tones of thunder  
 That wake the abysses under !

Then lake and winds and dancers rest ;  
 And, as the water ceases booming,  
 The Elf cries, " Hence, ye Shapes unblest,  
 And leave my lilies blooming !"  
 And lo ! the streaky Morn is up,  
 Dew-diamonds brim each flowret's cup,  
 And Munnmel's lily-daughters  
 Once more bend o'er his waters.

And now for a spirited and *ritter-* original-minded of modern German  
*lich* romance from one of the most poets—Frederic Rückert.

### The Ride round the Barapet.

" Sie sprach : ich will nicht sitzen im stillen Kämmerlein."

SHE said, I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,—  
 The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
 She said, I was not born to mope at home in loneliness,  
 When the heart is throbbing sorest, there is balsam in the forest,  
 There is balsam in the forest for its pain,  
 Said the Lady Eleanora,  
 Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

She doffed her silks and pearls, and donned instead her hunting-gear,  
 The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
 She doffed her silks and pearls, and donned instead her hunting-gear,  
 And, till Summertime was over, as a huntress and a rover  
 Did she couch upon the mountain or the plain,  
 She, the Lady Eleanora,  
 Noble Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Returning home agen, she viewed with scorn the tournaments,—  
 The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
 Returning home agen, she viewed with scorn the tournaments ;  
 She saw the morions cloven and the crowning chaplets woven,  
 And the sight awakened only the disdain  
 Of the Lady Eleanora,  
 Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

My feeling towards Man is one of utter scornfulness,  
 Said Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
 My feeling towards Man is one of utter scornfulness,  
 And he that would o'ercome it, let him ride around the summit  
 Of my battlemented Castle by the Maine,  
 Said the Lady Eleanora,  
 Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

\* The Tutelary Genius of the Lake.



So came a knight anon to ride around the parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
So came a knight anon to ride around the parapet.  
Man and horse were hurled together o'er the crags that beetled nether.  
Said the Lady, There, I fancy, they'll remain!  
Said the Lady Eleanora,  
Queenly Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Then came another knight to ride around the parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
Then came another knight to ride around the parapet.  
Man and horse fell down, asunder, o'er the crags that beetled under.  
Said the Lady, They'll not leap the leap again!  
Said the Lady Eleanora,  
Lovely Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

Came other knights anon to ride around the parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
Came other knights anon to ride around the parapet,  
Till six and thirty corsees of both mangled men and horses  
Had been sacrificed as victims at the fane  
Of the Lady Eleanora,  
Stately Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

That woeful year was by, and Ritter none came afterwards  
To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
That woeful year was by, and Ritter none came afterwards.  
The castle's lonely basscourt looked a wild o'ergrown-with-grasscourt;  
'Twas abandoned by the Ritters and their train  
To the Lady Eleanora,  
Haughty Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

She clomb the silent wall, she gazed around her sovranlike,  
The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
She clomb the silent wall, she gazed around her sovranlike;  
And wherefore have departed all the Brave, the Lionhearted,  
Who have left me here to play the Castellain?  
Said the Lady Eleanora,  
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

And is it fled for aye, the palmy time of Chivalry?  
Cried Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
And is it fled for aye, the palmy time of Chivalry?  
Shame light upon the cravens! May their corpses gorge the ravens,  
Since they tremble thus to wear a woman's chain!  
Said the Lady Eleanora,  
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

The story reached at Gratz the gallant Margrave Gondibert  
Of Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
The story reached at Gratz the gallant Margrave Gondibert,  
Quoth he, I trow the woman must be more or less than human;  
She is worth a little peaceable campaign,  
Is the Lady Eleanora,  
Is the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

He trained a horse to pace round narrow stones laid merlonwise,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
He trained a horse to pace round narrow stones laid merlonwise.  
Good Grey! do thou thy duty, and this rocky-bosomed beauty  
Shall be taught that all the vauntings are in vain  
Of the Lady Eleanora,  
Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne!

He left his castle-halls, he came to Lady Eleanor's,  
The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
He left his castle-halls, he came to Lady Eleanor's.  
O, Lady, best and fairest ! here am I,—and, if thou carest,  
I will gallop round the parapet amain,  
Noble Lady Eleanora,  
Noble Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

She saw him spring to horse, that gallant Margrave Gondibert,  
The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
She saw him spring to horse, that gallant Margrave Gondibert,  
O, bitter, bitter sorrow ! I shall weep for this to-morrow !  
It were better that in battle he were slain,  
Said the Lady Eleanora,  
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
Then rode he round and round the battlemented parapet.  
The Lady wept and trembled, and her paly face resembled,  
As she looked away, a lily wet with rain ;  
Hapless Lady Eleanora,  
Hapless Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

So rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
So rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,  
Accurst be my ambition ! He but rideth to perdition,  
He but rideth to perdition without rein !  
Wept the Lady Eleanora,  
Wept the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Yet rode he round and round the battlemented parapet,  
For Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
Yet rode he round and round the battlemented parapet.  
Meanwhile her terror shook her,—yea, her breath well nigh forsook her,  
Fire was burning in the bosom and the brain  
Of the Lady Eleanora,  
Of the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

Then rode he round and off the battlemented parapet  
To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
Then rode he round and off the battlemented parapet,  
Now blest be God for ever ! This is marvellous ! I never  
Cherished hope of laying eyes on thee agayne,  
Cried the Lady Eleanora,  
Joyous Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

The Man of Men thou art, for thou hast fairly conquered me,  
The Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !  
The Man of Men thou art, for thou hast fairly conquered me.  
I greet thee as my lover, and, ere many days be over,  
Thou shalt wed me and be Lord of my domain,  
Said the Lady Eleanora,  
Said the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Then bowed that graceful knight, the gallant Margrave Gondibert,  
To Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
Then bowed that graceful knight, the gallant Margrave Gondibert,  
And thus he answered coldly, There be many who as boldly  
Will adventure an achievement they disdain,  
For the Lady Eleanora,  
For the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

Mayest bide until they come, O, stately Lady Eleanor !  
 O, Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !  
 Mayest bide until they come, O stately Lady Eleanor !  
 And thou and they may marry, but, for me, I must not tarry,  
 I have won a wife already out of Spain,  
 Virgin Lady Eleanora,  
 Virgin Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

Thereon he rode away, the gallant Margrave Gondibert,  
 From Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
 Thereon he rode away, the gallant Margrave Gondibert,  
 And long in shame and anguish did that haughty Lady languish,  
 Did she languish without pity for her pain,  
 She the Lady Eleanora,  
 She the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.

And year went after year, and still in barren maidenhood  
 Lived Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
 And wrinkled Eld crept on, and still her lot was maidenhood,  
 And, woe ! her end was tragic ; she was changed, at length, by magic,  
 To an ugly wooden image, they maintain ;  
 She, the Lady Eleanora,  
 She, the Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

And now, before the Gate, in sight of all, transmogrified,  
 Stands Lady Eleanora von Alleyne.  
 Before her castle-gate, in sight of all, transmogrified,  
 And he that won't salute her must be fined in foaming pewter,  
 If a boor,—but, if a burgher, in champagne,  
 For the Lady Eleanora,  
 Wooden Lady Eleanora von Alleyne !

Rückert's besetting fault is a tendency to slide into satire. We regret this tendency on two accounts: first, because German satire is but a stupid thing at best, and secondly, because Rückert's themes are usually of a serious character. In the following little poem, however, which, we confess, we think a very touching one, it gratifies us to observe that the tone of

solemn pathos in which the poet commences remains to the end uninterfered with by any incongruous admixture of lighter sentiment. This, indeed, is merely negative praise; but the ballad exhibits, besides, many positive beauties which, we trust, our readers will not need to have pointed out to them.

### **The Spring Flower.**

BEING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PASSENGER AND A FADING VIOLET.

“ Hoffe ! Du erlebst es noch.”

PASSENGER.

A compassionate passenger seeks to console the Dying Flower by telling her that Nature will revive, and the trees again blossom in the Spring time.

Droop not, poor flower !—there's hope for thee :  
 The Spring again will breathe and burn,  
 And glory robe the kingly tree,  
 Whose life is in the sun's return ;  
 And once again its buds will chime  
 Their peal of joy from viewless bells,  
 Though all the long dark Winter-time,  
 They mourned within their dreary cells

The Dying One replies  
that she is not a tree, but  
a frail and perishable  
flower.

FLOWER.

Alas ! no kingly tree am I,  
No marvel of a thousand years :  
I cannot dream a Winter by,  
And wake with song when Spring appears.  
At best my life is kin to Death ;  
My little all of Being flows  
From Summer's kiss, from Summer's breath,  
And sleeps in Summer's grave of snows.

The Passenger then  
gives her the assurance,  
that though she may pe-  
rish as an individual, her  
essence will nevertheless  
continue to animate other  
forms.

PASSENGER.

Yet, grieve not ! Summer may depart,  
And Beauty seek a brighter home,  
But thou, thou bearest in thy heart  
The germ of many a life to come.  
Mayest lightly reck of Autumn-storms ;  
Whate'er thine individual doom,  
Thine essence, blent with other forms,  
Will still shine out in radiant bloom !

Whereunto the Flower  
answers, that when she  
dies she dies, and there  
ends the matter.

FLOWER.

Yes !—moons will wane, and bluer skies  
Breathe blessings forth for flower and tree  
I know that while the Unit dies,  
The Myriad live immortally :  
But shall my soul survive in them ?  
Shall I be all I was before ?  
Vain dream ! I wither, soul and stem,  
I die, and know my place no more !

The sun that shines  
for the Living will, she  
saith, only mock the  
grave of the Dead.

The sun may lavish life on them ;  
His light, in Summer morns and eves,  
May colour every dewy gem  
That sparkles on their tender leaves ;  
But this will not avail the Dead :  
The glory of his wondrous face  
Who now rains lustre on my head,  
Can only mock my burial-place !

Wherefore, she re-  
proaches herself with  
folly for having ever  
opened her leaves to  
the rays of that mighty  
Luminary.

And woe to me, fond foolish one,  
To tempt an all-consuming ray !  
To think a flower could love a Sun,  
Nor feel her soul dissolve away !  
Oh, could I be what once I was,  
How should I shun his fatal beam !  
Wrapt in myself, my life should pass  
But as a still, dark, painless dream !

But, anon repenting,  
she acknowledges that air  
and sun are in truth all-  
in-all to the flower.

But, vainly in my bitterness  
I speak the language of despair :  
In life, in death, I still must bless  
The sun, the light, the cradling air !  
Mine early love to them I gave,  
And, now that yon bright orb on high  
Illumines but a wider grave,  
For them I breathe my final sigh !

Her heart softens as  
she dwells on the Past.

How often soared my soul aloft  
In balmy bliss too deep to speak,  
When Zephyr came and kissed with soft,  
Sweet incense-breath my blushing cheek !  
When beauteous bees and butterflies  
Flew round me in the summer-beam,  
Or when some virgin's glorious eyes  
Bent o'er me like a dazzling dream !

She calmly resigns her-  
self in death to the Power  
that called her into  
being ;

Ah, yes ! I know myself a birth  
Of that All-wise, All-mighty Love,  
Which made the flower to bloom on earth,  
And sun and stars to burn above ;  
And if, like them, I fade and fail,  
If I but share the common doom,  
Let no lament of mine bewail  
My dark descent to Hades' gloom !

And finally takes an  
eternal farewell of the  
Living Universe.

Farewell, thou Lamp of this green globe !  
Thy light is on—my dying face,  
Thy glory tints—my faded robe,  
And clasps me in—a death-embrace !  
Farewell, thou balsam-dropping Spring !  
Farewell, ye skies that beam and weep !  
Unhoping and unmurmuring,  
I bow my head and sink to sleep.

There is one fine ballad by Burger  
—*Die Entführung*—which, as far as  
we know, has never been translated  
into English. We shall hazard an

attempt at a version of it ; though its  
extreme length will necessitate us to  
make it the last of our extracts for  
the present Anthology.

### The Abduction of the Lady Gertrude von Hochburg.

#### A BALLAD.

“ Knapp ! Satttle mir mein Dänenrosz ! ”

“ Boy !—Saddle quick my Danish steed !  
I rest not, I, until I ride :  
These walls unsoul me—I would speed  
Into the Farness wide ! ”  
So spake Sir Carl, he scarce wist why,  
With hurried voice and restless eye.  
There haunted him some omen,  
As 'twere, of slaying foemen.

Aneath the hoofs of that swift barb,  
The pebbles flew, the sparklets played ;  
When, lo !—who nears him, sad of garb ?  
'Tis Gertrude's weeping maid !  
A thrill ran through the Ritter's frame—  
It shrivelled up his flesh like flame,  
And shook him like an illness,  
With flushing heat and chillness.



“ God shield you, Master ! May you live  
 With health and gladness years on years !  
 My poor young lady—Oh, forgive  
 A helpless woman's tears !—  
 But lost to you is Trudkin's\* hand,  
 Through Freiherr Vorst from Pommerland ;†  
 That drooping flower her father  
 Hath sworn that Vorst shall gather !

“ ‘ By this bright battle-steel, if thou  
 But think on Carl,—’twas thus he said—  
 ‘ Down shalt thou to the dungeon low,  
 Where toads shall share thy bed !  
 Nor will I rest morn, noon, or night,  
 Till I have borne him down in fight,  
 And torn out, soon or later,  
 The heart of the false traitor ! ’

“ The bride is in her chamber now :  
 What can she do but weep and sigh ?  
 Dark sorrow dims her beauteous brow ;  
 She wishes but to die.  
 Ah, yes !—and she shall soon sleep well  
 Low in the sufferer's last sad cell—  
 Soon will the death-bell's knelling  
 A dolesome tale be telling !

—“ ‘ Go—tell him I must surely die !’—  
 Said she to me amid her tears—  
 —‘ Oh, tell him that my last Goodbye  
 Is that which now he hears !  
 Go—God will guard you—go, and bring  
 To him from me this jewelled ring,  
 In token that his true-love  
 Chose Death before a new love ! ’ ”—

Like shock of sudden thunderpeal  
 These tidings cleave the Ritter's ear ;  
 The hills around him rock and reel,  
 The dim stars disappear ;  
 Thoughts wilder than the hurricane  
 Flash lightning through his frenzied brain,  
 And wake him to commotion,  
 As Tempest waketh Ocean.

—“ God's recompense, thou faithful one !—  
 Thy words have strung my soul for war—  
 God's blessing on thee !—thou hast done  
 Thine errand well so far—  
 Now hie thee back, like mountain-deer,  
 And calm that trembling angel's fear—  
 This arm is strong to save her  
 From tyrant and enslaver !

“ Speed, maiden, speed !—the moments now  
 Are worth imperial gems and gold—  
 Say that her knight has vowed a vow  
 That she shall ne'er be sold !

\* *Trudchen* (pronounced *Troodkin*) is the familiar German diminutive of *Gertrude*.  
 † Pomerania.

But—bid her watch the starry Seven,  
 For, when they shine I stand, please Heaven,  
     Before her casement-portal,  
 Come weal or woe immortal !

“Speed, maiden !”—And,—as chased by Death,—  
     Away, away, the damsel flies—  
 Sir Carl then paused a space for breath,  
     And rubbed his brow and eyes.  
 Then rode he to, and fro, and to,  
 While sparklets gleamed and pebbles flew,  
     Till Thought’s exasperation  
     Found vent in agitation.

Anon he winds his foray-horn,  
     And, wakeful to the welcome sound,  
 Come dashing down through corn and thorn  
     His vassals miles around ;  
 To whom—each man apart—in ear  
 He whispers—“When again you hear  
     This horn wake wood and valley  
     Be ready for a sally !”

Night now lay dark, with dews and damps,  
     On castled hill and lilled vale ;  
 In Hochburg’s lattices the lamps  
     Were waning dim and pale,  
 And Gertrude, mindless of the gloom,  
 Sat pondering in her lonesome room,  
     With many a saddening presage,  
     Her lover’s bodeful message.

When, list !—what accents, low, yet clear,  
     Thrill to her heart with sweet surprise ?—  
 “Ho, Trudkin, love !—thy knight is near—  
     Quick, up !—Awake !—Arise !—  
 ’Tis I, thy Carl, who call to thee—  
 Come forth, come out, and fly with me !  
     The westering moon gives warning  
     That Night is now nigh Morning.”—

—“Ah, no, my Carl !—it may not be—  
     Wrong not so far thy stainless fame !  
 Were I to fly by night with thee,  
     Disgrace would brand my name—  
 Yet give me, give me one dear kiss !  
 I ask, I seek no other bliss  
     Than such a last love-token  
     Before I die heart-broken.”

—“Nay, love, dread nothing !—Shame or blame  
     Shall never come where thou hast flown !  
 I swear I hold thy name and fame  
     Far dearer than mine own !  
 Come !—thou shalt find a home anon  
 Where Wedlock’s bands shall make us one—  
     Come, Sweet !—Needst fear no danger—  
     Thou trustest not a stranger !”

—“ But, Carl,—my sire !—thou knowest him well,  
 The proud Rix-baron !\*—Oh, return !—  
 I tremble even now to tell  
 How fierce his wrath would burn !  
 Oh, he would track thee day and night,  
 And, thirsting to revenge the flight  
 Of his degenerate daughter,  
 Doom thee and thine to Slaughter !”

—“ Hush, hush, dear love !—this knightly crest  
 Will not, I trow, be soon disgraced !  
 Come forth, and fear not !—East or West,  
 Where'er thou wilt—but haste !  
 And still those tell-tale sobs and tears ;  
 The winds are out, the Night hath ears,  
 The very stars that glisten  
 Begin to watch and listen !”

Alas, poor soul ! How could she stand  
 Long wavering there in fitful doubt ?  
 Up sprang Sir Carl—he caught her hand,  
 And drew her gently out ;  
 Yet, never on a purer pair  
 Than that bold knight and maiden fair  
 Did look the starry legions  
 Whose march is o'er Earth's regions !

Near, in the faint grey haze of morn  
 They saw the steed ;—the Ritter swung  
 His lovely burden up ; his horn  
 Around his neck he slung ;  
 Then lightly leaped, himself, behind,—  
 And swift sped both as Winter-wind,  
 Till Hochburg in the glimmer  
 Of dawn grew dim and dimmer.

But, ah !—even Ritter-love may fear  
 To breast the lion in his lair !  
 A menial in a chamber near  
 Had overheard the pair ;  
 And, hungering for such golden gains  
 As might requite his treacherous pains,  
 He sent out through the darkness  
 A shout of thrilling starkness.

“ What ho, Herr Baron ! Ho ! Halloh !  
 Up, up from sleep ! Out, out from bed !  
 Your child has fled to shame and woe  
 With one you hate and dread,—  
 The Ritter Carl of Wolfenhain !  
 They speed asteed o'er dale and plain—  
 Up, if you would recover  
 The lady from her lover !”

Whoop-hollow ! Whoop !—Through saal and hall,  
 Through court and fort and donjon-keep,  
 Eftsoons rang loud the Baron's call,  
 “ What ho !—Rouse, all, from sleep !

---

\* *Reichsbaron*, a Baron of the Empire.

Ho, Freiherr Vorst, up, up !—Must know  
The bride has hied to shame and woe  
With Carl the Wolfenhainer !  
Up ! Arm ! We must regain her !”

Swift speed the pair through Morning’s damp,  
When, hark !—what shouts teem down the wind ?  
Hark ! hark !—the thunderstamp and tramp  
Of horses’ hoofs behind !  
And, like a tempest, o’er the plain,  
Dashed Freiherr Vorst with trailing rein,  
And curses deep and bitter  
Upon the flying Ritter !

“ Halt, midnight robber ! Halt, I say,  
Thou burglar-thief of bone-and-blood !  
Halt, knave ! Thy felon corse ere day  
Shall serve the crow for food !—  
And thou, false woman !—by what right  
Art here ?—I tell thee that this flight  
Will henceforth, as a trumpet,  
Proclaim thee for a strumpet !”

“ Thou liest, Vorst of Pommerain !  
Thou liest in thy leprous throat !—  
Pure as yon moon in heaven from stain  
Is she on whom I doat !—  
—Sweet love !—I must dismount to teach  
The slanderous wretch discreeter speech—  
Down, thou who durst belie her !  
Down from thy steed, vile Freiherr !”

Ah ! then, I ween, did Gertrude feel  
Her sick heart sink with pain and dread—  
Meanwhile the foemen’s bare bright steel  
Flashed in the morning-red—  
With clash and crash, with flout and shout,  
Rang shrill the echoes round about,  
And clouds of dust rose thicker  
As clangerous blows fell quicker.

Like lightning’s wrath came down at length  
The Ritter’s broadsteel on his foe,  
And Vorst lay stripped of sword and strength ;  
When, oh—undreamt-of woe !  
The Baron’s wild moss-trooping train,  
Who, roused at midnight’s hour, had ta’en  
Brief time to arm and follow,  
Rode up with whoop and hollow !

Yet fear no ill to Ritter Carl !  
Hark ! *Trah-rah-rah !* he winds his horn,  
And ten score men in mailed apparel  
Sweep down through corn and thorn—  
“ So, Baron !—there !—How sayest thou now ?  
Ay ! frown again with darker brow,  
But these be my retainers,  
These iron Wolfenhainers !

“ Pause, ere thou leave true lovers lorn !  
 Remorse may wring thy soul too late !  
 Thy child and I long since have sworn  
 To share each other's fate :—  
 But, wilt thou part us,—wilt thou\* brave  
 Thy daughter's curse when in her grave,  
 So be it ! On !—I care not !  
 I, too, can slay and spare not !

“ Yet, hold !—one other course is thine,  
 A worthier course, a nobler choice—  
 Mayest blend thy daughter's weal with mine,  
 Mayest bid us both rejoice—  
 Give, Baron, give me Trudkin's hand !  
 Heaven's bounty gave me gold and land,  
 And Calumny can touch on  
 No blot in my escutcheon !”

Alas, poor Gertrude ! Who can tell  
 Her agony of hope and fear,  
 As, like a knell, each full word fell  
 Upon her anxious ear ?  
 She cast herself in tears to earth,  
 She wrang her hands till blood gushed forth,—†  
 She tried each fond entreaty  
 To move her sire to pity.

“ O, father, for the love of Heaven,  
 Have mercy on your child ! Forgive,  
 Even as you look to be forgiven !—  
 A guilty fugitive  
 I am not !—If I fled from one  
 Whom still I cannot chuse but shun  
 As ruffian-like and hateful,  
 Oh, call me not ungrateful !

“ Think, think how in my childhood's days  
 You used to take me on your knee,  
 And sing me old romantic lays,  
 Which yet are dear to me !  
 You called me then your hope, your pride ;  
 Oh, father, cast not now aside  
 Those hallowed recollections !  
 Crush not your child's affections !”

Oh, mighty Nature !—how at last  
 Thou conquerest all of Adam's race !—  
 The Baron turned away and passed  
 One hand across his face—  
 He felt his eyes grow moist and dim,  
 And tears were such a shame in him,  
 Whose glory lay in steeling  
 His bosom against Feeling !

\* *Viz. If thou wilt*, (according to the German idiom).

† “ *Sie rang die schönen Hände wund*,”—She wrang the fair hands *wounded*, i. e. until they were wounded. So also they say in Germany, “ *Er hat sich arm gebauet*,”—He has built himself poor, i. e. He has impoverished himself by building. This we notice here, merely as being a peculiarly condensed and forcible mode of expression.



But, all in vain !—a thousand spears  
Pierce in each word his daughter speaks—  
In vain !—the pent-up floods of years  
Roll down the warrior's cheeks ;  
And now he raises up his child,  
And kisses o'er and o'er her mild  
Pale face of angel-meekness !  
With all a father's weakness !

“ My child ! I may have seemed severe—  
Well, God forgive me—as I now  
Forgive thee also freely here  
All bypast faults !—And thou,  
My son, come hither !”—And the Knight  
Obeyed, all wonder and delight—  
“ Since love bears no repressing,  
Mayest have her,—with my blessing !

“ Why carry to a vain excess  
The enmities of Life's short span ?  
Forgiveness and Forgetfulness  
Are what Man owes to Man.  
What, though thy sire was long my foe,  
And wrought me Wrong,—since he lies low  
Where lie the Best and Bravest,  
Peace to him in his clay-vest !

“ Come !—all shall soon be well once more—  
For with our feuds, our cares will cease ;  
And Heaven has rich rewards in store  
For those who cherish Peace.  
Come, children !—this day ends our strife—  
Clasp hands !—There !—May your path of life  
Be henceforth strewn with roses !”—  
And here the ballad closes.

---

## GASPAR, THE PIRATE; A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.

## CHAPTER VIII.

TATA and Amanda, in keeping their look-out for Gaspar's vessel, had so often retraced their weary steps from the eminence already mentioned unsuccessful, that even expectation began to flag; and they continued to go on their fruitless errand as much from habit, as from entertaining any very lively hope of discovering the object of their mutual interest.

The delay and disappointment had, however, the effect of giving Amanda's love time to gain strength and develop itself: for, though "out of sight out of mind" is a saying that is as correct in point of fact, as it should in reason be, with respect to frivolous and superficial attachments, it by no means applies to those that rest upon a solid basis. Airy structures may be raised in love as well as in architecture and speculation; and such as are founded on the attractions that are derived from ringlets, smiles, complexion, and drapery, will necessarily be affected by all the accidents to which such fickle and changeable gear are liable. But not so with the love that takes its rise from the more stable source of personal qualifications, and the still more immutable qualities of the heart. This will stand the test of time, absence, or misfortune: nay, it will be even bound and cemented by them. For as it is the work of infinite wisdom and omnipotence, it as far surpasses all human structures in stability and perfection, as the hand that framed it does the hand of man.

Of this latter nature was Amanda's love, and as Tata, with the penetration of her sex in such matters, soon perceived her passion, she often alluded playfully to it during their walks. The subject was an agreeable one to both the ladies,—each in quest of a lover or husband; and the conversation, limited as it necessarily was from their ignorance of each other's language, generally turned to it, and by familiarising Amanda with it, prepared her for François's arrival and reception.

At length the welcome news arrived that a vessel was seen in the offing.

It was brought by a native, who, with less trouble and more luck than Tata and Amanda, had seen her in the distance, as early one morning he was preparing to go a fishing. The peculiarity of her rig soon proclaimed her Gaspar's; and in a few minutes the whole establishment presented a scene, that for bustle and running in opposite directions, might be best compared to a disturbed ant-hill; but to give an idea of the noise and vociferation of which, comparison is inadequate. The reception of a popular candidate at a Jamaica hustings perhaps comes nearest to it. But even the strange variety of the tones and notes uttered by our Sambos and Rosas of the West Indies on an occasion of such unwonted excitement and interest, does not produce so discordant a clamour as the hurra of a band of Malagache at the prospect of pleasure or excess.

The arrival of a vessel that should bring news of some dear individual long absent, is always hailed with the most heartfelt pleasure by expectant relatives and friends; and the eagerness with which their inquiries are prosecuted often point out to the indifferent spectator, the husband or wife, father, mother, brother or sister, as it may be, in search of the objects rendered respectively dear to them by consanguinity. But there is one to whom, without the incentive of relationship, such an event is fraught with as deep an interest,—to whom additional uncertainty imparts an anxiety so intense that her questions are but few, and those put with a diffidence that forms a strong contrast to the importunity of the others, who seem to think that they have a right to be troublesome:—it is the maid in love; and seeking assurance not only of the presence or safety of him on whom she has placed her affections, but of his entertaining a corresponding feeling for her.

Our two ladies were now examples in point of the foregoing cases. Im-

mediately on hearing the news, Tata jumped hastily from the mat where she had been sleeping, and throwing on her garments with the despatch that the nature of her costume (it being of the composite order of drapery, to wit, a convenient mixture of European, Indian, and Malagache) admitted of, she with difficulty prevailed on herself to wait for the completion of that of her not less anxious though more tardy companion. Little skilled in the practice of self-denial, impatience converted her haste into hurry; and her uneasiness to be gone made all her attempts to assist Amanda rather retard than advance her end. After many admonitions on her part to haste, and more mistakes than one would have supposed it possible to make and rectify in so short a time, they were, however, in a couple of minutes, with several other women, amidst a crowd of children huzzaing, and men going and returning, once more on their road to the eminence. By the time they had arrived at it, the vessel's hull was distinctly visible, and the sight of it greatly increased Tata's hilarity; but on Amanda it had rather a sedative effect; and as the great difference in their spirits rendered them for the time bad companions, Tata, sensible of the effect, though not perhaps aware of its cause, soon left her and joined the assembled crowd of her more conversible, and in that respect, better matched countrywomen.

This state of matters did not however continue long. The vessel advancing apace under favour of a fair wind, soon neared the reefs that lined the coast; and as Gaspar, well acquainted with it, was his own pilot, there was no delay; she entered the pass at once, and was for the time obscured from their sight by the winding, woody shores of the islands that lay before the bay. Numbers of canoes that had been put in requisition for the purpose, now prepared to shove off and meet her. And as all who could command the accommodation of one of them were in haste to avail themselves of it, Tata was soon on board one of them. She endeavoured to prevail on Amanda to accompany her; but as some cause that she could not account for withheld her, having little time for expostulation, she suffered the impatience of her boatmen to cover her own

hurry, and they accordingly shoved off, and left Amanda on the shore, almost alone and totally unheeded, amidst the general commotion and excitement that prevailed.

Here she walked about for some time, much agitated; till the recollection of former scenes and mishaps, crowding upon her bewildered memory, dreading the approach of her old tormentors, she returned to the house, and, with an aching head and anxious heart, there awaited Tata's return; when she expected that Gaspar's presence would be a protection to her; the consoling hope that François would accompany him being placed a little farther in perspective.

Very soon the vessel entered the bay; and advancing rapidly on its smooth surface towards her mooring-ground, with all her sails set, the great beauty of her appearance did not fail to strike Amanda's eye, and produce an exhilarating effect upon her spirits. One by one, as she advanced, her lofty sails were clewed up and furled; the less requisite amongst the lower ones were then stowed and disposed of: and the expanse of canvas being thus greatly diminished, her pace gradually slackened. The topsail yards were next seen sliding swiftly down along the masts; the sheets were let go; and had Amanda been better acquainted with seafaring matters, the rumbling of the cable round the windlass would have told her that the vessel had reached her resting-place.

She soon swung round to her anchor, and presenting her quarter to Amanda, she could now plainly distinguish François, with several others, disengaging the davit-tackle falls, in order to lower the boat into the water. She was quickly brought to the gangway, and Amanda's heart leaped with joy, as she saw François, Gaspar, and Tata, with many more than the boat could conveniently hold get into her, and push towards the shore. Forgetting for a while all her fears and anxiety, she hastened towards the beach to welcome them.

On the boat's touching the ground at the shallow margin of the bay, several of the sailors jumped into the water, and offered their services to carry their commander and Tata on shore. But Gaspar getting out himself, recommended Tata to their atten-

tion ; and advancing towards Amanda, shook her heartily by the hand, making the usual inquiries after health, &c.

"How have you been? how have you got on?" said he. "But here," he added, recollecting speedily what should be most agreeable to Amanda, and turning towards the others,—*"where's François?"*

François, who was amongst those that were assisting Tata, immediately answered to the call; and setting Tata down at the water's edge, he approached Amanda, and modestly and respectfully tendered his hand to her. It was received with a pleasure that was as apparent as the blush of satisfaction that immediately mantled on her cheek; and he proceeded, with due regard to politeness, but with some diffidence, to inquire after her health, and how she had passed her time in their absence. This respectful demeanour was, however, regarded with much ridicule by his rude companions, who first tittered, and then laughed outright.

"Well," said one of them, in the excess of his amusement, but somewhat aside, "if here ain't a reg'lar milksop——."

"Milksop," replied our old friend, Pedro, who happened to be amongst them, "he's not worth egg-broth. He hasn't got as much heart as a sapling. Why," said he to François, (a sort of manly indignation rising in his breast at conduct that he supposed to proceed from timidity or pusillanimity,) "why the devil don't you smouch her?"

This, however, only increased François's confusion; and as Amanda, alarmed at Pedro's uncouth language and gestures, was turning to walk away; "here," said he, "damn me, I'll do it for you:" and advancing on the spur of the moment, towards Amanda, he rudely laid hands on her, and was about to carry his threat into effect.

But, like many another ruffian, he had mistaken his man, and he had yet to learn that modesty and diffidence by no means prognosticate cowardice or want of spirit in their possessor.

"No you won't," said François, in a more determined tone than he had ever perhaps before heard him speak; and grasped him firmly by the shirt collar,

the moment he perceived his hand touch Amanda. "Come, hands off," said he; "hands off, I tell you," he repeated, as Pedro persisted in his attempt on the struggling girl; and dragging him backwards, with a force that must have satisfied him that none of the watery mixtures that had just been mentioned by him entered into the composition of his arm, he stretched him on his back on the ground.

The disappointed ruffian gathered himself up, and opening, as he rose, a clasp knife, that suspended by a lanyard from his neck, was secured in the waistband of his trowsers, he made a pass at François with it. With the malignity that distinguishes the assassin from the man acting under the impulse of momentary passion, he aimed his blow at a vital part, and stabbing François in the neck, he inflicted a severe wound from whence the blood gushed copiously forth. Tata and Amanda screamed, and, throwing themselves upon François, protected him for the time from further assault; and Gaspar, who was a little in advance on his way to the settlement, hearing them, turned round, and seeing the commotion returned hastily towards them. Perceiving the blood as he neared them, he drew a pistol from his belt, where he kept a couple of them ready for any emergency, and cocking it mechanically as he advanced, it had a surprisingly quieting effect on all present. Tata explained what had happened, at the same time that she applied herself to staunching the blood, which was more easily done than they had at first supposed, the point of the knife having fortunately missed the great veins towards which it had been directed: and Gaspar, glad to find matters no worse, contented himself with abusing Pedro pretty freely; and declaring with an oath, a weapon that he made use of only on momentous occasions, that he should pay for his misdemeanour. François was then conveyed to Gaspar's house, where, in the regular course of things, he should have lingered long, and suffered severe pain from so dangerous a wound. But then, François was an exception to all rule; and as he was a pirate without guilt, and a lover without hope, it is not difficult to suppose that he may have contrived to derive gratification in some

way from being sick. The truth, however, must be told, no matter how strange it may appear. The most exquisite pleasure that he had ever experienced awaited him, namely, that of being assiduously attended by the woman he had loved, suffered and bled for. Under the hands of an experienced Malagache surgeon, and such a nursetender, his sufferings were neither severe nor protracted, and he was soon in a fair way of recovery, and in possession of a good pretext for enjoying the society of his mistress.

In the mean time the rejoicings for Gaspar's return went on as before. He had brought home a rich booty and an accession of hands ; and with them of course came an augmentation of excess. The night was spent in riot and debauchery, and such of the men as were in a state to do duty after its drunkenness and dissipation, were engaged during the day in effecting new changes in the vessel's rigging, that Gaspar deemed conducive to her better sailing and appointment. François was, however, as yet exempt, on account of his wound, from the performance of duty ; and when he began to recover he usually walked out with Tata and Amanda, and sometimes with the latter alone, into the neighbouring woods, where the thick foliage protected them from the powerful rays of the sun.

These were his happiest days. With Amanda for a companion, and the assurance that it gave her pleasure to bear him company, he could have lived content any where but where they were ; and his thoughts were continually wandering, but in vain, in search of some opening for effecting her delivery from such a revolting thralldom. Their conversation, when alone, often turned to the subject ; but as François saw not only the impossibility of effecting it for the time, but the certain ruin that would follow its being unsuccessfully attempted, he always advised Amanda to endure with patience, what it was not in their power to alter, and, making the best of a bad matter, to wait some favourable opportunity, that time or chance might throw in their way. In the prudence of this advice Amanda at length acquiesced, and that topic of conversation being for the time disposed of, she,

for want of any other, one day asked him for an account of his late cruise.

François had always avoided this subject ; for though there was nothing disgraceful to him in being compelled to consort with the companions amongst whom his bad fortune had thrown him, he was unwilling to add to Amanda's uneasiness by a detail of the truth ; and his talent did not lie in inventing a plausible falsehood. His reluctance to enter into particulars about it did not escape her notice, and her curiosity being thereby raised, he yielded to her importunity : and as they wended their way leisurely through the shady paths of the wood, he gave her the account of their cruise as she desired, nearly verbatim as follows :—

#### GASPAR'S CRUISE.

" Well, you remember the day we left : I know I shan't forget it in haste," said François.

" Why ?" asked Amanda. For not giving François credit for the full amount of affection he had borne her at the time, she was not quite aware that their parting had been attended with perhaps even more pain to François than to herself.

" Why, you looked so very sad that really it was enough to impress it on my memory," said he. He might indeed, with perfect correctness, have substituted for the word " sad," " wretched," or " miserable." But François was Amanda's inferior in every thing but personal endowments ; and aware of it, and also not ashamed to acknowledge it, he was consequently cautious of assuming that she had been very wretched at the prospect of his departure.

" Oh," said Amanda, rather affecting surprise, and not caring much to conceal her affectation neither, " I think I had some reason."

Reason she certainly had plenty, quite independent of any regret she might have felt for François's departure. So, without making any comment on her reply, or seeking any further explanation of the word, he proceeded :—

" After we had got through the pass, and the canoes and women had left us, we stood right out to sea all that day, and at nightfall we changed



our course to east, north-east, or thereabouts."

"And where's that?" interrupted Amanda, whose education, like that of most creoles, had been much neglected; so much so, indeed, that she no more understood the meaning of this simple technical term than, or probably not so well, as a fair lady of our own country, in the present day, would understand some abstruse astronomical problem, were it propounded to her.

"Oh," said François, "it's a point of the compass,—the direction we were steering in."

"Oh, I see," said Amanda; "go on."

"How long we kept on in that course I don't know," he continued. "I think three or four weeks at least."

"And where were you going?" interrupted Amanda.

"That's more than I can tell," said François.

"Well, what were you doing all the time, then?"

"Nothing indeed," said he, "except to sail the ship, and keep a look-out: we had nothing to do but eat, drink, and sleep; and fight a little, I might add—and blackguard a good deal too: and I believe that was the sum-total of our occupation."

"And who were you fighting with?" asked Amanda, who had naturally enough fallen into the error of supposing that François had mentioned fighting with reference to warlike operations.

"Oh," said François, "amongst ourselves. Having little to do, that's of ship's duty, we were obliged to employ ourselves in some way—drinking, or gambling, or something of the kind. The devil generally finds something to do for those that he finds idle. I know, a day seldom passed without a fight—a regular one; not to say any thing of the continual wrangling that was going on; for when there are three or four such gentlemen as master Pedro on board a ship, it's not very easy to keep from quarrelling with them."

This was spoken with something like an allusion to himself personally; and so indeed Amanda understood it. "Had you any other quarrel with him?" said she, speaking in reference to the two that he had had with Pedro on her own account.

*VOL. XIX.—No. 110.*

"No," said François, "not with him: we were very near having one about our turn at the wheel, the day after we sailed; but Gaspar interfered; and as I always did my best to keep clear of him, I suppose he thought it was the best of his play to me alone."

"With whom then?" said Amanda.

"Oh, with that fellow they call the boatswain," replied François.

"And what was it about?" asked Amanda.

"Nonsense, indeed," said François. "It was his look-out."

"What do you mean by the look-out?" interrupted Amanda.

"The look-out," repeated François, and he hesitated; for in explaining the term, he was about to throw a new light upon Amanda, that must, he knew, present his occupation to her in its darkest colours. "The look-out for vessels—we were looking for a vessel to rob—you mustn't forget that," said he.

Amanda opened her eyes at the intelligence; for though she must have been sufficiently aware that that was the object of Gaspar's cruise, it had never been in a manner so forced on her consideration before.

"And as you can see farther from the mast-head," he continued, "than off deck, there was always one hand aloft watching for vessels. We took it by turns—each two hours at the main-top-gallant mast-head: and notwithstanding there was so little to do, they were always trying to avoid it—for we had plenty of lazy fellows, as well as quarrelsome ones on board," said he, pausing to catch the thread of his story. "Well, it was this boatswain's turn one day to take the look-out, and he tried to put it on me; but I wouldn't stand it. He tried it on, as the saying is, but it wouldn't fit. So he was obliged to go aloft, grumbling and swearing as he went, that Gaspar always favoured me; for Gaspar had heard us arguing, and he had decided against him."

"While he was aloft, I happened to set about washing myself. I had drawn a bucket of water, and taken off my shirt; and I was scrubbing away at my head and face, to leeward in the waist, just underneath him; for the vessel was leaning over a little to a light air, when I saw two or

three great spits, asking your pardon, fall from time to time on the deck around me. It didn't strike me at first where they were coming from—indeed I hardly noticed them—till seeing so many of them come one after another, and recollecting that this fellow was vexed at not having succeeded in his attempt to pawn his look-out on me, I bethought me that he was trying to revenge himself on me by bedaubing me as I washed myself. So I drew back two or three steps towards the windlass, and looked up at him, rather angrily, as you may suppose. When he saw me look up, he knew that I suspected him: so he pretended to be looking very intently at something in the distance; as if he was quite innocent of the whole transaction, you know.

“‘Hallo, shipmate,’ said I, ‘I’d thank you to find some other amusement.’

“‘Are you speaking to me?’ said he angrily, looking down, and still keeping up the pretence of being unconscious of what had happened.

“‘Do you suppose,’ said I, ‘that I’m speaking to the top-gallant cross-trees, or the royal yard?’ for he was standing on the cross-trees, leaning over the yard, as it was lowered down on the lifts, half-mast high, for the convenience of the look-out leaning on it: for you see when we were cruising we didn’t want to carry any great press of sail.”

“Well, François,” said Amanda, good-humouredly, though evidently impatient at so much technical detail, “I really believe you want to make a sailor of me.”

“That would be a pity,” said François, in compliment to Amanda. The highest, perhaps indeed the first compliment that he had ever ventured to pay her.

“‘Well, if you don’t belay some of that slack-jaw of yours,’ said he, ‘I’ll come down and do it for you.’

“‘It’s not worth your while,’ said I; ‘you’d better stay and mind your look-out.’

“‘I’ll let you see that,’ said he: and he started down the rigging in such a hurry, that stepping down two or three ratlins at a time, he missed his foot, and was very near coming down head foremost.

“Some of the hands on deck burst

out laughing at him; and I really couldn’t help joining with them, though it was likely to be somewhat at my own expense; for he was in such a passion at the ridiculous figure he cut, that he was coming down cursing and swearing what he wouldn’t do to me. I kept my eye on him, however, and as he jumped from the bulwark on deck, and made right towards me, I lifted a nine-pound shot from the rack at the foot of the main-mast, and stood in a threatening posture, holding it up in my hand, to let him see that I was prepared for him. This caused him to pause; and dodging up to windward of him, I made for the companion, where there was a stand of cutlasses. As I snatched one of them out, I called down the companion to Gaspar, for he was below in the cabbin.

“‘Hallo, sir,’ said I, ‘you’re wanting here.’

“‘Coward,’ cried two or three that were near.

“‘No coward,’ said I, ‘but I’d like a little fair play as well as any one.’

“‘Fair play you shall have,’ said Gaspar, who came running up the ladder at the moment.

“I told him the rights and wrongs of what had happened; and the other contradicted me and challenged me to fight. And of course I couldn’t refuse him: so we were soon placed opposite each other, with each a cutlass, and all hands ranged to see the fun. We tossed-up for the weather-side of the deck, and he got it; and after a few feints and passes, he made a swinging blow at me, and the point of his cutlass cut through my trowsers, just above the knee, and gave me a slight wound, that bled pretty freely.

“‘Come,’ said Gaspar, stepping between us, ‘that’ll do, you’ve drawn blood; so let it rest.’

“‘I’ll be damned, if I let it rest,’ said I; for the sight of my blood made me angry, when I thought how little I had provoked the quarrel.

“‘My brave young fellow,’ said Gaspar, sneeringly, ‘not so fast:’ at the same time making a movement towards me, ‘give me that,’ said he, taking hold of my cutlass; and, to say truth, I did not attempt to refuse it, for he has an authoritative way about him, give him his due.

“‘You’re a pretty pair of fellows,

cutting your own throats; are n't you? said he, addressing us both: 'a nice pair of fools, fighting, all for love: I suppose you don't care a curse about money,' he continued, assuming a bantering tone, that was best suited, indeed, to the occasion. 'I'll thank you both,' he added more sternly, 'to keep your courage till I want it; and, indeed,' said he, looking round at those that had assembled, 'I have the same to say to you all; for, by heavens, I shall have to make an example, if such quarrelling, like children, goes on: fighting about straws. What business had you quitting your look-out?' said he, addressing himself particularly to the other.

"And, what business had he aggravating me?" he answered; but, at the same time retreating towards the rigging, and preparing to ascend to the post he had left, as the best apology for his neglect of duty—and so it ended. Gaspar went below, when he saw all quiet. He gave me a bit of plaister and a bandage for my leg, with some advice as usual, very good, no doubt: and as for the boatswain, whether his conscience smote him when his passion cooled; or what is more probable, that his vanity was tickled at my coming off second best, he came in the evening and offered to shake hands with me, and we made it up, and have been the best of good friends ever since, as you might have remarked, perhaps."

"Well, and your wound," said Amanda.

"Oh, it was a mere scratch, it healed directly," said François. "A few days after we fell in with a vessel: she was to leeward, and we bore down on her. When we came near her she hoisted Portuguese colours; and, as she was a poor little brig, they lowered the quarter boat, and pulled aboard her at once.

"A terrible fright they were in, poor devils! When we came along side her, they had the accommodation ladder all ready at the gangway, and two or three fellows as officious as you please; one standing by with a rope to heave to the boat, and two more, one at each side of the gangway, with a hold of the manropes, dangling them out for Gaspar to lay hold of. One dirty scoundrel, if you could have heard him, rating the other for not

swinging the manrope handsomely into Gaspar's hand at once, and paying him as much respect as if he had been the captain of a ship of the line. It was, 'captain, will you this,' and 'captain, shall I that,' wherever he could manage to squeeze in the word, captain—I think, he must have captained him to his heart's content."

"Well, and how did Gaspar receive his civility?" asked Amanda.

"Oh, just as if it was all his due, and what he'd been always accustomed to. He laid hold of the manropes, and jumped up first upon the deck, bidding me follow him. When we got on deck, the master of the brig was standing near the capstan, looking not very well pleased, you may be sure, for he knew well enough what we were, and he'd evidently not quite made up his mind how he should receive us; so he made a kind of stiff half bow to Gaspar, that only put him in an ill humour; so Gaspar walked up to him, and struck his hat a blow with his cutlass, saying, 'take off your hat, sir, or I'll do it for you,' as the hat fell on the deck. 'That's right,' said some of the others that had followed us up, 'teach him manners, since he doesn't know them.'

"It brought the poor fellow to his senses, at all events; and if it did n't improve his manners, it showed him that he must knuckle under, which he very quickly did."

"Well, and what did you do next?" asked Amanda, much alarmed.

"Gaspar stationed some of ours on the quarter-deck, and bid the captain show him the way down to the cabin. He led the way at once; and after Gaspar had looked about him a little, he asked him what money he had. He said he had some, without any hesitation; and Gaspar desired him to give it to him. He then went to a private drawer in his own state room, and taking out several small bags of coin, gold and silver, he gave them to Gaspar, along with a few trinkets and precious stones of less value.

"And is that all?" said Gaspar to him.

"That's all," he replied, 'I swear;' for he evidently spoke but little French.

"Oh, I believe you, I wouldn't doubt your oath, on any account," said Gaspar, facetiously, at the same

time looking about in quest of some likely place for something to be concealed in.

"The fellow that had been so civil and cringing at the gangway, had followed us down, in the meantime, with the intention of volunteering his services, or information, in case he had an opportunity, or they should be required ; and now was his time.

" 'I saw him going down into the lazarette with something, just before you came on board,' said he, as he stood in the cuddy-door watching what was going on.

" 'You did?' said two or three, at once, eagerly.

" 'I did, by ——,' said he.

"His captain gave him a contemptuous look, that might have satisfied any one that the fellow was telling a lie, but it was of no use ; the suspicion that there was a shadow of a chance that he might be secreting something, was enough for the blood-thirsty hounds—that you could see by their looks : but they didn't keep him long in suspense—Pedro was the first to speak, as usual—

" 'Come, hand it out,' said he, advancing and striking him a sharp blow across the face with the flat of his cutlass, but so carelessly, that the edge of it inflicted a skin wound from his eye to his jaw—"Hand out the rest, or by jingo, we'll make you eat a slice of your own liver before we part.'

"Up to this time, the poor fellow had evidently had no idea that his life and ship wouldn't have been spared him, but now he began to see what he was to expect. He put his hand up to his face, as he felt the blood trickling down it, and leaning back against the bulkhead,\* he stood silent, and, as it appeared to me, prepared for the worst that might follow. He had no arms about him, or I rather think he wouldn't have taken it so quietly, for he had the look of a fellow that could have died like a man.

" 'You'd better give up all at once,' said Gaspar to him ; 'it'll be the best of your play,' he added, assuming more of the brute than, I believe, belongs to him.

" 'I have no more to give,' said he firmly.

" 'It's a damned lie,' said Pedro, 'he has, I know,' said he, turning to the others.

" 'Shall we put the screws on,'† suggested another, as the man remained silent and unmoved.

" 'Ay do,' said Gaspar, and two of them immediately seizing hold of his arms, wrenched them violently behind him ; while Pedro throwing down his cutlass, opened his knife—the very one, I believe, that he stabbed me with the other day—and laying hold of the top of the man's ear with his left hand, he sliced the whole lobe of it adroitly off.

" 'Will you speak now?' said he, holding it up close before his eyes. Oh ! the look of anguish of the poor fellow, as he looked at his ear dangling before him. As yet he'd kept his temper and self-possession, but now in a passionate tone of distress, that might have drawn pity, one would think, from a stone, he cried out—

" 'Take my life at once, do !'

"But the ruffians heeded it but little.

" 'Not just yet,' said they, as they made his arms fast behind him ; and, at the same time, Pedro whipped off his other ear, as he had done the first. The poor fellow gave a piercing shriek of agony, and his head fell aside upon his shoulder !"

"Was he dead?" said Amanda, who was in tears at the recital.

" 'No, he had only gone into a sort of faint,' replied François ; 'but at the sound of his cry a rustling was heard in one of the lockers, and the lid of it rising, we saw the clothes of a woman endeavouring to extricate herself from it.

" 'Hallo !' said Gaspar, going over towards the locker, 'what have we here?'

" 'Oh, that's madame,' said the same scoundrel that had spoken before, that fellow that they have nicknamed Suffren ; he with the abominable wall eye, that you must have seen."

"I know him," replied Amanda ; "go on ; do, François."

"Well, this was too much for Gaspar, I believe, to do him justice."

\* Bulkhead is the marine term for any partition between two apartments.

† Putting the screws on is a cant term for applying any kind of torture.

"To do him justice, the wretch," replied Amanda.

"Well, to give the devil his due then," said François—"He sat down on the locker, evidently disconcerted, and bid them to take the captain away, for that he believed he had no more money. The others soon got him up on deck, and I saw no more of him."

"Well, and the woman," said Amanda, in breathless anxiety, as François paused; but still, not daring to hazard any particular inquiry about her.

"When they were all clear out of the cabin, and hard enough it was to get them out when their curiosity was roused, Gaspar got up off the locker and took her out more dead than alive—poor thing! she made an attempt to go on deck, but Gaspar prevented her, and told her to be quiet, and that nothing should happen her—of course, she did not understand him, unless she might have guessed what he meant; for she was an Indian woman, or rather a mulatress, indeed, I believe, and couldn't speak a word of French: she was a beautiful creature too, very like my own poor mother, but younger."

"Here François seemed rather unmindful of the thread of his story.

"Well, and what became of her, François?" inquired Amanda, earnestly; for she had been rather disgusted at, than interested in, the account of so much brutality, till the appearance of one of her own sex, on the stage, in a predicament too, so like what she had been involved in so lately herself, awakened all her sympathy.

"When she found she couldn't get on deck," said François, resuming after a considerable pause, "she darted into the captain's cabin, and flung herself down on her face on his bed; then Gaspar collected all the bags of money, and gave them to me to keep. He desired me to stand in the cuddy-door, and not to let her out, nor any one in, till he returned; and then he went on deck."

"Well, and what did you do when he was gone?" asked Amanda; who, in her anxiety to learn the poor woman's fate, heedless of the reluctance that François manifested in proceeding with his narrative, was obliged, as it were, to extract it paragraph by paragraph from him.

"I did nothing, indeed," said François; "for what could I do? the poor woman never raised her face from the bed; and as I didn't know her language, I couldn't speak to her; and to have interfered with her or disturbed her would have been of no use; so I just did as Gaspar desired me, and he soon came back with the rest. They then got a lighted lamp and went down into the lazarette to look for the money that they supposed the captain had secreted, but they could n't find any; so they came up and got the manifest, to see what cargo there was on board.

"As it happened, there was but little of any thing. The vessel was almost in ballast going to the Persian Gulf, and the money we had got, was intended to purchase a cargo for her; so they got up whatever was of any use to us, along with her stores and provisions, and sent them on board our vessel, and then they scuttled her."

"What do you mean by 'scuttled her?'" asked Amanda, in an anxious tone of voice, sufficiently indicative that she had some undefined idea that the term had reference to some ill treatment of the unfortunate woman.

"Ah! I thought you'd want that word explained," replied François, "and, indeed, I was going to do it for you, but that I was afraid of coming in for a repetition of that foul charge you brought against me, just now."

"What charge?" asked Amanda.

"That of wishing to see you clad in tarry breeks," replied François, archly.

"Ah, well, François," said Amanda, "really I'm not in a humour for joking—there's a time for all things."

"Well, to say the truth, neither am I," he replied; "for I never think of the poor woman but with the greatest regret; and, though you'll hardly believe it perhaps, I can assure you, that when you have shed as many tears over her fate as I have, it'll greatly contribute to dry up the fountain of your grief."

This last apostrophe of François increased Amanda's anxiety to hear the conclusion of the woman's history, and learn what the fate, that could have touched him so sensibly, was, to such a degree, that she could only intimate her wish, to that effect, by



an impatient gesture and significant look; which, François observing, proceeded—

“To scuttle a ship is to bore holes in her hull, any where below her water-line, so that the water from without rushing in may fill her: then, if she has got a heavy cargo on board, or even if she's built of heavy timber, she sinks. The brig was built of teak, so that with her ballast she soon sank.”

“And the poor woman was drowned!” said Amanda.

“No-o!” said François.

“And, why then didn't you bring her here?” inquired Amanda, impatiently; “what became of her?”

“I'm thinking how I shall tell you; or, indeed, whether I should tell you at all or not.”

“Ah, you must, François—do go on,” said Amanda.

It had been François's intention, when he began to relate to Amanda this account of Gaspar's cruise, to have concealed from her the worst part of what had befallen the unfortunate woman, the captain's wife, judging it unfit for her ear, as it was only calculated to add to the uneasiness that he knew she must necessarily feel, in the fearful predicament in which she was involved. But the difficulty that deponents have ever found in telling a part of the truth, and suppressing the rest, by substituting in its stead a plausible falsehood, here beset him. He had been insensibly drawn on to disclose so many of the concomitant circumstances of the case, that he now found it impossible to adhere to his original determination, of separating the catastrophe of the brig and her crew from that of the captain's wife, and giving the veritable account of the former, while he metamorphosed, or in a great measure suppressed the latter. As the deep interest that Amanda was taking in his narrative as he advanced, showed him, that she would not fail to detect any attempt he might make, to palm on her an invention of his own for facts: and to have broken off his story abruptly, now that he had excited her curiosity to such a pitch, would have been attended with

nearly equal difficulty—and thus he was constrained to proceed.

“As soon as they had ascertained that there was nothing more worth taking on board, and, in fact, disposed of all business, they began to think of pleasure, you may be sure. So, while the vessel was filling, they all went down into the cabin to take a glass of grog, and enjoy themselves on the strength of the success of their first attempt. They were very cockahoop and uproarious—all the worse for the poor woman, for they didn't forget her in their cups, and she was soon brought up for sentence. Gaspar was for bringing her here, and so they all were, but each claimed her for himself, and at last they agreed to cast lots for her: so Gaspar took out a dollar from one of the money bags, and they tossed up who should have her, and Antonio got her, but she refused to go with him or leave the berth; and even when the water had risen above the cabin floor, she persisted in staying; so Antonio was preparing to make fast her hands, and take her away by force, when Suffren came to his assistance, and told him that if he'd leave her to him, he'd get her along; and as Antonio was a little puzzled how to manage with her, he was glad to accept his offer; and the way the brute took with her was in keeping with the part he had played already.

“He understood her language, and he told her that her husband had been sent on board our vessel, bound hand and foot, because he had resisted; and that if she didn't go quietly, we'd do the same with her.”

“Then her husband was on board your ship?” said Amanda.

“Oh, no!” said François, “they had thrown him over-board when they took him up from the cabin—it was all but a device to get her to go, without giving them trouble—and it succeeded too; for she got up and went fast enough, poor thing, when she thought she was following her husband. Suffren supported her to the gangway, and he was helping her up on the rail, that she might go down the accommodation-ladder into the boat, when some lascars,\* that had

---

\* Lascars are Indians of a low cast, who gain a livelihood chiefly by following the sea, for they are hardly worthy the name of sailors, not being competent to discharge all the duties of a seaman; but they ship on board vessels, bound even

been squatting down, forward, so as to escape observation, saw her going over the side. I suppose they didn't know that the vessel had been scuttled, and the danger they were in. They likely thought, that having taken all that was of use to us, we were going to leave the vessel to them to take their chance in her; at all events, they came aft towards the gangway, crouching and making their salaams to us, endeavouring to get a chance to wish her good-by; for she was a country woman of theirs, probably of some low cast, like themselves—but they paid dearly for their good nature—the poor fellows could not have chosen a more unlucky moment for showing themselves, though, indeed, it was, in a manner, all the same; for, of course, they'd have been drowned whenever the brig went down.

“However, be that as it may, the poor old sarrang,\* in his haste to take leave of the captain's wife, came, without much ceremony, close up to Pedro, as he stood near the gangway; and he was in an abominable bad humour at the time, at having lost his chance of the woman; and, as he never gets over a fit of ill temper till he's spit his spite upon some one, the unfortunate old man just came opportunely to make a butt for him.

“Why don't you make a salaam to a gentleman when you meet him?” said he to him gruffly, in French, a word of which, he knew well, that he didn't understand.

“The man made him no reply, of course; how should he, when he had not noticed the question that was put to him. But Pedro was longing to be down on him; I could see his white liver curd'ling, for I was watching him. He paused for a moment, while he racked his invention, I suppose, and then, as if he'd found what he'd been at a loss for, he turned round

and called over the side to Gaspar, who was in the boat beneath.”

“‘What shall we do with these pork-haters?’† said he; ‘it's not right to leave them here after us.’

“‘I don't know,’ replied Gaspar, ‘you may make bacon of them if you please.’

“‘I haven't quite time for that,’ replied Pedro; ‘but, I suppose, it'll do as well to make pork of them,’ he added facetiously.

“‘Ay, or dead pig; any thing you like,’ said Gaspar, ‘so you're quick about it,’ for he was in haste to be gone. So without more to do, Pedro discharged his pistol at the old Sarrang's head. The old man fell instantly, and the lascars collected round him wringing their hands in despair; for these lascars look up to their sarrang with a reverence little short of veneration. Antonio happened to be standing by at the time, and the high spirits that he was in made him as wantonly cruel as Pedro's ill humour had made him; so he was just preparing to despatch another of them in the same manner, when Pedro prevented him, telling him not to waste powder; and then after a little preparatory explanation from him how they were to proceed, they lifted the dead body between them, and hove it over board, and the remainder of the unfortunate lascars raised a piteous cry, and immediately jumped overboard after it.”

As when the tempest has attained to such a height that the mariner appalled by its fury, and conscious of his inability to oppose its career, stands passive and resigned, surveying its ravages, as though he were an unconcerned spectator of the wreck that it's making of his hopes; so at the recital of this devilish deed, did Amanda stand as if transfixed, without even the power to express the horror she felt at it; and François,

to Europe, in gangs of from four to twenty and upwards, as pulley-hawkes, and to do the fatigue duty, while Sucasies, or European sailors, steer the ship, mend the sails, and repair the rigging, &c.

\* Every gang of Lascars is commanded by a sarrang, an experienced old hand, who, while he discharges the duties of a boatswain, and interprets the orders of the officer of the watch to his countrymen, exercises an almost absolute authority over them, shipping them on board any vessel that he pleases, and transacting their money matters, &c. The responsibility of his duties makes him a person of considerable importance.

† The Lascars are Mussulmen.

after a moment's pause hastened to conclude his story.

"This was, I may say, the finishing stroke ; for what became of the mates, and the rest of the crew, I don't know, for I never asked ; though from some joking that I heard afterwards about the game way, as they called it, that the mate behaved, I suppose they were despatched when Gaspar and the rest left me in the cabin."

By this time Amanda had recovered sufficiently from the startling effect of the account of the savage treatment that the lascars had received, to revert to former recollections.

"Well, but François," said she, "you haven't told me how the poor woman fared ; of course, I suppose, she was murdered in cold blood, like the harmless lascars : but tell me—go on. I'm prepared for any thing you can tell me now : " and taking advantage of a prostrate tree that supplied her very seasonably with a seat ; excited and weary as she was, she nerved herself against whatever might be still in reserve.

"She was not murdered," said François, "but I believe, being murdered would have been a preferable end to hers, for she was compelled to become her own executioner. As soon as we got on board our own vessel, Antonio took charge of her himself, and after dogging her about the deck, forcing his attentions and kindness on the distracted woman, till she was nearly in hysterics between his tormenting her, and not finding her husband as she expected ; Gaspar told him that he must get her below, for he could see plainly that other greedy eyes began to be directed towards her. So Antonio and Suffren between them persuaded her, with a good deal to do, to go down into the half deck, still under pretence of taking her to her husband ; and I saw no more of her till near midnight. It was my watch on deck, and I was walking to leeward in the waist, when I heard a wild scream from the half-deck, and presently after I saw some one struggling to get up the ladder. It was the poor woman, and Antonio was holding on by her clothes below, but she tore from him, and rushed down to leeward. I ran towards her, for I guessed that she was going to throw

herself overboard, or make some desperate attempt on her life. But I was too late, for she struck with such force against the low bulwark, that what with her own good will, and the violence of the blow, she was precipitated over it. I caught hold of the skirt of her simar just as she was capsizing, but it was not strong enough to bring her up, and a large piece of it tore off and remained in my hand : and in truth I believe it was just as well that I was not able to prevent her.

"And now," he added, having stolen a look at Amanda's face, and judging from the mixture of sad and stern that entered exclusively into the expression of it, that her curiosity was as thoroughly satiated, as he was himself tired of the subject,—“I believe you've heard all that I know worth relating ; for we cruised only a few days longer, and falling in with nothing we returned home direct : we stopped indeed at the Seychelles to get some water, but that detained us only one tide."

Amanda's curiosity was in truth more than satisfied ; for ere François had concluded, the indignation that she had been for some time suppressing, had wound her feelings up to such a pitch, that had it not been for a considerable amount of anxiety that the refreshing he had given her memory superinduced about her own precarious position among the perpetrators of such diabolical acts, she would most probably have interrupted him by some of the exterior tokens of passion. As it was, she was, to use a homely but expressive phrase, boiling with indignation.

I must here remind the reader that though Amanda, situated and circumstanced as she was, was sufficiently aware that robbery, violence, and murder are inseparable from the avocations of pirates, yet notwithstanding, many circumstances had hitherto conspired to prevent her from regarding Gaspar and his companions (a few of them excepted) with all the dread and abhorrence that a timid and high-minded female might be expected to feel for men following so abominable a calling. First amongst these causes may be enumerated, the kindness shown her by Gaspar, on the seizure of the *Lechim*, and subsequently ; and cer-

tainly not last, the fact that François was one of his companions. That he was so against his will was not forgotten neither: still he *was* the companion of the man, who, considering the means of annoyance in his power, had uniformly treated her with much consideration. Add to these, that Tata, her bosom friend and benefactress, was Gaspar's wife; and if the effect, that all these contingencies would be likely to produce on a kind and grateful disposition, be duly considered, it will not appear surprising that Amanda should rather have inclined to note any saving points in Gaspar's character, than to form a correct estimate of the utter depravity that must be involved in the habitual exercise of a nefarious employment like his.

But now, when, if I may be permitted the expression, she heard in sober sadness from François the previous detail, concluding with an account of Gaspar's having acquiesced in such an unworthy advantage, to say no more of it, taken of the helplessness of her sex, she could not contain the resentment that she felt, and resolving in her virtuous indignation to take François to a severe account for such laxity of principle as was implied in his being carried *nolens volens* to a scene of violence and bloodshed, she scarcely waited for the conclusion of his account, when she demanded of him, "and how can you possibly advise me to remain for a moment in such a place?"

"I really," said François, "do not advise you, nor any person to stay in it; on the contrary, I would advise you by all means to leave it as soon as you can."

"Then why not," said she, "fly this moment; what's to prevent us? I'll do any thing, bear any thing rather than remain amongst such men."

"Oh," said François, "that would be worse than useless. You've seen already how the carpenter fared for trying it. I should have been with him too," he added pensively, "if it hadn't been for you."

"Then do you mean to say," said Amanda, in great indignation, "that it's I that prevent your going?"

"No, by no means," said François; "but as I make no doubt that I owe you my life on that account, I'm

bound to stay and see you clear of them."

"Oh," said Amanda, much softened by perceiving the drift of his remark, "then you mean that it's for my sake,—on my account that you're staying."

"I mean," said François, who felt himself in some degree bound to repair the wrong that his character had sustained in Amanda's estimation, "that but for knowing that I should leave you at their mercy, I should long since have jumped overboard, or at all events have attempted my escape at any risk."

There is a stage in love affairs, when dalliance must give place to an explicit avowal of sentiment, and an understanding between the parties, of necessity, follows. François's and Amanda's mutual attachment had been long fostered in secret, for want of an opportunity of avowing it: the inferiority of François's condition, and a certain delicacy that Amanda's state of dependance on him, pointed out, having prevented his making the advances to her that would have been the province of his sex under more favourable circumstances: and *she* was of course withheld by womanly pride from deviating from the course that propriety has in such matters laid down.

But chance, or the current of events so often confounded with it, had surmounted these obstacles, and the crisis that I have mentioned was arrived. François's noble generosity was too apparent: and, as Amanda sat contemplating it beside him, her momentary anger resolving itself into gratitude; her eyes filled with tears, that it became necessary to hide; and there was no place so convenient for the purpose as his breast: she fell on it, and in so doing, confessed what maiden modesty forbade her tongue to speak.

But recollecting herself almost immediately, she deemed it necessary to offer an apology for the liberty she had taken—not to François, but to herself.

"I believe," said she, "I wronged you, François—I certainly was wrong," she added.

François, however, required no such apology; nor had he any idea of losing the advantage that he had so fairly gained; and though his astonishment was only exceeded by his

delight, he replied with becoming gallantry, as he pressed her to his bosom,

"Indeed you have not wronged me; or I should rather perhaps say, wrong me as often as you please in this way. Wronged me!" he continued, in a tone of ecstasy; "I could almost forgive Gaspar all the wrongs he's done us both, for this one consequence of them."

Amanda had, however, by this time regained her self-possession; and the mention of Gaspar's name with so favourable an apostrophe, recalled in some degree the angry feelings that had subsided.

"François," said she, as she withdrew herself from his arms, "it would be vain for me to attempt to hide what you must see plainly; but if you love me, or value my love, leave this place; I'll do any thing; I'll bear any thing, as I said before, only let us leave this odious place."

But there was something in this short speech that had arrested François's attention more than the end to which it tended. There was a direct avowal of love from Amanda's own lips, and a sort of indirect questioning of the state of his affections, that required an immediate answer.

"If I love you!" said François, using the conjunction, so as to express his amazement at there being any doubt on the subject, and at the same time convey to Amanda the most positive assurance that he was in every sense of the words her devoted servant.

"Oh!" said Amanda, "I didn't mean to question it; but I entreat of you, François, not to think of staying here. What can come of it? We shall both be murdered—both of us."

"I have no thought of the kind," replied François; "but, at present, it's impossible to go: we should be missed in an hour, and overtaken in another."

To the soundness of this argument, Amanda having nothing to oppose, a short silence ensued, which was broken in upon by Tata's approaching in quest of her friends.

"See!" said François, "here comes Tata, wondering, no doubt, what has become of us, though we haven't been half an hour out."

And Tata, advancing hastily with an arch smile, intended to say to

Amanda, you've been enjoying a *dîné à tête*, commenced an *harangue* on a variety of topics, and put an end to the conversation between François and Amanda; one that had made a material alteration in the mutual relation in which they stood to each other.

Thus matters went on till François was perfectly recovered, when he resumed his daily occupation with Gaspar on board the vessel. He, however, took little part in the amusements of the evening, for which he had no taste, even had he not preferred Amanda's company. Even Tata could seldom prevail on him to join in the dance; and when he did, it was with an evident reluctance, which his companions and Gaspar attributed to the remembrance of the late outrage that had been perpetrated on him. And as it was Gaspar's interest to promote, as far as in him lay, unanimity and good-fellowship amongst his followers, he was at some pains to remove the impression.

"Come, François, man," said he, when Tata had been one evening pressing him in vain to stand up in the dance with her (for Malagache etiquette does not require that a lady should wait to be asked), "you'll forget your steps, if you don't practise a little more."

"Oh," said François, "I never had many to forget. But, at all events," he continued, in the jovial strain in which Gaspar had commenced, "I left my dancing-pumps behind me."

"I'm afraid," said Gaspar, "you're carrying that bit of a rub in your nose."

"What bit of a rub?" said François.

"That affair with Pedro," he replied.

"Not I," said François; "if it left no more mark in my neck than it has in my nose, it'd have been forgotten long ago."

Gaspar, however, mistaking François's figure of speech and play on his words, supposed that he meant to say that it was not altogether forgotten.

"Hut tut, man," said he, "you should never bear malice—Pedro bears you none—never bear malice, I say—that's my way."

This was a very different doctrine from that which ~~Gaspar~~ had so far,



bly inculcated on François at their interview on board the *Lechimy*, when the latter was in durance; and so indeed he did not fail to think. But as thoughts are often best suppressed, he answered,

"Oh, it's my way too; to satisfy you of it, I'm ready to shake hands with him, if he wishes. But Tata," he said, turning to Tata, who was beside him, and preparing to go with her, "I'll not keep you waiting."

Gaspar, however, thought it an opportunity of accommodating the difference that was not to be lost.

"Never mind Tata," said he, "she's well used to waiting. Tata," said he, addressing her in her native tongue, "call here Pedro."

Tata went in quest of him.

"These matters are always best settled while people are in the humour," said he to Amanda, while they waited for the arrival of Pedro.

"So they are," said Amanda, who in the simplicity of her heart, rejoiced at the prospect of François's being reconciled to an enemy that she dreaded on *his* account.

Pedro, who was amusing himself in the canteen close by, soon arrived.

"Here, Pedro," said Gaspar, "François is ready to make up this bit of a tiff, and offers to shake hands; what do *you* say?"

"What do *I* say?" said Pedro—"why, that he does me great honour, to be sure."

"Come, come," said Gaspar, perceiving some reluctance and bad feeling on Pedro's part, "you should forgive and forget;"—forgive and forget amongst shipmates.

"Oh, very well," said Pedro, interrupting him, and giving François his hand, "I'm agreeable. Mayhap the young lady 'id shake hands too," he continued; "for all we parted such bad friends when last we met." And going directly up to Amanda, he offered, or rather forced his hand upon her. Taken by surprise, and unwilling to throw cold water upon François's reconciliation with him, Amanda rather permitted him to take her hand than accorded it.

"Didn't I know she would," he said, sarcastically, as he shook her hand with vehemence, in proportion inversely to the degree of friendship, or rather little friendship, he felt

for her. And perceiving that Amanda shrunk from his rude grasp, when he relaxed it, as from the touch of an unclean animal.

"I wouldn't say," he said, as he turned his back to go, "but I'd get her to give me a kiss yet;" and so saying, he withdrew hastily to rejoin his comrades in the canteen, whither François and Tata had preceded him.

"That's an impudent scoundrel," said Gaspar to Amanda, when he was out of hearing; "but I'll teach him to pick his steps, if he doesn't mind himself: I'll let him know that you're company for his master, or I'm mistaken."

This jargon, not very intelligible to any one who was unacquainted with what was passing in Gaspar's mind at the time, was entirely misunderstood by Amanda. From knowing that Gaspar had been all along acquainted with François's attachment to her, she supposed that in his concluding remarks he adverted to François; and that it was he whom Gaspar had honoured with the appellation of Pedro's master. And as she was averse to making her love a topic of conversation, she made no reply.

But Gaspar did not permit her to remain long in ignorance of his meaning. They were alone—Tata was absent. It might be some time before such an opportunity would occur again.

"I've been thinking, Amanda," he continued, after pausing for a short time, for the purpose of studying how he should make his approach, "that you couldn't do better than take *me*, as François seems to *hang back so confoundedly*. Curse me, if I don't think he's taken a fancy to Tata. If he has, he's welcome to her; and a fair exchange is no robbery—changy for changy, you know—a black dog for a white monkey—that's just it—what do you think yourself?"

Had a thunder-clap burst over poor Amanda's head, it might possibly have terrified her more, but would certainly not have so thoroughly astounded her as this startling proposal did. She was completely deprived by it of the power of utterance, and became otherwise so discomposed, that Gaspar, perceiving it, resumed in an apologetical strain,

"I see I've come too suddenly on you; but I've been so long amongst

these savages, that I've almost forgot how to make love to a lady—but you must take that into account. 'Tata 'll have no objection to it, I know, for it's the way of her country: they like variety, and change husbands easier than you'd change your gloves. So I'll leave you to consider of it," he continued, perceiving that the clearing away of this obstacle had not wrought any change in his favour, and rising to go, "I won't press you any more at present; for I remember so much,

as that young ladies must be humoured; and I'll just go and see how François and that son-of-a-gun are getting on." And so saying, he withdrew.

Amanda too withdrew, (as soon as she had recovered a little from her surprise,) to her mat, to pass a sleepless night; such a one as anxiety and fear, when they have attained to the point of thoroughly disturbing the system, and confounding the faculties, produce.

#### THE PYRENEES.—THE VALLEYS AND THE BATHS.\*

THE Pyrenees, if not the grandest, perhaps the most beautiful of the mountain-ranges of Europe, have long escaped the attention of our authors and lovers of the picturesque, and remain, with but few exceptions, unattempted in prose or verse. This in a travelling and book-making age is passing strange. They are, it is true, what is called out of the way. Unlike the Swiss and Italian mountains, they are not in the route to places of great resort,—nobody goes to Spain,—and were that ill-fated country to come again into fashion, the *Hautes Pyrenees* are a hundred and fifty miles from the carriage-road to it, going either by Perpignan or Bayonne. Thus they cannot, as Inglis observes, be "included in a tour, or taken in the way to another place." Still they have been for years the summer-haunts of crowds of English. The writer of the latest of the works before us tells of the numerous carriages she counted, in part of a day, bearing her compatriots towards their base, and while contemplating a scene in the solitude of their loneliest re-

cesses, she was startled by a lady's voice calling out in a London tone, "*what a charming place for a picnic!*" The English who most do congregate there are the colonists of the plains below, driven by the heat to higher altitudes. Few come the five hundred miles from Paris, through a flat and uninteresting country, to see only those mountains, and fewer still make the more painful transit by sea to Bourdeaux. But although the Pyrenees are not popular as objects for a tour, or likely to be so, we do marvel that there has been such small evidence of their existence, in the only way in which we recognise the existence of any thing, that is in print. Down to the present time there are, as far as we can make out, but three books about them in our language, and not one in French, excepting some geological works, of which the most known are those of M. Ramond, and M. Charpentier. M. Ramond's work, besides his geological observations, has some exceedingly interesting notices relating to the antiquities and to the inhabitants.

\* Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees. By Mrs. Ellis. Fisher, Son, and Co. London and Paris. 1841.

A Summer in the Pyrenees. By the Hon. James Erskine Murray. 2 vols. Macrone, London. 1837.

Switzerland, South of France, and the Pyrenees. By H. D. Inglis. Fourth Edition. Popular Library of Modern Authors. Whittaker and Co. London. 1840.

of the valleys. He was the first who had ever made the ascent of Mount Perdu—the second in height of the Pyrenean mountains. No one has ever climbed the summit of the Maladetta, the highest of all. Two young Frenchmen attempted it in August, 1824. They had reached a considerable height when they found a frightful chasm in the glacier. In one part there was a snow-bridge across, which Barran, the guide, thought would bear his weight; with the courage of these bold chasseurs, he tried to cross it, but the snow gave way, and he perished in the abyss.

The English works on the Pyrenees are, one by the Hon. James Erskine Murray,—a short one by Inglis, and the new volume of Mrs. Ellis. The first tells more about them than the other two. Mr. Erskine Murray, commencing at the eastern limits of the Pyrenees, made a pedestrian tour along their chain, visiting every valley of any note. He ascended Mont Perdu, which is only a little lower than the Maladetta, and had made arrangements to reach the latter, but was obliged to abandon the design. It is another indication of the little interest felt by the public on the subject of the Pyrenees, that his work, spirited, engaging, and with well-collected information, has not been reprinted. The work of Inglis is, as we have said, short. It consists of some chapters appended to his Switzerland, and seems to have been rapidly written, as it was rapidly made; but it bears, like his other works, the marks of *bona-fide* travelling, and actual observation. His observations are his own—not stolen from others, or guessed at random, to make a dishonest page. Like Mr. Erskine Murray, he was a pedestrian. This, when he could do it, was his favourite mode of journeying. With a staff in his hand, and a knapsack on his back, he took the most secluded routes, ascending very considerable heights—seeking for himself the track over the mountains, from one valley to another—sleeping in a goatherd's hut, or a peasant's cot, and learning from the inmates their habits and economy of life. Being besides, a well-prepared and admirable observer, his books have always much and fresh information.

There are, however, some deficiencies in Inglis' chapters on the Pyrenees, which were incidental to his mode of observing. He was a little too American in his locomotion—passed somewhat too rapidly over the ground—gave a valley a railway glance—slept a single night in a town, walked through it, and wrote, incontinent, with all the assurance of one who knew all about them. While we may safely rely on his description of natural scenery, and of whatever the eye can judge of, we do not feel quite sure that we know enough of the peasantry of the Pyrenees, or such of their towns and villages as he passed through so rapidly. Mrs. Ellis was more of a sojourner in the Pyrenees than either of her predecessors. She lived there, she says, for fifteen months; and her narrative will be found to supply whatsoever is wanting in the others. Her book is entitled, "Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees," and is fairly called so, for she did pass those seasons in the Pyrenees. It might, however, lead some to think that she passed a winter in the mountains. This no stranger ever does. She was there for three months of the season—a very sufficient time to know the valleys well; but in the winter she was settled in the Low Pyrenees, enjoying the sunshine and good fires of Pau, and that comfortable beverage—her tea—of which she more than once makes grateful mention. We must add that a considerable and a very valuable part of her book is that which relates to Pau and the country about it.

Mrs. Ellis is already known as the author of a work called "The Women of England,"—one which has been so generally read that the order of her talents must be fully understood. It is mere justice to her to say, that we hold her to be a lively and faithful narrator, a very fair describer of scenery and a person gifted with qualities, which of themselves always imply considerable talents—good sense, and right feeling. The years that have passed since Inglis and Erskine Murray wrote, have, it appears, brought changes even into these remote departments. Mrs. Ellis's book has therefore an advantage in being the last; we shall, accordingly, take it up first, and in our account of

the Pyrenees may possibly make use of it rather more than of the others.

Mrs. Ellis starts from Paris—resides for some time at Pau, and then ascends the mountains. We shall, for a little while, follow her in her route.

The intercourse between England and France has been, for now a quarter of a century, so great that every body in these countries takes it for granted that every body else has been in France, and knows all about it. It has unfortunately resulted, that we have but few works on that country; and yet, as the one just referred to brings to our recollection, there are departments of it scarcely rivalled in beauty by any other, with communities whose manners and peculiarities are of themselves most interesting. It is also a mistake to suppose that we do not turn with pleasure to descriptions of countries we have seen. There is a high gratification in renewing our first impressions, in living over again that happy time when we first saw the towers of Notre Dame, and were startled by the oddities of French costume. We shall enable a good many of our readers to share in a small degree these feelings, while they accompany our author through France, albeit that she moves rapidly on to the main purpose of her tour.

It was at seven of a December's evening, in 1839, that Mrs. Ellis and her husband fixed themselves in the "Malle Poste," to make the journey from Paris to Bordeaux—which, when the roads are good, is one of six-and-thirty hours. A benevolent Frenchman had apprised them—just as they were starting—that they were only allowed to stop once by the way for refreshment. They had thus a few minutes to lay in their store, else their fast might have proved somewhat too long. After what they had seen of French diligences and their equipments, they fondly imagined that they were setting out in pretty considerable style, with a regular train of four good horses, respectably turned out. Daylight dispelled the delusion:—

"We then found that, although our carriage was drawn by five horses instead of four, they were of the most grotesque description, raw-boned and shaggy, with their tails tied up in bunches, and their heads, necks, and

bodies, *etc.* harness consisting of *etc.* or neither tanned nor cleaned, *etc.* arranged in such a manner as would be the legacy of any but a Frenchman. In addition to all which, they had immense collars hung about with little tinkling bells, which, to an English ear, would seem to announce a merry-andrew, rather than a mail-coach."

We cannot refrain from adding her description of the diligence—well known as it is at present, but soon to be superseded by steam or atmospheric railway, and no longer remembered but as a by-gone singularity—thought of, perhaps, with that sort of interest with which we now regard Smollett's description of wagon-travelling in England:

"How many passengers a diligence is intended to carry, it is not easy to ascertain; for what with its three apartments within, its piles of luggage on the top, the number of persons who scramble up to a receptacle in front of the roof, and the additional number who insist upon having taken their places, and have to be pulled out by main force, to make room for others, a French diligence might be supposed by a stranger to be transporting the inhabitants of a whole village. And then the shouting, whooping, cracking, and coaxing, with which the whole affair is kept going!

"The variety of trappings which compose the harness of French horses, would scarcely be expected from its appearance to hold together for a single mile; and the fact is, that something always does give way about every ten minutes. Such accidents, however, occasion no delay; for the driver hangs his reins upon a hook on the dicky, descends like a monkey, and then runs side-ways, as fast as the horses can go, adjusting the broken harness all the time. The great beauty of the affair is, that the horses go just as well when he is not driving; as when he is; nor does the breaking of a trace or two seem to make the least difference in the movement of the vehicle."—pp. 4, 5.

They found themselves in the morning going along the banks of the Loire. Its cold, blue waters were rolling near them, a straight and apparently endless road was before them, and the low country around was under water. Throughout their journey they saw nothing like the *Amazons*

of the English gentry. Chateaus, ancient, and some of recent date were to be seen, but nothing like those comfortable dwellings, and beautifully-planted and well-kept grounds which give such a look of happiness to our landscapes. The French, as Mrs. Ellis observes, have no idea of the *countenance* of a house—that its aspect is indicative of character. Their chateaus have often good roofs, and abundance of windows, the middle row particularly good, while the doors are, as our author graphically says, “like barn doors, and the filth and forlornness of the way up to them beyond description. Cow-houses and stables in England are approached more agreeably; and all this is found where the furniture of the first floor consists of marble and wood of the finest polish, and curtains arranged with the nicest regard to elegance and taste.”

Crossing the Loire over a handsome bridge they arrive at Blois—well situated on the slope of a hill. They can but glance at its ancient and imposing castle, and push on for Tours. Before they reach it they are struck with a long line of rugged limestone rock, on the opposite side of the Loire, where, in the *Petra* style, dwellings are hollowed out for a very considerable population. But even such miserable abodes are relieved from their looks of wretchedness by that light tracery of vines, which, mingling with doors and windows, and those balconies and endless staircases outside the old houses in France, make them so often ornamental in her scenery. They see the fine old cathedral of Tours, and long to examine it, and, after twelve hours' travelling, have perhaps some deeper anxieties about a comfortable breakfast. But their hopes are vain—the letters are flung out, and the “*Malle Poste*,” heedless of their hunger—regardless of the great discovery of the *Mesmerites*, that the stomach is the central point of all sensation, drives madly on.

It was not until after an imprisonment of four-and-twenty hours that they were permitted to descend from their vehicle, for half an hour, to dine. It was Sunday, and they witnessed the contrast which a French Sabbath presents to one in England:

“They were buying and selling, and in some places working in the fields as on other days.” There was no sound of church-going bell, or any of those groups with Bibles in their hands, which give such becoming character to our Sundays. They cross a broad river—the Dordogne, over a suspension bridge lately erected there—a handsome one, but which from bad engineering is said to be already giving way. At length they see the merchant-city—Bordeaux—with the magnificent Garonne, and its forests of masts, and they are repaid for all their endurance.

Having indulged ourselves, and we would hope a considerable section of our readers, with this slender reminiscence of a regular journey in France, we must observe that winter was the time, and that we could hardly take a route of the same extent in any other direction there, and pass through a country so little interesting. The scenery, however, to which we are about to turn, will make amends for this.

At Bordeaux the travellers first felt that they were in the famed south of France. The acacias—in December—were already budding as they do with us in April or May, and the summer-feeling of the soft and balmy air realized all their expectations of the climate. Leaving Bordeaux, they enter on the Landes—an uncultivated district, thinly inhabited, and extending far to the southward of Bordeaux. This waste is covered with pine-forests, interspersed with oaks, and from the higher grounds of it, leagues beyond leagues of pine-thickets are to be seen, with tracts of heath and fern breaking the monotony of the scene. Looking to the south, the travellers saw the horizon terminated by a long line of blue, which, from its broken outline, they took to be a ridge of clouds. They found, however, as the day advanced, that it was the noble range of the Pyrenees:

“Not,” says Mrs. Ellis, “like our English hills, resembling in the distance a drove of giant cattle, each endeavouring to raise its back higher than the rest; but so varied in the colouring and at the same time so rugged and massive, as to convey the idea of their having been the waves of a chaotic world, suddenly arrested in their foam



and fury, and fixed for ever, a spectacle to wondering ages."—p. 23.

A little exuberant eloquence must be allowed for on the first sight of such a mountain range. The effect of it is undoubtedly heightened by the leagues of level ground—the straight, and apparently endless roads—and the long, long avenues of poplars, through which the wearied traveller has passed, when from what is little better than a flat morass, he gazes on that splendid scene. The Pyrenees too, differ, says Mrs. Ellis, from most other mountains, in rising almost immediately from a plain, not much above the level of the sea. The plain from which they rise is, however, a very considerable height above that level—from about fifteen hundred, to two thousand feet—but this being much below the levels from which other mountains spring, the apparent height of the Pyrenees does not suffer less of diminution. The Swiss mountains spring, not from the lakes, but from the upper valleys, and these are at very great altitudes above the level of the sea. The valley of the Grindelwald is between three thousand and four thousand feet, and the Engadine is higher; while the village of Luz, in the Pyrenees, is less than two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and Grip, at the foot of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, is five hundred feet lower still.

Having brought our author from Paris, we must accompany her to the foot of the mountains. Mrs. Ellis goes on to Pau, of which there is a very satisfactory account—historical, economical, and picturesque. The historical associations connected with Pau, are of exceeding interest. It was, as every body knows, the birth-place of that favourite of French history, Henry IV.—of another—earlier than him and much more a favourite with us—Margueritte of Valois, whose character gave such an impulse to the Reformation in France, and of her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, queen of Navarre, under whom the establishment of Protestantism in her kingdom, the great event in its history, took place.

The Pyrenees are well seen from the Parc at Pau, distant some forty miles. The most eastern groups are only visible in certain states of the at-

mosphere, and are almost always covered with snow. Mrs. Ellis shall describe this view of them herself; and the extracts, though not chosen to show her off, will more than justify such praise as we have given her. The Pic du Midi de Bigorre, the highest of the mountains mentioned by Mrs. Ellis, as seen from Pau, is not nearly so high as several others in the great range: La Maladetta, which is in Spain, is ten thousand nine hundred and twenty-two feet high; and the Vignemale, the highest in France, is ten thousand, three hundred and twenty-six.

We must first give the foreground of the picture. The river Gave is winding along a well-wooded and richly-cultivated valley, tinted in spring-time with every shade of green, as the different kinds of grain shoot above the ground. Villages and farm-houses are on the river banks as far as the eye can reach to the east and west; while to the south, the vale is bounded by a line of vine-covered hills, running parallel to the Pyrenees. These hills, and the dells by which they are intersected, are studded with gentlemen's seats, and adorned with gardens and orchards.

"Far surpassing, in the beauty and sublimity of its outline, all other mountains of this range, as they appear from Pau, is the Pic du Midi de Bigorre, which far to the eastward, stands out from the rest, in the most commanding situation, with a fine background of rugged peaks and snowy pinnacles, running to the south-west, and connecting it with the general chain. This mountain is nine thousand seven hundred and twenty-one feet in height, but from the circumstance of its rising almost immediately from the plain, it strikes the beholder as being more majestic and higher than it really is. Its summit is in the form of one corner of a triangle, and the descent on the northern side is so extensive and precipitous, that snow never rests upon it. It therefore seems to frown upon the world, with a dark and inaccessible brow—wide tracts of silvery snow are sleeping, which catch the sunlight, and seem to melt into every possible tint of aerial beauty. This mountain is chiefly visited by travellers from Bagnères and Barèges, and is now more frequently ascended than any other of the high Pyrenees, on account of the position it holds, as jutting out from the general

range, and thus commanding a more extensive and uninterrupted view to the north, north-east, and north-west.

"Next in importance to this mountain, from the peculiarity of its form and situation, is the Pic du Midi de Pau; and perhaps no one of the range appears more striking when beheld for the first time. It seems, indeed, from its very singularity, to be separated from the general mass, the mountains on either side falling back to the right and the left, as if to leave it alone. From a mass of irregular and broken pinnacles, of no great elevation, it rises like a mighty cone, with a cloven summit, on one entire side too steep for the snows to rest. It is a remarkable feature on this mountain, that it catches almost every passing cloud, so that, when higher ranges are perfectly clear, it is often wrapped in mist, and never looks more singular, or more sublime, than when the vapour forms a sort of belt around it, while its cloven crest is seen towering into the sky. But the most beautiful characteristic of this mountain, is the noble vista, through which it is seen from the Parc at Pau. First a wide opening on the vine-clad hills, with Jurançon, immediately to the right—then other green and fertile hills, tufted with wood, and their outlines intersecting one another—then a more majestic range of hills of dark rock and pine, too high for cultivation, and yet below the region of snow. Beyond these is seen for many miles, extending to the foot of the Pic, a misty valley, with purple rocks rising in bold, dark promontories, of precipitous descent on either side, and extending far up into the distant heights of untrodden snow. This is the valley which leads to two of the favourite watering-places, Eaux Chaudes, and Eaux Bonnes; it is called the valley of d'Ossau, and the name has been explained to us by a native, as meaning 'the valley where the bears come down.'"—pp. 37-39.

The Pyrenees run from the south-east to the north-west. The chain commences at Cap de Creux, in the Mediterranean, and reaches the Atlantic at Cape de Figuera, near Fontarabia in the Spanish province of Guipuscoa. The length of this chain, separating France from Spain, is nearly two hundred and seventy miles; its greatest breadth, from Tarbes to Balastro in Arragon, is sixty-nine miles. The elevations are highest in the centre, and decline towards the extremities. The departments are named as they are divided by nature—the central part, the High Pyrenees; that to the

east, the Eastern; and that on the west, the Low Pyrenees. The elevation of the High Pyrenees ranges from seven thousand to nearly eleven thousand feet, exceeding, says Inglis, any of the Alpine ranges, excepting the *Oberland Bernois*, and the insulated summits of Mont Blanc and Mount Rosa. There is, as the same traveller remarks, a greater concentration of elevated mountains in the Pyrenees than in the Swiss ranges. There are in the *Hautes Pyrénées*, one mountain, La Maladetta, within a few feet of eleven thousand, high; four, Pic Poseto, Mont Perdue, Pic d'Arriou-grand, and the Vignemale, exceeding ten thousand; and nine exceeding nine thousand. The *Oberland Bernois* includes six mountains exceeding ten thousand, and four of these reach to twelve thousand; and the Pennine Alps have three mountains exceeding thirteen thousand feet;—but there is no such concentration of summits as in the High Pyrenees.

The *Hautes Pyrénées* contain three chains of valleys, lying north and south, with each its river descending into France. These are—the chain watered by the the Gave de Pau, namely, the valleys of Lourdes, Argeles, Luz, and Gavarnie; the chain watered by the Adour, including the valleys of Campan and St. Marie; and the chain watered by the Garonne, as it descends from Bagnères de Louchon to St. Gaudens. Besides these, there are, the valley of Aure and some smaller vales traversed by the Neste, and a few lateral valleys, as those of Baresges, Aucun, and Heaz. The space between the valleys is mountain, only crossed by bridle-roads and foot-paths; and there are no other ways through the *Hautes Pyrénées* into Spain.

Nearly the whole of what is now the department of the *Hautes Pyrénées* was, in old times, named the country of Bigorre; and Tarbes, formerly its capital, is still the chief town of the whole district. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Adour, with the fine and much-praised valley of Lourdes opening to the right, that of Bagnères, equally admired, on the left; and to the south, rising abruptly from the plain, and seemingly but a few miles off, lies the grand range of the Pyrenees, extending on either

side far as the eye can reach. Tarbes was known to the Romans, and in Cæsar's time was called *Tarbelli*. It is a place of considerable trade; but its chief interest to the traveller is its Spanish look. Here he first feels that he is near that country associated in our minds with so many wreaths of glory, and early recollections of romance. The dress of the people assists in this impression. Bonnets, and caps, and handkerchiefs have disappeared; and the women are coifed with the *capulet*, that is, with scarlet squares of woollen stuff, trimmed with black, thrown over the head and shoulders, somewhat in the style of the *mantilla*. Besides, Spaniards are seen here in great numbers, coming with objects of trade or to purchase cattle, large droves of which go by the mountain-passes into Arragon. All the roads into the Pyrenees diverge from Tarbes. There is one to Bagnères de Luchon, another to Bagnères de Bigorre, another to Caunterets, and a fourth to Lourdes, Argeles, Luz, St. Sauveur and Gavarnie. Lourdes was a Roman town, and there are the remains of two towers built in the time of Cæsar; and the castle, first erected by those admirable builders, the Romans, is still in sufficient preservation to be used as a prison. It stands on a bold mass of rock, devoid of verdure, at the entrance of a pass leading to the central valleys of the Pyrenees. It is about twenty miles from Pau, and much about the same distance from Tarbes; and the country intervening between it and either of these places is beautiful. Argelez, the most admired of all the valleys of the Pyrenees, is a short way farther on: and it is on passing the defile leading towards it from Lourdes that the peculiar scenery of the Pyrenees first opens on the traveller—that combination of verdant and varied vegetation, of rich beauty with sublimity, which distinguishes it from Alpine scenery. We give the description from Inglis:—

“The defile on leaving Lourdes is extremely narrow, allowing scarce more room than suffices for the Gave, and the road which is constructed by its side. On the left, rocks rise abruptly above the river, their interstices filled with a variety of shrubs; but on either side of the Gave, opposite to the road, the rocks leave little recesses, covered with ver-

dure and scattered with fruit-trees. But this defile, which we imagine is conducting us into the most savage scenes, suddenly expands, the mountains fall back, and the Eden of Argelez, for so it may be truly called, opens before us. I know nothing in Switzerland comparable with the valley of Argelez. More sublime scenes—as picturesque scenes—may be found in many places, but no scene where the union of beauty and picturesqueness is so perfect; no spot in which the charm of mountain scenery is so mingled with the softest and loveliest features of fertility. But such scenes abound in the Pyrenees; and I shall, by-and-by, conduct the reader where sublimity as well as the picturesque is united into perfect beauty. The valley of Argelez is about eight miles in length, and varies from one to three miles in breadth; and is bounded on both sides by lofty mountains, far up whose slopes fertility disputes the dominion with barrenness. The valley is not a level, but strewed with innumerable eminences, all wooded to the summit, excepting where here and there a bold rock lifts itself pyramidically above the trees; and many of these eminences are crowned with the grey ruins of ancient castles. All the lower part of the valley is rich in cultivation; charming meadows lie along the banks of the Gave, which traverses it from one end to the other; luxuriant crops of grain lie between these and the mountains; walnut-trees, ash, and fruit-trees thickly fringe the banks of the river, and are scattered over the fields; and besides innumerable pretty houses embowered in wood and surrounded by verdure—no fewer than ten villages are counted in the short distance of two leagues. It was through this Eden that I walked to Argelez, where I resolved to remain some days, that I might visit the enchanting scenes and various valleys that lie in its neighbourhood. The *Auberge* was not tempting, but the people were civil and the beds were clean; and if the ragouts were not prepared with the acumen of Ude, they were good enough for a traveller who never studied him.”  
—p. 80.

The season for the High Pyrenees is from the first of June to the close of September. Mrs. Ellis remained till the end of October, but it is not safe to stay so long, and hardly practicable to remain beyond it, the devastations occasioned by the torrents, and snows, and storms, are so tremendous. The village hotel in Baréges, for example, and some houses in the

main street, being more directly exposed, are every winter destroyed and every spring rebuilt. The courier from Bagnères to Barèges commences his duties on the first of June and closes them on the last day of September. Mrs. Ellis met him on the sixteenth of that month, and he said he had been detained by the weather that morning in coming from Barèges for five hours, and had found the snow on the Tourmalet three feet deep. During the four months of this season the scenery is rich in beauty. In the earlier part of it there are the green meadows or golden corn of the valleys, and every tint of green in the mingled foliage of the forest trees: towards the close, their changing colours give it more of the character of autumnal beauty than can be traced in the Swiss mountains. Pine and fir are the prevailing trees in Alpine scenery, the others are only in the lower valleys; but in the Pyrenees, while the pine gives its massive shade to the forest, and mountain-side, oak is the predominating wood, and its rich tints in autumn, an early season there, add greatly to effect in the Pyrenees. Throughout these mountains the costume of the peasantry, a material circumstance in picture-making, has a Spanish look—the women, as at Tarbes, wear the scarlet hood, or the black cloak called the capuchin, and sandals, or nothing on their feet. The men are a better-looking race than those of the Alps. Their manner of life is pastoral: in the winter they live with their families in the low valleys, and in summer all change to the higher ones. They are careful and exceedingly skilful in directing the course of waters to irrigate their meadows. “The same small stream,” as M. Ramond tells us, “waters contiguous possessions, one above the other. A few slates are the simple sluices by which the course of the water may be changed, and made to communicate with neighbouring groves, where, by the same means, they are directed from meadow to meadow, until they reach the lowest declivities which they are intended to fructify.” There are only a few of the lower valleys where corn grows well. In the others nooks are found in which grain and potatoes are cultivated. Their great object are the meadows, to secure winter food for the cattle. In summer

the sheep and cattle are driven to such pasture as is to be had in the higher parts of the mountains. In autumn they are brought back to those still very high parts which are the summer dwellings of the mountaineers; and one symptom of that season is, as Mrs. Ellis observed, the numbers of them daily seen passing down. She heard constantly the tinkling bells of the sheep, and knew by them in the night that the flocks were passing. When the families return for the winter to their hamlets in the lower valleys, the flocks are left at their summer cabins in the keeping of a single shepherd, and this poor creature passes the long nights and more dreary days of winter alone, amidst the snows, and braving the avalanche and the storm.

The inhabitants of the Valley d'Ossau are a finer race and a little better off than those in the other parts of the mountains. They are, for the most part, free from the *goitre* which disfigures nearly all the population of the Pyrenees. It is singular that the same impression with respect to the cause of the *goitre* prevails here as in the Alps—that the disease is produced by drinking snow-water; and the people never bathe in the water mixed with melted snow, or drink snow-water if they can help it. The Valley d'Ossau is a very fine one, opening into the mountains from Pau. It still merits its name of the valley where the bears come down, for the black bear of the Pyrenees,—the *ursus Pyrenaicus*,—and the brown bear are occasionally seen there. The population of the valley is about sixteen thousand; a considerable proportion of these are, as in the other valleys, proprietors of the land they cultivate. By much the larger number are herdsmen. Maize is their chief article of consumption. Mrs. Ellis met here some self-taught and well-informed persons: one merits the notice she bestows on him, as another instance of what can be done by genius under difficulties. At Eaux Bonnes—high up in the valley, and famed for its baths and mineral waters—she met Pierrine Gaston, a native of the valley, brought up to the life of a shepherd. While at school he gained, as his neighbours do, knowledge enough of the French language for the common purposes of life. French is as much an acquirement

here as English is in the mountains of Wales. The native language is a *patois*. While tending his sheep among the mountains, Pierrine amused himself in collecting and examining plants, and first made a reputation by his knowledge of their medicinal properties. He became possessed of an old book—one of Linnæus's works—and eager to understand it, he bought, for nine sous, at a book-stall in Pau, a Latin dictionary. He made himself a botanist, and has in his possession a valuable collection of plants, amounting to three thousand specimens, accurately named and arranged. He is, moreover, a mechanic, and a skilful musician, and fabricated the harp and violin and some other musical instruments on which he plays. Pierrine Gaston with all his knowledge was somewhat mistaken in the use of the tea-plant. One evening when this was discussed he declared to Mrs. Ellis that he had never tasted tea before but once, on which occasion he had eaten it. A student of botany, we may observe, could choose no better ground than the Pyrenees, and Eaux Bonnes is the best station for his purposes. A little farther on is Eaux Chaudes, and then Gabas—the last French village on that route. The road to it from the former town is a steep ascent of seven or eight miles. There is a considerable traffic between France and Spain by this route, chiefly in cattle and mules. It is said that fifteen thousand mules pass this way annually into Spain. The miserable *auberge* at Gabas was filled, Mrs. Ellis says, with Spaniards—wild, banditti-looking men, but picturesque from their costume, and the attitudes which Spaniards always take. The black velvet conical hats, sandals, and mantles of Spain scattered about the inn, gave it, humble as it was, a foreign and romantic look. The route to Gabas is considered one of the finest among the Pyrenees.

From Eaux Bonnes there is a mountain-pass over the Col de Tortes to Caunterets, a place of fashion in the summer-time,—very striking, and near the summit of the Pyrenees. It is, we believe, more to be liked as a residence than any of the other baths in the Pyrenees, excepting, perhaps, St. Sauveur.

"There is," says Inglis, "a small

triangular hollow, about two miles long and one broad, the sides of the cradle being the slopes of mountains, which rise from six to ten thousand feet above its level. A little hollow, which cannot be described, because it contains within it a most beautiful scene, is an enamel of green in the midst of the rocks.

It is dominated by a range of mountains, like a miniature picture-frame, and bathed by the former is not deserted during the winter, like Bâges, but always contains an indigenous population of about a hundred or eight hundred persons; and in the buildings appropriated to the reception of strangers nearly a thousand persons can be accommodated."—p. 98.

The medicinal springs of Caunterets are said to give relief in palsy, rheumatism, and stomach complaints. One of them is named *César*, from a tradition that Julius Cæsar used its waters. There are several of them, besides the fountains; and they are nearly all picturesquely placed among rocks and waterfalls. Besides having nearly all the *agrémens* of Bagnères, Caunterets has more exciting scenery; and it has the advantage—an incalculable one at the season, for these regions—of being at least twelve hundred feet higher up than Bagnères. Inglis, who appears to have been more of a *savant* in *gout-manderie* than we took him for, concludes his account of the sublimities of Caunterets by saying "that the trout of the Gave de Caunterets are admirable, done in the frying pan."

One of the most beautiful spots of the Pyrenees is the Valley of Luz. It is a continuation of the Valley of Argeles, which branches into two ravines, one forming the valley or basin of Luz, the other that in which is the village of Caunterets. Mrs. Ellis and Inglis agree in extolling Luz. The latter says that there the union of the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime, is complete. "In no other part of the Pyrenees, and nowhere else," says this experienced traveller, "have I found it. It was here, and here only, that my expectations of Pyrenean scenery were fully and delightfully realised."

"Figure to yourself a cradle, or hollow, about two miles long and one broad, the sides of the cradle being the slopes of mountains, which rise from six to ten thousand feet above its level. A little hollow, which cannot be described, because it contains within it a most beautiful scene, is an enamel of green in the midst of the rocks."



harvest, and the pale straw of the later grains. Oak, ash, fir, and other trees, various in their tints as in their names, are scattered, single or in clumps, over the little fields, and the two Gaves, one from Gavarnie, the other from Barèges, unite their streams, and flow in graceful curves through this little Eden. But these features of beauty and fertility are not confined to the hollow. Here the charm of a southern climate robs the mountain-sides of their heath and fern, and clothes them with cultivation. Two miles up the mountain-sides, round and round the cradle, the yellow harvest chequers the landscape. At elevations which, in more northern countries, would be abandoned to the heath and the fir, waves the golden grain; and both the hollow and the slopes of the mountains, as far up as cultivation extends, are scattered with houses, and cottages, and villages. All this is beauty, and of the highest order. I come now to the picturesque. Upon one side of this valley, on an eminence entirely separate from the mountain, stands the town of Luz. Its buildings and its church rise out of the wood. And upon another separate eminence, still higher, are seen the extensive ruins of the castle of *Sainte Marie*. At the southern side of the cradle, the defile of the Gavarnie opens, a gorge presenting every feature of the picturesque: the sides are precipitous rocks, hanging thick with woods; a romantic bridge spans the stream; and about four hundred feet above the river, embosomed in oak, and standing upon precipices, is seen the irregular range of buildings which constitute the baths of St. Sauveur. But the features of sublimity are still to be added. These are the lofty summits of the highest of the Pyrenees; jagged rocks and snow-peaks, which from various spots, and particularly from the ruins of St. Marie, are seen rising behind the nearer mountains, and forming a wider and still more sublime amphitheatre."—*Inglis*, p. 82.

This is good description. St Sauveur, the Cheltenham of the Pyrenees, as Mrs. Ellis calls it, is a mile from Luz. Let all who desire to revel among the charms of nature," says Inglis, "visit St. Sauveur; but let no one who values comfort expect to find it there. The wretched accommodation and exorbitant charges in the

Pyrenees have no doubt assisted in keeping travellers away from them. The waters of St. Sauveur are similar to those of Barèges, only not so strong."

Three valleys diverge from that of Luz—one to Barèges, one to Gavarnie, and the third to Pierrefitte. The first is more commonly called the Valley of Bastan. The road to it from Luz is at first pleasantly shaded by linden trees, and meadows slope up from it; but the traveller has hardly gone a mile when the character of the scene is altogether changed, and the symptoms of desolation all around remind him that he is in one of those valleys where the inhabitants cannot count for an hour on their lives. Perhaps the most devastating torrent in Europe is that of the Gave de Bastan: all bulwarks and barriers fall before it; and the road between Luz and Barèges, much frequented on account of the baths, is every year destroyed, and annually reconstructed\*. The impetuosity of the river is the common cause of all this; but often the fall of an avalanche chokes up the bed of the Gave, and a fearful loss of life and property follows. A summer storm occasionally produces effects there almost as frightful. Notwithstanding this, and its gloomy valley, Barèges is a lively-looking place. It is the most frequented of all the baths; and the country people come from the other valleys to supply its markets. No baths in Europe are so celebrated for cases of gun-shot wounds as those of Barèges. They are also famed for the cure of rheumatism, scrofula, and gout. The military are free of these baths, and so many of them as about eight hundred are settled there every summer. It was in the reign of Louis XIV. that the medicinal virtues of these waters first attracted notice; and about a century ago accommodation for making use of them was constructed on a pretty large scale. There is a separate bath for the poor. The springs, it is thought, are hardly sufficient for the demands upon them, and on this account there are officers appointed by government to superintend the distribution of them, which is

---

\* Barèges is abandoned in the winter. A few persons are placed there by government to guard the houses; and not unfrequently, when a dwelling is half destroyed, it becomes the residence of a bear or a wolf.

well conducted. Their natural temperature reaches 40° of Reaumur, and their principles are sulphur, common salt, natron, calcareous earth, argillaceous earth, and an unctuous matter; which latter property prevents their being used internally. Barèges is the highest situation of these watering places in the Pyrenees to which strangers or invalids resort.

The deep and desolate-looking valley of Gavarnie is held to partake more of the sublime than any of the other valleys of the Pyrenees. The Gave flows there between dark and precipitous rocks, and is often hid by the trees growing from their crevices. The road winds up to a fearful height above them. In one part the ravine opens to the beautiful little valley of Pragnères, which, with its cheerful-looking village, and meadows, corn-fields, and groves, contrasts strikingly with all the other scenery of the valley of Gavarnie. This gloomy and solitary route, where there is no sign of cultivation, no shepherd's hut, and scarcely a wild animal to be seen, is magnificently terminated by one of the great wonders of the Pyrenees, the circle or amphitheatre of Gavarnie. Down this, driving rock and pine before it, rushes the cataract of Gavarnie, the highest, and, with the scenery around it, the most striking in all Europe.

"Imagine," says Inglis "a semicircular space, covered with rocky fragments and snow, backed by a perpendicular wall of rock, fourteen hundred feet high. Suppose you see above this wall the precise resemblance of an amphitheatre, in regular stories declining backwards—each terrace covered with eternal snow, and the uppermost of these terraces rising about two thousand feet above the perpendicular wall; and then imagine rocks at intervals, crowning the whole in the form of round towers, and elevated about a thousand feet above the amphitheatre. Contemplating a scene like this, how insignificant seem the proudest works of man! the most majestic ruins of antiquity, the Roman amphitheatres—even the Colosseum! But there is still another feature in the scene. Many torrents pour from the amphitheatre into the basin below. One, the source of the Gave, falling from a height of fourteen hundred feet, is undoubtedly the highest cataract in Europe."—p. 95.

Inglis is usually a very accurate person, but we must observe that

Maltebrun states the height of this cataract as twelve hundred and seventy feet—saying at the same time that it is a more remarkable one than any other in Europe.

From near this Inglis ascended to the *Brèche de Roland*. This breach, as tradition tells, Roland made with his sword, in a wall of rock which forms the boundary between France and Spain, thus opening a road to vanquish the Moors. Inglis says that the difficulties of the ascent, as well as of that of Pic de Midi, which he also made, have been greatly exaggerated. The guides constantly do this for their own interests. They recommend the usual apparatus of iron cramps, snow-shoes, and poles, as for a dangerous enterprise among snows and glaciers. But Inglis managed very well with only the occasional aid of a pole. He started about six o'clock in the morning, and at mid-day reached the upper part of the snow plain, and faced the *Brèche de Roland*. A rocky wall, from four hundred to seven hundred feet high, extending from east to west, divides France from Spain. In about the centre of this barrier is the celebrated breach, a gap more than two hundred feet wide—"the most majestic gate," says Inglis, "that ever led from one country to another." The rocks called the towers of Marbroe rise high above this barrier. Looking down from it, the traveller sees the whole of Arragon before him; and in certain states of the atmosphere Saragossa may be descried.

We have to say a word of the famed valley of Campan, and a short one of Bagnères de Bigorre. The former is divided from the valley of Barèges by the Tourmalet—a mountain-ridge about six thousand feet high; and the contrast between the dark sterility of one side and the rich and smiling look of the other, is very striking. The valley of Campan is as much spoken of for its beauty as any other in Europe, and it is very beautiful; but it has more of an English than a foreign look, and does not exhibit that combination of sublimity, beauty, and the picturesque, which, as we have said, is so peculiar to the Pyrenees, at all so strongly as some of the other valleys—especially as that of Luz or as Argeles, the richest in various scenery, the most extensive, and, from its historical

associations, the most interesting of them all. Orchards and gardens, rich verdure, clear rivulets, the broad Adour, meadows and green declivities, cottages often seen, and now and again villages, looking cheerful amidst their trees, are the features of the valley of Campan. Bagnères de Bigorre, though not properly in the Pyrenees, is usually counted amongst its baths. It lies in a plain between the vale of Campan and Tarbes. It is a pretty little town, crowded in summer by invalids and visitors, French and English. Although it wears a modern look, and has its promenade and its *Frescati*, it is a place of great antiquity; and inscriptions remaining there show that its waters were used by the Romans. While Mr. Ellis was in the neighbourhood of Bagnères, Lamartine arrived there, and the people gave him a poet's welcome. They met in crowds, and serenaded him with one of his own pieces. The music was good; and when, in conclusion, their poet addressed them, they received his speech, not as an English crowd would, with cheers—albeit we are reckoned a less enthusiastic people—but in a perfect silence, which was certainly more in keeping with the moonlight, and the mountains near them.

We cannot, in our account of the Pyrenees, omit to notice a singular and much-to-be-commiserated race which dwells there—the *Cagots*. This separate, despised, and outcast people, are found in Brittany, La Vendée, Auvergne, and, from time immemorial, in a few of the more retired valleys of the Pyrenees. They have been for ages outcasts. Like the *pariahs* of India—like, most singular example of prejudice, the tanners and leather people in Japan—like the coloured race in civilized America—and, must we say it?—like the half-cast in British India—they remain to this hour a degraded race, objects of aversion and contempt to those around them. In former times they were excluded from the protection of the laws—were not allowed to have arms, or to use any other trade than that of wood-cutters. They bore on their breasts a red mark, and on their clothes was impressed the foot of a goose—the badges of their degradation. They were disposed of by testament as slaves, and the priests would not admit them to confession;

and in Bearn it was, by an act of the state, with a wondrous liberality, resolved, that the testimony of seven of them should be equivalent to that of a single citizen. They were not allowed to walk the streets barefooted, for fear of infection being communicated to the very stones, and they were finally denied the rights of sepulture. More strange than all these prejudices is the fact, that the reason of them, and the origin of this people, cannot be made out. The prevailing tradition is, that they are the descendants of lepers, and have been, on this account, always banished from the society of others; but M. Ramond, who made many inquiries about them, thinks that this cannot be, as there is no record of lepers having been sold or disposed of by testament; still, he does not supply us with any more reasonable account of them; and this, while it is not more improbable than the other guesses, has the advantage of being the tradition of the country. Another supposition is that they are the remnants of the Gauls, brought into slavery by the Goths, when they expelled the Romans. To this it is replied that the Goths never reduced either Gaul or Roman to slavery. M. Ramond himself holds them to be the descendants of the Goths, while M. de Gavelin says they are the remains of the Alans; but there does not appear to be any thing to countenance either theory; and the fact is, that while acts of parliament in different parts of France trace their history to early periods, nothing is known of their origin. Inglis made out these poor people in a lonely valley, between Barèges and the Tourmalet. "The *Cagot*," he says, "is known by his sallow and unhealthy countenance, his expression of stupidity, his want of vigour and relaxed appearance, his imperfect articulation, and in many cases his disposition to goitres." Persecuted for ages, and still degraded—banished to barren valleys, and deprived of the means of industry—the wonder is that they exist, and not that they appear unintellectual and relaxed. M. Ramond, who was longer and more frequently among them than Inglis, seems to think better of them. We shall give an affecting extract from him, gladly terminating our account of the Pyrenees

with such a striking reference to what, of all about them, has most engaged our interest—these wronged and unpitied outcasts, the miserable Cagots.

“I have been,” says Ramond, “in some of their retreats, where they still fear the insults of prejudice, and await the visits of the compassionate. I have found amongst them the poorest beings, perhaps, that exist on the face of the earth. I have met with brothers who loved each other with that tenderness which is the most pressing want of isolated men. I have seen among them women whose affection had a somewhat in it of that submission and devotion which are inspired by feebleness and misfortune. And never, in this half annihilation of those beings of my species, could I recognise, without shuddering, the extent of the power which we may exercise over the existence of our fellow; the narrow circle of knowledge and enjoyment within which we may confine him—the smallness of the sphere to which we may reduce his usefulness.”

There is a story connected with the mountains we have been describing, more English than Pyrenean, and so deeply tragical in its fate and accompaniments, that we cannot forbear to give it. It was first told by Mr. Erskine Murray, and is repeated with further particulars by Mrs. Ellis, whose husband knew the connections of the parties. About six years ago an English gentleman and his bride made their wedding tour to the Pyrenees. Crossing the Pont d’Espagne, a bridge of pines in the valley of Marcadaor, high up in the mountains, they arrived at the lonely Lac de Gaube—having the dark Vignemale, with its glaciers and towering cones before them. There was a skiff on the waters belonging to a fisherman, the only inhabitant of a hut just near it. He made his livelihood by selling trout to the hotel-keepers of Caunterets. The unhappy

strangers got into the boat. They had reached about the middle of the lake, when the gentleman was seen to stoop over: the lady, alarmed for his safety, rushed to the same side; and the skiff turning over, both were lost. The guide and another man were looking on from the shore; and it may seem strange that no attempt was made to save them. The fisherman was unfortunately away; and from the habits of the people, it is not likely that either of the men who were there could swim: or, if they could, there is a prevailing impression that all the mountain lakes are bottomless, and besides that, a belief that the waters are so cold, that whoever plunges in must suffer death. The bodies were brought to England, and buried at Witham, in Essex. A white marble tablet, fixed on a rock which juts into the lake, records their fate—concluding with the striking words, “married one month!”

We have endeavoured, in the small space allowed us, to give our readers a clear account of the best parts of the Pyrenees, availing ourselves of such information as we could find, and especially of the works referred to. We have dwelt chiefly on the high Pyrenees, by far the most interesting part of the range—have a little noticed the low Pyrenees, but have not touched on the eastern department. There are some fine things in it, although it is hardly ever visited. Any one who wishes to become acquainted with this part of the Pyrenees may turn to more pleasing pages than our own—those of Mr. Erskine Murray. We had intended to have said a word of the wild sports of the Pyrenees, a subject on which Mr. Erskine Murray promised a book—of the perilous hunting of the izard, a small and very wild chamois, and of the frequent contests of the peasantry with bears and wolves; but we have done.

## THE DEATH-BLOW.

[For the *fact* upon which the following relation is founded, see "The Doctor," vol. iii. p. 67.]

"Come in, sir—come in, for God's sake—his reverence is dead!"

With such words was I accosted by the respectable, white-haired parish clerk, as I passed by the rectory yesterday about noon.

I had been taking a walk, and was returning home as usual past the wooden gate. It was one of those days in which the heaven seems anxious to make up with the earth after their long winter quarrel, and to lavish her smiles in proportion as she had been liberal of her frowns for many a previous month. The air smelt refreshing, the waters rippled merrily along, the young buds and leaves glowed a bright green, and waved about on the light branches. The ground was moist and cool below, just caked over for pleasant walking by the drying wind and the sun; the birds sung a jolly stave overhead, and I had just seen a luxurious trout meditating motionlessly under a bank, in the plenitude of enjoyment. I felt disposed to forgive nature all that had past, and to accept her promises of a better future for me and for every thing else.

My path, in returning, lay through the fields. I generally take the road at first starting, and, having accomplished my distance, make my way home again "across the country," as a sportsman would say, having (in the same language) my little parish *steeple* to direct me in my course. The scenery about here is so much to my mind, so enchanting all the way, and all the associations so pleasing, that it is as good to me as a lesson in moral philosophy or a chapter in the Bible, when I am down-hearted or out of humour, to climb that hill by the hard, sparking, gritty road, and then face downwards over the furrows.

As I looked towards home on such occasions, a steep hill to the right, about a mile off, was fringed with young trees, in the midst of which the parsonage lay,—modest and respectable as its occupant. A small stream

ran at the bottom of the hill, flowing through the centre of the landscape off to the distant sea, and on the left bank the church stood, so enveloped with trees and ivy that it required a practised eye to discover it in its green hiding-place, except when, as yesterday, the sun shines strong on the tower. Then a small portion of the wall, not yet cloaked up in its ivy mantle, comes out white against the trees, and attracts the eye. But at all times the church is ready to speak for itself, and to discover its retreat. Every quarter of an hour a set of chimes, very melodious and varied, sound through the valley, and announce the flight of time. A rich parishioner of the olden too, time had presented the church with some heavy bells, which are rung to this day, I believe, "for the good of his soul." Whether their being tolled by heretic hands has impaired their efficacy, I know not; but they are made as much use of now as if each stroke were supposed to relieve him of a century of suffering.

I had overtaken a child on my path—a smiling country girl, with a book in her hand: she was gathering flowers along the pathway.

"Where are you going, child?" I said, as I passed her.

"To the minister's, sir," she replied, raising herself up from a bunch of cowslips, and dropping a court'sy.

"What! have you a task to say, and are you loitering and amusing yourself, instead of going on your way?"

The child coloured and said:—"I—I came away from home five minutes too soon, that I might gather a few flowers for the good old gentleman, as I know he likes them."

Happy man! I exclaimed, as I went on, leaving the child to complete her nosegay.

As I approached the parsonage, the path led me between two palings, with hedges and a shrubbery on either side:—the butterflies whirled through the



air, and I drove on before me a swarm of small birds, which rose ever and anon like flies from the hedge, and settled some twenty yards farther on. There was a spring in the season, a cheerful stir in the scene, which, united to the effect produced on my mind by the artless answer of the school-girl, and a sort of half-acknowledged influence that steals imperceptibly over one's heart, as it comes within the *penumbra* of piety and worth, set me completely *at ease*, and for a moment deposed the truth from its exalted and overshadowing place within me, raising in its stead a visionary Tree of Life, from whose branches hung the fruits of happiness and immortality. In such a mood was I when I arrived at the good man's gate, and was accosted with the words—

“Sir, sir—HE IS DEAD!”

I stopped, and laid hold of the gatepost. A faintness had seized me as the words met my ear,—for it is when one is lulled into such a deceitful calm as I have been describing that the blow of bad tidings strikes heaviest on the heart. As soon as I had recovered myself a little, I walked straight in, without saying a word. The little pebble-paved porch led to a small hall, and on the right was the clergyman's bedroom. I was advancing to the door as a matter of course, when the clerk motioned me towards the left—into his study. I entered; and never shall I forget the sight that presented itself. Immediately opposite to the door was an old scrutoire, with the upper fold turned down, and the drawers many of them open, with papers, strewed about; and beside it, close to the window, sat my honoured friend the pastor, in his easy chair, dead. His profile was towards me, and as he reclined with his back to the window, the mid-day sun of the spring shone white on his whited hairs and bloodless bald head. His face was as calm as an infant's dream; but it was the calmness of the grave—no one for an instant could fancy that he slept. There are, I have always thought, distinctions between slumber and death so clear in all cases, that the *heart* is never for a moment deceived. Where there has been affection for the living, a glance is sufficient to show that intercourse must

now be exchanged for memory. There is no feeling common to the contemplation of the one and the other. They stand as separate as the couch and the grave, the sheet and the shroud, time and eternity. I had seen my friend asleep more than once—I now saw him *different*. I could not enter into particulars—but it was not the same thing. The shadow of death hung over him, though in the very eye of the sun—the coldness of death froze my gaze, in that balmy summer hour—the finger of death seemed to point from beside him, and with mute motion forbid me to advance. There indeed I stood, I know not how long, icebound to the spot. The chamber was still, the flies sung in the pane, and the low embers of an expiring fire ticked in the grate, and all these minute sounds seemed to become more distinct every instant. I felt that I could not break in upon the visitation of God. At length the old man who had ushered me so far, came up behind me, and touching me gently, intreated me to go in, and make some examination into the cause and manner of the good man's death. Thus urged, I advanced into the room, and sat down on a chair at the other side of the scrutoire, and nearly opposite to the corpse, while the clerk stood near me, looking respectfully, but with much anxiety, in my face. I looked at the desk, which was of an antique fashion and workmanship, and saw that many letters, apparently of an old date, had been recently opened, and the drawers pulled out to the very back. One in particular, it appeared to me, had been altogether removed out of its place, and on looking closer, a small secret drawer behind had been come at, and removed. It appeared that he had been engaged in turning over all the contents of the secretary, and I conceived that perhaps his attitude in doing so might have driven the blood to his head, or it was even possible that the contents of old forgotten letters, the remembrance of cherished and lost friends, might have too powerfully affected his sensitive frame. A thought struck me—robbers!

“Where is his servant?” I cried, “Old Rachel, who generally used to be in the way?”

“All I can say, sir, is, that I came

in about five minutes before I called to you, and, as usual, found the door on the latch, when, entering the room, I saw—what you see now. Rachel was not here, and there was not a person about."

"Very odd," said I, musingly; "but we shall soon know all."

At this moment there were steps heard upon the little paved approach to the porch, and the next the respectably attired Rachel appeared within the room door, with a basket on her arm, her wrinkled face still hale with the flush of exercise and honesty. She dropt a court'sy to me the first thing, and was then approaching her master, when suddenly both her hands flew up convulsively, she staggered a step backwards, turning deadly pale, and screamed—

"O merciful God, what is this?"

I repented of the suspicion of the minute before from the bottom of my heart.

The clerk briefly explained to her the state in which he had found things, and, in return, when she found utterance coherently, we gained from her that she had gone into the neighbouring village about two hours before, to make the usual daily purchases, leaving her master, as she thought, busied about the sermon for the next day, Sunday; though she said, when she removed his breakfast some hours previously, she had remarked that she had never seen him before with such a quantity of papers out before him. He generally wrote with the old Bible alone beside him. In going out of the room he called her back, and told her, if she met Dr. —, the physician, in the village where she went, to inform him that he would be glad to him see that day, if possible. "But not," he added, if he has any urgent case to attend to.

"God bless thee, Rachel, and speed thee in thy duty!"

These last words, she said, he spoke with a solemnity which made her turn round, but he had resumed his occupation as before. The recollection of the tone in which he had spoken, however, made her determine to go beyond her master's orders, and as she did not meet the physician, she called at his house, and requested he would come to see him in the course of the afternoon, explaining her fears of his

being unwell, and what they arose from. Dr. — had commended her thoughtfulness, and promised to follow her to the rectory almost immediately.

"But I'm wasting time here," she continued, "when I might be hurrying him. Let me run and meet him. Who knows but the mercy of God might have left a spark we could rekindle?"

So saying, the old domestic quitted the room, and was heard passing hastily across the little plat without, and running down the lane.

I now rose, and went over to the remains of my friend. He sat in an attitude as easy as if he was in conversation with me. His hair, thin and white, (for he was above seventy years of age,) fell upon the collar of a greyish morning-gown, which was wrapped loosely round him. His spectacles lay on the desk, and one of his elbows rested upon the stuffed arm of the old easy chair, his hand being turned down towards the inside. That white, nervous, *melancholy* hand, overpowered by my feelings, I took in mine,—but at the moment I touched its marble surface, something fell out of it which had been held there in death—I took it up, and beheld to my astonishment the miniature representation of an exquisitely beautiful female face, done in the richest enamel, and set in what appeared to be the inner side of a large oldfashioned locket!

Good God! was it possible? Could the pulses of that heart that had breasted the storms of trial in every shape of severity, now be stopped by the touch of a remembrance—a shadow? I stood long, with the portrait in my hand, looking alternately at its lineaments, and his expressive but changeless features, and a tide of conjectures, fancies, and surmises rushed through my mind, none of them sufficiently substantial to be indulged long. The deceased had passed a singularly retired and recluse life since I had known him, and that had been for many years. What his previous history was I scarcely knew. I had heard he had been a man of the world, and married; but it was in so completely different a character that I had learned to view him, that this information had worn out of my recol-

lection almost entirely, and I had seldom heard it spoken of by the few common acquaintances we had. Few indeed were *his* associates in all. He lived in that state of rigid seclusion which extends itself inwards to the recesses of the heart. There the chambers of sympathy were as seldom trodden by the footsteps of friendship as his parlour floor was by his nearest neighbours. All day long he had his tasks—to relieve, to tend, to instruct, to cherish; but he sought not the recreation of a social hour to reward all this—he retired from doing good within himself—his relaxation was in solitude. Not but he enjoyed the warm attachment of many an honest heart—witness the devotion of his female attendant—the heartdrawn tears of the venerable clerk, and above all, the firm and devoted friendship of Dr. —, to say nothing of my own humble affection; but he was content with earning and deserving this, without allowing his own heart to expand in confidential sympathy to the overtures of intimacy so anxiously and repeatedly thrown out: to say he repelled us would be too much—but he only received and acknowledged all we had to offer, and seemed to hold back his heart, not in coldness, but for fear it should betray itself in the expression of some pent-up suffering, or the breach of some rigid self-discipline. Hence we were content to love and to cultivate him in this way: we knew that it was pleasing to him to be loved; a thousand things showed us that he was formed to appreciate the blessings of the affections—his solicitous and thoughtful respect for the feelings of the humble—his unaffected anxiety to please and gratify children—his charitable allowance for the failings and absurdities of those about him—all this bespoke the capability of affection—the power of being a kind neighbour, a devoted friend. We took him therefore as he was, and cultivated him with a more affectionate interest from the conviction that he hung back in the harness of life, and had powers unexercised, both of heart and head, for the more ambitious and recognised purposes of existence.

In the case of the physician, indeed, he seemed to assume a different character altogether. Their mutual confidence appeared unbounded; the

had no secrets—no reserve between themselves. When the old clergyman appeared most distant and inscrutable to others, his brow would relax when he appeared, he would grasp his hand with a smile, and they would retire into the study together. They were much of an age. They were the oldest men in the parish, both of them—I think I might safely say they were the best too. It was supposed they indulged in a common taste for literary pursuits; for the doctor was always loud in commendation of his friends' talents, and in lamenting what the world had lost in not being supplied with the lucubrations of his brain. Some laid this to the score of old friendship, but the doctor was such a sensible man, that the best-judging of their neighbours were inclined to enter into his regrets rather than sneer at his partiality.

These seasons of literary activity on the part of the rector, however, seemed rather the occasionally recurring fits of an enthusiasm which had long spent itself or been overmastered, than the encouraged employment or even recreation of his latter years. The sentiment of his mind and the feeling of his heart was *religion*—the practice of his life, *virtue*. In proportion as he denied himself the indulgence of "sweet converse" and allowable happiness, did he study to promote the social enjoyment of those, especially the poor, around him—while the bent of his powers was directed towards the chief object, their everlasting happiness. How he pursued his plan, some might have objected to; but he found it succeed best, after trying many experiments in the service of his little village church. He laid comparatively little stress on public preaching; he made his sermons plain and short, and avoided an attempt to excite as he would the administering a dram in cases of exhaustion; but he urged the necessity of prayer—prayer in all its forms—public, family, and private; and he read our service in so singularly impressive a manner, that I have rarely seen the youngest amongst his congregation wandering with his eyes round the church during the time the liturgy was reading. He took especial care to supply all his parishioners with bibles, and told them that it was there they were to look for sermons. His

ject to set the congregation upon inquiry into some practical doctrines to be found in the bible, and he kept his own view often unexplained for a Sunday or two, in order that he might converse with its members in the mean time singly, and get their opinions in this way out of them, or at least beget an interest in the inquiry. As the congregation was principally composed of the humbler classes, he could do this at market or in the fields, or in the larger cottages, where they occasionally met by appointment. He considered that his best sermons were preached in this way, and that the formality of pulpit eloquence rather scared than allured such peasants as were about him. Whether he was right or not in these views, confident I am that he was sincere, and I know he was successful. He was a singular man, no doubt; and in such there are some things generally to be found which will challenge question: but oh, poor man! his self-torturings and severe disciplines might have been dispensed with far better than the labours and efforts of his life for the good of others.

I know not how long I might have gone on with these musings, if I had not been interrupted by the sound of a heavy step on the pavement outside. I looked up, and saw the worthy doctor's venerable figure rapidly approaching the door.

The next moment he was in the room, and going up to the body, seized the hand with one of his, laying the other on the forehead. It was enough—he saw, professionally, what I had already discovered by instinct. His friend was stone dead and cold, and had been so long. The silent tears rolling down his aged cheeks. If there is an overwhelming sight in the world, it is to see an old man in tears. The doctor's was one of those blessed dispositions which sometimes appear, as if it were, to shake our faith in the doctrine of the original conformation of all men being equally distorted from the right. It would be hard to make a person believe that Nero and this man were born morally alike; for it seemed as if he could scarcely, with his countenance, and his frame, and his voice, be other than he was. Benevolence was spread like a phylactery across his forehead—

manliness and vigour had evidently grown up with and outlasted his frame; and the eye that now melted, but generally shone clear with a strong happy light, could never have leered with malice or quailed with poltroonery in boyhood. He was indeed full of the milk of human kindness, open as the light, and gentle as the waving of a great tree. Accustomed as he was to scenes of sorrow and suffering, and acting invariably the part of the calm and collected though feeling adviser on such occasions, I had not looked to see him overcome; and now that I perceived it, I felt at once how vain it would be for me to throw in the ordinary words of consolation. The Master having failed in his own line, it were presumption the Pupil attempting to assist him. I went up to him and seizing his hand in silence, held out to him the miniature I had taken from beside the dead man. He took it, and seizing up his glass, gazed at it for many minutes with an intenseness that almost startled me. I led him to the chair I had been sitting in. He sat down as I had done, right opposite to the remains of his friend, and laying his hat on the floor beside him, placed his elbows on the arms of the chair, and gazed earnestly in his face, drawing a pair of old black gloves back and forward through his hand all the time. I moved away, and stood against the mantel-piece; for I saw that the poor man was deeply affected. There was a peculiar smile on his face, which those who have studied the expression of the human countenance will, at times, recognise as denoting intense regret—a feeling in which the dark current of sorrow may be said to be flowing among the pleasant fields of memory, and even in its bitterness reflecting something of the brightness of its banks. At length, as I expected and hoped, he burst into a passion of tears, weeping long and unrestrainedly, as if from a full breast—nor was it till after he had given free vent to his feelings in this way that I ventured to address him.

I cannot remember in what phrase I did so. I do not think the memory ever retains accurately the details of agitation or excitement—suffice it to say, that as I suspected he knew something of the story of the picture, I had at last questioned him directly on the

point, and he replied to me nearly in the following words:—

“Let us sit down, young man, where we are, while the impression of this sad event is fresh in our minds, and the features of the departed retain a trace of the power, and intelligence, and sweetness of humanity, and devote a few minutes to the story of one, who in life and in death has been equally a victim to strong and strange feelings. I can scarcely bring my mind to bear upon the subject yet, so sudden have been the *two* events that have come upon me this morning—what has been *lost*, and what has been *found*. Listen, and *take warning* by the tale.

I knew that man in early life. He was as much a sharer in the pleasures of the world as most young men are, though there was something in his most trivial actions that showed an under current of power—some motive from a source deeper than mere frivolity. An earnestness in his words—a decided and somewhat prejudiced way of viewing everything, and a determination in whatever he did, marked to me the man likely in after life to do and to suffer much. Having taken a degree, he went to travel, previous to adopting some yet unchosen profession. A year was the term proposed at first for his absence, but that year was lengthened to five, during which period I did not once hear of him. When he did return, it was not single. Look at this picture, sir: he brought *that* home with him, and her whose likeness it was along with it. A foreign artist of eminence executed it, and to this day the colours are as vivid as when I first looked upon it, forty-five years ago. Beautiful as it is, it fell short of the original. A more lovely exotic, I suppose, never was transplanted from the sunny soil of Italy to our northern clime; and she seemed, moreover, to have escaped the faults and follies for which her countrywomen are sometimes remarked, in our eyes at least. It was at Florence he had met Helena. At the time he returned, and I saw them, they had been two years married; and a lovely infant hung between them, connecting them, as it were, still more closely by the blended resemblance of both, and completing the happy family group. Little, sir, do we know where to recognise the seeds of future happiness. I envied them, I

confess, and could with difficulty understand the allotment which condemned me to lonely toil, and admitted a fellow-creature to a blessedness scarcely consistent with the burthen of heaven's monitory communications to man. †

I have said that our friend was naturally prejudiced and decided: he was thoroughly *national*, and during his college course had been scarcely willing to admit that liberal cosmopolite spirit into his mind, which is one of the best effects of an extended education. Hence it was that I wondered at his having selected for his wife one who must have stood opposed to all those constitutional prejudices, and to amalgamate in feeling with whom he must have cut away and sent adrift many a bias and humour he had held fast against the whole stream of liberal studies. I rejoiced, therefore, to see of what use turning over another page in the book of life had been, and took it as a good omen of the decisive evidence he had given of his conversion. I observed, however, that both had agreed on being *thoroughly English*, now that they were on English ground; and as a proof of his determination not to allow his foreign connexion to interfere with his plans in life, he commenced at once preparing himself for the church. His income was small, and he had the prospect of a tolerable living, this very parish, at the death of the then incumbent, at the time an old man, as one inducement to him to choose that profession.

With this object in view, he rented a small pleasant house in the neighbourhood of the university, and set with all diligence about his divinity studies. At this time I occasionally visited him, and could not but observe the anxiety with which he laboured to encourage and strengthen in the mind of his wife a taste and relish for rural life in England. The dignity and usefulness of the female character in this country were frequently descanted on by him in a manner that, without a hint of the kind thrown out, might be fancied a sort of tacit disapproval of the manners elsewhere, though I saw no sign of its being so taken. The fair Helena adapted herself with the sweetest pliancy to the novel state in which she found herself placed, and seemed determined that, as far as sincerity of intention could be, she would make



herself every thing that her situation required. Her dress, which on their first arrival had partaken of somewhat of the graceful richness of the countries she had left, was now severely plain: even the tresses which had hung in heavy profusion over her neck and shoulders, were drawn rigidly back, and confined behind her head; and every household office was gone about with almost too scrupulous anxiety, as if to show that she was determined to exhibit to him and every one how little Italian and how thoroughly English she was. This gratified her husband, who however, the more she devoted herself to housewifery, the more scrupulously remarked any accidental deviation from the system, as if his constant purpose was to detect some clinging *Italy* about her. There was something harassing in this, and unpleasant to a third party; but it showed me that the *character* of the man remained intrinsically the same, and that he felt to that moment that he had done violence to secretly nourished prejudices in the step he had taken. Still, his love was unchanged—indeed, their mutual attachment was excessive; and it could hardly be said that a cloud the bigness of a man's hand ever appeared in their domestic horizon.

It was about this time my friend first showed me this portrait. I was then on terms of intimacy with him, equal almost to what I have latterly enjoyed. Though having already obtained a medical diploma, I remained at the university without intending eventually to practise there; so, except for study, my time was on my hands, and a large portion of it was passed at the divinity student's country house. He told me the miniature was procured by her for him without the knowledge of her family, at a time when matters were yet doubtful between them, and was the first token of her love. As such, he said, it had a value in his eyes which even the fearful depth of his attachment to her would, by itself, have failed to give; and as the obtaining it was the first earnest of the blessedness of procuring her heart, so he should consider the chance or event that robbed him of it the gloomiest omen of coming ill.

As he spoke, his face assumed a darker hue—he almost trembled as he held it in his clasp, and his words proceeded from his lips low and indis-

tinged with emotion. Such was ever the way with him, when on any subject that absorbed him. His feelings rose within him in such fearful strength, as to overmaster his frame, and almost to paralyze it. I endeavoured to account for this over-excitement, mental and bodily, in a philosophical way, and referred it, I remember, to a disposition which had too rigidly staked itself down within certain fixed points, and was ever and anon coming rudely to the verge of the limit it had assigned itself. The mind that will ride out the gale of life must allow itself a long length of cable, and be able to give way to circumstances to the last fathom that principle will admit.

"My good fellow," said he, one day as we walked arm in arm down the high street; "give me your opinion with frankness on a subject I have lately thought much about; you know my plans—you know my circumstances: do you think the latter are such as to render the former feasible? In other words, am I, or am I not a fool to think of a village parsonage with my feelings, and and *hers*?"

This question, put so suddenly and so directly, puzzled me not a little. I felt all the difficulty of a man who has actually put the very same query to himself, without receiving any satisfactory answer. Besides I knew, though from the manner in which it was put it was plain that a doubt of his prudence had more than once crossed his own mind, that any advice of mine would now come too late, and only determine one of his disposition the more stubbornly to carry out the projects he had originally formed, though he should make circumstances and fate itself bend to his purpose. I therefore contented myself with an evasive reply, and endeavoured to turn the subject into another channel. It would not do, however; his feelings were too much wrought up, his mind too full of doubt and perplexity to be so easily diverted. He spoke much and vehemently; he explained his principles, he acknowledged his prejudices—acknowledged them, not as sentiments to be discouraged, but to be defended and acted upon. He said he had a deep-rooted admiration for English simplicity and English morality; he was born to it, he would die with it. He had gone into other lands, and was only the more confirmed

in his opinions. All that was real abroad was lax, all that seemed good was hollow. It was amidst such scenes and in such an atmosphere he had met with his Helena, and from the first moment he saw her he had determined to remove her, and transplant her into the soil of dignity and virtue. She was intact amidst contagion, and so young, that even principles might be formed within her. Habits might yet be acquired so as to become nature, and nationality be attained in an adopted country. He saw this mixed with ardent and guileless affection in his youthful disciple, and married her. He said that he had attained his highest happiness—he had not a syllable, a breath of complaint against her, she was almost more perfect than mortal could be; his anxiety was not on her account—at least not on account of any thing that conduct of hers could influence, but about the natural effect of what he had done, and was going to do; whether it was or was not in the possibility of things, that what he had projected could turn out happily, considering the circumstances of the parties.

I now began to suspect—and it was the first time that a suspicion of the kind had crossed my mind—that he had some specific ground or cause of dissatisfaction which was at the bottom of all this, and my reason was the very pains he took to assure me that there were none. However, I knew nothing, and it was not my business to suppose what conjecture alone could suggest. Taking his words, then, as they were meant, I replied to him as I best could, taking care to drop a hint that he must neither expect nor exact too much, and that as she had sacrificed her country, almost her nature, to him, he must make every reasonable allowance and indulgence, where such were called for.

Thus our conversation ended for the time; but from that hour, I saw that happiness was not a certainty for them, and from that hour did I repeat me from my soul of the murmurings that had escaped me against a partial providence. I walked home moody and thoughtful. In my heart I pitied both parties; I knew that they loved each other passionately, but that very conviction deepened my fears for them; for even love cannot always overcome the rooted prejudices of some dispositions; and when, like a rock in the

midst of a  
fury of  
by the

ness them, the  
ity increased  
in of the cur-

The very next day, as I was sitting in my chamber intent upon my studies, there was a knock at my door, and Helena entered the room. She was dressed, as was her custom, with grave-like simplicity, and wore a thick veil, which effectually screened her from observation, as indeed was necessary, her countenance being so brilliantly beautiful that a glimpse of it might have exposed her when alone to a curiosity which would not probably have been easily satisfied. She dropped on a seat, and told me she had walked all the way from the country to speak to me. I divined her object at once, and felt in the uncomfortable position of a person who has without his own concurrence been chosen by both parties as umpire in a question which never yet has been settled by arbitration.

In all the sweeping eloquence of her oratory, not weakened by breaking at the difficulties of an imperfectly spoken language, she poured out the story of her life and her passion. There was a fervour in her ideas and a poetry in her words that partook of the sublime, and in speaking of her husband her eye kindled with enthusiasm. She then related his schemes for the future, his delight, and her efforts to further them. I had been learning, she said, what I was to do, and how I was to live, and my only earthly forward views were in the parsonage house. I was obliged to imagine it, for I had never seen one, but that was easily done, for it was where he was to live; all the rest of a picture I filled vaguely up, contented with any back ground which would throw him forward. I think,

I was succeeding; for indeed I succeeded to learn, and he himself said I was not slow. He told me we should have many poor round us; I rejoiced at this, for the poor are the same to the heart in every country; charity and truth are citizens of all lands; and we could understand the language of sympathy from any mouth. I was glad to hear of the poor—my own rank I

stand, but they are my companions, and I never forget them.

upon me, for *he* is my companion, and no one need have, nor indeed can enjoy, more than one. Well, sir, you have heard him sometimes, perhaps, find fault with me, and expect his Helena to be more English than she is, and I sometimes thought I ought to be gratified when he did so, for it showed that he conceived me capable of all the lofty virtues and feelings he describes in his countrywoman; at least, never will I complain of his disappointment at my not being perfection. I am proud of his setting the standard so high, and yet choosing me. I hoped that time and my constant efforts would produce the desired effect at last, and that by the time we moved to the peaceful village destined for us, I should be tolerably competent to do my duty in the station my husband and my God had allotted me. Judge then, sir, of my consternation, when on his return to the country yesterday evening, he entered the room in a state of great agitation, and told me that at last he had made up his mind, and meant to discontinue his divinity studies altogether! Here the unfortunate Helena burst into an agony of tears, and I felt that quivering at the heart which is the result of a combined blow upon the feelings and the nerves, alarm and sorrow at once. I had not a word to say. She implored me to expostulate—to act as mediator—to interfere in some way, with a view to at least understanding his grievances and his ultimate intentions; for he had kept both of them from her, having remained in a state of silent agitation all that evening, nor had he once closed his eyes during the night. What could I do? It was as hopeless a case as ever was dealt with, for there was nothing tangible on either side. He had made no complaint, nor had she any grievance; and yet they were on the high road to misery. His determined yet conscientious mode of acting it would be impossible to persuade him was the result of prejudice; he had all the facts he relied on to bring forward, whereas an opponent could only have recourse to general principles, which he would be sure to quarrel with.

I cannot enter into the details of this miserable period; a conversation I had with him soon after this visit, (for by her request he was not informed that she had consulted me,) was productive

of some good, certainly, for he resumed his studies, and eventually completed them;—meantime I was called away to the metropolis, and in the multitude of avocations and distractions which absorb the mind and occupy the time of a young man struggling forward in a profession, I again lost sight of my friend for some time.

The occurrence, however, which eventually connected me with the family and its fortunes for life was my being appointed to this infirmary, situated in the very parish which he had originally expected, and which had in the meantime fallen to him by the death of the incumbent. I came down from my confined and smoky apartment in the metropolis, with a heart that expanded every league that advanced me farther into the country. By the time I arrived here it was quite full, and I lost not a moment in seeking out my old acquaintance and class-fellow the rector—feeling that with him, as with a youthful friend, I could disburthen it of the load of happiness. As I approached the door my career was checked by certain misgivings which had not started up till then; the strange scenes I had witnessed between them now rose to my mind, and it was with a certain degree of hesitation that I asked the servant for his master and mistress. It seemed as if the domestic partook of my embarrassment. He said his master was from home, and his mistress was—was—not in the way.

“But, perhaps, to Dr. —?”

“I am afraid, sir. Perhaps you could call when my master was at home?”

“Oh, certainly!” I exclaimed, and was about to leave my name, when a door—*this* door—opened, and the unfortunate Helena ran out—

“My dear Dr. —, is this you again? How are you? Have you been well? Oh! *he* will be so delighted to see you!”

She led me into this room, while the servant moodily shut the door, and asked in the most animated way after my welfare, about my plans, prospects, and hopes, and seemed overjoyed to hear that I was to be their neighbour once more.

“I have suffered, doctor—and my poor child, Enrico—but you know all

that—no matter—you will be in time to cure *me*, perhaps; but I think not.” So saying, she raised on me her large dark inquiring eye, and *then* I saw, for the first time, that she was *ill*.

“Good God! madam, you must have been suffering much. Has—has —?” The question died upon my lips, for I saw that she looked as if she would not hear or say anything *now*. I therefore merely said, how delighted I was that I had come to her neighbourhood, and that I hoped she would attend to herself, and follow the advice of one who would do his best to reinstate her in health. The change had, in effect, startled me into volunteering aid before it was sought for. Alas, she was altered! her beauty was now removed to the detached features, between which disease had scooped out the hollows of premature age; the glowing tints of the sunny south were exchanged for the *dark* paleness of foreign delicacy, and the vivacity of her first years seemed confined to the still lustrous eye, without engaging the whole of a once elastic frame in joyous sympathy. My heart, already excited with old feelings and reminiscences, now well nigh burst within me, and I scarcely knew how to keep up an appearance before her. She talked of her parish, her poor, her household, all in a hasty and nervous strain, with florid and feverish earnestness; and she seemed, with studiousness, to avoid any allusion to former scenes, and above all to former conversations and topics. All was the present or future to her. She spoke of schemes, and systems, and projects, with volubility, going from one thing to another, asking question after question, and scarcely waiting for an answer, which she certainly did not attend to or retain, before she put another. In short, I felt sorry that I had gone in, and anxious for a decent opportunity of taking my departure.

In the midst of this, the rector himself arrived. He came up to me with some of the cordiality of earlier times, and welcomed me to his parish. He too, was much altered, care-worn and haggard; his figure and face had both shrunk to half their former dimensions, while the latter had assumed an air of rigid imperiousness, not quite foreign to its original character, but strengthened and exagger-

ated. Its gravity was remarkable—no circumstance, not the first sight of a long absent friend, could raise the faintest twilight of a smile upon it; the expression was as if life was too serious a concern to allow of its unbending for an instant. He had taken my hand with emotion, and welcomed me with much feeling; but it was the feeling which said, here you have come to see what wretched creatures we are—not a glimpse of the sunshine of by-gone days crossed that overshadowed countenance: he seemed to have got within the cloud of some overwhelming thoughts.

I observed this with an anxiety which acted upon me, however, differently from what the same feeling had done before. I had studied and I had observed much since I had seen them last, and what was more, I had practised much; and a determination and decision and promptitude of action I possessed now at once suggested the necessity of active measures.

“Did you find my wife alone, sir?” abruptly exclaimed the clergyman, after his first greetings were over, and he had darted a hasty glance of inquiry at her, met by a deprecating look.

“Alone, sir,” said I. “Why?”

“Oh, yes,” interrupted Helena; “that is—he was not coming in, but I heard his voice, and I recognized it, and I knew you would have been sorry had he not seen either of us.”

“Yes, yes, certainly,” exclaimed he, “you did quite right there. Sorry, indeed, I should have been if my old friend had been turned from my door. You, I suppose, have been gay and happy in the midst of the world. We, you know, have retired, as was our duty, and led what to one of my disposition is the happiest life of any, the English country life. Usefulness and obscurity are the true secrets. *You* will now have to embrace the latter, and to put up with her uninviting aspect, at the same time that *you* must court the former. To *you* it will be a *descent*, and, therefore, a trial—to me, to us, I mean, it was but an exchange.”

I did not remain long with them; and when I had retired I went directly to the parish clerk, the old man outside, for information respecting the family—*“What had hap-*

pened since they came there. I heard all in a few words—unhappiness and gloom had settled over them; she, with all her efforts, was not by nature shaped for the routine of duty he had proposed for her, and he exacted more in proportion as she performed less; the consequence of which was, in her, (though her obedience remained unaltered) a system of concealment or dissimulation, and an attempt, at last, to throw herself upon the friendship and sympathy of others, some of the foreigners of her own family. A year before, her father had come over from Italy and remained the winter months with them: it was supposed things had not gone on well, for his departure had been very sudden, and they had not since spoken of him to any one. Since then they had lost their only child, and it were hard to say which had suffered most on the occasion; but the constitution of the wife had proved the weaker, and she was now supposed to be almost past cure.

“God bless his reverence,” said this man, “his heart is with his wife; but he will not let her be, but must be always either commanding or reproving her, so that, poor heart, she is anxious about every footstep she takes and every word she utters, instead of leaving them to nature. A man may school his wife too much, though she be stranger-like—not but that he would go the world’s length for her, that I know, but that is not it; it would be better, perhaps, if he didn’t go the garden’s length after her every minute, but leave her to her own outlandish, kind, goodnatured way sometimes.”

My mind was made up—I was determined to use the double privilege of my profession and my acquaintance, and speak to him boldly. It was cruelty, it was madness, his conduct. Let his mind be as prejudiced as it could be, still a rational man might see the truth when put home to him, if (and I believed it was so) affection and good intention were at the bottom of his heart. I considered it a disease. How to bring about a conversation, however, was not so easy to devise. I knew my friend’s disposition, and dreaded the effect a formal interview might produce; he might suspect a thousand things, even the collusion of

his wife, and be only the more exasperated by expostulation.

You know Abbot’s Grange—you remember how, though now a farmstead, it retains something of the air and architecture of its former state; the mutilations which have cut it down to its present use, being concealed by massive overshadowings of ivy. It stands near the high road; and often, on retiring from visiting my patients in that direction after nightfall, had I observed a large white owl flit out from the shade of the ivy and skim silently round the ruin.

One night, when the moon was shining brightly on the hard road, I was, as usual, returning on foot towards the village, and on approaching the grange, looked about for my old acquaintance, the owl. He was not there however, but the next moment I saw him at some distance off at the other side of the road against some trees. It was the first time I had remarked him so far from the ruin, and I had paused as I came up to it to survey the place more attentively, when I heard a step, crackling among the dry thistles and weeds under the wall. Placing myself in the shadow of a tree that hung over the road, I could observe without being observed, and after waiting a moment, the person appeared in the full moonlight out from the angle of the building. Judge, sir, of my surprise when I perceived it was the rector! He was advancing with his hands clasped, and his eyes turned to heaven as if in prayer, while the intense agony of his brow showed that if prayer it was, it was like the prayer of “such as be sorrowful.” He proceeded forward towards the road, and emerging upon it at a small gate, he took the way to the village at a slow and languid pace. Providence seemed to have presented to me the season for doing what was in my heart. I followed, not precipitately, but as if I had not observed that there was a traveller before me. As soon as he heard the step, he looked round for an instant, and drew to the side of the road, evidently with the intention of allowing the person who followed him, whoever it might be, to pass without recognising him. As I came up with him, I looked aside, and exclaimed—“Good God, my friend, you out at this time of night!” He started, but the



next moment put his arm in mine, and we walked on together.

Earnest at first, vehement afterwards was our converse:—I spoke with openness and decision. I did not palliate matters,—I knew he needed to have his eyes opened. I spoke to him as no one but a man exactly in my situation could have done—an old friend—a friend long unconnected with the parties, and therefore unprejudiced, a professional man, a former confidant. As we proceeded, the moon had become obscured, we had struck off the road, and by the time we had arrived at the enclosed part of the path between the palings, the darkness was such that we could scarcely have proceeded without the guidance of the enclosure at either side to direct us."

Reader! it was between *these palings* I had watched the birds and the butterflies an hour ago!

"Our road was too short for our words,—we went back; and made several turns of this enclosed path. It was, I remember, in the darkest part of that enclosure that he mentioned the word 'JEALOUSY.' I felt him tremble all over. 'The picture, Doctor!' he whispered—'Do you remember the picture?—I—CANNOT FIND IT!' He drew up a long breath between his teeth as he uttered these words, as if he was afraid lest any thing in earth or heaven should hear the words besides the ear they were addressed to. 'She says she knows nothing of it. Do *you* believe her?—I have detected her in little concealments. Yes, yes. I heard afterwards, I will not say how, of her having gone to *you* at college, do you remember? She had friends—admirers, in Italy, you know. Beauty, Doctor, *will* be admired. I missed it a short time before her father went back to Florence. Not that he would connive—but those Italians—you know what they are, Doctor—what they are taught to be—what their religion makes them. *She*, it is true, embraced mine—but childhood, the ties of education—*that* is the season in which principles are imbibed and the character formed. They cannot help it. But it is hard upon us. It was my doing, no doubt; but then I looked to working a change, and I loved—I *do* love.' His voice became hoarse with emotion. 'Would

I have worn prematurely to decay—would silence have fallen upon my house; would I have been scrambling among ruins in the middle of the night, if I did not love? Oh, God! what I would go through at this instant—what long-drawn and intense torture would I endure with a smile, were I but to know her *my own*, my own in feeling and principle, in head and in heart! But the *picture*, again! Do you remember it? you saw it once. It was very beautiful, was it not? I had not looked at it for a long time, but I had it safe somewhere. I bethought me of it one day, and—it was gone! I rushed to her, and taxed her with it. She denied it, but she could not look me in the face. Why was this? She denies it still—but—but then—*it is gone!*' The last words he uttered with a sort of chuckle, as if that fact were the proof of what he suspected.

I did not say a word till he had finished all he had to say.

"Shame, shame!" I then exclaimed. "Shame on the Englishman—the clergyman—the man! Does not the creed you teach instruct you that we are erring, imperfect, miserable creatures? Does it not enjoin, as its chiefest moral duty, forbearance? and call love the fulfilling of the law?—not love for the perfections of others, but love for what is, with all its mixture of perfections and imperfections. What are *you*, *reverend* sir? A gloomy, morose, jealous tyrant at home;—a useless visionary in your calling abroad. Look at your wife—your wretched Helena—removed at first from every earthly scene and person that was dear to her; deprived since of the sole pledge of a blissful period that is gone; now ground down by him who might have and ought to have supported her through those sharp human trials; and reduced by the accumulated weight of calamities to the certainty of an early grave: while you, professing—ay, sir, *professing* to love her, watch over her premature decline from day to day, without a word of comfort—an effort at relief. Why should she not throw herself back into the arms of her family? She thought she had exchanged them for yours for ever; but when you have failed her, do you dare to refuse her the only support?

Hold, wretched man, ere it be as late for repentance as it is now for remedy. Dash yourself to the earth before her, and implore *her* forgiveness, ere you dare to kneel to perform for others or yourself the commonest rites of the religion of Christ. I know your thoughts. I speak to the man I have regarded; but I speak the words of reproach with a fearless heart; and now, in the coming change of heaven, I prophesy that a night of gloom will rise over you, after which the rolling round of a world will never bring another dawn. Home! sir, home to the wretched victim of your blind and narrow prejudices, and pray *there* at her bedside for forgiveness for yourself, instead of venting the spleen of disappointed obstinacy, a truant from your duties to God and to man, amidst weeds and ruins. She loved you, she adored you. You say you heard of her visit to me. It was on *your* account she came; it was on *your* account she was suffering: a thought of *herself* never rose in her mind; a word of herself never fell from her tongue, except as far as *you* were concerned. You were blessed with too heavenly a partner, and you are proving how well you deserved her by MURDERING her!"

I spoke with a vehemence and force almost superhuman, wound up as I was to desperation by the effort I was making. The night had been gradually changing, and already the wind was up, and howled among the high trees behind the shrubbery. My unfortunate friend had heard me for some time with calmness, but, as I proceeded, he became gradually overwhelmed, and I heard the half-stifled sobs rising to his lips. When I told him he was loved, he tottered and staggered along as if half stunned, so that when the last word I uttered cast him to the earth, it was but the finishing struggle of a paroxysm that had already all but overcome the powers of life.

So violent was my indignant excitement, that when I felt him fail, instead of endeavouring to support him as he leaned on me, I shook him roughly from me, and he dropped on his knees in a little tuft of weeds at the side of the pathway so helplessly that he had to put one hand before him to the ground to prevent his falling at full length.

I stood over him for one moment—it was the climax of the effort. I had personified justice in its sternest shape—there lay contrition at my feet—but I myself also was a man: the next, I knelt beside him."

Here the old man was for some moments unable to speak. When he had somewhat recovered he proceeded.

"I need not detain you, sir, much longer. From that hour my friend was an altered man. And had God willed it so that the flame of life might have been rekindled in the breast of Helena, peace and happiness might to this hour have rested in this house. But no, sir, it was too late. There was nothing left for him to do but to make her death-bed a happy one. I had had a previously-formed opinion of the inveteracy of constitutional character, strengthened by my friend's history up to that time—it was much shaken by the sequel. Every semblance of suspicion, of bigotry, of pride and prejudice seemed to be blotted out of his character: they ceased to exist—they never returned. And *she*, if she had been forced by a craving for sympathy for a time to seek for other confidants, richly returned his repentant caresses. She clung to him indeed with a fervour of affection wanting even to their earlier intercourse. The only thing that damped her happiness was the thought that they should be a while apart. 'Could earth spare you, I would say, *don't be long.*' And in his returning, like the possessed of old, to a 'right mind,' the true spirit and power of religion sprang up, as it were, spontaneously in the house. It was felt throughout the parish. As his heart became right at home, it appeared as if he found new energy for his duties abroad. From that time the blessing of God seemed to be on his efforts. Many neighbours sought his presence who till then had stood aloof from pride, indifference, or disapproval. But though he was ever ready to receive them professionally, and with a view to their best interests, yet he held back from their overtures of acquaintance and worldly intercourse; and, in fact, that character began in him which has lasted out his life. He *knew* that he had destroyed his wife's happiness, he needed not now to be reminded of it; and no earthly enjoyment did he ever partake of more.

But why need I dwell longer over this sad story? She died—she died in his arms. He shed no tear. The next Sunday he was in his pulpit as usual. That was forty years ago. *This* portrait, sir, was the one he lost—he found it this morning. He had survived her death so long—this—this——”

Here the old man's utterance was completely choked with sobs, and his emotion was so great that I besought him to desist. I had heard enough, and could easily understand the rush of recollections and self-convictions being too much for a remorse, which had been only kept under by the continued effort of years.

“Come,” said the old man, when he had a little recovered, “let us perform the last sad office of friendship. We will seal up his papers, and then carry him between us and lay him upon his bed.”

“Let me then call the clerk and Rachel,” said I; “it will be too much for you, and they are only waiting outside to be summoned.”

“No, sir, we will do it ourselves.”

We did so accordingly, with many tears; and having left matters for the present in the charge of the aged clerk and the faithful domestic, walked from the door of the house arm in arm, without saying a word.

#### ODE ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

“Serus in cælum redeas: diuque  
Lætus intersis populo Quirini:  
Neve te, nostris vitiis iniquum,  
Orior aura  
Tollat.”—*Hor. ad Aug.*

The Cambrian hills in steepy pride  
To heaven still lift their summits hoar;  
And Conway dark, and Severn wide,  
Still waken echo with their roar;

But ah! no more on Cambrian sod  
Is heard, as erst, the tuneful train;  
No more at feast, or Eisteddfod,<sup>a</sup>  
They pour the high heroic strain;

And must the lay, which might inspire  
Aneurin's<sup>b</sup> harp, Cadwallo's<sup>b</sup> tongue,  
Devolve upon degen'rate lyre,  
And by a stranger Bard be sung!

Yet will I warm me with the theme,  
And try to catch the spirit bold,  
That flashed along the early dream  
Of Merlin and Taliessin<sup>b</sup> old.

I'll high with mead the Hir-las Horn!<sup>c</sup>  
The partner still of war or joy—  
And pledge on this auspicious morn,  
A welcome to the Royal Boy.

Smile, heaven, benignant on this hour!  
And cherish thou our seedling gem,  
Until he bloom a fairer flow'r,  
Than ever sprang from *Welsh* *land*.

Fill high with mead the Hir-las Horn,  
 Oh Prince, may'st thou, like Hoel<sup>a</sup> good,  
 Meek mercy love, injustice scorn,  
 Exalt the virtuous, check the proud ;

And like to him,<sup>f</sup> who, on the plain  
 Of Cressy, plumed his youthful brows  
 With crest of bold Bohemian slain,  
 Be dreaded only by thy foes.

Fill high with mead the Hir-las Horn!  
 On Gwyneth's<sup>g</sup> hills and Arvon's<sup>h</sup> shore,  
 Of Celtic stock a race is born,  
 As brave and faithful as of yore,

Of hand as strong, of heart as true  
 And prompt, O Prince, their blood to shed  
 For thee, as their forefathers, who  
 On Agincourt with Monmouth bled.

Fill high with mead the Hir-las Horn!  
 Oh! make thy people's breasts alone  
 Of all their liberties unshorn,  
 The bulwark of thy future throne :

If it on such foundation rest,  
 And in free hearts thou'lt reign endeared,  
 On Snowdon's<sup>i</sup> peak the eagle's nest  
 (On basis more infirm is reared.

Fill high with mead the Hir-las Horn!  
 As ebbs the liquor from its brim,  
 Time fleets and mortals leaves to mourn  
 O'er vanished joys that fleet with him.

Thus will thy life, thy glories fade,  
 Thus comes the hour that comes to all :  
 The King of Kings be then thine aid,  
 And nations weep above thy pall.

#### NOTES.

<sup>a</sup> A periodical assembly of the Welsh Bards.

<sup>b</sup> These Bards are affirmed by some historians to have flourished in the sixth, by others in the eleventh century: the latter is the more prevalent, and indeed the better supported opinion.

<sup>c</sup> The horn was the usual drinking cup of the Danes and Normans; and by them introduced into Wales. The Welsh called their horn *Hirlas*, or the "Long blue." It was a section of the horn of an ox, highly mounted and ornamented.

<sup>d</sup> Roderic Fawr, or "The Great." He flourished, A.D. 843.

<sup>e</sup> Hoel Dda, or "The Good," so called from his just government and wisdom. He flourished, A. D. 940.

<sup>f</sup> The Black Prince, who, having in this battle, slain John of Luxembourg, king of Bohemia, deplumed his casque of those ostrich feathers, which, in memory of his victory, became his cognizance, with the motto, "*Ich Dien*."

<sup>g</sup> Gwyneth, or the "Snowy Hills," the principality of North Wales.

<sup>h</sup> Caernarvonshire.

<sup>i</sup> Snowdon was the name given by the Saxons to that mountainous region called by the Welsh "*Craigian Eryrie*," or the "Crag of the Eagles." To this day the highest point of Snowdon is called the eagle's nest.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.—NO. XXVII.

ROBERT JAMES GRAVES, M.D., M.R.I.A.

Late Queen's Professor of the Institutes of Medicine to the School of Physic in Ireland.

So intimately are the characters and personal narratives of the men by whose agency and direction the events that give an interest to the times, interwoven with the annals of the epoch in which they live, as to have given birth to the observation, that were we to strip history of its biography it would become a mere chronological chart, an old almanac.

Whatever objection may be urged against this doctrine in relation to the political history of a country, where most frequently the era or the events produce the man, it possesses more than the value usually assigned to it in science, literature, or art—when, undoubtedly, the man makes the era, and not only leads the spirit but gives tone and memory to the age and country in which he lives.

Thus with philosophy we associate the names of Newton, Bacon, or Leibnitz—with poetry, Shakspeare or Goethe—a Gibbon with history—Cuvier with zoology. Who can disconnect the name and progress of painting from those of Raphael, Rubens, or Correggio—chemistry from Humphrey Davy—machinery and manufactures from James Watt—or British medicine from Cullen and John Hunter.

These men not only earned for themselves and their respective nations fame and honours by their individual labours, but they, in an especial manner, claim our admiration and demand our gratitude for the large and lasting benefits they conferred upon mankind, by the schools they established in those branches of learning or art in which they excelled.

Of these sciences none has advanced with such giant strides, within the last half century, as medicine; but, although Ireland has long been celebrated for its surgery and anatomy, and possessed, no doubt, some highly-gifted individuals, a Cleghorn, Plunket, Purcell, and M'Bride, and in later times a Harvey, a Percival, and a Cheyne—physicians who practised their art with advantage to themselves and the public, and the two latter of whom eagerly availed themselves of the rapid growth of knowledge that sprung up in Europe subsequent to the peace of 1815—yet, for the most part, their information died with them, and the school of physick in Dublin produced few, perhaps we may say none, whose medical education was of such a nature as that they had not to re-enter upon the study of their profession subsequent to the acquirement of their licence to practise.

Some twenty years ago a new light broke in upon us, a new epoch took place in the system of medical education in this country—and those advantages were then for the first time offered to the student that has gained for our school of medicine the reputation it now possesses, of being one of the very first in Great Britain. This improvement, this much-wanted change, was brought about chiefly by the instrumentality of the original of the portrait on the opposite page, the first great medical teacher we have had in this country.

The mantle of genius is rarely hereditary; but when it does become so, we have remarked that it carries with it an addition of gifts that distinguishes the wearer by more than ordinary powers of intellectual endowment; how apposite the assertion in the present instance, the literary history of our country and our college attest.

Robert James Graves is the youngest son of Richard Graves, D.D., Dean of Ardagh, one of the brightest ornaments of our university, and author of the celebrated work on the Pentateuch—of whose merits as a man, and a writer on divinity, we have spoken at large in a former number.\* He was a descendant

---

\* Vol. xvii. page 634.







of Colonel Graves, a distinguished cavalry officer in Cromwell's army, who settled in Ireland previous to the Restoration and became possessed of large estates in the county of Limerick.

Dean Graves married Eliza, daughter of James Drought, D.D. Professor of Divinity, T.C.D., a member of one of the principal families in the King's County.

R. J. Graves received his early education from the Rev. R. Wilde, an eminent scholar of the university, and a prominent member of the Historical Society in its most palmy days, and subsequently from Dr. Leney. His collegiate career was marked by a splendour such as few men attain to, and rewarded by honours rarely bestowed by our university upon the same individual.

The distinguished reputation he then enjoyed in both science and classics, still lives so fresh in the recollection of many of our readers that we forbore to do more than enumerate the many and high honours he then obtained. At a very large July entrance he took the first place, and the station in his class which he then attained he maintained steadfastly throughout his whole course—for with two exceptions he received the first premium and certificate in science as well as classics, at every examination of the undergraduate course: and on taking his fellow-commoner's degree the gold medal\* was conferred upon him for having gone in for every examination and obtaining a *valde in omnibus*. He entered under Dr. Merydith, and was afterwards transferred to Dr. Elrington;—among his class fellows were the Chief Baron and Mr. Brewster.

This vigour of intellect, this untiring industry, which thus early became developed in his college career gave bright promise of eminent success in any walk in life that its possessor might tread in—and the estimate formed of the character of the lad has been fully answered in the position occupied by the man.

Having graduated in arts Mr. Graves applied himself to the study of anatomy, medicine, and surgery in the best schools of this city, and was amongst the first of the Dublin physicians who, following the path pursued by the celebrated Baillie, were distinguished as accurate practical anatomists—for, previous to that period, the student of medicine (we mean of physic apart from surgery) required but a very limited knowledge of that most essential branch of his profession, and *post mortem* examinations were never performed except by the surgeon. The result of this deficiency in medical education, and subsequent neglect in the practitioner, was, that very little was then understood of that important branch of science, the very basis of the healing art—pathological anatomy.

On receiving his medical degree Dr. Graves proceeded to London and studied there under Dr. Robinson and Sir William Blizard, and from thence crossed over to the Continent, where he spent the ensuing three years (1818, 19, and 20) in visiting the most distinguished medical schools of Europe, particularly those of Goettingen, Berlin, and Copenhagen. Although it be briefly, we cannot touch lightly upon this portion of our friend's extensive medical education, for we know that much of that eminence he so rapidly attained to on his return, and that reputation that has extended so far and wide beyond the limits of his native country, was acquired by the character he earned for himself in those different foreign universities. It was, moreover, in them he acquired a knowledge of that improved system of medical education which he afterwards introduced with such effect into this country,

Germany was at that time more than any other land in Europe celebrated for its school of medicine, and had become particularly attractive for that most admirable mode of imparting oral practical information, denominated *clinical instruction*. At the period to which we refer the ancient reputation of Goettingen was ably sustained by men so distinguished as Stromeyer and the venerable Blumenbach, with whose valuable physiological researches the world of science and of letters is well acquainted. In Berlin the clinic of the patriarchal

---

\* A similar honour was obtained at the same time by A. Lyle, esq., the second remembrancer.

Hufeland was decidedly the best school of practical medicine in Europe, and Professor Behrend taught pathology and pathological anatomy in a manner and with a power unknown before his day. Dr. Graves was for two years the pupil of these distinguished teachers, and the high opinion they entertained of his talents and the testimony they bore to his diligence and zeal, was one of the most powerful recommendations that subsequently led to his election to the first professorship in the school of physic in Ireland. In Copenhagen he studied under the well-known Cohlston, and having visited the schools of France and Italy, and resided some months in Edinburgh, he settled in Dublin in 1821.

Sprung from a line already memorable in the literary history of this and the sister country—in his own person not merely sustaining, but ably adding to the high reputation for which his family have long been noted; distinguished as well for his extensive knowledge of the living languages, as his classic and scientific attainments—with the advantages of foreign travel and rare powers of critical research and originality of observation, the return of Dr. Graves to his native city was eagerly looked forward to by his friends and the profession, and from that period to the present his rise has been as steady as it was deserved.

In this memoir, we would consider his public professional character in three points of view—as a lecturer: a writer: and, as much as is compatible with the nature of our journal, a practical physician; and while we descend not to the meanness of petty criticism, we shall endeavour to let the terms of our eulogy be expressed by the labours of the man; and, in giving a brief *résumé* of his works, and a fair statement of his rise and progress to his present exalted position, lead our readers to form their own estimate of his merits and his reputation.

In 1821, Dr. Graves, with other physicians and surgeons, founded the medical school of Park-street; of the great benefit that establishment has been to the school of medicine in this country we have already spoken in a recent number. On the opening of this institution, Dr. Graves lectured in it on medical jurisprudence, a subject at that time (and we regret to add still,) but little noticed in this kingdom; subsequently on pathological anatomy, and finally, in connection with Sir Henry Marsh, upon the practice of physic.

In the course of the same year he was elected one of the physicians to the Meath Hospital, an institution till then, almost unknown beyond the limits of this city, but now, by means of Dr. Graves and his illustrious colleague Dr. William Stokes, possessing a reputation as a school of practical medicine throughout Europe, and visited by nearly every foreign medical man who arrives in Great Britain.

This just celebrity was brought about by the advantages offered to the student, (for the first time in this country,) to study disease, not from the well-devised oration in the lecture-room, or the printed, and perhaps graphic description of it in his closet, but by observing all its forms, changes, and symptoms at the bedside; by having a patient submitted to his care, under the direction of the physician; the previous history of whose case it was his business to inquire into, and every step in whose malady he was required to note with accuracy, and at a daily examination before his class detail to his critical examiner. By this system was the student not only afforded an opportunity of observing and learning disease, but of testing his own quantity of information and practical knowledge. Hitherto upon the old system, when the student "*walked*," or to speak more correctly, *ran* the hospitals, and hurried from ward to ward in order to keep pace with the rapid strides of his teacher, and when his object was, chiefly by his presence, to become entitled to the semestral certificate of "diligent attendance," he considered himself fortunate if in his morning's walk he heard the remedies prescribed, often without knowing for what; he was never once questioned as to his practical knowledge of disease, at the place where the information derived from books would avail him little; he *crammed* for his examination, and was perhaps called upon the day after he obtained his "licence to practise" for the first time in his life, properly to examine his patient; to exercise for the first time, his own judgment upon the issue of life or death, and best mode of treatment of a valuable member of society—then, indeed, experience often was gained at the sacrifice of life. Surely this is a noble—what a noble—what a merciful office had the reformer—

aside, but we regret to add, there are many such modes of so-called medical instruction still existing in Great Britain. We trust, however, the day is not far distant when this lamentable defect will be remedied, either by some legislative enactment, or by a salutary and *equal* code of laws being adopted by our colleges and different licensing bodies, when it will be made as well compulsory as remunerative on the hospital physician or surgeon to instruct: and the pupil, if not to learn, at least to endeavour to do so. By the system established in the institution to which we have already referred, not only was blustering pretension stript of its fictitious garments, but prizes were awarded to the talented and the industrious, essays were written, societies formed, concours held for the election of clinical clerks, and all were stimulated to zeal, energy, and emulation.

That genius and sterling inobtrusive merit were elicited, we have many rich examples, for from the wards of this clinique sprung one of the brightest ornaments of the profession, Dr. W. Stokes, whose talents raised him almost from the student's bench to fill the professor's chair, and become the colleague of his recent preceptor; and to these wards we trace the early rise of men, such as professor Kane, Dr. Townsend, and others.\*

We hear and read much at present of medical reform, but we find upon inquiry, that one of the first efforts at that much wished-for object, was made by Dr. Graves in the reformation brought about by him in medical instruction.

We might, did our limits permit, quote abundantly from several of his published introductory lectures and addresses to prove this fact; but we would strongly recommend those who now rail so loudly against abuses, that they themselves have either originated or assisted to perpetuate, again to review those opinions of his, put forward so long ago as 1821; and while they seek by legislative enactments to remedy all the disabilities under which their profession labours, to lay the axe to the root of the tree overladen with fruit that has never ripened owing to the improper management of the soil they were employed to cultivate.

In the original lecture delivered upon this topic in 1821, he ably reviews the different modes of teaching pursued in Edinburgh, Paris, and the schools of Italy and Germany. Of the latter, that recommended by the lecturer, we feel called upon to make an extract, because we have had opportunities of witnessing its salutary effects in the land where it originated, and because we grieve to say it has not been generally adopted in this country:—"In Germany each school has three distinct medical clinics attached to it, by which means the labour of teaching is divided among the professors, and the number of students attending each is diminished.

"There is one clinical hospital for the treatment of acute diseases, and another for chronic diseases, while a clinical dispensary is devoted to the care of extern patients. The pupils are divided into two classes—the more advanced, who get the care of patients, and the junior students, who merely look on and listen. When a patient is admitted, his care is assigned to one of the practising pupils, who, when the physician is visiting the ward, reads out the notes he has taken of the patient's disease, including its origin, progress, and present state. This is done at the bed-side of the patient; and before he leaves the ward, the physician satisfies himself whether all the necessary particulars have been accurately reported by the pupil. After all the patients have thus been accurately examined, the professor and his class proceed to the lecture-room, and a list of the practis-

---

\* The high chemical powers of Dr. Kane, who has so lately obtained the Copley gold medal from the Royal Society, for his discoveries and investigations in relation to the colouring principles of Orchill, were, we have reason to know, first noticed by Dr. Graves, when the former was his pupil at the Meath Hospital. While a student of Dr. Graves's, he undertook a series of experiments, and wrote an essay on "the alterations in the fluids produced by the injections of morbid poisons into the veins." It was both of a chemical and pathological nature, and was honoured by the medical officers of the Meath Hospital, with a gold medal, the first prize ever obtained by our friend, and the only such reward ever bestowed upon a medical student in Dublin. He also won Dr. G.'s prize for an essay on the effects of impurities in the blood in producing fever.



ing pupils and the patients is handed to the professor ; the pupils are examined concerning the nature of their diseases, their probable termination, and the most appropriate method of treatment, each student answering only concerning the patients entrusted to his special care. During this examination, the pupil's diagnosis and proposed remedies are submitted to the consideration of the professor, who corrects whatever appears to be erroneous in either. At the conclusion, the prescriptions written by the students are read out in order by the professor, who strictly comments on and corrects any inaccuracy or inelegance they may contain. This daily deliberation and anxious discussion concerning the nature and treatment of each case is peculiarly interesting, and serves to accustom the beginner to habits of accurate examination, whereby he is taught to interrogate nature for himself, and learns the history and treatment of disease, not from books and descriptions, but from direct observation. The advantages gained by the practising pupils are too obvious to require comment. Being obliged to give reasons for every plan of cure that they propose, they are accustomed to a rational and careful investigation of disease ; and enjoying the most important of all advantages, the early correction of their errors, they commence private practice with a sufficient degree of experience to render them unlikely to commit any very serious mistakes. This is the best sort of clinical lecture ; the pupils have their doubts solved and their erroneous views corrected—while the professor is enabled to mention, as the disease proceeds, every thing which he thinks is illustrative of its nature."

In a note added subsequently, he says—"Eleven years' experience enables me strongly to recommend the method of instruction pursued in Germany. Not a session has elapsed without furnishing proofs in its favour. This system however, at first met with much opposition, and its introduction was ridiculed in every possible manner. I remember perfectly well having only two practising pupils in one class, but I was not discouraged."\* One of those early pupils was afterwards his colleague.

Of the vast importance and responsibility of his charge as well as the many high privileges belonging to a public instructor, (and we know of none to whom these terms more especially apply than to the medical teacher) we will let Dr. Graves speak in his own words—those in which he addressed his class at the opening session of 1837 :—

"The teacher of clinical medicine, gentlemen, occupies in every nation a post of heavy responsibility. But when he happens to preside over the medical education of those who resort to the wards of a metropolitan hospital,—when the metropolis is a British one, and the hospital destined to send forth, annually, practitioners to every quarter of the globe—to North and South America, to New Holland, to the Cape of Good Hope, to the East and West Indies, and the countless isles which, in either hemisphere, are visited by the British flag,—then indeed does that teacher become himself an instrument of good or evil to an extent which it is fearful to contemplate.

"He who gives instruction to a clinical class in Berlin, Stockholm, Vienna, or Paris has much to answer for, if he discharges not his duties with zeal and diligence ; yet if he fails to make his pupils good practitioners, their errors, however deplorable, are circumscribed within comparatively narrow bounds, and limited in a degree to their own countrymen. But the British teacher sits in the centre of a circle far wider than Sweden, or Prussia, or Austria, or France ; his pupils are to be met with practising in every climate—exercising their art in almost every habitable region of the globe, and dispensing the blessings of health to all races of mankind ;—to the hardy white settlers of Canada, the aboriginal red skins of North America, the negroes of Jamaica,

---

\* See a Lecture upon Clinical Instruction, with a comparative estimate of the mode in which it is conducted in the British and Continental Schools. By R. J. G. London Medical Gazette for June 30, 1832. The several Lectures delivered at the Meath Hospital on this subject in 1821 are here incorporated into one.

the Hottentots and Caffres of Africa, and the countless tribes of Hindoostan.

“ In truth, gentlemen, the British teacher of practical medicine exercises an influence without parallel in importance and extent ; and his opportunities of benefitting or injuring his fellow men are incalculably great. If he neglects his duty, if he teaches erroneously ; his negligence and his errors in practice are multiplied indefinitely by means of those whom he ought to have better instructed : the scene of his guilt, for it deserves no better name, becomes fearfully enlarged, for there is no country so remote that it may not contribute victims to the incapacity of his pupils. But if, on the contrary, he works with zeal and diligence ; if he labours conscientiously and perseveringly in performing the important task he has undertaken, a compensation awaits him to which scarcely any member of any profession can attain. . . The hero and the despot may extend a sovereignty over distant regions—may exert an unlimited control over millions of vassals—may dispense honours and rewards, or inflict punishment and death ;—they may, like Alexander, grieve at the narrow limits of a conquered world, and sigh for other scenes of glory : but they cannot chase away pain ; they cannot bid the burning thirst to cease, or give back repose to the sleepless ; they cannot impart feeling or motion to the paralysed, or sight to the blind ; and above all, they cannot imitate that almost godlike function of the healing art, by which man is enabled to recall to his fellow-man reason long banished, and restore to society the helpless victim of insanity.”

In the benefits conferred upon society by introducing an improved and well-educated class of practitioners amongst us, we must all more or less participate ; and the range of its blessings is so multiplied, and so fully acknowledged both by peer and peasant, that further comment upon its merits were superfluous.

These clinical lectures of Dr. Graves, which being entirely of a practical nature we cannot here discuss, were printed in “ *The Journal of Medicine and Surgery* ” and “ *The Medical Gazette*,” and were the first of the kind ever published by any Dublin physician in the weekly periodicals of London, where they attracted considerable attention as well as throughout England generally ; and not only among the practitioners but the public of that kingdom. These lectures have been continued from time to time up to the last year.\*

In 1822, the ever memorable year of pestilence and famine, that in particular devastated the west of Ireland, Dr. Graves with other physicians of this city was sent down by the government to the town of Galway, where that awful scourge of our country, the typhus fever, then raged with unexampled fury. The district of the Claddagh, one already well known in the annals of that curious old town, a district marked for the virulence with which this malady attacked the wretched inhabitants, was the one allotted to Dr. Graves. The over-crowded, superstitious, and uncleanly condition of the people in that quarter of the town added fuel to the fire of disease, and the three medical men who had been previously in attendance were in succession swept away, yet all this was no damper on the energetic character sent among those rude fishermen : and though nearly twenty years have passed over us since then we know that his name is still remembered with gratitude—his fearless disregard of personal danger and infection in the discharge of his most philanthropic mission, yet forms a theme of their admiration. Upon his return to Dublin he published an account of this epidemic in the *Transactions of the College of Physicians*, the first written communication with which he favoured the medical world.†

During the early years of Dr. Graves's medical career he contributed to several journals translations and condensed analyses of the German improvements in the departments of science, physiology and practical medicine.‡ In the *Dublin Hospital Reports* we find an interesting article from his pen on

\* Professor Graves's Clinical Lectures on Medicine delivered at the Meath Hospital. See *London Medical Gazette*, vol. i.

† *Transactions of the Association of the King and Queen's College of Physicians*.—Vol. iv. 1824.

‡ *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*.

affections of the liver ; and the practice that he then recommended has since been generally adopted in India, where those diseases are so frequent, and their termination such as to call for the operation which he there advocated. Subsequently the editing of the fifth volume of that most valuable work was committed to his care by Dr. Cheyne, and in it are to be found the result of his observations upon several diseases of much interest and importance.\*

In 1826 an epidemic fever of a particularly fatal character broke out in Dublin, and also spread generally throughout the provinces. The accommodation which our different hospitals afforded being found inadequate to the numbers that required admission, tents were erected in the yards and gardens attached to these establishments. Among the patients treated in the Meath Hospital there appeared several cases of yellow fever that at once attracted the attention of the physicians of that institution, who detailed them with great accuracy in their Clinical Reports published in 1827.† This little work, which first noticed the appearance of the yellow or jaundice fever in this country—drawn up in the modest but most instructive form of a statement of interesting cases with brief observations on each, contributed much towards our knowledge of many diseases and fever in particular, and was one of the first that laid before us an accurate investigation of its post-mortem appearances, and a just idea of its pathology. It was then, and has since been doubted, by some, whether true yellow fever ever existed in these latitudes, or ever proceeded farther northward than Gibraltar or Cadiz ; but Tommasini had already noted its existence, though in a modified form, at Leghorn, and becoming less intense as it progressed by occasional visits through France, Holland, and Germany : and it is not improbable but that sporadic cases of a like nature had been already observed in the former epidemics of Ireland, although they were not so frequent or so fatal, and passed unrecorded by those in whose practice they occurred.

We have now conducted Dr. Graves to one of the most eventful epochs in his professional life, the year 1827, when the first professorship, that of the “ Institutes of Medicine,” became vacant in the College of Physicians. The eminent position that Dr. Graves even then occupied as a physiologist a pathologist, and a teacher of medicine, together with his character as a scholar and a man of science—his varied and extensive reading, and his graphic and impressive powers of lecturing, added to his early claims upon the university, all presented a title such as no other candidate could produce for this most important chair in the school of physic—that includes as well the basis as the very finish and poetry of medicine. Independent of this hard-earned and justly-estimated character among the learned of our city, his appointment was, as we have already mentioned, influenced in no small degree by the high testimonials borne to his worth and value by many distinguished foreign professors.

The subject of the institutes of medicine is one that gives a wider scope, a more extended and varied field for original investigation and critical research than any other in the whole range of that science ; for under it is included *physiology*, or the study of the structure, mechanism, and functions of the human body in health ; *pathology*, or a knowledge of the symptoms and characters of disease during life, and the morbid appearances detected after death ; and *therapeutics*, which refer to the general indications for the exhibition of remedies and the best mode of administering them. How vast, how varied, and how exalted this noble theme, that has life for its subject, and the alleviation of human suffering for its aim and end, even the popular reader may

\* Clinical Observations by Robert J. Graves, M. D. Also, a selection of cases from the medical wards of the Meath Hospital, &c. by R. J. Graves, M. D. and W. Stokes, M. D. Dublin Hospital Reports and Communications in Medicine and Surgery.—Vol. iv. 1827.

Clinical Reports from the same. On the effects produced by posture on the frequency and character of the Pulse. By R. J. Graves. Dublin Hospital Reports.—Vol. v. 1830.

† Clinical Reports of the Medical Cases in the Meath Hospital and County of Dublin Infirmary, during the session of 1826, 1827. Part I. By R. J. Graves, M. D. and W. Stokes, M. D. 1827.

conceive, and how ably that task was fulfilled the many admiring pupils of his class can attest.

Independent of the mere technical detail of his subject, no man requires more extensive and discursive reading, or more originality of thought than the physiologist, the true medical physiologist, and therefore it is a path of science rarely travelled with success. To the anatomy of the human subject he must add a knowledge of it in the lower animals, diversified throughout the wide domain of animate existence—denominated comparative anatomy: the labours of the chemist, the botanist, and the natural-philosopher; as also of the geologist, the traveller, and the naturalist, all form material for his subject—a subject limited only where life ceases to exist and disease has not yet intruded.

From 1820 to 1830 physiology and comparative anatomy burst upon us with an almost dazzling splendour, and while they swept away several of the dogmas of our forefathers, their results tended to new and improved methods of treating many diseases. The researches of Cuvier, Meckel, Tiedemann, Carus, Edwards, and Magendie were every where the theme of scientific conversation; but in particular, the curious experiments and the extraordinary results obtained by the last-named eccentric physiologist if they did not make converts to his theories had at least the effect of eliciting inquiry. Every post brought an account of some new theory promulgated at the *Institut*, or some of our long-cherished opinions subverted by an experiment of the ingenious Parisian. It was, in fact, the age of discovery: the empire of reason had extended from the old to the new world to speed forward the noble work of science. Steam had arrived at a degree of perfection applicable to most practical purposes; a new theory of the earth had arisen from our knowledge of zoology: with Bertzelius had sprung up animal chemistry: Parry had navigated unknown regions of the Arctic Sea; Humboldt scaled the Andes and Cordilleras; Guy Lussac voyaged into the atmosphere that surrounds our globe far beyond all previous aeronauts; Ehrenberg demonstrated the anatomy of the infusoriæ; and Babbage calculated by machinery. To keep pace with this rapid march of scientific knowledge was no easy task—to assist in leading it one of considerable difficulty; yet such was the trust committed to—such the character expected from—and such the position sustained by the Professor of the Institutes; a position he maintained so long as his practice and other occupations allowed of his discharging it with fidelity, and no longer.

As a lecturer Professor Graves was endowed with peculiar capabilities. To a remarkable person he added great powers of arresting attention in the very outset of his discourse, which by an almost startling impressiveness he maintained throughout; his ideas were conveyed in a bold, fluent, and classic style; in his language he was always forcible and elegant, and although frequently eloquent he never sacrificed his subject for flowers of rhetoric, or lost sight of his text in the froth of a metaphor; for whether discussing the investigations of others, or detailing the results of his own inquiries, he ever manifested the same critical acumen, the same powers of the most piercing analysis. But higher and nobler far, we rejoice to say, that with the privileges he enjoyed he forgot not—both in his lectures and addresses to the students, and in the presence of his professional brethren, whenever opportunity offered—to give the glory where glory is alone due, to speak the word in season; and while he taught his hearers what life does, and where it ends, he likewise led their minds to contemplate with gratitude the divine source from whence it sprung: in his own beautiful and expressive words:—

“To create life is the attribute of God: to preserve life is the noblest gift man has received from his Creator. Life and death are engaged in an eternal struggle; they succeed, they alternate, they displace, but never annihilate each other; they fill the world with their strife, but it is a strife where the antagonists contend like day and night, each chasing, but never overtaking each.

“The natural-historian is justly proud of a science which constantly employs him in observing the works of his Creator: the chemist boasts with reason that his favourite study teaches him to lift up the veil which concealed some of the most precious and singular among nature's secrets: the astronomer examines the position and motions of distant worlds, weighs the satellites of Jupiter, and

follows the comet to the remotest verge of its eccentric orbit ; nay, he ventures to predict its return after thousands of years, and feels no doubt that a late posterity will be called on to record the occurrence of the event he has prophesied.

“ This is a glorious triumph of man’s reason ; and well may the votaries of astronomy and the physical sciences refer with pride to such victories over space and time : but is there not more of the Deity in a single particle of living matter than in the whole inanimate mass of a planet or a sun ? Is not life the clearest, the most direct revelation of himself which the Creator has deigned to make ?

“ When all was without form and void, the Spirit of God moved, it is true, on the surface of the chaotic mass, but it did not enter into its pores until life was produced ; then God breathed forth, and man rose vivified by the divine expiration. This life—this divine emanation from the Deity forms the subject matter of our studies. To observe its laws is the privilege of the physiologist—to maintain it, to resist the encroachment of disease, or defer the approach of death, is the hallowed office of the physician. This is assuredly one of the noblest functions of reason ; and for nothing should man be more humbly grateful to his Maker than for having conferred on him the power of relieving human suffering.”\*

No clearer proof can be adduced of the value and importance of these lectures, than the fact that although to a vast number of those attending them, they were not compulsory, or required by the curriculum of their education, yet on the very second season his class amounted to one hundred and thirty, the greatest number ever known upon the list of any lecturer in the school of physic ; and many of our readers must well remember the enthusiasm and excitement that prevailed among the students attending the institutes of medicine.

The public, and we regret to add, the public press, have of late years been pleased to consider that portion of the community, yeilded medical students, as beings beyond the pale of human sympathies—creatures who, by the very name they bear, have become unfit associates for the rich and good, barely worthy of the acknowledgment of their own connections, and fair game at which to hurl every description of missile, from the satire on a “ Saw-bones,” to the merciless abuse of a morning paper.

How very few ever consider the peculiar position in which one of those young gentlemen is suddenly placed, who arrives, perhaps for the first time in his life in the metropolis, from beneath the paternal roof. All his studies and habits are in a moment completely changed ; he is located in some unhealthy attic ; deprived of many, if not all, the comforts of a home ; compelled to rise at an early hour, and generally retiring late to rest ; he is hourly exposed to infectious maladies and other dangers that the rest of mankind would shrink from approaching, and necessarily exposed to much of the inclemency of our variable climate. First he visits his hospital, and returns (frequently a considerable distance) to attend the medical school he is attached to : here he runs from the dissecting-room to the lecture theatre ; from thence he hurries to the laboratory of the chemist, and then visits the studio of the botanist—added to these medicine, surgery, and materia medica occupy, in succession, every hour, till four o’clock—subjects the most incongruous follow each other in rapid succession ; and every lecturer he attends endeavours to impress upon him the necessity of his “ *particular and special attention*” to his own branch—and often, perhaps, he has to rush from one school to another to hear these delivered, being thereby obliged to traverse some miles of the city in his daily walk. Each lecture is listened to with decreasing interest and attention : wearied in body and bewildered in mind, he reaches his comfortless lodging, or retires to reside among the diseased and dying in the hospital ; there is no one to direct his studies—no ritual by which he would be, as in other countries, obliged to engage in the study of a certain

---

\* An Address delivered at a Meeting of the Dublin Medico Chirurgical Society, on the 21st May, 1836, by R. J. Graves, M.D. one of the Presidents of the Society.



number of subjects, and no more. Such is the lamentable system—or rather the want of any system, of education in this kingdom.

In continental countries, particularly in Germany, the student in medicine cannot enter at all upon the study of his profession without a proper preliminary education; and then, his time is economised, his yearly studies directed, and his mind given a sufficiency of material to reflect on, adapted to his standing and comprehension, and no more.

For a threefold object have we ventured upon this topic: because it loudly demands alteration—because the system of our continental neighbours has been long since advocated by the subject of our memoir—and because we well remember the stimulating effect the lectures of Dr. Graves had upon the minds of students such as we have described; who, at four o'clock, visited Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital to hear him. Then all weariness was forgotten—all languor vanished: the note-books were again resumed—the attention that had already flagged at an earlier hour of the day, was aroused by the absorbing interest of the subject, and the energy of the lecturer: nay more; the noisy bustle usually attendant on the breaking up of a lecture was exchanged for discussions upon the subjects treated on, or eager inquiries of the professor for the solution of difficulties—and the freshness of morning again came over the exhausted student's mind.

Many of the introductory courses to these beautiful lectures, which included, among other subjects equally attractive, the infinity of life—the physical history of man—the doctrine of modern metaphysics—the physiology of the senses—the influence of physical agents affecting life—the wise provisions of nature for adapting life to every clime and quarter—language—electricity—intellect and instinct—medical statistics—food, and the connection between mind and matter—which formed the material of his discourses one year, and pathology and therapeutics the next, were published in *The London Medical and Surgical Journal*, in 1832 and 1834.

Among the various topics connected with medical philosophy, treated by Professor Graves, there are several worthy of notice in this memoir, as well for their originality as the position they obtained in the records and history of science during the last few years.

Not only did the improved system of microscopes open to our excited view new worlds in the myriads of rare and curiously-formed creatures, as well fossil as those still existing; but this power guided the physiologist with renewed zeal to re-enter upon the investigation of subjects till then looked upon as decided, or considered as inexplicable. Thus, the phenomena of blushing and inflammation, as explained by the theory of the circulation, was again inquired into by observing the appearances of parts during healthy and diseased action, with the aid of a powerful lens. Wedemeyer and Müller's researches in Germany gave new life to the subject, and in England Dr. Marshall Hall, in 1837, published a course of lectures in *The Lancet*, in which he gives it as his opinion that the stagnation of the blood in the capillaries, arising from the adhesion of its globules to the internal surface of these vessels, thereby diminishing the calibre of their channel, is the immediate cause of inflammation; and that as these tubes do not possess any action in themselves, the fluid must be propelled through them by a *vis-a-tergo*—by the heart's action. These views, which appeared to Dr. Graves hypothetical, produced a series of papers from him in *The Medical Gazette*, "on inflammation and the motive powers which cause and regulate the circulation,"\* in which he has most satisfactorily proved not only the untenability of Dr. Hall's positions, but shown that the capillaries *do* possess a vital and a propelling inherent action within themselves. We cannot rest to enumerate any of the many ingenious arguments and incontestable facts put forward to sustain this assertion, but merely notice two ideas that struck us in reviewing these communications—one is the novel one of the blood progressing at different degrees of velocity through different organs and tissues of the body, independent of the acknowledged diminution of velocity owing to increase of friction and the

---

\* *London Medical Gazette*, new series, vol. 2. 1837-38.

increasing capacity (considered as a whole) of the vessels that contain it: thus, that bone, cartilage, muscle, and nervous fibre, all live at a different rate. This idea accounts for many of the heretofore unexplained phenomena of inflammation in these different structures. In the concluding article Dr. G. remarks upon the existence of a capillary circulation in some animals unprovided with hearts, and also upon the force and velocity of the ascent of the sap in plants—when, by capillary action, it rises in the loftiest palms in an amazingly short time, independent of any *vis-a-tergo*, and mentions the fact related by Richerand, that one particular branch of a vine having found its way into a smith's shop, became an evergreen, or put forth a new suit of leaves in winter, while its parent stem, which was exposed to the atmosphere, was dry and unfoliated. This latter circumstance has received additional corroboration from some experiments in grafting lately shown to us by the Archbishop of Dublin. His grace had grafted a number of early-leaving shrubs, as thorn, &c. &c. on stocks that do not put forth their leaves till late in spring; in this case long before the adopted parents had shown any signs of life the thorns were actually in blossom, along with others of the kind. In this instance the capillaries of the graft itself must have exercised not only a *propelling* but a *suction* power, or what is termed in technical language an *endosmosis* on the sap at the root, independent of any action that the spongioles might effect at that early season of the year.

In December, 1827, Dr. Graves delivered and published a lecture on the lymphatic system, in which were brought forward several new views upon this important subject. Contrary to the previously conceived notion of the lymphatics being mere absorbent vessels for removing the useless *debris* of the system, he advanced the doctrine that they were the *veins of the white parts*, and performed the office of returning the white or colourless blood which circulates in these tissues; but that, as in the capillaries, they may through disease become the channels for red blood or other fluids. Although the opinions advocated in that lecture were novel, and strongly supported by facts derived from comparative anatomy, yet it excited but little notice then, no British physiologist either advocating or refuting the ideas of Dr. Graves. Doubtful as to the cause of this silence he ceased to teach these doctrines to his class for the next three seasons, till those very views received the most decided confirmation from the observations and physiological results of our esteemed friend, the celebrated Professor Carus of Dresden, who from comparative anatomy showed not only the correctness of Dr. Graves's views, but that the lymphatic system in man and the mammalia was but the repetition of the vascular system in the animals lower in the scale of creation.\* Finding his opinions borne out by so distinguished an observer as the German Cuvier, Dr. Graves again took up the subject, and in 1834 republished his original lecture, with additional notes.† We regret that our space does not permit our noticing some others of his physiological and pathological discoveries, especially those upon the nervous system.

Both as a lecturer and a writer Dr. Graves has ever been a powerful and unflinching opponent of phrenology. We do not mention this either for the purpose of discussing the merits of that so-called science, or advocating the professor's peculiar views upon this subject, but that it reminds us of the following anecdote, which he has detailed at length in one of our periodicals:—

When Napoleon died, there was no plaster of Paris in St. Helena, and no one who knew how to take a plaster bust of the emperor, which he had never allowed any one to do during his life (why, it is difficult to say).

The emperor's suite expressed great regret at this circumstance, in the presence of Doctor Burton of 66th regiment, a relative of Doctor Graves's (who had all the particulars from him). Doctor Burton had assisted in the *post-*

\* Carus Grundsätze der vergleichenden Anatomie and Physiologie, &c. 3, Bändchen, Dresden. 1828.

† A Lecture on the Functions of the Lymphatic System. By Robert J. Graves, M.D. Dublin; Hodges and Smith. 1834. Second Edition.

*mortem* examination of Napoleon—his name is to the attested certificate of that investigation—and when he heard these expressions of regret he offered to make all possible efforts to form a bust, on the condition, that if he succeeded he should have the original, and the emperor's attendants a copy. He had, in so hot a climate to hasten his operations; and was out all night in a boat seeking sulphate of lime, (*gypsum*) which he had previously observed in veins on the rocks near the shore. He collected a sufficient quantity, prepared it, and after much labour succeeded in taking an excellent cast of Napoleon's bust. Next evening, he went to town, having laboured all day, to take some refreshments in his quarters, leaving the mould at Longwood. Some of the officers hearing from him what he had done, said he would never see the mould again. To this he answered, that he did not believe any effort would be made to rob him of his rights, which he had taken care to verify by a written contract; but when he returned to Longwood he found the mask, or face part of the mould, had been stolen. The rest was left—its use either not being understood, or being too heavy to get away privately. No entreaties of Doctor Burton were availing to recover the mask. Madame Bertrand said she never would permit an "Englishman to publish the emperor." This mask was published by Antomarchi, Napoleon's physician, and not only the mask but *the whole bust*. Except the mask, every other part was fictitious, as Doctor Burton had secured the rest, and yet throughout Europe, the imaginary bumps, in this supposed cast of Napoleon's cranium, have proved quite satisfactory to phrenologists as affording undoubted proofs of the accuracy and truth of their science.

Doctor Burton died suddenly on parade at Canterbury, while doing duty with a regiment of Hussars to which he had been appointed surgeon; and the mould, there is too much reason to believe, was destroyed in his quarters; his servants been ignorant of its value.

In 1828, we again introduce the professor in the character of a *student*—one seldom met with in a teacher or among those so far advanced in reputation as he then stood; but one as much to be admired as it ought to be imitated. As the public lectures in the schools of this city are only delivered during the winter months, Professor Graves visited Paris, and attended the Charité and St. Louis hospitals, in the summer of that year. Among his fellow-students at the former were two whose names have since become associated with the history of medicine in Europe—L'Herminier and Andral.

In 1829 he again returned to the Continent, and resided for the summer quarter of that year in Hamburgh, in attendance upon the magnificent hospital there, along with the celebrated Fricke and Oppenheim.

The manifest advantages of practitioners, and in an especial manner, medical instructors, becoming in this way acquainted with the continental modes of treating disease, by occasional visits to some of the most renowned foreign schools, is a subject we would willingly enlarge upon, did we not feel that the public were already of our own opinion.

With the young school of medicine, and the great revival of science amongst us at this period, the want of a medical periodical in Dublin was much felt; but the rapid fate of all such literary productions then was sufficient to deter men from embarking in any new work. As Doctor Graves had however overcome greater barriers than even this, he determined to make the trial, and in connection with Doctor Kane, started *The Dublin Journal of Medical Science*, the first number of which appeared in March, 1832. Since 1834 it has been conducted by Drs. Graves and Stokes, and has now reached to twenty goodly volumes, containing we will say, as interesting and original articles, by men of the very highest eminence, as any periodical in Europe. It moreover claims our warmest sympathies, as our own elder sister, being, with the exception of *The Christian Examiner*, the only other successful periodical that issued from the Irish press for the last forty years.

Although this is not the place to speak of medical discoveries, yet as several of those which Dr. Graves contributed in many of the departments of medicine, some of which the profession both at home and abroad generally acknowledge to have been of great importance in curing and alleviating disease, appeared in

the form of monographs in this journal, we will briefly notice a few of the most remarkable of them.

Those papers that have attracted most attention, are upon Inflammation, Fever, Cholera, and diseases of the Heart and Lungs. From the very commencement of his course, both as a clinical and pathological instructor, as well as a practitioner, he was a strenuous opponent of Armstrong, and the English Inflammatory School of Fever; and likewise with considerable ability opposed the theory of Broussais. He did both, we may say, single-handed, and was, as nearly all now agree, right. His papers on Phlegmasia Dolens; the exhibition of acetate of lead in cholera morbus; the use of tartar emetic and opium in fever; and the introduction of wine and opium in large doses in inflammation, conjoined with debility, &c. &c., are too well known to our professional readers to require comment, even were it fitting in this place.

Not only in a practical, but in a statistical and historical point of view, Dr. Graves's researches into the origin and progress of Asiatic cholera, are of intense interest; and are, we unhesitatingly state, the most complete record of that fearful malady that has appeared in British print. In this paper, (one so valuable in its contribution to that over-neglected subject, the "geography of disease,") he traces it step by step from the time when it first became epidemic in Hindoostan, in 1760, to its arrival upon the shores of England, in 1831. Having tracked its desolating path throughout the whole peninsula of India, up to 1818, when it first began to extend its ravages, by ascending the Ganges and Juhmna, till first stayed in its course by the Nepalese mountains, and finally arrested by the Hymalayan range; he mapped its progress from Ceylon to the Mauritius and Zanguibar; and in its original eastern direction, through the Burmese, into the Celestial Empire.

Westward to Europe, its onward march is laid down in a series of unbroken lines from Bombay, through Persia to Asia Minor, where, coursing up the Tigris and Euphrates, it extended into Syria, in 1823. Arriving in Russia by the Cuz, we trace its simultaneous spread along the shores of the Caspian and Mediterranean; and having halted on the confines of our own continent, from 1823 to 1829, its route is shown by the Volga and the Don, in that memorable year, when the Polish campaign served to hasten its way into north-western Europe, where it soon reached Archangel—the most northern emporium of commerce in the world, and the highest latitude to which it ascended—we then find the stream of cholera passing westward, till it arrived to us from Hamburg, the 4th of November, 1831, having extended over ninety degrees of longitude, and sixty-six of latitude.

To arrange this valuable paper, which is continued through two volumes of *The Dublin Journal*, and to which are added the official reports of the mortality of this country, obtained from the government, must of necessity have required not only an immensity of labour and industrious research, but an extensive acquaintance with a variety of works and periodicals, in many different tongues.

In some of the early volumes of this work, we have, in addition to his practical monographs, several most interesting bibliographical notices, and succinct analyses of foreign literature, which, while they exhibit the same depth of reasoning and research, the same striking perspicuity of style, and that rare, though over-practised gift of reviewing, afford us a good specimen of his powers as a writer. Out of very many, there is one in particular that we would single out for the attestation of our remark—"Oppenheim's Account of the State of Medicine in Asiatic and European Turkey." In this we scarcely know whether to be more pleased with the author, or his reviewer; with the local knowledge and observant powers of the one, or the general reading and analytical ability displayed by the other; who mingles with a happiness of thought and expression, criticism of existing abuse, and apt classic allusion.

Several of Dr. Graves's Practical Lectures have been copied into almost every medical periodical of repute in Europe and America. In 1838, Robert Dugleston, the editor of *The American Medical Library*, republished in a separate

\* Dublin Journal of Medical and Chemical Science, Vols III. and IV.

volume, his Clinical Lectures, in the preface to which, he says, that from the notice they had already attracted in the New World, he “feels that no work which he could place before his readers, is more worthy of their favour and attention.” They have likewise been translated into German and Italian; that in German, was from the pen of Dr. Ruysch, of Bremen.

In 1838, the ninth volume of “*The Zeitschrift Für die Gesammte Medicin*,” one of the most flourishing periodicals in Germany, was dedicated to him: and in our own land a similar honour was conferred upon him by Dr. W. Stokes, in his celebrated work upon the diseases of the chest. We have spoken of his foreign reputation—a reputation we have had personal knowledge of: we find it, however, best exhibited in the honorary diplomas he has received from Berlin, Vienna, Tubigen, Hamburgh, and Bruges.

In connection with the name of Graves and medical science in Dublin in the year last mentioned, we are induced to notice the formation of the Pathological Society, of which he has been a president since its commencement. This society, for the establishment of which we are chiefly indebted to the zeal of Drs. W. Stokes and R. Smith, is one of the most practically useful of our city. We rejoice to find at its weekly meetings most of the heads of the medical profession—such men as Colles, Crampton, Carmichael, Cusack, Marsh, Adams, Beatty, Kennedy, Corrigan, Montgomery, Hutton, Harrison, and others—coming forward as students for mutual improvement and the public good. Although an Irish institution, it has been every where imitated, even in London! As Dr. Graves's practice increased, he gradually withdrew from teaching physiology, and his lectures became chiefly of a practical nature. Not thinking this was compatible with the nature of his professorship, he resigned its duties in 1841. In this respect, his example is well worthy of imitation.

We have been thus necessarily lengthy in this memoir, from the identity of the original with the present state of a particular branch of science in our country. From the character of that individual, which, with quick-searching observation, and honest independence, combines in a remarkable degree energy, decision, and candour—the latter, perhaps, even to a fault—the student and young practitioner has this to learn, that while they have set before them the cheering example of what he has attained to, to sustain them under early struggles, they must remember that much of the public favour he now possesses, is the result of years of patient study and untiring industry—the cause, not the consequence of success.

May he long continue to enjoy that success, and that fame and fortune to which his merits have so justly raised him.

---



## SONNETS BY COUL GOFFAGH.

TO FRANK A——N, ESQ., M.D., ETC., HORSE ARTILLERY, CENTRAL INDIA.

"Me miserum ! Scythico quam procul illa solo est."

*Ovid, Fastorum, lib. iv.*

## I.

Orion hangeth slantward in the sky  
 Over the sea, beneath the advancing moon,  
 Whose clear-sent shadows will tell midnight soon ;  
 Bursting at fits, the billows utter, nigh,  
 Their tales of far Atlantic solitudes,  
 And, ever as they tell, the old rocks sigh ;  
 Sad is the beauty of the night, and broods  
 Over the solemn ocean, solemnly.

Hear me, ye waves ! Alas, ye cannot hear ;  
 And ye, bright Stars ! are dumb ; else I would fill  
 Your being with a spirit that, when near  
 The sea, dear friend ! in other lands would still  
 Speak from my heart to thine ; yet, think of me  
 Whenever thou may'st hear the melancholy sea.

## II.

What tidings bring ye of my parted friend,  
 Ye surges of the Night !—him that hath borne  
 Me company so sweetly all the morn  
 Of life. far-faring voyagers that wend  
 Around so many lands, o'er deserts lorn  
 Of the most ancient ocean : ye that bend  
 Around the old wide world from end to end ;  
 Ye that so long your hoary locks have worn,  
 And still upheld that voice of majesty  
 O'er crumbling realms. Ye have been at the pole  
 Slumbering in ice for ages : Liberty  
 Hath sung beside ye once, where now ye roll  
 Chaunting her ruin : ye have swept all shores—  
 What of my friend ? Hark, how the sullen billow roars !

1836.

## III.

Ah, dear old friend, since thus I made my moan  
 To the prophetic waves that spake of woe,  
 At our first parting, many an ebb and flow  
 Has chimed o'er deadlier sorrows, where, alone,  
 Time and the Grave have left me memory,  
 Since we, oft wandering by the evening shore,  
 Adored in holy silence where we stood  
 With breath hushed down, the dreamy stars, that o'er  
 The dim blue hills were gliding, while the flood  
 Sighed on, as one imploring Destiny.  
 We stood and dreamed of Fate out of our youth,  
 Till our eyes saddened with foreboding tears  
 Which I have lived to shed in bitter truth ;  
 May Heaven avert them from thy lengthening years !

Dec. 1841.

## LETTERS FROM ITALY.—NO. II.

Route to Genoa—Mentone—Douanes—Genoa—Porters—Streets—Palaces—Brignole—Pallavicini—Durazzo—Serra Spinola, Royal Pictures—Vandyck, Titian—Guercino Churches—Annunziata—San Ambrozio—Santa Maria in Carignano—Women—Andrea Doria.

## LETTER NO. II.

Mentone, April 1, 1838.

THIS day five months we took possession of our lodgings at Nice; and this morning we left them, with even more of regret than I anticipated, when I sent you my last "Recollections" of the peaceful hours we had passed in that lovely and tranquil spot. You will be glad to hear that the only penalty I paid for my boating freak to Monaco, was the loss of a day from my cold. We are now six posts from Nice; we took five hours to accomplish them, including a rest for the horses, as the road is an ascent nearly the whole of the first post; happily for us, it commanded a fine view of our favourite bay, sparkling as ever in the brightest sun: our hearts and eyes rested upon it as on the face of a friend. Even the visions of lovely Italy which had floated before us for weeks past—visions which, till now, seemed all too beautiful to be realized—appeared for the moment not half so bright as the little haven of rest, on which we turned a lingering and loving gaze. But who could long feel sad with such a sky above, such scenery as soon opened around us. We had but turned the last point from which we could look down upon the valley and bay of Nice, when a long sweep of the gulf of Genoa lay before us. The road—a noble one in every sense—cut on the steep side of the mountain, commands on the right magnificent and ever-varying views of the sea, of the innumerable rocky promontories which break the line of this coast into such beautiful forms. On the left rose the mountains bold and lofty, sometimes bare and rugged, their summits broken into such fantastic forms, as scarce asked the aid of fancy to convert them into the remains of ancient fortresses; sometimes clothed with wood, in which here and there lay embosomed a little village,

with its gardens, rich in blossoms, even at this early season. And as we advanced, every object around us—the lemon trees, here tall and graceful standards; the almond, with its delicate pink blossom, the myrtle, the oleander, and wild flowers, the rich, yet sober tint of the luxuriant orange trees, still laden with their golden fruit and clothing, even down to the water's brink, the steep declivities, on the very edge of which our road seemed fearfully to hang; the bright, almost cloudless sky; the indescribable clearness of the pure atmosphere—all brought home to us the blissful conviction that we were indeed breathing the soft and balmy air of Italy, the favoured land, in which even the consciousness of existence is happiness. We looked down upon Monaco; and though our elevated position certainly robbed the capital of the poor little principality of the imposing air of a fortified town, which it assumes from the sea, it looked pretty and bright. As we approached Mentone, we found the climate more genial, the season even more advanced than at Nice. After the first post, the road descended, but occasionally again ascended, to cross the neck of some bold promontory. Every now and then we passed the remains of Roman settlements and Roman trophies.

We arrived here early enough to take a walk to a ruin on a hill, once a castle, now a burial-ground, which commands a fine view. The town, situated on a rugged promontory, is built up the side of the rock, and is so well sheltered, as to be considered superior in its winter climate to Nice or Villa Franca; but it wants the comforts and conveniences which every where follow the settlement of the English. The streets are narrow, many of them as steep as in the old town of Nice; but the air and countenance of the inha-

bitants present a strong contrast to the half-French, half-Italian Nissards. Here the long oval face, black eyes, olive skin, and the coloured turban of the women, give them an almost Jewish expression, but in its most pleasing form. They probably see few strangers, as they crowded round us, all smiling and talking to us. One woman, who had some rich-coloured Persian ranunculuses in her hair, saw we admired them, and immediately offered them with a graceful bow to F. A funeral procession, bearing the president of the tribunal to his last home, passed us on our way. Men in long white muslin robes and hoods, priests in black; the host, and innumerable lighted wax candles; the body on an open bier, dressed in white muslin, the face uncovered, the hands upraised and clasped, as if in prayer: there was nothing unpleasing, nothing to shock; but something solemn and touching in the deep repose of the aged countenance. We saw the grave, in which lay an open coffin, ready to receive the body. You will think me a fearful journalist, if I thus delay upon the road; but you are to journey with us in spirit: and is it not in these trifling details that the differences of climate, manners, &c. are most vividly brought home to us. You cannot be too minute in your intelligence from home. I grieve to hear of our C. being so low, yet I can expect no other—"rain drops easily from the bud, *rests* on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that only which has lived its day."

Oneglia. 2d.—Ten posts to-day; the scenery not so beautiful as yesterday, but still fine; the road, the whole way along the sea, looking at a distance fearfully unprotected, but always proving, as we advanced, safe and smooth, though hilly. Soon after leaving Mentone, we again entered the Sardinian dominions, and had a trifling annoyance at the Douane: for once, money was of no avail; two boxes selected by the officer, were taken off for examination; one contained our books. Judging from the grave official air with which he turned over the leaves of a medical dictionary, we hope he was much edified by the inspection; but if he discovered it was English, he was not so communicative as to tell us. This delay for

a mere form is almost as vexatious, though not so costly, as the eternal demand for the passport. In it we can recognise a necessary feature of the police of these arbitrary governments; though probably no one thing in travelling on the Continent so much chafes the proud independent English spirit, as the perpetual surveillance it seems to indicate.

Let not your morality be shocked at our rejected offer of money; in general the traveller escapes delay at the Douanes for a trifling fee; some, it is true, unwilling to countenance what seems to be bribery, begin their journey with the magnanimous resolution to submit to the search, rather than tempt the douannier—this magnanimity, however, is misplaced—the governments themselves allow of the arrangement, and, with few exceptions, these perquisites form part of the salary of their officers. On ascending the hill beyond Mentone, we had a beautiful view of the town itself, of Monaco on the point beyond, St. Hospice, Villa Franca bay, the range of mountains which shelter Nice on the north, and the promontory of Antibes—the wind was high and the waves magnificent. A new and beautiful feature in the vegetable world to-day, is the palm: along the road, on the side of the mountain, down to the edge of the sea, it raised its graceful head—the oleander, too, seems as great a favourite as in Germany, but grows here in the open air. We passed several small towns, Bordagera, San Remi, Porto Maurizio.

3d, Savona. Ten hours' posting, and six from Genoa. This "Hotel de Turin" is comfortable. Two men at this moment making our beds: the day has been cold; part of the road (to Finale) very steep; some points command fine views of various promontories, and the mountains beyond Genoa; the land cultivated, but neither lemons nor oranges; till near this place it again becomes sheltered and varied, though not so rich as near Mentone; the wild flowers were dark purple iris, dwarf and scarlet flos adonis. We passed through several tunnels cut in the rock: in the distance rose the lofty summits of the Apennines, patches of snow still lying in all the hollows.

4th, Genoa. —"We approach to this

palaces has disappointed me. Imagine the view from the sea much more imposing: the gate which we entered, San Tomaso, is one; the streets, with the exception of a very few of the most, too narrow to admit any kind of carriage. Our hotel, La Croce di, in a miserable situation, so near with houses, the approach so near, that we were little prepared for the comfort we find within it. A great nuisance awaits every traveller on arriving at his hotel in Genoa, the swarms of dirty, eager, ravenous carriers or porters, who it seems, a prescriptive right to your luggage to your rooms, no matter how many servants you bring with you, how unwilling you may be to accept these services, custom has established it, you have only to submit and pay. Before I take you to the churches and palaces, I must give you the traveller's caution, if you should go into Italy with your young party and us, and also allay your apprehensions about the torrents. Against these we find no safeguard necessary; our prudence has not been tested; the "torrents" are now small streamlets, their beds dry and the bridges over them are for foot passengers only; we generally drove along the rivers, and often under the arches; but on the road from Finale, there are now several good ones for carriages. Two months ago, indeed, it was different; then the rivers were swollen by the melting of the snow on the mountains; then even the Paglionice became a rapid river; and on our route here, we could still trace the devastation caused by the innumerable torrents which had formed channels down every declivity. In these circumstances there is danger, the aubergiste, where you hire horses, can always tell if it is safe to proceed; and if the English are a little less suspicious of schemes to detain them, a little less on the defence against being overreached, they would avoid causes of irritation—sometimes even danger. I must conclude, however, that Italy is not the place to try to cultivate faith in man, or worth in this class, as you will judge from "caution." Before you take your journey into the hotels of small towns in Italy, you should always see your

rooms, settle with your host the charge for them, and for each meal, if you would avoid paying double, and wish to set out next morning without a fracas. Here is a not singular instance of the necessity. Last night at Savona, D. chose three good rooms; the charge, *parole d'honneur*, twenty-five franks for them alone—but patience and firmness work miracles—we were soon seated in the nice *salon*, with the comforting assurance that we had now, at least, escaped imposition: the rooms, tea, breakfast, two servants' meals, and rooms included, were promised for twenty-six franks! After *dejeuner à la fourchette*, instead of dinner—a plan as good for health as for saving time and expense—we sallied forth to see the sights of Genoa la Superba, and well she deserves her name; for her streets are lined with palaces; though the grandeur of their effect is much impaired by the extreme narrowness of the streets; in the Strada Balbi, Nuova and Nuovissima only, they have an air of great magnificence. I am like the poor lady in the old song, who, when she got to the church stile, rested there a little while; and when she got to the church door, rested there a little more; only that I can employ my eyes whilst I rest in one or other of the many churches, which are all adorned, or, more properly, overloaded with pictures and marbles. Our first visit was to the Palazzo Brignole, where we mounted three pair of stairs, before we reached the *salons*, which are lofty, spacious, highly ornamented, and dingy. Of the pictures, six of the best are gone to Paris. Here was a disappointment; but we consoled ourselves with the reflection, that what is not attainable, is ever extolled above its merit—what is not to be seen, is always the finest—what has not been achieved, the most worthy of attainment, admire our philosophy, greatly strengthened by finding some very fine Vandykes—compensation for many deficiencies. A Prince of Orange, a Marchese Brignole, and some other portraits, have all his dignity, his truth, his noble expression, unaffected attitude, simple colouring, individuality, not forgetting the beauty of his delicately-proportioned hands. A portrait of a cardinal, by Gaetano, with great depth of expression in the calm

penetrating eye, and two by Titian, are all that have left much impression on my mind. By-the-by, here, as in London, Titian disappoints me; I have a faint reminiscence, a shadowy recollection of great admiration of this celebrated master; perhaps, a nearly effaced impression of early days; for, as yet, nothing satisfies my expectations; but still I hope he will shine out upon me some day, the rich in colouring, the noble in form, the earnest and powerful in expression, all unlike the voluptuous Venus; the glowing flesh-tints, the dazzling sun-lights which have characterised him in the pictures I have lately seen.

The collection of the Palazzo Palavincini is smaller and more select; a Magdalene by Annibale Caracci; another by Franceschini, a painter whose works I have not seen in England, whose subdued colouring and graceful forms pleased me much; besides several pictures which interested me at the time, but not sufficiently to attempt to describe, much less to weary you with a list of their names. How powerless are words to express the combination of feeling excited by great works of art! How few works of art, to judge from my present experience, however prized by collectors, stamp themselves upon the mind with the irresistible power of genius, awakening the loftiest feelings of our nature, leaving the impression of divine purity, refined grace, which seem to me the best and most elevating influence of the fine arts. What fails of this may indeed improve the taste as well as please the eye, but can never reach the heart.

The city is clean—the women pale and interesting—the girls pretty, they have a stately walk, and look graceful and picturesque in their long white muslin or chintz mantillas, thrown over the head and falling down to the feet. This pretty drapery, which takes the place of our most ungraceful head-dress, the bonnet, gives quite a festal air to the appearance of the women, both old and young. Beautiful bouquets of flowers are offered for sale—camellias, roses, &c., in abundance; yet we long for our Nicene violets!

But you have not done with the palaces. We have seen the Durazzo, the Royal, Serra, and Spinola;

the last not very interesting, which was unfortunate as the proprietor, more shabby in appearance than his very shabby servants, accompanied us through the rooms. The entrance to the Durazzo is handsome. A noble flight of marble steps leading to a terrace, with twenty-four fine marble columns. Here is the finest picture we have yet seen—the Magdalene of Titian. Though the form is too large and full for beauty, the hair too massy for nature, the eyes a shade too red with weeping, yet is it a delightful picture. The deep pathos of expression—the imploring earnestness of the upraised eyes—the attitude so expressive and unaffected,—the rich tint of the carnation—and the masterly execution which you feel rather than see, all combine to make it a beautiful and touching work of art. Guercino, in his Christ and the Tribute-Money, is a fine and powerful painter, guided by a great authority Sir J. Reynolds, I see that the drawing in his hands and feet is faulty, but his design is free, his figures easy and natural, and his broad masses of light are so happily disposed, that the effect is not *spotty*, as might be expected from their being so *scattered*. Vandyck, graceful as ever in his high-born ladies. Guido, very sweet in his sleeping child.

At the Royal Palace, which the king of Sardinia inhabits but a month or two in the year, the seat of government being Turin, I saw nothing to admire so much as a beautiful terrace, on which the grand saloon opens. There were but a few amongst the large collection of pictures which interested me; many however are called fine. There are Titian's, Rubens', Tintoretto's, &c., with many names celebrated, though of lesser note. It is dispiriting when I find in a whole collection so little to interest or touch, because it shows I know little of the art, and makes me suspect that more is *said* than *felt* on the subject of painting. At times I almost fear I never shall feel this beautiful art as I have long hoped to do. As yet we have seen no remarkable Fresco, but even now this branch of art appears to me far superior to oil.

The Palazzo Serra is worth seeing only for its splendour, and splendid it is in building. The saloon, though



small for a Genoese palace, is lighted by four enormous glass chandeliers from the ceiling; six smaller at the sides; the pillars gilt from top to bottom. I sighed for the white marble beneath; the panels of the doors covered with *lapis lazuli*, one hundred and twenty francs an ounce! the colour exquisite in itself: but how soon the eye grows weary and dazzled amidst so much splendour, and longs for some simple unadorned object to give repose from the overwhelming glare.

Of the churches I have little to say. The most admired are overloaded with ornament, except the Annunziata, in which the beautiful columns of dark red, and white marble, harmonize well with the rich quiet colouring of the Fresco ceiling. The exterior of the cathedral, black and white marble in alternate stripes, has a disagreeable party-coloured effect. Nothing remarkable within or without, except the remarkably ugly twisted pillars in front, and a vase—a present from the queen of Sheba to Solomon! The church was full. The preacher, despite the energy and vehemence of his voice and action, seemed little able to counteract the lulling effects of the darkened aisles, and of an atmosphere heated by so numerous an assemblage of persons, not the very neatest in habits or dress. At least half of the congregation were asleep, having apparently deputed the other half to listen and to profit. San Stefano alle Porte, is rich in the possession of one celebrated picture, designed and begun, it is said, by Raffaele, finished by Giulio Romano, and retouched by David, when carried to Paris. It is an altar-piece—the martyrdom of Stephen—not in a good light, but long it rivetted our attention. The figure of the saint, especially, is admirable; the moment well chosen; there is indeed an expression of suffering, but neither agonised nor painful; its last traces are passing away in the elevated feeling of holy trust, of serene joy on recognising his Saviour, whose form bends gracefully and protectingly from the heavens to comfort and support his dying disciple. The colouring is rich and powerful, yet subdued; the form of the groups pleasing, and the figures, though numerous, are distinct, each adding to the effect of the whole.

San Ambrosio is so overloaded with ornament, that except for Guido's celebrated and very beautiful Assumption, it is scarcely worth a visit. Every guide-book will tell you of Santa Maria in Carignano, built at the sole expense of a noble Genoese, in a fine situation; the bridge leading to it erected by his son. To the said guide-books I must refer you for the "noble view from the Cupola." We did not see it, being prone to neglect our duties as sight-seers, in the ascending line. The church is handsome, and contains a fine St. Francis by Guercino, a subject well suited to display his large massy draperies and favourite brown colouring. We have seen a manufactory of velvet, a tedious process, but interesting for its beautiful result; the finest quality is woven with three threads, the second with two.

We were advised to procure an order of admission to the Conservatorio delle Fieschine, a charitable institution, where three hundred girls are educated and lodged; I believe under the superintendence of nuns. As usual, there is nothing so remarkable as its cleanliness. A lady, who could not speak French, and seemed unwilling to speak at all, with a priest equally gifted with *le talent pour la silence*, showed us over the building. The girls make artificial flowers, very inferior to the French. It made me sad to look upon an existence so wasted: to cut out bits of paper, to crimp leaves and petals, twist anthers, &c. and this day after day, year after year, is sorry work for an immortal creature. Some embroider; some do plain work; some looking ruddy and well; others the more delicate, perhaps in mind as well as body, miserably pale and ill. Each child had her little picture or figure of the "Santa Madre," or favourite saint before her. The dormitories, kitchens, store-rooms, &c., were faultlessly clean. The dinner-table was laid; every thing of the plainest coarsest material, yet neat and tasteful. Each plate with its snowy napkin, plated fork (universal even amongst the poorest poor), knife and spoon, glass, small bottle of thin wine and one of water. I saw so few servants, I presume the girls are taught to do the work of the house—an excellent lesson in this most dirty of beautiful countries.

Here, as in other continental cities, there is a sad want of that harmony of order (if I may so call it) so peculiarly English. To the finest palaces, you often enter through a dirty *Porte Cochere* and Cour, to a noble marble staircase, which again leads to a dingy half-painted door. The servants, perhaps four or five, lounging or *cleaning shoes* in a neglected-looking ante-room—themselves as shabby. Of the faded hangings, the tarnished gilding of the saloons, I must say nothing, as they are not generally inhabited by the family, and it would probably exceed their means to keep them in perfect order; for Genoa, though still rich, has fallen from her greatness, her merchants are no longer princes. No Doria asserts her proud pre-eminence over the cities of the Mediterranean. *His* palace is falling to decay, his celebrated portrait removed to Rome, to adorn the palace of his Roman descendant.

I have spared you the journalizing. This is the 6th, and we start at two o'clock for Chiavari; four hours where we must sleep, to give a whole day to the passage of the Bracco. Whilst we await our hour, I may as well act Lord B—— for you, and tell of what we eat, that you may know how far climate varies the productions here and elsewhere. Be it known then that at Nice we never saw sea-kale, nor could we make our old Josephine understand what vegetable it was; nor had we asparagus. Here we find both fine, as well as young peas and brocoli. Fowls much better for table, though not so fine an anatomical display as at Nice. Oranges delicious, but they are from Malta. Every thing indeed good in this house, and moderate in charges for a first-rate hotel. Farewell.

A PROPOSAL FOR THE RECONCILIATION OF THE PROTESTANT AND ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES. BY AN IRISH PARISH-PRIEST.

NO. IV.—CELIBACY OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY.

I FLATTER myself with the hope that all my good friends,—and they are numerous, and highly respectable, if I may judge from the nature and number of the letters addressed to “X. Y. 9, Upper Sackville-street, Dublin,”—have obeyed the injunction which in my last letter I presumed to make, namely—that on the first Sunday in January, 1842, they would offer to God a joint and fervent prayer that he would in his mercy bring about a union, a gathering into one fold, of all who rejoice in the Christian name. If any of my friends have neglected to follow this humble suggestion, let them now redeem the omission, by praying and continuing to pray for the consummation of this most noble project—for, “*Nisi Dominus ædificaverit*

*domum, in vanum laboraverunt qui ædificant eam.*”\*

I have already had assurances that such prayers have been poured forth before the Almighty. One correspondent, particularly, most amiable and well-informed, who signs himself, or herself, A. B. has assured me on this subject. Be these petitions to the Most High continued! as they more than any other means will contribute to break down ancient prejudices—to dispel the darkness of error, and to move the heads of our church to take into serious and immediate consideration the great duty which now presses upon them—of smoothing the way to a general conciliation by adopting enlightened and rational reforms, reforms which will not touch the deposit of

\* Psalm cxvi.

their faith, but which the nature of the times and the advancement of civilization imperatively call for. I have many reasons, which it is quite unnecessary here to state, for saying that some reasonable concessions on the part of our church would be now attended with the very best results. And here I would turn to one great light, which, for his own wise purposes, God would seem to have raised up in his church. I would, with profound respect, turn to Doctor Wiseman, and I would say, that in my very humble judgment he is the person, on our side, in every respect well qualified to perform the duty of interposition between the churches, in order to their final collection into one fold, under one Shepherd. May he take the suggestion of one of the most sincere, as far as he can know and speak for himself, but one of the most unworthy of Christians!

It should not weaken a belief in my sincerity that I write anonymously. At present I dare not give my name; but the day I hope is not far distant, when I shall be enabled to avow openly the sentiments which I now put forward under the signature of X. Y. Neither should it detract from the credit which I have obtained for sincerity, that I select as the organ of my opinions a periodical whose conductors profess a religion and politics different from mine. The reason of this selection is obvious. Perhaps I may be wrong: but somehow or other I would not *feel* myself equally secure in using any other *media* of communicating with the public. That I do not use them is injurious to my cause; for although THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE enjoys a most extensive circulation, a circulation too which I trust I shall be pardoned for saying, is highly merited, from the talent and independence of its conductors; yet this excellent periodical falls not much under the eyes of those of my own church, to whom particularly I should wish to address my observations. The only means by which this drawback on my efforts can be remedied is, by those who subscribe for the Magazine kindly accommodating their Catholic friends with a perusal of it. This

practice may even tend to increase the already most respectable circulation of the work: and if this should be so, I shall be highly gratified, as I hold myself under lasting obligations to its conductors.

Until this to me most busy season of the year should have passed by, I did not intend to have troubled the publishers with a paper on my favourite subject—the reconciliation of the churches. But a few days ago a newspaper was put into my hand, which all through seems to have addressed itself more particularly than other journals to the subject of my letters.\* Amongst other wise concessions and salutary reforms, I have advocated a repeal of the law of clerical celibacy. This I shall ever continue to do; and were I on my death-bed I would do the same: and when I shall be mouldering in the earth, an epitaph of which I would be prouder could not be inscribed on my tomb than—“He contended through life for the removal of clerical celibacy.” My reasons for this are not wholly selfish: I shall occasionally take opportunities of stating them. The journalist, however, to whom I have alluded, has propounded to me certain interrogatories on the subject of celibacy; and since he has thrown down his gage, I feel myself called upon to take it up, and to answer his objections to the change in ecclesiastical discipline, which I would most urgently and conscientiously recommend. This I will do with as much freedom as possible from sharpness of expression or disagreeable personalities, for though a bad reasoner, I am a worse scold; and I am convinced that abuse never does good—it often does much harm, as well to a cause as to its advocate.

While replying to the objections of this editor, my correspondents will not, I trust, take it ill of me, if, for the present, I do not consider the observations contained in their letters.

My readers will pardon me every expression which in the following remarks may appear offensive to them. The nature of the subject requires that I should sometimes speak plainly.

The first tangible objection of this journalist is, that if the discipline of

---

\* *The Newry Examiner.*

celibacy were altered, the clergy would be less attentive to their duties than they now are. "For how," says the editor, "will a priest with a family of nine or ten be expected to discharge the manifold duties which must necessarily devolve on him?"

To this my reply is, that marriage don't rob people of their consciences; it would be bad for the world if it did: and never had it been instituted by the Almighty as the ordinary state for men, if it should have on them so disastrous an effect. A married clergy would still have their consciences to direct them—the control of their bishops to regulate their actions; and these, for the general run of mankind, will be allowed to be very sufficient guides. The man who acts conscientiously now, would act equally so in case of a change of this discipline. Yea, my thorough conviction is, that priests would then act with more zeal, and, generally speaking, with more regard to the dictates of conscience. A man whose mind is distracted by passion, and who is continually engaged in strife against the strongest impulses of his nature, is not, though unencumbered with a family, so free in thought for the performance of his duties as my Newry friend would imagine. In my sincere opinion it is quite the contrary. The society and care of a family concentrate and occupy those thoughts and feelings with which nature inspires us, and which, no matter what may be said to the contrary, *must* have room (*legitimate* room) for exercise, or they will occasionally seek it in forbidden indulgences. I make all due allowance for *grace*. I know that without it we can neither will nor execute any thing deserving of eternal life, and that by it we are enabled to observe the commandments of God. But grace, except by a miracle, will not subvert the order of nature; it will not make men cease to be men, nor invest them with the qualities of angels.

These impulses to which I allude, have their origin in man's first and early creation; and as the natural order of things has not since been changed, these instincts still continue to agitate and annoy—to trouble and to torture those who seek to crush them. The effort is sometimes successful, for, according to Christ, *some* receive the gift of continency. Fre-

quently, however, it is unsuccessful—nature will predominate, and then remorse, and fear of detection, and apprehension of consequences, and misery, and wretchedness, beyond all conception, invade the mind already weakened and harassed by ineffectual conflict. Let me not pursue this subject: it is, I trust, unnecessary—it would be painful. I have said so much, merely to show my Newry friend, that men, unencumbered with family cares don't always bring to the performance of their duties spirits free as air, and souls angelically pure. The married priest would, I am convinced, discharge the duties of his ministry with more energy and earnestness, with thoughts more collected, and better directed purpose, than the unmarried man, whose soul is tortured, whose mental powers are weakened and distracted by the tumult and importunity of feelings, which may be moderated, but which can not be destroyed. "What," says the editor, "can a man do with nine or ten children?" Much better, I say, than with a host of unruly passions. Marriage has been said, by one of the first of philosophers, Lord Bacon, to be a stimulus to industry: this I think, and I see no reason for a contrary opinion. The argument of my friend proves too much, and therefore proves nothing. If for the proper discharge of duty it be necessary to be free from marriage cares, no man should marry who intends to perform well the duties of his state. The fact, however, is, that the best members of society, and of the various professions, have been and are married men.

The writer again objects that the smallness of the salaries of some Roman Catholic clergymen would not allow them to marry. "How," he says, "could a curate with twenty or thirty pounds a year support a wife and five or six children?"

This would be an excellent argument if we were discussing the propriety of a law which was to *oblige* all priests to marry. I certainly think it would be a hardship to *oblige* a man with so small an income to have and to support a family. But it happens that, for motives grounded on the interest of religion and society, I am looking only for leave to marry for those *unhappy* who wish to

do so, and who think they could support the expenses of married men. This is all. I suppose that under such circumstances priests would be guided by prudential motives, like other men.

Finally, the editor asks—"Would the married priests be willing to face the rain and snow in the depth of winter, to administer spiritual relief to the dying Christian? Could he distribute his alms as liberally as he does now? We fear not." The married priest, whose conscience, I assert, would be *at least* as well regulated as that of the unmarried man is now—would with equal alacrity face the darkness and tempest of the winter's night to attend his dying parishioner. The doctor, the military man, he who holds a situation in the constabulary—generally married persons—encounter freely still greater perils, and at night; and is it too much to say that married clergymen, whose consciences would be as upright, whose motives as high and honourable, would not encounter the same? This objection, I conceive, has no weight.

The great philosopher, to whom I alluded a while ago, says that single men are more cruel and hard-hearted. It is most true. The man who has never felt the yearnings of a father's heart, whose sympathies are never called forth by the ties and relations of family, whose feelings are thrown back upon himself, and who is thus rendered hardened, and selfish, and insensible: such a man, no matter what his means may be, will not be profuse in his charities to the poor, no more than he will be overborne by the exuberance of his zeal. No, no! There is a way of performing alms-deeds, as well as of discharging duty: it is only the kindly, and warm, and feeling heart that can give the measure "full, and pressed down, and overflowing."

Other people, besides the writer in question, state that married clergymen might become simoniacal. It appears to me that priests, who have, as at present, pretty generally a number of nephews, nieces, cousins, &c. to provide for, have just now as many temptations to simony as they would have under an altered system. This, like many others, is to be placed amongst

the *possible* inconveniences of the change; inconveniences, however, which might never arise—or, if they should, may be sufficiently guarded against.

It is also stated that, in case of change, people would have more difficulty in approaching the confessional, and unveiling their consciences to married priests. The very contrary, after the first strangeness had passed away, ought to be the natural result. I think people would naturally prefer to confess to a discreet married man rather than to an unmarried one, with all his inexperience, and the ardent sensibilities of youth. In the most delicate cases of illness, the married doctor is invariably preferred to the single physician.

The people, it is further alleged, would be shocked by the change. It would, I admit, appear strange for a while—for half a year or a year—just like the abrogation of some of the holidays, or the dispensation in the abstinence of Saturday. Some temporary inconvenience would be felt, as was experienced—to use a familiar example—from the change of currency. But the people, who are docile, would be soon instructed on the nature and expediency of this alteration in discipline; and as I am convinced that the priests would then exhibit to all, more of the true sympathies of our common nature, the people would in a short time become not only familiar with, but partial to, the new system.

In fine, an objection against the repeal of this law is drawn from the words of St. Paul, commending singleness of life, which we find in the seventh chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians—"For I would that all men were even as I myself. But every man hath his proper gift of God: one after this manner, and another after that."\* "But I would have you without carefulness. He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord: but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife."† These passages, it will have been seen, are only *commendatory* of singleness of life: they are spoken, not by precept,

\* Verse 7.

† Verses 32, 33.



as the apostle himself declares, but by counsel. The state he recommends is certainly the more perfect, but it is not suited to the generality of men, nor to the generality of priests. St. Paul commends the adoption of this state to those only who have received the gift of continency. "But every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that." In like cautious and restricted terms does the Redeemer himself speak of this very rare virtue. "But he said unto them, *all men* cannot receive this saying, *save they* to whom it is given. For there are some eunuchs who were so born from their mother's womb; and there are some eunuchs who were made eunuchs of men; and there be eunuchs who have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is *able* to receive it, let him receive it."\* In these passages of counsel and commendation there can be found no argument in support of a *compulsory* law of celibacy—a law, in other words, which compels all taking of holy orders to make vows of leading single lives, and makes their assuming such tremendous obligations a "*conditio sine quâ non*," a necessary condition to their entering the priesthood. The moment there is talk of *obliging* any particular order of men to lead single lives, then what in Scripture is only a matter of counsel, becomes a grievous, I should rather say, an intolerable burden.

But it is asserted that a man is not obliged to become a priest, and therefore that he is not obliged to vow celibacy; and his vow, if he make one, is therefore free. Let us examine the merits of this assertion.

Persons who become priests are, generally speaking, destined thereto by their parents at a very early age—at an age, in fact, in which they cannot judge or choose for themselves. This early destination is, indeed, more or less necessary, as, for those who enter the church, a classical education is indispensable, and this, to be complete, must be commenced in early youth. Such education is expensive, and is not usually given, except on the presumption that the young man will be guided by the decision of his parents as to his

state of life. But, for the schoolboy, or the student at college, to swerve from this determination of his parents, would be, in the opinion of the latter, an act of great ingratitude; it would be to render useless all the expenses theretofore incurred, to cheat the rest of the family, and dash their hopes. Hence with the great mass of people it is deemed rather disgraceful for the young man to leave college, even on conscientious motives. Few have the resolution to do so, and those who do, meet with coldness and neglect from their friends.

Why do I thus glance at the career of the ecclesiastic? Merely for the purpose of examining the assertion—"A man is not obliged to be a priest, and therefore is not compelled to make vows of celibacy." There *must* be vast numbers of persons made priests: these, to receive a fitting education, must be destined, by their parents, for the church at a very early age. From this destination of their parents, few have the courage, though they may have the inclination to depart: there *must* be, therefore, many who are, to a certain extent, obliged to become priests, and to the same extent compelled to make vows of celibacy. However, it is not my intention just now to discuss the nature of the vows made at college, or to inquire whether, in making them, there be that perfect freedom, that thorough knowledge of one's-self, and of the world also, which are necessary to constitute these vows "*promissiones voluntariæ et deliberatæ*." I would now merely observe that, as long as an obligation of vowing celibacy is coupled—inseparably so—with the assumption of holy orders, remembering always that immense numbers of priests are necessary for the performance throughout the world of the duties of the ministry—so long must we regard the scriptural recommendation of singleness of life to be, not a matter of counsel to the *few* who have received the rare gift of continency, but a matter of necessity to the *many* who are destined at a very immature age to be members of the priesthood. Without discussing the nature of the vows made at Maynooth and elsewhere, I would

---

\* Matt. xix. 11, 12.

submit to the heads of our church, that the making such vows should not continue to be *indispensably* required on the part of those who wish to take holy orders; and that those vows, when made, should be occasionally dispensed, whenever the subject should consider, after sufficient trial and mature deliberation, that such dispensation would be necessary for the salvation of his soul, and his efficiency as a Christian minister. If these vows be optional, if they be *free*, why should the rule continue that a man *must* make them in order to become a priest; or, having made, that he may not be dispensed whenever his conscience might assure him such dispensation would be necessary or useful for his own or others' spiritual good? The perdition of numbers of priests cannot surely be conducive to the advancement of religion. I would most respectfully and urgently demand of the heads of our church, that the law of which I speak should be repealed. I would demand it on the highest and purest grounds—on the grounds that God is not to be offended; that the interests of society ought to be uninjured and untouched. For, allowing to all the objections of my Newry friend their full force, and more than their full force, still a dispensation in the rule of celibacy should be granted. He (the journalist) says, that priests, in case of a change, would not be so attentive to their duties as before. This I deny, for the reasons already stated; but I grant it. And the curates could not, many of them, support families—granted. The priest would not then, in the discharge of his duty, face so cheerfully the hail, and snow, and storm; this I also deny, but—granted. He would then, as others say, be tempted to simony; this objection I have noticed before, but—granted. In fact, I *concede* all these, and such like objections in the fullest force; yet, I say, that the sin of one man going to the altar with impure hands, to celebrate the sacred mysteries, (believing as we Roman Catholics do, on the subject of the eucharist) is more than sufficient to outweigh thousands of sins, such as I have mentioned, which *might* occur if this discipline were relaxed. Under, and springing from the present system, do such sacrileges as that I have alluded

to ever occur? Do ——— but I cannot bear, even for the purpose of applying a remedy, to unveil human infirmity—infirmity also which, in a great measure, is to be put down to the account of a cruel and unnatural restriction. I shall not do so; this, however, I will say, that I look upon the present system of clerical celibacy as that which has wrought more mischief in the church than any thing or all things else that I know of; and has produced more scandals, and sent more souls to perdition, and hindered more the diffusion of the Gospel, and tried more the indefectibility of our church, and brought upon the nations more the anger of the Almighty than any thing else with which I am acquainted; were I otherwise prepared, I would not fear to go before my God with this declaration in my mouth.

I would look for the abrogation of this law: I would call upon the priests in Ireland, England, Scotland, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and America to demand its repeal. Anxious though I be for the reconciliation of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches, and regarding with the profoundest interest the enlightened labours of Doctors Pusey, Newman, and their learned associates, still unless the removal of this law were made a preliminary condition, I would not hail the happy union with joy, for I would not only extend, but I would also purify, the church to which I belong. I would leave celibacy *optional*; and thus I too would act on the principle of my Newry friend—the principle of Bentham: I would shape my course for the benefit of the greater number. But the *many* who may not have received the rare gift of continency I would not sacrifice to the *few* who have been thus extraordinarily favoured. I have thoroughly examined this subject in all its bearings, and this is my conclusion. I have spoken confidentially to numbers of priests on this discipline, and with very few exceptions they have declared the present system a bad one, and one also which should be removed. If it be not removed what will be the consequence? Why that perhaps ere long there will be a revolution in our church which will shake it to its centre. The lights of the present age will not fall without some effect even on the body of

our priesthood—opaque and enslaved as it is said to be. Priests will by-and-by begin to regard themselves as an order much wronged—shut out without sufficient cause, from the rights of men, from the rational enjoyments and the charities of life. Accordingly, as they shall have supplied themselves with sufficient means to support families, they will apply

for if t " " library, and  
take " " m, they will  
they will: ow. own hands;  
ing fruitless to contravene, the nat-  
tural order of things, and they will  
trust themselves to the mercies of that  
God, to whom crooked ways are  
odious—who has made them not angels  
but men.

[To these observations of our excellent friend we have nothing to object. He has treated this portion of his subject with ability and judgment; and the more extensively his letter falls under the cognizance of members of his own church, the better shall we be pleased.

As to his commendation of Newman and Pusey, whom he almost classes with Dr. Wiseman, that is only too natural. As a Romanist, he must be thankful for such auxiliaries; although as a reforming Romanist, we know not whether they would be too well pleased with him.

As some doubt has existed, and does perhaps still exist, respecting the reality or the true character of our correspondent, we deem it right again to assure our readers, that *he* is what he pretends to be. Those who know what popery is in this country, are well aware of the dangers which would encompass him if he were at present known. We are, therefore, bound to keep him secret. But we trust the time is at hand, when it will be no longer necessary to do so, and when he will be as free to avow his convictions, as he is intelligent and brave to entertain them. Until then, he must only be known as X. Y.]

#### NATIONAL EDUCATION.

WHAT will the government do—what will the clergy recommend or acquiesce in, respecting a system of National Education? Such is the question now exciting a very anxious interest throughout the community at large. Will the government abandon a system which has already, in practice, departed essentially from the principle upon which it was founded, and is now one thing in the north, another thing in the south of Ireland? And if they do, what change is to be made? Have we any reason to expect such a change as may enable the established clergy to put themselves into connection with this system, and thus avail themselves of the resources of the state for the purpose of diffusing amongst all who may resort to their schools, moral and religious instruction? There could be but one answer to all these questions under the late administration. Their object was, to cherish popery and dis-

sent, to the injury or disarrangement of the establishment. Not so that of the present administration. Of Sir R. Peel and his colleagues better hopes are entertained. To the system of their predecessors, as an experiment, they may have lent their sanction. But that system has completely failed. They were not married to it. They were bound to it for better, but not for worse: will they adhere to it for worse, but not for better? We know not. We presume not even to conjecture; but we deem it our bounden duty to throw before our readers, for their mature consideration, such facts as have presented themselves to our own minds, in revolving with us the various aspects which the subject may assume, and in seeking to ascertain whether the plan, as it is now operating, is surrounded by such difficulties as may lead to its abandonment. The plan, as it is now operating, is surrounded by such difficulties as may lead to its abandonment.

described by him in a letter to C. Hodges, esq., as it appears in the report of the Lords' Committee on Education, in 1837, page 939, was, "to diminish the violence of religious animosities by the association of Protestant and Roman Catholic children in a system of education in which both might join, and in which the large majority, who were opposed to the religion of the state, might practically see how much there was in that religion common to their own." This object was at once abandoned, when the National Board required that Roman Catholics should *be excluded from the school* when religious instruction was given. The second, and scarcely less important object, is thus described by the noble lord:—"To give the great bulk of the Roman Catholic population as extensive a knowledge of Scripture as they could be induced to receive." For this purpose, the Scripture extracts were provided, which could never be regarded as a substitute for the living word; but the efficacy of which, as an instrument of National Education, was altogether destroyed, when it was resolved by the Board, that they might be used or not in the National Schools, just as it might suit the views or the inclinations of those by whom they were superintended.

Thus, the ground was taken completely from under the system, as it was proposed by the noble lord; and one, essentially and diametrically opposed to it, substituted in its place. Its present working is thus described by Dr. O'Sullivan, in his speech before the Church Education Society, in April, 1841.

"The National System of Education as it is now carried out into action in Ireland is this: in theory and principle, it professes to be uniform and impartial; in practical development, if not partial, it is most irregular. In parts of Ulster, it endows 'a system which provides a full and Scriptural Protestant education; and neither teaches, nor sanctions, nor will provide for the teaching of popery or any other heresy.' Such, on the authority of Dr. Cooke, is the system to which the National Board extends endowments in the North. Elsewhere, it appears, on the statement of the commissioners themselves, that similar aid, on similar terms, has been given

of the Roman Catholic persuasion.' So that the system which was originally designed to afford merely secular instruction, and to leave the pupils dependent for religious, on their natural guardians, or their spiritual teachers, has, in accommodation to new necessities, altered itself into a system—in some places Presbyterian—in some exclusively Roman Catholic; and in perhaps no part of Ireland realising that vision of united education, for which the country has been plagued by such a compromise and such an abandonment of principle.

"But this is not all. Even for this bad system, and by such cost and such sacrifices, the state has not been able to purchase permanence. It is on its trial; not before the public opinion of Britain, but before the court of Rome. Complaints against it have gone before the papal tribunal—excuses have been sent there on behalf of those Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, who still continue to take advantage of it: the accusations and the replies have been duly weighed, and the pope has given judgment—that the National System of Education may be tolerated for some time longer. The question as to the extent of its demerits remains yet undecided—how long its existence is to be endured, must depend on the amount of service to Romanism it can be influenced to render—and, even while it enjoys this ill-assured toleration, ecclesiastics, bishops and clergy, are enjoined to be diligent in exacting such further concession as squeezable materials may be enforced or induced to grant them, and thus to effect such changes as shall render the national education of this Protestant country, a system of which Romanism need entertain no apprehensions. Here is the instruction contained in that epistle which recently, to the deep disgrace of our country, a foreign potentate has dared to address to subjects of a British sovereign, and which those subjects have dared to publish.

"That generally, the bishops and parish priests should carefully watch that no taint be contracted by the Catholic children from their system of national instruction, through any cause whatever; and that it is also their duty strenuously to endeavour to obtain from government, by degrees, a better order of things, and more equitable conditions."

"More equitable conditions—equitable—we all remember the character of the arbitrator—that he was 'very fair and very partial to one of the contending parties.' It is in a similar sense the equitable of 'Romanism' is to be understood—already the Bible has been placed

at her mercy—already her books of superstitious instruction are taught at the cost and with the countenance of the British government—already she has acquired the power to debar masses of British subjects from the benefits of education, unless they consent to remain ignorant of the Bible—already she has influenced the state to visit respect for the Bible as an offence, punishable by the withdrawal of national support from the schools where it is read—already she has achieved those portentous advantages, and her ecclesiastics are stimulated to ask and to plot for more.

“Such are the circumstances under which the National System is now on its trial. I confess I cannot look upon them without deep alarm. The education which has been devised to train up subjects for Great Britain—to train up persons worthy and competent to exercise such privileges as Britain bestows on her subjects and citizens, is now to be looked on as receiving its direction from Rome. England, in order to establish it, disparages the Bible—grants British funds to maintain it—and sees it then abandoned to the danger of being governed by papal influences. I know it is the fashion of modern politicians to speak of those influences lightly; they seem to measure them by the capacity of the individual by whom they are apparently exerted; they speak of the age—the weakness—the helplessness of the pope—and they forget that these very qualities may render him more fit to be the organ and the index of the great system which he represents. I dread the papacy—I fear its efforts to govern education in this country, because I believe the wisdom and zeal of the whole Roman Catholic world is at its disposal; and because I believe the state of Ireland has magnitude and importance enough to engage all that energy, and zeal, and wisdom.”

Is this system, thus constituted, thus worked, thus, by a wary policy on the part of the Church of Rome, made subservient to the worst purposes of Romanism, to continue under the sanction of a Conservative government? Or is such an alteration to be made in it as may enable the established clergy, without any compromise of principle, to partake of its advantages? Such is the question now anxiously agitated by the best friends of the church; who seem to think that a period has arrived when the views of the friends of Scrip-

tural ed-  
gove- a  
pan-  
1-  
circ-  
from the  
d and dis-  
ham could,  
e hoped for  
from  
tural ed-  
gove- a  
pan-  
1-  
circ-  
from the  
d and dis-  
ham could,  
e hoped for

As neither time nor space is left us at present for entering upon this important question at large, we conceive that we shall best discharge our duty to our readers by adverting to a project to which an able contemporary has already given a very considerable publicity, and which at this moment excites a large share of public attention. It is substantially this—that, should the state resolve to hold itself neutral upon the subject of religion, and afford to the several societies of differing religiousists aid for secular education, the established clergy might, consistently, in common with others, accept of such aid. It is not suggested that they should make any proposition to that effect: it is not pretended that such an arrangement is the very best, or that, in the abstract, it is not liable to grave objections; but only that the hands of the clergy would, to a certain extent, be strengthened by it, and that it is the least of the evils, to one or another of which they must submit, should such an overture on the part of government be rejected.

We are fully aware of the truly distressing position in which the clergy have been placed ever since the resolution was taken to put them out of that position to which they are constitutionally entitled. We are also aware of the difficulty which even a wise and a good government, who might see their errors, and be sincerely desirous of retracing their steps must feel, in consequence of the manner in which they have been committed by their predecessors to courses which they are now convinced are both mischievous and inexpedient. We are not without a deep sense of the value of those funds which might, according to the plan proposed, be placed at the disposal of the friends of the Established Church, to aid them in the sacred cause for which they have already



made so many sacrifices, and for the success of which their utmost exertions, as individuals, must prove insufficient, as long as government support continues to be given to the adversaries with whom they are struggling to maintain an unequal conflict. Of all this we are fully persuaded; but, nevertheless, our decided opinion, which we would deepen, if we could, into a solemn warning to the established clergy, is this—that, be the consequences what they may, they should give no encouragement whatsoever, directly or indirectly, to such a project; as, no matter what its temporary advantages might be, it would involve a departure from principle, and a compromise of character which, as a body, they could not long survive.

Great changes have, no doubt, been made in the working of our government by the repeal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, and of the test and corporation acts. But all this was done with a full acknowledgment of the Church of England as an established church, and with a distinct saving of its rights and privileges, wherever it was apprehended that from the increased influence of popery and dissent, they might be endangered. If the safeguards provided for this purpose have been practically of little avail; and if the state, under the influence of Romish and sectarian predilections, has departed from the strictness of that consecrated union, by which, for better or worse, it was bound up and identified with the interests and the well-being of the Established Church, and has taken unto itself other mates, *not* meet for it: in such a case, the position of the insulted, injured, and half repudiated establishment, may well be a painful one; but the preservation of her dignity is still in her own hands; and better, we say, any extremity of evil which may arise out of the caprice or the estrangement of her natural and constitutional protector, than any appearance even of acquiescence in her unmerited degradation.

If the state has forgotten its duty to the church, the church should not, on that account, forget its duty to the state. A meek endurance of the contumelious usage to which she has been exposed, is not by any means incompatible with a mild remonstrance against

it, and with words of solemn admonition, respecting the consequences to which it must lead, should it be persevered in, and only consistently followed out a *very* little longer.

While we use this language, we would not, for one moment, have the established clergy deceive themselves. They will get no temporal good by following our advice at present: to do so, they must be prepared, under an heroic sense of duty, to encounter both persecution and obloquy. No services would, we are persuaded, be more acceptable to those in whose hands the chief patronage of the church resides, than any such removal of the difficulties which have hitherto beset this education question, as might connect the clergy with the working of the present system with the least possible amount of departure from subsisting arrangements. We are, therefore, quite aware of the extensive field which is thus thrown open for the operations of intriguers and time-servers to recommend themselves to the powers that be, by a ready concurrence with any demands that may be made upon them. We presume not for a moment to insinuate, that any unworthy personal motive was at the bottom of the project to which we have referred, and which the friends of the church are now called upon to consider. On the contrary, we respect the quarter from which it comes, and could not lightly believe that from such a quarter any unworthy proposal could emanate. But while we thus avoid the hazard of judging others, we call upon others so much the more jealously to judge themselves, and be well persuaded in their own consciences that no secret motive of personal interest, no anxious desire to fall in with the wishes of the powers that be, lurks in any corner of their hearts, while they are weighing and considering a matter which so intimately concerns the station, the dignity, and the efficiency of their church, and the moral and religious well-being of the whole kingdom.

Suppose, then, a proposition made on the part of the government to aid the church in giving literary instruction to the members of their communion, exactly upon the same level that it might afford such aid to Romanists, Socinians, Chartists, Social-

ists, *et hoc genus omne* ; is such aid to be refused? To answer this question we must revert to our former comparison. Suppose a husband who had injuriously cast off his wife, and taken up with other women, to be at length made sufficiently sensible of his misconduct, as to be desirous of making her some reparation; and for this purpose expressed a willingness to settle upon her a portion equal to that which he had conferred upon her successful rivals; what would be her duty? Should she accept such an offer? Ought she for a moment to entertain a proposition by which her matronly dignity would be compromised, and by acceding to which she must be considered as acquiescing in the sin and the baseness to which she was a victim? We think not. And the Established Church holding, constitutionally, with respect to the state, precisely that position which a woman holds with respect to her lawful husband; we think a similar proposal coming from the state should be met in a similar spirit, and every extreme of suffering endured, rather than an arrangement be acceded to which would consummate and ratify her degradation.

We are told in *The Examiner*, in a very significant note, that political bodies must *be* what they ought to *be*, before they can be expected to *do* what they ought to *do*. And this is urged with a view to favour the reception of a grant from the state upon the terms proposed, and to prove that from the altered position of the government, there has been, as it were, a divorce between church and state. Undoubtedly, men must be what they ought to be before they can be expected to do what they ought to do; but it may, nevertheless, be the bounden duty of many connected with them, and most of all, of those most nearly and dearly connected with them, to endeavour to produce such a change in their character as may operate a corresponding change in their conduct. Now such we maintain to be the precise position of the Established Church, in its relation to the state, upon the subject of National Education. Our legislators have been led into grievous error. They have taken up with a system by which religious truth has been sacrificed to political convenience. What, in such a case,

should be the course of its spiritual advisers? Clearly that of earnest remonstrance, and respectful expostulation. The church should in no wise be a consenting party to the error or the iniquity which it is called upon to denounce;—respecting which its duty is to cry aloud and spare not. Because thus, by a strenuous perseverance in well-doing, the state may at length become sufficiently enlightened as to see the error of its ways; and thus by the blessed instrumentality of its spiritual help-mate, being brought again *to be* what it ought to *be*, it may be expected to *do* what it ought to *do*. But should the proper and constitutional corrective not be thus applied, and the church become in no way distinguishable from the various denominations of infidels or dissenters, who are partakers of the promiscuous and indiscriminating bounty of the government, in such a case the church would become a party to the evils under which the country must suffer, and its loss of moral weight would be but poorly compensated by any increase of pecuniary resources which might be thus provided.

We speak, be it understood, under the persuasion that the old recognised connection between church and state still, in principle, subsists;—a connection which not only confers privileges, but imposes duties. If that connection were formally abrogated, by a solemn disclaimer on the part of the state, of any religious predilection, or preference for any one creed above another, then the question would be very different from what it is at present. In accepting aid under such circumstances it would be neither compromising its character nor abandoning its duty. But *until* such a disclaimer is made, and until it is completely released from all the responsibility which belongs to it, as the great organ of spiritual enlightenment, by which, and through which the state has hitherto acted in communicating religious truth to the people, the clergy may not voluntarily accede to any thing incompatible with that high office, or by taking the bounty of the government upon the same level with that of the motley tribes of sectaries and socialists, become betrayers of their sacred trust, by being consenting parties to a system which does damage to

the truth of God, and is sure, sooner or later, to bring down upon the country some heavy mark of divine displeasure.

It will be said that if our theory is to be strictly followed out, we should refuse all pecuniary assistance from the state, as long as it supplies grants for dissenting purposes, and for the teaching of popery both abroad and at home. Doubtless, in so doing the state acts under grievous error. And most deeply is it to be deplored that any such course should ever have been adopted. But for such a course the church can not be held responsible, as her concurrence was never sought, and her reclamation would have been disregarded. She never proposed, as a condition of a grant to herself, that papists and dissenters should be thus favoured. She never slyly intimated that if such a proposition were submitted to her, to accede to it she would be nothing loath. Had she done so, she would be deeply compromised. Not having done so, but on the contrary, in the persons of many of her sons, protesting against these anomalous acts of the government which have confounded truth with error, she is only deeply injured. We therefore see a clear distinction between continuing to subsist as an established church, notwithstanding the mispolicy which shows favour beyond mere toleration to more than one hostile communion; and laying claim to such a character, while yet the established clergy are either directly or indirectly consenting parties to a system which reduces all denominations of believers to one common level, and recognises the state as its common protector and the common promoter of the wildest errors as well as of the most sacred truths.

But suppose a parliamentary grant were made to-morrow to the Church Education Society, are we, in consistency, bound to refuse it? By no means. In such a case we would stand alone, and separate from all connection with any other system. To receive such a grant would not imply any approbation of any other system. To receive such a grant would not connect us with any other system as auxiliaries, or justify its patrons in referring to us as supporters. We would still be as free to protest and

petition against it as we were before; and we trust the inclination to do so would not be wanting. It is only when aid is granted upon terms which may be construed into a passive acquiescence in a system which confounds truth with error, and amounts, in fact, to a species of *condonation* of latitudinarianism and infidelity, that its acceptance is to be condemned. The Presbyterian clergy, by accepting aid from the nation's board, have put themselves in connection with that board, and are, by them, numbered amongst the favourers of the national system. By so doing they have been enabled, to use the words of Dr. Cook, to "*squeeze out of*" that board a good Presbyterian education for their co-religionists in the north; but it is at the expense of *sanctioning* a practice which enables the popish priesthood to do the very same for Romanists in the south of Ireland. Doubtless, the Church of England might have done the very same, could it have reconciled itself to the reception of particular benefits at the expense of consenting to so great evil. But it has not as yet done so; and we sincerely trust it never will. Had the Presbyterians but stood aloof from the board for one year more, it is our belief that it would not now be in existence. The system would be universally felt as a failure, and the state must have adopted some other mode for meeting the demand for National Education. But they came in to its aid just when it was tottering to its fall; and Anthony Blake and Doctor Murray were but too happy to connive at an evasion of their rules, when, by so doing, they could secure the adherence of such steadfast allies, and be enabled to represent their system to the parliament and to the country as favoured by the Presbyterians of Ireland. Be it far from the Church of England thus to act; and thus she would be considered as acting if she consented to receive any grant, upon any terms, or under any circumstances, which would lead the public to believe that she was identified with a system which confounded truth with error, and that she acquiesced, for her own purposes, in an abuse of parliamentary funds, to the setting forth of false doctrine, even to the propagation of the wildest fanaticism and the most pestilent superstition. It need scarcely

be added that no such consequences would follow from her acceptance of a separate grant from parliament for the purpose of carrying into effect her own views of National Education.

Let us not be mistaken, for any such grant we are, at present, no advocates. Our desires would, for the present, be limited to the withdrawal of all grants from all those bodies by whom they are at present received, and suffering each church, or sect, or party in the country, to promote the education of those for whom they are interested as best they may out of their own resources. Were this done, the members of the Church of England would not, we are persuaded, be wanting to their duty; and not only would education prosper within the limits of their communion, but overflow in blessings beyond those limits upon numbers who could not be withheld from profiting by its many advantages. But this, we are told, may not be. There is, at present, a rage for education, as a nostrum in parliament, who, to use the words of *The*

*Christian Examiner*, "would not think themselves authorized to abandon every attempt to stimulate or regulate it, to influence either its quantity or its quality." We, therefore, must submit for some time longer to witness a very unwise appropriation of the national resources, until, by acting upon the public mind, the folly of such a course is made self-evident to the nation, and our public men will no longer feel that any party end is to be answered by lending it their support. Until this desirable result takes place, we object not to a grant by which the church might be enabled, through the instrumentality of the Church Education Society, to give effect to her views; but aided or unaided by the government, we trust she will never so far forget her station and character, her duty to her country and her God, as to accept of any support upon terms which would enable the members of the Board of Education to number her amongst the adherents of that pestilent system.

---

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

---

No. CXI.

MARCH, 1842.

VOL. XIX.

---

### CONTENTS.

Page

OUR MESS—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—No. I.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. CHAP. I.—A FAMILY PARTY. CHAP. II.—THE IRISH PACKET. CHAP. III.—THE CASTLE. CHAP. IV.—THE BREAKFAST. CHAP. V.—THE REVIEW IN THE PHOENIX. CHAP. VI.—THE SHAM BATTLE . . . . .	233
NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS—No. III.—DIPLOMACY—DOMESTIC HAPPINESS—DOCTORS —FOREIGN TRAVEL—LEARNED SOCIETIES, ETC. . . . .	321
THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE AND VIRGILIUS THE CONJURER, FROM THE GERMAN.—BY J. H. MERIVALE . . . . .	330
THE POET'S NATIVITY. BY M. A. BROWNE . . . . .	335
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. XXVIII.—VISCOUNT GORT, <i>with an Etching</i> . . . . .	336
MR. JAMES'S RECENT NOVELS . . . . .	341
TOM MOORE AND ANACREON.—SECOND ARTICLE . . . . .	355
CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS . . . . .	371
GASPAR, THE PIRATE; A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.—CHAP. IX. AND X. . . . .	386
LETTERS FROM ITALY—No. III. . . . .	399
MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—PREL ON THE CORN LAWS, ETC. . . . .	406
NATIONAL EDUCATION . . . . .	414

---

DUBLIN:  
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.



THE Publishers of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE have the pleasure to inform the friends and supporters of that Journal, that they have completed arrangements with MR. LEVER (HARRY LORREQUER), by which he undertakes the Editorship of the Magazine, reserving for its pages the publication of "Jack Hinton," and other tales by the same Author.

MR. LEVER will also contribute largely and exclusively to each number of the Magazine, the management of which under his auspices will commence with the April Number.

Dublin, February 25th, 1842.

# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXI.

MARCH, 1842.

VOL. XIX.

OUR MESS.

NOTICE, LIMINARY OR PRELIMINARY.

“MY DEAR LORREQUER,

“As there is no possibility of even guessing how far your ‘Irish impudence’ and the good nature of the public may lead you, a number of us have resolved on swimming with the current we cannot stem, and as you seem determined to ‘take our lives,’ we feel the best thing we can do is, to offer them to you freely.

“A little knot—some on full, some on half, some on no pay—of every age and rank in the service, from the lieutenant-general to the junior ensign, of every arm, from the sepoy to the sapper, have agreed to form a reunion under the name of ‘Our Mess,’ where, meeting together, we can chat over, and communicate such incidents of our early days as possibly might amuse the public, and at all events will prevent our being presented to their notice with more follies, faults, and absurdities than we can justly lay claim to.

“I need not tell you that our number was soon made up: some liked the gossip of the thing, others the jollity; one was pleased with the publicity, another with the punch, and not a few were frightened by the fate of Monsoon.

“We give you, then, all right and title to our memoirs and reminiscences; you have *carte blanche* as to style, and every other matter of book-making, of which we suppose you understand something, and we are convinced we know nothing; and have only one parting injunction, which is, to treat us as tenderly as the trade will permit.

“Believe me yours, my dear Lorrequer,

“TOM O’FLAHERTY.

“Badajos Lodge, Windermere.

“P.S.—We have a stray Adonis or two among us who would prefer it if your friend Phiz could come down here for their portraits, instead of trusting to chance, or, worse still, your vile descriptions: try if this could be managed.

“P.P.S.—Don’t you think it would be a polite attention to send us the thing as it comes out monthly?  
“T. O’F.”

This free-and-easy epistle, most kind public, we present to you *verbatim*, with the double object of showing to what indignities we are exposed for your sake, and also of explaining the motive of the present publication—to maintain with you an intimacy which is at once the pride and pleasure of our life; to continue, on any terms, an acquaintance which to us has been but a source of unceasing satisfaction, we have put our honest indignation in our pocket, and accepted our friend’s proposal.

Taking “Our Mess” as our title, we purpose to give you the memoirs of its members, suffering each man to tell his story, if he have one, in his own way. We shall interfere little with their claims to authorship, while we indulge

VOL. XIX.—No. III.

x

the solitary hope that they may prove as agreeable in type as we have known some of them at table.

We remember once, in a ramble through the classic precincts of the liberties in Dublin, to have assisted at a species of lottery in which, for the payment of one shilling, you had a dive into a sack supposed to contain wigs of every shape and colour, from the "judge" to the "jasy." The disappointment and dismay of the luckless candidates who, by the fickleness of fortune, invariably drew forth the opposite to their wishes—the spruce apprentice falling upon a "scratch," while a cobbler flourished a full bottom that had figured in Chancery—diverted us for a considerable time.

The lesson, however, has lingered in our memory, and shall not be lost. Adopting the same method with our manuscripts, while we utter the honest invitation of our predecessors,—No favour or affection, gentlemen; all fair, and only one shilling—we draw forth, at random, what comes first to our hand, and here present you with—

#### JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

##### CHAPTER I.—A FAMILY PARTY.

It was on a dark and starless night in February, 18—, as the last carriage of a dinner party had driven from the door of a large house in St. James's square, when a party drew closer around the drawing-room fire, apparently bent upon that easy and familiar chit-chat the presence of company interdicts.

One of these was a large, and fine-looking man of about five-and-forty, who, dressed in the full uniform of a general officer, wore besides the ribbon of the bath; he leaned negligently upon the chimney-piece, and with his back towards the fire, seemed to follow the current of his own reflections: this was my father.

Beside him, but almost concealed in the deep recess of a well-cushioned *fautuil*, sat or rather lay a graceful but somewhat *passée* figure, who with an air of languid repose was shading her fine complexion as well from the glare of the fire as the trying brilliancy of an Argand lamp upon the mantel-piece. Her rich dress resplendent with jewels, while it strangely contrasted with the careless *abandon* of her attitude, also showed that she had bestowed a more than common attention that day upon her toilette: this, fair reader, was my mother.

Opposite to her, and disposed in a position of rather studied gracefulness, lounged a tall, thin, fashionable-looking man, with a dark olive complexion, and a short black moustache. He wore in the button-hole of his blue coat the ribbon of St. Louis. The Count de Grammont, for such he

was, was an *émigré* noble, who, attached to the fortunes of the Bourbons, had resided for some years in London, and who, in the double capacity of adviser of my father and admirer of my lady mother, obtained a considerable share of influence in the family, and a seat at its councils.

At a little distance from the rest, and apparently engaged with her embroidery, sat a very beautiful girl, whose dark hair and long lashes deepened the seeming paleness of features a Greek sculptor might have copied. While nothing could be more perfect than the calm loveliness of her face and the delicate penciling of her slightly-arched eyebrows, an accurate observer could detect that her tremulous lip occasionally curled with a passing expression of half scorn, as from time to time she turned her eyes towards each speaker in turn, while she herself maintained a perfect silence. My cousin, Lady Julia Egerton, had indeed but that one fault: shall I venture to call by so harsh a name that spirit of gentle malice which loved to look for the ludicrous features of every thing around her, and inclined her to indulge what the French call the "*esprit moqueur*" even on occasions when her own feelings were interested?

The last figure of the group was a stripling of some nineteen years, who, in the uniform of the Guards, was endeavouring to seem perfectly easy and unconcerned, while it was evident that his sword-knot divided his attention with some secret thoughts that ren-

dered him anxious and excited: this was myself.

A silence of some moments was at length broken by my mother, who, with a kind of sigh Miss O'Neill was fond of, turned towards the count and said,

"Do confess, count, we were all most stupid to-day. Never did a dinner go off so heavily. But it's always the penalty one pays for a royal duke. *Apropos*, general, what did he say of Jack's appointment?"

"Nothing could be more kind, nothing more generous than his Royal Highness. The very first thing he did in the room was, to place this despatch in my hands. This, Jack," said my father, turning to me, "this is your appointment as an extra aid-de-camp."

"Very proper indeed," interposed my mother; "I am very happy to think you'll be about the court. Windsor, to be sure, is stupid."

"He is not likely to see much of it," said my father drily.

"Oh, you think he'll be in town then?"

"Why not exactly that, either?"

"Then what can you mean?" said she with more of animation than before.

"Simply, that his appointment is on the staff in Ireland."

"In Ireland!" repeated my mother with a tragic start. "In Ireland!"

"In Ireland!" said Lady Julia in a low soft voice.

"*En Irlande!*" echoed the count, with a look of well got up horror, as he elevated his eyebrows to the very top of his forehead; while I myself, to whom the communication was so sudden, and as unexpected, assumed a kind of soldier-like indifference, as though to say, what matters it to me, what do I care for the rigours of climate? the snows of the Caucasus, or the suns of Bengal are quite alike; even Ireland, if his Majesty's service require it. "Ireland," repeated my mother once more; "I really never heard any think so very shocking. But, my dear Jack, you can't think of it. Surely, general, you had presence of mind to decline."

"To accept, and to thank most gratefully his Royal Highness for such a mark of his favour, for this I had quite presence of mind," said my father somewhat haughtily.

"And you really will go, Jack?"

"Most decidedly," said I, as I put on a kind of Godefroy-de-Bouillon look, and strutted about the room.

"And pray what can induce you to such a step?"

"*Oui, 'que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?'*" said the count.

"By Jove," cried my father hastily, "you are both intolerable; you wished your boy to be a Guardsman in opposition to my desire for a regiment on service. You would have him an aid-de-camp: now he is both one and the other. In heaven's name, what think ye of getting him made a lady of the bed-chamber? for it's the only appointment I am aware of——"

"You are too absurd, general," said my mother, pettishly. "Count, pray touch the bell; that fire is so very hot, and I really was quite unprepared for this piece of news."

"And you, Julia," said I, leaning over the back of my cousin's chair, "what do you say to all this?"

"I've just been thinking what a pity it is I should have wasted all my skill and my worsted on this foolish rug, while I could have been embroidering a gay banner for our young knight bound for the wars. '*Partant pour la Syrie*,'" hummed she, half pensively, while I could see a struggling effort to suppress a laugh. I turned indignantly away, and walked towards the fire, where the count was expending his consolations on my mother.

"After all, *miladi*, it is not so bad as you think in the provinces; I once spent three weeks in Brittany, very pleasantly indeed: *oui, pardieu*, it's quite true. To be sure, we had Perlet, and Mademoiselle Mars, and got up the *Précieuses Ridicules* as well as in Paris."

The application of this very apposite fact to Ireland, was clearly satisfactory to my mother, who smiled benignly at the speaker, while my father turned upon him a look of the most indescribable import.

"Jack, my boy!" said he, taking me by the arm, "were I your age, and had no immediate prospect of active service, I should prefer Ireland to any country in the world. I have plenty of old friends on the staff there. The duke himself was my schoolfellow——"

"I hope he will be properly atten

tive," interrupted my mother. "Dear Jack, remind me to-morrow to write to Lady Mary."

"Don't mistake the country you're going to," continued my father; "you will find many things very different from what you are leaving; and, above all, be not over ready to resent, as an injury, what may merely be intended as a joke: your brother officers will always guide you on these points."

"And above all things," said my mother, with great earnestness, "do not adopt that odious fashion of wearing their hair. I've seen members of both houses, and particularly that little man they talk so much of, Mr. Grattan, I believe they call him——"

"Make your mind perfectly easy on that head, my lady," said my father, drily; "your son is not particularly likely to resemble Henry Grattan."

My cousin Julia alone seemed to relish the tone of sarcasm he spoke in, for she actually bestowed on him a look of almost grateful acknowledgment.

"The carriage, my lady," said the servant, and at the same moment my mother, possibly not sorry to cut short the discussion, rose from her chair.

"Do you intend to look in at the duchess's, general?"

"For half an hour," replied my father; after that I have my letters to write. Jack, you know, leaves us to-morrow."

"'Tis really very provoking," said my mother, turning at the same time a look towards the count.

"*A vos ordres, madame*," said he, bowing with an air of most deferential politeness, while he presented his arm for her acceptance.

"Good night, then," cried I, as the party left the room; "I have so much to do and to think of, I shan't join you." I turned to look for Lady Julia, but she was gone, when and how I knew not; so I sat down at the fire to ru-

minate alone over my present position, and my prospects for the future.

These few and imperfect passages may put the reader in possession of some, at least, of the circumstances which accompanied my outset in life; and if they be not sufficiently explicit, I can only say, that he knows fully as much of me as at the period in question I did of myself.

At Eton, I had been what is called rather a smart boy, but incorrigibly idle; at Sandhurst, I showed more ability and more disinclination to learn. By the favour of a royal duke (who had been my godfather) my commission in a marching regiment was exchanged for a second lieutenancy in the Guards; and at the time I write of I had been some six months in the service, which I spent in all the whirl and excitement of London society. My father, who, besides being a distinguished officer, was one of the most popular men among the clubs, my mother, a London beauty of some twenty years' standing, were claims sufficient to ensure me no common share of attention, while I added to the number what, in my own estimation at least, were certain very decided advantages of a purely personal nature.

To obviate, as far as might be, the evil results of such a career, my father secretly sued for the appointment on the staff of the noble duke, then viceroy of Ireland, in preference to what my mother contemplated,—my being attached to the royal household. To remove me alike from the enervating influence of a mother's vanity, and the extravagant profusion and voluptuous abandonment of London habits, this was his object. He calculated, too, that by new ties, new associations, and new objects of ambition, I should be better prepared, and more desirous of that career of real service to which in his heart he destined me: these were his notions at least; the result must be gleaned from my story.

## CHAPTER II.—THE IRISH PACKET.

A few nights after the conversation I have briefly alluded to, and pretty much about the same time, I aroused myself from the depression of nearly thirty hours' sea-sickness, on hearing

that at length we were in the bay of Dublin. Hitherto I had never left the precincts of the narrow den, denominated my berth: but now I made my way eager and anxious to



catch a glimpse, however faint, of that bold coast I had more than once heard compared with, or even preferred to, Naples. The night, however, was falling fast, and, worse still, a perfect down-pour of rain was falling with it; the sea ran high, and swept the little craft from stem to stern; the spars bent like whips, and our single topsail strained and stretched as though at every fresh plunge it would part company with us altogether. No trace or outline of the coast could I detect on any side; a deep red light appearing and disappearing at intervals, as we rode upon or sank beneath the trough of the sea, was all that my eye could perceive: this, the dripping helmsman briefly informed me was the "Kish;" but as he seemed little disposed for conversation, I was left to my unassisted ingenuity to make out whether it represented any point of the capital we were approaching or not.

The storm of wind and rain increasing at each moment, drove me once more back to the cabin, where, short as had been the period of my absence, the scene had undergone a most important change. Up to this moment my sufferings and my seclusion gave me little leisure or opportunity to observe my fellow-travellers. The stray and scattered fragments of conversation that reached me, rather puzzled than enlightened me. Of the topics which I innocently supposed occupied all human attention, not a word was dropped; Carlton House was not once mentioned; the St. Leger and the Oaks, not even alluded to; whether the Prince's breakfast was to come off at Knightsbridge or Frogmore, no one seemed to know or even care; nor was a hint dropped as to the fashion of the new bearskins the Guards were to sport at the review on Hounslow. The price of pigs, however, in Ballinasloe, they were perfect in. Of a late row in Kil—— something—where one half of the population had massacred the other—they knew every thing, even to the names of the defunct. A few of the better-dressed chatted over country matters, from which I could glean that game and gentry were growing gradually scarcer; but a red-nosed fat old gentleman, in rusty black and high boots, talked down the others by an eloquent account of the mawling that he, a certain Father Tom Loftus, had

given the Reverend Paul Strong, at a late controversial meeting in the Rotunda.

Through all this "bald, disjointed chat," unceasing demands were made for bottled porter, "materials," or spirits and wather, of which were I to judge from the frequency of the requests, the consumption must have been awful.

There would seem something in the very attitude of lying that induces reflection, and, thus stretched at full length in my berth, I could not help ruminating upon the land I was approaching, in a spirit which, I confess, accorded much more with my mother's prejudices than my father's convictions. From the few chance phrases dropped around me, it appeared that even the peaceful pursuits of a country market, or the cheerful sports of the field, were followed up in a spirit of recklessness and devilment; so that many a head that left home without a care, went back with a crack in it. But to come back once more to the cabin. It must be borne in mind that some thirty odd years ago the passage between Liverpool and Dublin was not, as at present, the rapid flight of a dozen hours, from shore to shore; where on one evening you left the thundering din of waggons, and the iron crank of cranes and windlasses, to wake the next morning with the rich brogue of Paddy floating softly around you: far from it; the thing was then a voyage. You took a solemn leave of your friends, you tore yourself from the embraces of your family, and with a tear in your eye and a hamper on your arm, you betook yourself to the pier, to watch with an anxious and a beating heart, every step of the three hours preceding that which heralded your departure. In those days, there was some honour in being a traveller; and the man who had crossed the channel a couple of times, became a kind of Captain Cook among his acquaintances.

The most singular feature of the whole, however, and the one to which I am now about to allude, proceeded from the fact that the steward in those days, instead of the extensive resources of the present period, had little to offer you, save some bad brandy and a biscuit; and each traveller had to look to his various wants with an accuracy and foresight that required both

tact and habit. The mere demands of hunger and thirst were not only to be considered in the abstract, but a point of far greater difficulty, the probable length of the voyage, was to be taken into consideration; so that you bought your beefsteaks with your eye upon the barometer, and laid in your mutton by the age of the moon. While thus the agency of the season was made to re-act upon your stomach, in a manner doubtless highly conducive to the interests of science, your part became one of the most critical nicety.

Scarcely were you afloat, and on the high seas, when your appetite was made to depend on the aspect of the weather. Did the wind blow fresh and fair, you eat away with a careless ease and a happy conscience, highly beneficial to your digestion. With a glance through the sky-light at the blue heaven, with a sly look at the prosperous dog-vane, you helped yourself to the liver wing, and took an extra glass of your sherry. Let the breeze fall, however, let a calm come on, or, worse still, a tramping noise on deck, and a certain ricketty motion of the craft betoken a change of wind, the knife and fork fell listlessly from your hand, the uplifted cutlet was consigned to your plate, the very spoonful of gravy you had devoured in imagination, was dropped upon the dish, and you replaced the cork in your bottle, with the sad sigh of a man who felt that, instead of his income, he has been living on the principal of his fortune.

Happily, there is a reverse to the medal, and this it was to which now my attention was directed. The trip, as occasionally happened, was a rapid one; and while under the miserable impression that a fourth part of the journey had not been accomplished, we were blessed with the tidings of land. Scarcely was the word uttered, when it flew from mouth to mouth; and I thought I could trace the elated look of proud and happy hearts, as home drew near. What was my surprise, however, to see the enthusiasm take another and very different channel. With one accord a general rush was made upon the hampers of prog. Baskets were burst open on every side. Sandwiches and sausages, porter bottles, cold punch, chickens, and hard eggs, were strewn about with a careless and reckless profusion; none

seemed too sick or too sore for this general epidemic of feasting. Old gentlemen sat up in their beds, and bawled for beef; children of tender years brandished a drumstick. Individuals who but a short half-hour before seemed to have made a hearty meal, testified by the ravenous exploits of their appetites to their former forbearance and abstemiousness. Even the cautious little man in the brown spencer, that wrapt up the remnant of his breakfast in the *Times*, now opened his whole store, and seemed bent upon a day of rejoicing. Never was such a scene of riotous noise and tumultuous mirth. Those who scowled at each other till now, hob-nobbed across the table; and simpering old maids cracked merry thoughts with gay bachelors, without even a passing fear for the result. Thank heaven, said I, aloud, that I see all this with my sense and my intellects clear about me. Had I suddenly awoke to such a prospect from the disturbed slumber of sickness, the chances were ten to one I had jumped overboard, and swam for my life. In fact, it could convey but one image to the mind, such as we read of, when some infuriated and reckless men, despairing of safety, without a hope left, resolve upon closing life in the mad orgies of drunken abandonment.

Here were the meek, the tranquil, the humble-minded, the solitary, the sea-sick, all suddenly converted into riotous and roistering feasters. The lips that scarcely moved, now blew the froth from a porter-cup with the blast of a Boreas: and even the small urchin in the green face and nankeen jacket, bolted hard eggs with the dexterity of a clown in a pantomime. The end of all things (eatable) had certainly come. Chickens were dismembered like felons, and even jokes and witticisms were bandied upon the victuals. What, if even yet, thought I, the wind should change. The idea was a malicious one, too horrible to indulge in. At this moment the noise and turmoil on deck apprised me that our voyage was near its termination.

The night, as I have said, was dark and stormy. It rained, too—as it knows only how to rain in Ireland. There was that steady persistence, that persevering monotony of down-pour, which no satisfied with wetting

you to the skin, seems bent upon converting your very blood into water. The wind swept in long and moaning gusts along the bleak pier, which, late and inclement as it was, seemed crowded with people. Scarcely was a rope thrown ashore, when we were boarded on every side, by the rigging, on the shrouds, over the bulwarks, from the anchor to the taffrail; the whole population of the island seemed to flock in upon us; while sounds of welcome and recognition resounded on all sides—

"How are you, Mister Maguire?"  
 "Is the mistress with you?" "Is that you, Mr. Tierney?" "How are you, ma'am?" "And yourself, Tim?"  
 "Beautiful, glory be to God!" "A great passage, entirely, ma'am." "Nothing but rain since I seen you."  
 "Take the trunks up to Mrs. Tunstall; and, Tim darling, oysters and punch for four."

"Great Mercy!" said I, "eating again."

"Morrisson, your honour," said a ragged ruffian, nudging me by the elbow.

"Reilly, sir; isn't it? It's me, sir—the Club. I'm the man always drives your honour."

"Arrah, howld your prate," said a deep voice, "the gentleman hasn't time to bless himself."

"It's me, sir; Owen Daly, that has the black horse."

"More, by token, with a spavin," whispered another, while a roar of laughter followed the joke.

"A car, sir—take you up in five minutes."

"A chaise, your honour—do the thing dacently."

Now, whether my hesitation at this moment was set down by the crowd of my solicitors to some doubt of my solvency or not, I cannot say; but true it is, their tone of obsequious entreaty gradually changed into one of rather caustic criticism.

"Maybe it's a gossoon you'd like to carry the little trunk."

"Let him alone; it's only a carpet-bag; he'll carry it himself."

"Don't you see the gentleman would rather walk; and as the night is fine, 'tis pleasanter—and—cheaper."

"Take you for a fipp'ny bit and a glass of sparits," said a gruff voice in my ear.

By this time I had collected my luggage together, whose imposing appearance seemed once more to testify in my favour, particularly the case of my cocked hat, which to my ready-witted acquaintances proclaimed me a military man. A general rush was accordingly made upon my luggage; and while one man armed himself with a portmanteau, another laid hands on a trunk, a third a carpet-bag, a fourth a gun-case, and so on, until I found myself keeping watch and ward over my epaulet-case and my umbrella, the sole remnant of my effects. At the same moment a burst of laughter and a half shout broke from the crowd, and a huge powerful fellow jumped on the deck, and, seizing me by the arm, cried out—

"Come along now, captain——. It's all right. This way—this way, sir."

"But why am I to go with you?" said I, vainly struggling to escape his grasp.

"Why is it?" said he, with a chuckling laugh; "reason enough—didn't we toss up for ye, and didn't I win ye?"

"Win me!"

"Ay; just that same."

By this time I found myself beside a car, upon which all my luggage was already placed.

"Get up now," said he.

"It's a beautiful car, and a dhry cushion," added a voice near, to the manifest mirth of the bystanders.

Delighted to escape my tormentors, I sprang up opposite to him, while a cheer, mad and wild enough for a tribe of Iroquois, yelled behind us. Away we rattled over the pavement, without lamp or lantern to guide our path, while the sea dashed its foam across our faces, and the rain beat in torrents upon our backs.

"Where to, captain?" inquired my companion, as he plied his whip without ceasing.

"The Castle; you know where that is?"

"Faix I ought," was the reply. "Ain't I there at the levees? But howld fast, your honour; the road isn't good; and there is a hole somewhere hereabouts."

"A hole! For heaven's sake, take care. Do you know where it is?"

"Begorra, you're in it," was the

answer ; and, as he spoke, the horse went down head foremost, the car after him ; away flew the driver on one side, while I myself was shot some half-dozen yards on the other, a perfect avalanche of trunks, boxes, and *valises*, rattling about my doomed head. A crashing shower of kicks, the noise of the flying splinters, and the imprecations of the carman, were

the last sounds I heard, as a heavy imperial full of books struck me on the head and laid me prostrate.

Through my half-consciousness, I could still feel the rain as it fell in sheets ; the heavy plash of the sea sounded in my ears ; but, somehow, a feeling like sleepiness crept over me, and I became insensible.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE CASTLE.

WHEN I next came to my senses, I found myself lying upon a sofa in a large room, of which I appeared the only occupant. A confused and misty recollection of my accident, some scattered fragments of my voyage, and a rather aching sensation in my head, were the only impressions of which I was well conscious. The last evening I spent at home was full in my memory, and I could not help thinking over my poor mother's direful anticipations in my vain endeavours to penetrate what I felt had been a misfortune of some kind or other. The mystery was, however, too deep for my faculties ; and so, in despair of unravelling the past, I set myself to work to decipher the present. The room, I have already said, was large ; and the ceiling, richly stuccoed and ornamented, spoke of a day whose architecture was of a grand and massive character. The furniture, now old and time-worn, had once been handsome, even magnificent. Rich curtains of heavy brocaded silk, with deep gold fringes, gorgeously-carved and gilded chairs, in the taste of Louis XV. ; marble consoles stood between the windows, and a mirror of gigantic proportions occupied the chimney-breast. Years and neglect had not only done their worst, but it was evident that the hand of devastation had also been at work. The marbles were cracked ; few of the chairs were available for use ; the massive lustre, intended to shine with a resplendent glare of fifty wax-lights, was now made a resting-place for shakos, bear-skins, and foraging-caps ; an ominous-looking star in the looking-glass bore witness to the bullet of a pistol ; and the very Cupids carved upon the frame, who once were wont to smile blandly at each other, were now disfigured

with cork moustachoes, and one of them even carried a pair of spurs in his mouth. Swords, sashes, and sabretaches, spurs and shot-belts, with guns, fishing-tackle, and tandem whips, were hung here and there upon the walls, which themselves presented the strangest spectacle of all, there not being a portion of them unoccupied by caricature sketches, executed in every imaginable species of taste, style, and colouring. Here was a field day in the park, in which it was easy to see the prominent figures were portraits : there an enormous nose, surmounted by a grenadier cap, was passing in review some trembling and terrified soldiers. In another, a commander of the forces was seen galloping down the lines, holding on by the pommel of the saddle. Over the sofa I occupied, a levee at the castle was displayed, in which, if the company were not villainously libelled, the viceroy had little reason to be proud of his guests. There were also dinners at the Lodge ; guards relieved by wine-punchcons dressed up like field-officers ; the whole accompanied by doggerel verses explanatory of the views.

The owner of this singular chamber had, however, not merely devoted his walls to the purposes of an album, but he had also made them perform the part of a memorandum-book. Here were the "meets" of the Kildare and the Dubber for the month of March ; there, the turn of duty for the garrison of Dublin, interspersed with such fragments as the following : — Mem. — To dine at Mat Kean's on Tuesday, 4th — Not to pay Hennessy till he settles about the handicap — To ask Courtenay for Fanny Burke's fan ; the same Fanny has pretty legs of her own — To tell Holmes to have

nothing to do with Lanty Moore's niece, in regard to a reason!—Five to two on Giles' two-year-old, if Tom likes—N.B.—The mare is a roarer—A heavenly day, what fun they must have!—May the devil fire Tom O'Flaherty, or I would not be here now. These and a hundred other similar passages figured on every side, leaving me in a state of considerable mystification, not as to the character of my host, of which I could guess something, but as to the nature of his abode, which I could not imagine to be a barrack-room.

As I lay thus pondering, the door cautiously opened, and a figure appeared, which, as I had abundant leisure to examine it, and as the individual is one who occasionally turns up in the course of my history, I may as well take the present opportunity of presenting to my reader. The man who entered, scarcely more than four feet and a half high, might be about sixty years of age. His head, enormously disproportioned to the rest of his figure, presented a number of flat surfaces, as though nature had originally destined it for a crystal. Upon one of these planes the eyes were set; and although as far apart as possible, yet upon such terms of distance were they, that they never, even by an accident, looked in the same direction. The nose was short and snubby; the nostrils wide and expanded, as if the feature had been pitched against the face in a moment of ill-temper, and flattened by the force. As for the mouth, it looked like the malicious gash of a blunt instrument, jagged, ragged, and uneven. It had not even the common-place advantage of being parallel to the horizon, but ran in an oblique direction from right to left, enclosed between a parenthesis of the crankiest wrinkles that ever human cheeks were creased by. The head would have been bald but for a scanty wig, technically called a "jasy," which, shrunk by time, now merely occupied the apex of the scalp, where it moved about with every action of the forehead and eyebrows, and was thus made to minister to the expression of a hundred emotions that other men's wigs know nothing about. Truly, it was the strangest peruke that ever covered a human cranium. I do not believe that another like it ever existed. It

had nothing in common with other wigs. It was like its owner, perfectly *sui generis*. It had not the easy flow and wavy curl of the old beau. It had not the methodical precision and rectilinear propriety of the elderly gentleman. It was not full, like a lawyer's, nor horse-shoed, like a bishop's. No. It was a cross-grained, ill-tempered, ill-conditioned old scratch, that looked like nothing under heaven save the husk of a hedge-hog.

The dress of this strange figure was a suit of very gorgeous light brown livery, with orange facings, a green plush waistcoat and shorts, frogged, flapped, and embroidered most lavishly with gold lace, silk stockings, with shoes, whose enormous buckles covered nearly the entire foot, and rivalled, in their paste brilliancy, the piercing brightness of the wearer's eye. Having closed the door carefully behind him, he walked towards the chimney, with a certain air of solemn and imposing dignity that very nearly overcame all my efforts at seriousness; his outstretched and expanded hands, his averted toes and waddling gait, giving him a most distressing resemblance to the spread eagle of Prussia, had that respectable bird been pleased to take a promenade in a showy livery. Having snuffed the candles, and helped himself to a pinch of snuff from a gold box on the mantel-piece, he stuck his arms, nearly to the elbows, in the ample pockets of his coat, and with his head a little elevated, and his under-lip slightly protruded, seemed to meditate upon the mutability of human affairs, and the vanity of all worldly pursuits.

I coughed a couple of times, to attract his attention, and, having succeeded in catching his eye, I begged, in my blindest imaginable voice, to know where I was.

"Where are ye, is it?" said he, repeating my question in a tone of the most sharp and querulous intonation, to which not even his brogue could lend one touch of softness. "Where are ye? and where would you like to be? or where would any one like to be that was disgracing himself, or black-guarding about the streets till he got his head cut and his clothes torn, but in Master Phil's room: devil other company it's used to. Well, well! It is more like a watch-house nor a gentleman's parlour, the same room. It's



little his father, the judge,"—here he crossed himself piously—"it is little he thought the company his son would be keeping; but it is no matter. I gave him warning last Tuesday, and with the blessing o' God——"

The remainder of this speech was lost in a low muttering grumble, which I afterwards learnt was his usual manner of closing an oration. A few broken and indistinct phrases being only audible, such as—"Serve you right,"—"Fifty years in the family,"—"Slaving like a negur,"—"Oh, the Turks! the Haythens!"

Having waited what I deemed a reasonable time for his honest indignation to evaporate, I made another effort to ascertain who my host might be.

"Would you favour me," said I, in a tone still more insinuating, "with the name of——"

"It's my name, ye want? Oh, sorrow bit I am ashamed of it! Little as you think of me, Cornelius Delany is as good a warrant for family, as many a one of the dirty spalpeens about the coort, that haven't a civeller worn in their mouth than Cross Corny! Bad luck to them for that same."

This honest admission as to the world's opinion of Mister Delany's character was so far satisfactory as it enabled me to see with whom I had to deal; and, although for a moment or two it was a severe struggle to prevent myself bursting into laughter, I fortunately obtained the mastery, and once more returned to the charge.

"And now, Mister Delany, can you inform me how I came here? I remember something of an accident on my landing; but when, where, and how, I am totally ignorant."

"An accident!" said he, turning up his eyes, "an accident, indeed! that's what they always call it, when they wring off the rappers, or bate the watch: ye came here in a hackney-coach, with the police, as many a one came before you."

"But where am I?" said I, impatiently.

"In Dublin Castle; bad luck to it for a riotous disorderly place."

"Well, well," said I, half angrily, "I want to know whose room is this?"

"Captain O'Grady's;—what have you to say agin the room;—maybe

you're used to worse. There now, that's what you got for that. I'm laving the place next week, but that's no rason——"

Here he went off, *diminuendo*, again, with a few flying imprecations upon several things and persons unknown.

Mr. Delany now dived for a few seconds into a small pantry at the end of the room, from which he emerged with a tray between his hands, and two decanters under his arms.

"Draw the little table this way," he cried, "more towards the fire; for, av coorse, you're fresh and fastin': there now, take the sherry from under my arm—the other's port: that *was* a ham, till Captain Mills cut it away, as ye see—there's a veal pie, and here's a cold grouse—and maybe you've eat worse before now—and will again, plaze God."

I assured him of the truth of his observation in a most conciliating tone.

"Oh, the devil fear ye," was the reply, while he murmured somewhat lower—"the half of yees isn't used to meat twice in the week."

"Capital fare, this, Mr. Delany," said I, as, half famished with long fasting, I helped myself a second time.

"You're eating as if you liked it," said he, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Upon my word," said I, after throwing down a bumper of sherry, "that's a very pleasant glass of wine; and, on the whole, I should say, there are worse places than this in the world."

A look of unutterable contempt—whether at me for my discovery, or at the opinion itself, I can't say—was the sole reply of my friend; who, at the same moment, presuming I had sufficient opportunities for the judgment I pronounced, replaced the decanters upon the tray, and disappeared with the entire in the most grave and solemn manner.

Repressing a very great inclination to laughter, I sat still; and a silence of a few moments ensued, when Mr. Delany walked towards the window, and, drawing aside the curtains, looked out. All was in darkness save on the opposite side of the court-yard, where a blaze of light fell upon the pavement from over the half shutters of an apparently spacious apartment. "Ay, ay, there you go: hiv him burrah!

you waste more liquor every night than would float a lighter; that's all you're good for, bad luck to your grace—making fun of the people, laughing and singing as if the potatoes was'n't two shillings a stone."

"What's going on there?" said I.

"The ould work, nather more nor less. The lord listinnant, and the bishops, and the jidges, and all the privy councillors roaring drunk. Listen to them. May I never if it ins't the dean's voice I hear—the ould beast; he is singing 'The Night before Larry was stretched.'"

"That's a good fellow, Corny—Mr. Delany I mean—do open the window for a little, and let's hear them?"

"It's a blessed night you'd have the window open to listen to a set of drunken devils: but here's Master Phil; I know his step well. It's long before his father that's gone would come tearing up the stairs that way as if the bailiffs was after him; rack and ruin, sorrow else, av I never got a place—the Haythins, the Turks."

Mr. Delany who, probably from motives of delicacy, wished to spare his master the pain of an interview, made his exit by one door as he came in at the other. I had barely time to see that the person before me was in every respect the very opposite of his follower, when he called out in a rich, mellow voice—

"All right again, I hope, Mr. Hinton; it's the first moment I could get away; we had a dinner of the Privy Council, and some of them are rather late sitters; you're not hurt I trust?"

"A little bruised or so, nothing more; but, pray, how did I fall into such kind hands?"

"Oh! the watchman, it seems, could read, and, as your trunks were addressed to the Castle, they concluded you ought to go there also. You have despatches, haven't you?"

"Yes," said I, producing the packet; "when must they be delivered?"

"Oh, at once. Do you think you could make a little change in your dress, and manage to come over? his grace always likes it better; there's no stiffness, no formality whatever: most of the dinner-party have gone home; there are only a few of the government people, the duke's friends,

remaining, and, besides, he's always kind and good-natured."

"I'll see what I can do," replied I, as I rose from the sofa; "I put myself into your hands altogether."

"Well, come along," said he: "you'll find every thing ready in this room. I hope that old villain has left hot water. Corny, Corny, I say; confound him, he's gone to bed I suppose."

Having no particular desire for Mr. Delany's attentions, I prevailed on his master not to disturb him, and proceeded to make my toilette as well as I was able.

"Didn't that stupid scoundrel come near you at all?" cried O'Grady.

"Oh, yes, we have had a long interview; but, somehow, I fear I did not succeed in gaining his good graces."

"The worst tempered old villain in Europe."

"Somewhat of a character, I take it."

"A crab-tree planted in a lime-liln, cranky and cross-grained; but he is a legacy, almost the only one my father left me. I've done my best to part with him every day for the last twelve years, but he sticks to me like a poor relation, giving me warning every night of his life, and every morning kicking up such a row in the house that overy one is persuaded I am beating him to a jelly before turning him out to starve in the streets."

"Oh, the Haythins, the Turks," said I, shily.

"Confound it," cried he, "the old devil has been opening upon you already; and yet, with all that, I don't know how I should get on without Corny; his gibes, his jeers, his everlasting ill-temper, his crankiness that never sleeps, seems to agree with me: the fact is, one enjoys the world from its contrasts. The olive is a poor thing in itself, but it certainly improves the smack of your burgundy. In this way Corny Delany does me good service. Come, by Jove, you have not been long dressing. This way: now follow me." So saying, Captain O'Grady led the way down the stairs to the piazza, following which to the opposite side of the quadrangle we arrived at a brilliantly lighted hall, where several servants in full-dress liveries were in waiting.

Passing hastily through this, we mounted a handsome staircase, and, traversing several ante-chambers, at length arrived at one whose contiguity to the dinner-room I could guess at from the loud sound of many voices. "Wait one moment here," said my companion, "until I speak to his grace." He disappeared as he spoke, but before a minute had elapsed he was again beside me. "Come this way; it's all right," said he. The next moment I found myself in the dinner-room.

The scene before me was altogether so different from what I had expected, that for a moment or two I could scarce do aught else than stand still to survey it. At a table which had been laid for about forty persons, scarcely more than a dozen were now present. Collected together at one end of the board the whole party were roaring with laughter at some story of a strange, melancholy-looking man, whose whining voice ad led indescribable ridicule to the drollery of his narrative. Gray-headed general officers, grave-looking divines, lynx-eyed lawyers, had all given way under the irresistible impulse, and the very table shook with laughter.

"Mr. Hinton, your excellency," said O'Grady for the third time, while the duke wiped his eye with his napkin, and, pushing his chair a little back from the table, motioned me to approach.

"Ah, Hinton, glad to see you; how is your father, a very old friend of mine, in bed, and Lady Charlotte—well, I hope?—O'Grady tells me you have had an accident—something slight I trust. So these are the despatches." Here he broke the seal of the envelope and ran his eye over the contents. "There; that's your concern." So saying, he pitched a letter across the table to a slender-looking person, who, in a horse-shoe wig, "They won't do it, dear, and we must wait. Ah!—so they don't like my new commissions; but, Hinton, by boy, sit down. O'Grady has ordered for me a glass of wine with this."

"Nothing the worse of your mishap, sir," said the melancholy-looking man who sat opposite to me.

I replied by briefly relating my accident.

"Strange enough," said he, in a

compassionate tone, "your head should have suffered: your countrymen generally fall upon their legs in Ireland." This was said with a sly look at the viceroy, who, deep in his despatches, paid no attention to the allusion.

"A very singular thing I must confess," said the duke, laying down the paper. "This is the fourth time the bearer of despatches has met with an accident. If they don't run foul of a rock in the channel, they are sure to have a delay on the pier."

"It's so natural, my lord," said the gloomy man, "that the carriers should stop at the Pidgeon-house."

"Do be quiet, Curran," cried the duke, "and pass round the decanter, they'll not take the duty off claret it seems."

"And, Day, my lord, won't put the claret on duty; he has kept the wine at his elbow for the last half hour. Upon my soul, your grace ought to knight him."

"Not even his excellency's habits," said a sharp, clever-looking man, "would excuse his converting Day into night."

Amid a shower of smart, caustic, and witty sayings, droll stories, retort and repartee, the wine circulated freely from hand to hand; the presence of the duke adding fresh impulse to the sallies of fun and merriment around him. Anecdotes of the army, the beach, and the bar, poured in unceasingly, accompanied by running commentaries of the hearers, who never let slip an opportunity for a jest or a rejoinder. To me the most singular feature of all this was, that no one seemed too old or too dignified, too high in station or too venerable from office, to join in this headlong current of conviviality: austere churchmen, erudite chief-justices, profound politicians, privy councillors, military officers of high rank and standing, were here all mixed up together into one strange medley, apparently bent on throwing an air of ridicule over the graver business of life, and laughing alike at themselves and the world. Nothing was too grave for a jest, nothing too solemn for a sarcasm. All the soldier's experience of men and manners, all the lawyer's acuteness of perception and readiness of wit, all the politician's practised tact and habitual subtlety, were brought to bear upon the com-

mon topics of the day with such promptitude and such power, that one knew not whether to be more struck by the mass of information they possessed, or by that strange fatality which could make men, so great and so gifted, satisfied to jest where they might be called on to judge.

Play and politics, wine and women, debts and duels, were discussed, not only with an absence of all restraint, but with a deep knowledge of the world and a profound insight into the heart, which often imparted to the careless and random speech the sharpness of the most cutting sarcasm. Personalities too were rife: no one spared his neighbour, for he did not expect mercy for himself; and the luckless wight who tripped in his narrative or stumbled in his story, was assailed on every side, until some happy expedient of his own, or some new victim being discovered, the attack would take another direction, and leave him once more at liberty. I feel how sadly inadequate I am to render even the faintest testimony to the talents of those, any one of whom, in after life, would have been considered to have made the fortune of a dinner-party, and who now were met together, not in the careless ease and lounging indifference of relaxation, but in the open arena where wit met wit, and where even the most brilliant talker, the happiest relator, the quickest in sarcasm, the readiest in reply, felt he had need of all his weapons to defend and protect him. This was no war of partisans, but a *mêlée* tournament, where each man rode down his neighbour, with no other reason for attack than the rent in his armour. Even the viceroy himself, who, as judge of the lists, might be supposed to enjoy an immunity, was not safe here, and many an arrow, apparently shot at an adversary, was sent quivering into his corslet.

As I watched with all the intense excitement of one to whom such a

display was perfectly new, I could not help feeling how fortunate it was that the grave avocations and the venerable pursuits of the greater number of the party should prevent this firework of wit from bursting into the blaze of open animosity. I hinted as much to my neighbour, O'Grady, who at once broke into a fit of laughter at my ignorance; and I now learnt to my amazement that the Common Pleas had winged the Exchequer, that the attorney-general had pinked the Rolls, and, stranger than all, that the provost of the university himself had planted his man in the Phoenix.

"It is just as well for us," continued he in a whisper, "that the churchmen can't go out; for the dean yonder can snuff a candle at twenty paces, and is rather a hot-tempered fellow to boot. But come, now; his grace is about to rise. We have a field-day to-morrow in the park, and break up somewhat earlier in consequence."

As it was now near two o'clock, I could see nothing to cavil at as to the earliness of the hour; although I freely confess, tired and exhausted as I felt, I could not contemplate the moment of separation without a sad foreboding that I ne'er should look upon the like again. The party rose at this moment, and the duke, shaking hands cordially with each person as he passed down, wished us all a good-night. I followed with O'Grady and some others of the household, but when I reached the antechamber, my new friend volunteered his services to see me to my quarters.

On traversing the lower Castle-yard, we mounted an old-fashioned and ricketty stair, which conducted to a gloomy, ill-lighted corridor. I was too much fatigued, however, to be critical at the moment; and so, having thanked O'Grady for all his kindness, I threw off my clothes hastily, and before my head was well upon the pillow was sound asleep.

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE BREAKFAST.

THERE are few persons so unreflective as not to give way to a little self-examination, on waking, for the first time, in a strange place. The very objects about, are so many appeals to

your ingenuity or to your memory, that you cannot fail asking yourself how you became acquainted with them; the present is thus made the herald of the past, and it is difficult,

when unravelling the tangled web of doubt that assails you, not to think over the path by which you have been travelling.

As for me, scarcely were my eyes opened to the light, I had barely thrown one glance around my cold and comfortless chamber, when thoughts of home came rushing to my mind. The warm earnestness of my father, the timid dreads of my poor mother, rose up before me, as I felt myself, for the first time, alone in the world. The elevating sense of heroism, that more or less blends with every young man's dreams of life, gilds our first journey from our father's roof. There is a feeling of freedom in being the arbiter of one's actions, to go where you will and when you will. Till that moment the world has been a comparative blank: the trammels of school or the ties of tutorship have bound and restrained you. You have been living, as it were, within the rules of court—certain petty privileges permitted, certain small liberties allowed: but now you come forth disenchanted, disenthralled, emancipated, free to come as to go; a man in all the plenitude of his volition, and, better still, a man without the heavy depressing weight of responsibility that makes manhood less a blessing than a burden. The first burst of life is indeed a glorious thing; youth, health, hope, and confidence, have each a force and vigour they lose in after years. Life is then a splendid river, and we are swimming with the stream; no adverse waves to weary, no billows to buffet us, we hold on our course rejoicing.

The sun was peering between the curtains of my window, and playing in fitful flashes on the old oak floor, as I lay thus ruminating and dreaming over the future. How many a resolve did I then make for my guidance; how many an intention did I form; how many a groundwork of principle did I lay down, with all the confidence of youth! I fashioned to myself a world after my own notions; in which I conjured up certain imaginary difficulties, all of which were surmounted by my admirable tact and consummate cleverness. I remembered how, at both Eton and Sandhurst, the Irish boy was generally made the subject of some jest or quiz, at one time for his accent, at another for his blunders.

As a Guardsman, short as had been my experience of the service, I could plainly see, that a certain indefinable tone of superiority was ever asserted towards our friends across the sea. A wide-sweeping prejudice whose limits were neither founded in reason, justice, nor common sense, had thrown a certain air of undervaluing import over every one and every thing from that country. Not only were its faults and its follies heavily visited, but those accidental and trifling blemishes—those slight, and scarce perceptible deviations from the arbitrary standard of fashion—were deemed the strong characteristics of the nation, and condemned accordingly; while the slightest use of any exaggeration in speech—the commonest employment of a figure or a metaphor—the casual introduction of an anecdote or a repartee were all heavily censured, and pronounced “so very Irish!” Let some fortune-hunter carry off an heiress, let a lady trip over her train at a drawing-room, let a minister blunder in his mission, let a powder-magazine explode and blow up one-half of the surrounding population, there was but one expression to qualify all, “how Irish! how very Irish!” The adjective had become one of depreciation, and an Irish lord, an Irish member, an Irish estate, and an Irish diamond, were held pretty much in the same estimation.

Reared in the very hotbed, the forcing-house of such exaggerated prejudice, while imbibing a very sufficient contempt for every thing in that country, I obtained proportionably absurd notions of all that was English. Our principles may come from our fathers: our prejudices certainly descend from the female branch. Now, my mother, notwithstanding the example of the Prince Regent himself, whose chosen associates were Irish, was most thoroughly exclusive on this point. She would admit that a native of that country could be invited to an evening party under extreme and urgent circumstances—that some brilliant orator, whose eloquence was at once the dread and the delight of the house—that some gifted poet, whose verses came home to the heart alike of prince and peasant—that the painter, whose canvas might stand unblushingly amid the greatest tri-



umphs of art—could be asked to lionize for those cold and callous votaries of fashion, across the lake of whose stagnant nature no breath of feeling stirred, esteeming it the while, that in her card of invitation he was reaping the proudest proof of his success; but that such could be made acquaintances or companions, could be regarded in the light of equals or intimates, the thing never entered into her imagination, and she would as soon have made a confidant of the king of Kongo as a gentleman from Connaught.

Less for the purposes of dwelling upon my lady-mother's "Hibernian horrors," than of showing the school in which I was trained, I have made this somewhat lengthened *exposé*. It may, however, convey to my reader some faint expression of the feelings which animated me at the outset of my career in Ireland.

I have already mentioned the delight I experienced with the society at the viceroy's table. So much brilliancy, so much wit, so much conversational power, until that moment I had no conception of. Now, however, while reflecting on it, I was actually astonished to find how far the whole scene contributed to the support of my ancient prejudices. I well knew that a party of the highest functionaries, bishops and law-officers of the crown, would not have conducted themselves in the same manner in England. I stopped not to inquire whether it was more the wit or the will that was wanting; I did not dwell upon the fact, that the meeting was a purely convivial one, to which I was admitted by the kindness and condescension of the duke; but so easily will a warped and bigoted impression find food for its indulgence, I only saw in the meeting an additional evidence of my early convictions. How far my theorising on this point might have led me—whether eventually I should have come to the conclusion, that the Irish nation were lying in the darkest blindness of barbarism, while, by a special intervention of Providence, I was about to be erected into a species of double revolving light—it is difficult to say, when a tap at the door suddenly aroused me from my musings.

"Are ye awake, yet?" said a harsh husky voice, like a bear in bronchitis,

which I had no difficulty in pronouncing to be Corny's.

"Yes, come in," cried I: "what hour is it?"

"Somewhere after ten," replied he, sulkily: "you're the first I ever heerd ask the clock, in the eight years I have lived here. Are ye ready for your morning?"

"My what?" said I, with some surprise.

"Didn't I say it, plain enough? Is it the brogue that bothers you?"

As he said this with a most sarcastic grin, he poured, from a large jug he held in one hand, a brimming goblet full of some white compound, and handed it over to me. Preferring at once to explore, rather than to question the intractable Corny, I put it to my lips, and found it to be capital milk punch, concocted with great skill, and seasoned with what O'Grady afterwards called, "a notion of nutmeg."

"Oh! devil fear you, that ye'll like it. Sorrow one of you ever left as much in the jug as 'ud make a foot-bath for a flea."

"They don't treat you over well, then, Corny," said I, purposely opening the sorest wound of his nature.

"Trate me well! faix, them that 'ud come here for good tratement, would go to the devil for divarsion. There's Master Phil himself, that I used to hate, when he was a child, many's the time when his father, rest his sowl, was up at the coorts,—ay, strapped him, till he hadn't a spot that wasn't sore an him. And look at him now; oh, wirra! you'd think I never took a ha'porth of pains with him. Ugh!—the Haythens—the Turks!"

"This is all very bad, Corny; hand me those boots."

"And thim's boots!" said he, with contemptuous expression on his face that would have struck horror to the heart of Hoby. "Well, well." Here he looked up as though the profligacy and degeneracy of the age were transgressing all bounds. "When you're ready, come over to the master's, for he's waiting breakfast for you. A beautiful hour for breakfast, it is! Many's the day his father sentenced a whole dock full before the same time!"

With the comforting reflection that the world went better in his youth, Corny drained the few remaining

drops of the jug, and, muttering the while something that did not sound exactly like a blessing, waddled out of the room with a gait of the most imposing gravity.

I had very little difficulty in finding my friend's quarters; for, as his door lay open, and as he himself was caroling away, at the very top of his lungs, some popular melody of the day, I speedily found myself beyond the threshold.

"Ah! Hinton my hearty, how goes it; your head-piece nothing the worse, I hope, for either the car or the claret? By the by, capital claret that is; you've nothing like it in England."

I could scarce help a smile at the remark, as he proceeded,

"But come, my boy, sit down; help yourself to a cutlet, and make yourself quite at home in Mount O'Grady."

"Mount O'Grady!" repeated I. "Ha! in allusion, I suppose, to these confounded two flights one has to climb up to you."

"Nothing of the kind; the name has a very different origin. Tea or coffee? there's the congou. Now, my boy, the fact is, we O'Grady's were once upon a time very great folks in our way; lived in an uncouth old barrack, with battlements and a keep, upon the Shannon, where we ravaged the country for miles round, and did as much mischief, and committed as much pillage upon the peaceable inhabitants, as any respectable old family in the province. Time, however, wagged on; luck changed; your countrymen came pouring in upon us with new-fangled notions of reading, writing, and road-making; police and petty sessions, and a thousand other vexatious contrivances followed, to worry and puzzle the heads of simple country gentlemen; so that, at last, instead of taking to the hill side for our mutton, we were reduced to keep a market-cart, and employ a thieving rogue in Dublin to supply us with poor claret, instead of making a trip over to Galway, where a smuggling craft brought us our lush, with a bouquet fresh from Bordeaux. But the worst wasn't come; for you see, a litigious spirit grew up in the country, and a kind of vindictive habit of pursuing you for your debts. Now, we always

contrived, somehow or other, to have rather a confused way of managing our exchequer. No tenant on the property ever precisely knew what he owed; and, as we possessed no record of what he paid, our income was rather obtained after the manner of levying a tribute, than receiving a legal debt. Meanwhile, we pushed our credit like a new colony: whenever a loan was to be obtained, it was little we cared for ten, twelve, or even fifteen per cent.; and, as we kept a jolly house, a good cook, good claret, and had the best pack of beagles in the country, he'd have been a hardy creditor who'd have ventured to push us to extremities. Even sheep, however, they say, get courage when they flock together, and so this contemptible herd of tailors, tithe-proctors, butchers, barristers, and bootmakers, took heart of grace, and laid siege to us in all form. My grandfather, Phil,—for I was called after him,—who always spent his money like a gentleman, had no notion of figuring in the Four Courts; but he sent Tom Darcy, his cousin, up to town, to call out as many of the plaintiffs as would fight, and to threaten the remainder that, if they did not withdraw their suits, they'd have more need of the surgeon than the attorney-general; for they shouldn't have a whole bone in their body by Michaelmas-day. Another cutlet, Hinton; but I am tiring you with all these family matters."

"Not at all; go on, I beg of you. I want to hear how your grandfather got out of his difficulties."

"Faith, I wish you could; it would be equally pleasant news to myself; but, unfortunately, his beautiful plan only made bad worse, for they began fresh actions. Some, for provocation to fight a duel; others, for threats of assault and battery; and the short of it was, as my grandfather wouldn't enter a defence, they obtained their verdicts, and got judgment, with all the costs."

"The devil! they did; that must have pushed him hard."

"So it did; indeed it got the better of his temper, and he that was one of the heartiest, pleasantest fellows in the province, became in a manner, morose and silent; and, instead of surrendering possession peacefully and amicably,

he went down to the gate, and took a sitting shot at the sub-sheriff, who was there in a tax-cart."

"Bless my soul! Did he kill him?"

"No; he only ruffled his feathers, and broke his thigh; but it was bad enough, for he had to go over to France, till it blew over. Well, it was either vexation or the climate, or, maybe, the weak wines, or, perhaps, all three, undermined his constitution, but he died at eighty-four,—the only one of the family ever cut off early, except such as were shot, or the like."

"Well, but your father——"

"I am coming to him. My grandfather sent for him from school when he was dying, and he made him swear he would be a lawyer. 'Morris will be a thorn in their flesh, yet,' said he; 'and look to it, my boy,' he cried, 'I leave you a Chancery suit that has nearly broke eight families and the hearts of two chancellors;—see that you keep it going—sell every stick on the estate—put all the beggars in the barony on the property,—beg, borrow, and steal them,—plough up all the grazing-land; and I'll tell you a better trick than all——' Here a fit of coughing interrupted the pious old gentleman, and when it was over, so was he!"

"Dead!" said I.

"As a door-nail!—Well, my father was dutiful; he kept the suit moving till he got called to the Bar! Once there, he gave it all his spare moments; and when there was nothing doing in the Common Pleas or King's Bench, he was sure to come down with a new bill, or a declaration, before the Master, or a writ of error or a point of law for a jury, till at last, when no case was ready to come on, the sitting judge would call out,—let us hear O'Grady,—in appeal, or in error, or whatever it was. But, to make my story short, my father became a first-rate lawyer, by the practice of his own suit,—rose to a silk-gown,—was made solicitor and attorney-general,—afterwards, chief-justice——"

"And the suit——"

"Oh! the suit survived him, and became my property; but somehow, I didn't succeed in the management quite as well as my father; and I found that my estate cost me somewhere about fifteen hundred a-year—not to mention more oaths than fifty

years of purgatory could pay off. This was a high premium to pay for figuring every term on the list of trials, so I raised a thousand pounds on my commission, gave it to Nick M'Namara, to take the property off my hands, and, as my father's last injunction was, never rest till you sleep in Mount O'Grady,—why I just baptized my present abode by that name, and here I live with the easy conscience of a dutiful and affectionate child that took the shortest and speediest way of fulfilling his father's testament."

"By Jove! a most singular narrative. I shouldn't like to have parted with the old place, however."

"Faith, I don't know; I never was much there. It was a racketty, tumble-down old concern, with rattling windows, rooks, and rats, pretty much like this; and what between my duns and Corny Delany, I very often think I am back there again. There wasn't as good a room as this in the whole house, not to speak of the pictures. Isn't that likeness of Darcy capital? You saw him last night. He sat next Curran. Come I've no Curacoa to offer you, but try this Usquebaugh."

"By the by, that Corny is a strange character. I rather think, if I were you, I should have let him go with the property."

"Let him go! 'Egad, that's not so easy as you think. Nothing but death will ever part us."

"I really cannot comprehend how you endure him; he'd drive me mad."

"Well, he very often pushes me a little hard or so; and, if it wasn't that, by deep study and minute attention, I have at length got some insight into the weak parts of his nature, I frankly confess I couldn't endure it much longer."

"And, pray, what may these amiable traits be?"

"You will scarcely guess."

"Love of money, perhaps?"

"No."

"Attachment to your family, then?"

"Not that either."

"I give it up."

"Well, the truth is, Corny is a most pious Catholic. The church has unbounded influence and control over all his actions. Secondly, he is a devout believer in ghosts, particularly my grandfather's, which, I must confess, I have personated two or three times!

myself, when his temper had nearly tortured me into a brain fever; so that between purgatory and apparitions, fears here and hereafter, I keep him pretty busy. There's a friend of mine, a priest, one Father Tom Loftus——"

"I have heard that name before somewhere."

"Scarcely, I think; I'm not aware that he was ever in England: but he's a glorious fellow; I'll make you known to him one of these days; and, when you have seen a little more of Ireland, I am certain you'll like him. But I'm forgetting; it must be late; we have a field-day, you know, in the Park."

"What am I to do for a mount: I've brought no horse with me."

"Oh, I've arranged all that. See, there are the nags already: that dark chestnut I destine for you: and, come along, we have no time to lose; there go the carriages, and here comes our worthy *confrère* and fellow aid-de-camp; do you know him?"

"Who is it, pray?"

"Lord Dudley de Vere, the most confounded puppy, and the emptiest ass——But here he is."

"De Vere, my friend, Mr. Hinton. One of ours."

His lordship raised his delicate-looking eye-brows, as high as he was able, letting fall his glass at the same moment from the corner of his eye; and, while he adjusted his stock at the glass, lisped out——

"Ah——yes——very happy. In the Guards, I think. Know Douglas, don't you?"

"Yes, very slightly."

"When did you come——to day?"

"No, last night."

"Must have got a buffeting; blew very fresh. You don't happen to know the odds on the Oaks?"

"Hecate, they say, is falling. I rather hear a good account of the mare."

"Indeed," said he, while his cold inanimate features brightened up with a momentary flush of excitement. "Take your five to two, or give you the odds, you don't name the winner on the double event."

A look from O'Grady decided me at once on declining the proffered wager; and his lordship once more returned to the mirror and his self-admiration.

"I say, O'Grady, do come here

for a minute. What the deuce can that be?"

Here an immoderate fit of laughter from his lordship brought us both to the window. The figure to which his attention was directed was certainly not a little remarkable. Mounted upon an animal of the smallest possible dimensions, sat, or rather stood, the figure of a tall, gaunt, raw-boned looking man, in a livery of the gaudiest blue and yellow, his hat garnished with silver lace, while long tags of the same material were festooned gracefully from his shoulder to his breast; his feet nearly touched the ground, and gave him rather the appearance of one progressing with a pony between his legs, than of a figure on horse-back: he carried under one arm a leather pocket, like a despatch-bag: and, as he sauntered slowly about, with his eyes directed hither and thither, seemed like some one in search of some unknown locality.

The roar of laughter which issued from our window, drew his attention to that quarter, and he immediately touched his hat, while a look of pleased recognition played across his countenance.

"Holloa! Tim," cried O'Grady, "what's in the wind now?"

Tim's answer was inaudible; but inserting his hand into the leathern conveniency already mentioned, he drew forth a card of most portentous dimensions. By this time Corny's voice could be heard joining the conversation.

"Arrah, give it here, and don't be making a baste of yourself. Isn't tho very battle-axe guards laughing at you? I'm sure I wonder how a Christian would make a merry-andrew of himself by wearing such clothes; you're more like a play-actor nor a respectable servant."

With these words he snatched, rather than accepted, the proffered card; and Tim, with another flourish of his hat, and a singularly droll grin, meant to convey his appreciation of cross Corny, plunged the spurs till his legs met under the belly of the little animal, and cantered out of the courtyard amid the laughter of the bystanders, in which even the sentinels on duty could not refrain from participating.

"What the devil can it be?" cried

Lord Dudley ; "he evidently knows you, O'Grady."

"And you, too, my lord : his master has helped you to a cool hundred or two more than once before now."

"Eh—what—you dont say so ! Not our worthy friend, Paul—eh ? Why, confound it, I never should have known Timothy in that dress."

"No !" said O'Grady, sily ; I acknowledge it is not exactly his costume when he serves a latitat."

"Ah, ha," cried the other, trying to laugh at the joke, which he felt too deeply, "I thought I knew the pony, though. Old three-and-four-pence ; his infernal canter always sounds in my ears like the jargon of a bill of costs."

"Here comes Corny," said O'Grady. "What have you got there ?"

"There 'tis for you," replied he, throwing, with an air of the most profound disdain, a large card upon the table ; while, as he left the room, he muttered some very sagacious reflections about the horrors of low company—his father, the judge—the best in the land—riotous disorderly life : "the whole concluded with an imprecation upon Heathens and Turks, with which he managed to accomplish his exit."

"Capital, by Jove," said Lord Dudley, as he surveyed the card with his glass. "Mr. and Mrs. Paul Rooney presents—the devil they do—presents their compliments, and requests the honour of Captain O'Grady's company at dinner on Friday, the 8th, at half-past seven o'clock."

"How good ! glorious, by Jove ! Eh, O'Grady ? you are a sure ticket there ; *Pami de la maison ?*"

O'Grady's cheek became red at these words ; and a flashing expression in his eyes told how deeply he felt them. He turned sharply round, his lip quivering with passion ; then checking himself suddenly, he burst into an affected laugh.

"You'll go too, won't you ?"

"I ? No, faith : they caught me once ; but then the fact was, a protest and an invitation were both served on me together. I couldn't accept one, so I did the other."

"Well, I must confess," said O'Grady, in a firm and resolute tone, "there may be many more fashionable people than our friends ; but I, for one,

scruple not to say, I have received many kindnesses from them, and am deeply, sincerely grateful."

"As far as doing a bit of paper now and then, when one is hard up," said Lord Dudley, "why, perhaps, I'm somewhat of your mind ; but if one must take the discount out in dinners, it's an infernal bore."

"And yet," said O'Grady, maliciously, "I've seen your lordship tax your powers to play the agreeable at these same dinners ; and I think your memory betrays you in supposing you have only been there once. I, myself, have met you at least four times."

"Only shows how devilish hard-up I must have been," was the cool reply ; "but now, as the governor begins to behave better, I think I'll cut Paul."

"I'm certain you will," said O'Grady, with an emphasis that could not be mistaken : "but come, Hinton, we had better be moving : there's some stir at the portico, yonder—I suppose they're coming."

At this moment the tramp of cavalry announced the arrival of the guard of honour—the drums beat—the troops stood to arms, and we had barely time to mount our horses, when the viceregal party took their places in the carriages, and we all set out for the Phoenix.

"Confess, Hinton : it is worth while being a soldier to be in Ireland." This was O'Grady's observation as we rode down Parliament-street, beside the carriage of the viceroy. It was the first occasion of a field-day since the arrival of his excellency, and all Dublin was on the tip-toe of expectation at the prospect. Handkerchiefs were waved from the windows ; streamers and banners floated from the housetops ; patriotic devices and allegoric representations of Erin sitting at a plentiful board, opposite an elderly gentleman with a ducal coronet, met us at every turn of the way. The streets were literally crammed with people. The band played Patrick's-day. The mob shouted. His grace bowed, and down to Phil O'Grady himself, who winked at the pretty girls as he passed, there did not seem an unoccupied man in the whole procession. On we went, following the line of the quays, threading our way through a bare-legged, ragged population, bawling themselves hoarse



with energetic desires for prosperity to Ireland. Yes, thought I, as I looked upon the worn dilapidated houses, the faded and by-gone equipages, the tarnished finery of better days;—yes, my father was right, these people are very different from their neighbours; their very prosperity has an air quite peculiar to itself. Every thing attested a state of poverty, a lack of trade, a want of comfort and of cleanliness; but still there was but one expression prevalent in the mass—that of unbounded good humour and gaiety. With a philosophy quite his own, poor Paddy seemed to feel a reflected pleasure from the supposed happiness of those around him. The fine clothes, the gorgeous equipages, the prancing chargers, the flowing plumes—all, in fact, that forms the appurtenances of wealth, constituting, in his mind, a kind of paradise on earth. He thought their possessors at least ought to be happy, and, like a good-hearted fellow, he was glad of it for their sakes.

There had been in the early part of the day an abortive effort at a procession. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, in their state liveries, had gone forth with a proud following of their fellow-citizens; but a manœuvre, which hitherto had been supposed exclusively the province of the navy, was here employed with unbounded success; and the hackney-coachmen, by “cutting the line” in several places, had completely disorganized the procession, which now presented the singular spectacle of an aldermanic functionary with emblazoned panels and bedizened horses, followed by a string of racketty jaunting-cars, or a noddy with its fourteen insides. Horsemen there were, too, in abundance. Were I to judge from the spectacle before me, I should say that the Irish were the most equestrian people of the

globe; and at what a pace they went! Caring little or nothing for the foot-passengers, they only drew rein when their blown steeds were unable to go further, and then dashed onwards like a charge, amid a shower of oaths, curses, and imprecations, half-drowned in the laughter that burst on every side. Deputations there were, also, from various branches of trade, entreating their graces to wear and to patronize the manufactures of the country, and to conform in many respects to its habits and customs: by all of which, in my then ignorance, I could only understand the vehement desire of the population that the vice-regal court should go about in a state of nature, and limit their diet to po-teen and potatoes.

“Fine sight this, Hinton! Isn’t it cheering?” said O’Grady, as his eye beamed with pleased delight.

“Why, yes,” said I, hesitatingly; but don’t you think if they wore shoes——”

“Shoes!” repeated he contemptuously, “they’d never suffer such restrictions on their liberties. Look at them! they are the fellows to make soldiers of! The only fear of half-rations with them would be the risk of indigestion.”

On we went, a strange and motley mass: the only grave faces being a few of those who sat in gilded coaches, with embroidered hammer-cloths, while every half-naked figure that flitted past had a countenance of reckless jollity and fun. But the same discrepancy that pervaded the people and the procession, was visible even in their dwellings, and the meanest hovels stood side by side with the public and private edifices of elegance and beauty.

“This, certainly,” thought I, “is a strange land.” A reflection I had reason to recur to more than once in my after experience of Ireland.

#### CHAPTER V.—THE REVIEW IN THE PHOENIX.

WINDING along the quays, we crossed an old and dilapidated bridge; and after traversing some narrow and ruinous-looking streets, we entered the Park, and at length reached the Fifteen Acres.

The carriages were drawn up in line; his grace’s led horses were or-

dered up, and staff-officers galloped right and left to announce the orders for the troops to stand to arms.

As the duke descended from his carriage he caught my eye, and turning suddenly towards the duchess, said, “Let me present Mr Hinton to your grace.”

While I was making my bows and acknowledgments his grace put his hand upon my arm.

"You know Lady Killimore, Hinton? Never mind, it's of no consequence. You see her carriage yonder—they have made some blunder in the road, and the dragoons, it seems, won't let them pass. Just canter down and rescue them."

"Do, pray, Mr. Hinton," added the duchess. "Poor Lady Killimore is so very nervous, she'll be terrified to death if they make any fuss. Her carriage can come up quite close; there is plenty of room."

"Now do it well," whispered O'Grady: "there is a pretty girl in the case; it's your first mission; acquit yourself with credit."

An infernal brass band playing "Rule Britannia" within ten paces of me, the buzz of voices, the crowd, the novelty of the situation, the excitement of the moment, all conspired to addle and confuse me; so that when I put spurs to my horse and struck out into a gallop, I had no very precise idea of what I was to do, and not the slightest upon earth of where I was to do it.

A pretty girl in a carriage beset by dragoons was to be looked for—Lady Kil—— somebody's equipage—"Oh! I have it; there they are," said I, as a yellow barouche, with four steaming posters, caught my eye in a far part of the field. From the number of dragoons that surrounded the carriage, no less than their violent gestures, I could perceive that an altercation had taken place; pressing my horse to the top of his speed, I flew across the plain, and arrived flushed, heated, and breathless beside the carriage.

A large and strikingly handsome woman in a bonnet and plumes of the most gaudy and showy character, was standing upon the front seat, and carrying on an active, and, as it seemed, acrimonious controversy with the serjeant of the horse police.

"You must go back—can't help it, ma'am—nothing but members of the household can pass this way."

"O dear! where's Captain O'Grady?—sure it's not possible I could be treated in this way. Paul, take that man's name, and mind you have him dismissed in the morning. Where are you, Paul? Ah! he's gone. It is

the way with him always; and there you sit, Bob Dwyer, and you are no more good than a stick of sealing-wax!"

Here a suppressed titter of laughter from the back of the carriage induced me to turn my eyes in that direction, and I beheld one of the most beautiful girls I ever looked at, holding her handkerchief to her mouth to conceal her laughter. Her dark eyes flashed, and her features sparkled, while a blush, at being so discovered, if possible, added to her beauty.

All right, said I to myself, as taking off my hat I bowed to the very mane of my horse.

"If your ladyship will kindly permit me," said I, "his grace has sent me to show you the way."

The dragoons fell back as I spoke; the horse police looked awfully frightened; while the lady whose late eloquence manifested little of fear or trepidation, threw herself back in the carriage, and, covering her face with a handkerchief, sobbed violently.

"Ah, the duchess said, she was nervous—Poor Lady Kil——."

"Speak to me, Louisa dear. Who is it? Is it Mr. Wellesley Pole? Is it——?"

I did not wait for further supposition, but in a most insinuating voice, added,

"Mr. Hinton, my lady, extra aide-camp on his excellency's staff. The duchess feared you would be nervous, and hopes you'll get as close to her as possible."

"Where's Paul?" said the lady, once more recovering her animation. "If this is a hoax, young gentleman——."

"Madam," said I bowing stiffly, "I am really at a loss to understand your meaning."

"O forgive me, Mr. Hilton."

"Hinton, my lady."

"Yes, Hinton," said she, "I am a beast to mistrust you, and you so young and so artless; the sweetest blue eyes I ever looked at."

This was said in a whisper to her young friend, whose mirth now threatened to burst forth.

"And was it really his royal highness that sent you?"

"His grace my lady, I assure you, despatched me to your aid. He saw your carriage through his glass, and, guessing what had occurred, directed

me to ride over and accompany your ladyship to the viceregal stand."

Poor Lady Kil——'s nervousness again seized her, and, with a faint cry for the ever absent Paul, she went off into rather smart hysterics. During this paroxysm I could not help feeling somewhat annoyed at the young lady's conduct, who, instead of evincing the slightest sympathy for her mother, held her head down, and seemed to shake with laughter. By this time, however, the postillions were again under way, and after ten minutes' sharp trotting, we entered the grand stand, with whips cracking, ribbons fluttering, and I myself caracoling beside the carriage with an air of triumphant success.

A large dusky travelling carriage had meanwhile occupied the place the duchess designed for her friend. The only thing to do, therefore was, to place them as conveniently as I could, and hasten back to inform her grace of the success of my mission. As I approached her carriage I was saluted by a burst of laughter from the staff, in which the duke himself joined most extravagantly; while O'Grady, with his hands on his sides, threatened to fall from the saddle.

"What the deuce is the matter?" thought I; "I didn't bungle it?"

"Tell her grace," said the duke with hand upon his mouth, unable to finish the sentence with laughter.

I saw something was wrong, and that I was in some infernal scrape: still resolved to go through with it, I drew near, and said,

"I am happy to inform your grace, that——"

"Lady Kil—— is here," said the duchess bowing haughtily, as she turned towards a spiteful-looking dowager beside her.

Here was a mess! So bowing and backing, I dropped through the crowd to where my companions still stood convulsed with merriment.

"What, in the devil's name, is it?" said I to O'Grady. "Whom have I been escorting this half hour?"

"You've immortalized yourself," said O'Grady with a roar of laughter.

"Your bill at twelve months for five hundred pounds is as good this moment as bank paper."

"What is it?" said I, losing all patience. "Who is she?"

"Mrs. Paul Rooney, my boy, the gem of attorneys' wives, the glory of Stephen's-green, with a villa at Bray, a box at the theatre, champagne suppers every night in the week, dinners promiscuously, and lunch *à discrétion*: there's glory for you. You may laugh at a latitat, sneer at the King's Bench, and snap your fingers at any process-server from here to Kilmainham!"

"May the devil fly away with her!" said I, wiping my forehead with passion and excitement.

"The heavens forbid!" said O'Grady piously. "Our exchequer may be guilty of many an extravagance, but it could not permit such a flight as that. It is evident, Hinton, that you did not see the pretty girl beside her in the carriage."

"Yes, yes, I saw her," said I, biting my lip with impatience, "and she seemed evidently enjoying the infernal blunder I was committing. And Mrs. Paul—oh, confound her! I can never endure the sight of her again!"

"My dear young friend," replied O'Grady, with an affected seriousness, "I see that already the prejudices of your very silly countrymen have worked their effect upon you. Had not Lord Dudley de Vere given you such a picture of the Rooney family, you would probably be much more lenient in your judgment: besides, after all, the error was yours, not hers. You told her that the duke had sent you; you told her the duchess wished her carriage beside her own."

"You take a singular mode," said I, pettishly, "to bring a man back to a good temper, by showing him that he has no one to blame for his misfortunes but himself. Confound them: look how they are all laughing about us. Indeed from the little I've seen, it is the only thing they appear to do in this country."

At a signal from the duke, O'Grady put spurs to his horse and cantered down the line, leaving me to such reflections as I could form, beneath the gaze of some forty persons, who could not turn to look without laughing at me.

This is pleasant, thought I, this is really a happy *début*—that I, whose unimpeachable accuracy and manner of dress should have won for me, at the prince's levee, the approbation of the first gentleman of Europe, should here, among these semi-civilized savages,

become an object of ridicule and laughter. My father told me they were very different ; and my mother—I had not patience to think of the frightful effects my absurd situation might produce upon her nerves. Lady Julia, too—ah ! there's the rub—my beautiful cousin ; who, in the slightest solecism of London manners, could find matter for sarcasm and raillery. What would she think of me now ?—and this it is they persuaded me to prefer to active service. What wound to a man's flesh could equal one to his feelings ? I would rather be consoled with than scoffed at, any day ; and see ! by Jove they're laughing still. I would wager a fifty that I furnish conversation for every dinner in the capital this day.

The vine twig shows not more ingenuity as it traverses some rocky crag in search of the cool stream, at once its luxury and its life, than does our injured self-love, in seeking for consolation from the inevitable casualties of fate, and the irresistible strokes of fortune ! Thus, I found comfort in the thought that the ridicule attached to me rather proceeded from the low standard of manners and

habits about me, than from any thing positively absurd in my position ; and in my warped and biassed imagination, I actually preferred the insolent insipidity of Lord Dudley de Vere to the hearty raciness and laughter-loving spirit of Phil O'Grady.

My reflections were now cut short by the order for the staff to mount, and, following the current of my present feelings, I drew near to Lord Dudley, in whose emptiness and inanity I felt a degree of security from sarcasm, that I could by no means be so confident of in O'Grady's company.

Amid the thunder of cannon, the deafening roll of drums, the tramp of cavalry, and the measured foot-fall of the infantry columns, these thoughts rapidly gave way to others, and I soon forgot myself in the scene around me. The sight, indeed, was an inspiring one ; for, although but the mockery of glorious war, to my unpractised eye the deception was delightful : the bracing air, the bright sky, the scenery itself, lent their aid, and, in the brilliant panorama before me, I soon regained my light-heartedness, and felt happy as before.

#### CHAPTER VI.—THE SHAM BATTLE.

I HAVE mentioned in my last chapter how very rapidly I forgot my troubles in the excitement of the scene around me. Indeed, they must have been much more important, much deeper woes, to have occupied any place in a headsoaddled and confused as mine was. The manœuvres of the day included a sham battle ; and scarcely had his excellency passed down the line, when preparations for the engagement began. The heavy artillery was seen to lumber up, and move slowly across the field, accompanied by a strong detachment of cavalry : columns of infantry were marched hither and thither with the most pressing and eager haste ; orderly dragoons and staff officers galloped too and fro like madman ; red-faced plethoric little colonels bawled out the word of command, till one feared they might burst a blood vessel ; and already two companies of light infantry might be seen stealing cautiously along the skirts of the wood, with the apparently insidious design of attacking a brigade

of guns. As for me, I was at one moment employed carrying despatches to Sir Charles Asgill, at another conveying intelligence to Lord Harrington—these, be it known, being the rival commanders, whose powers of strategy were now to be tested before the assembled and discriminating citizens of Dublin. Not to speak of the eminent personal hazard of a service which required me constantly to ride between the lines of contending armies, the fatigue alone had nigh killed me. Scarcely did I appear breathless at head quarters on my return from one mission, when I was despatched on another. Tired and panting, I more than once bungled my directions, and communicated to Sir Charles the secret intentions of his lordship, while with a laudable impartiality I disarranged the former's plans by a total misconception of the orders. Fatigue, noise, chagrin, and incessant worry, had so completely turned my head, that I became per-

fectly incapable of the commonest exercise of reason. Part of the artillery I ordered into a hollow, where I was told to station a party of riflemen. Three squadrons of cavalry I desired to charge up a hill, which the seventy-first highlanders were to have scrambled up, if they were able. Light dragoons I posted in situations so beset with brushwood and firs, that all movement became impossible ; and, in a word, when the signal-gun announced the commencement of the action, my mistakes had introduced such a new feature into tactics, that neither party knew what his adversary was at, nor indeed had any accurate notion of which were his own troops. The duke, who had watched with the most eager satisfaction the whole of my proceedings, sat laughing upon his horse till the very tears coursed down his cheeks ; and as all the staff were more or less participators in the secret, I found myself once more the centre of a grinning audience, perfectly convulsed at my exploits. Meanwhile, the guns thundered, the cavalry charged, the infantry poured in a rattling roar of small arms ; while the luckless commanders, unable to discover any semblance of a plan, and still worse, not knowing where one half of their forces were concealed, dared not adventure upon a movement, and preferred trusting to the smoke of the battle as a cover for their blunders. The fusilade, therefore, was hotly sustained—all the heavy pieces brought to the front ; and while the spectators were anxiously looking for the manœuvres of a fight, the ammunition was waxing low, and the day wearing apace. Dissatisfaction at length began to show itself on every side ; and the duke assuming, as well as he was able, somewhat of a disappointed look, the unhappy generals made a final effort to retrieve their mishaps, and aides-de-camp were despatched through all the highways and by-ways, to bring up whoever they could find as quickly as possible. Now then began such a scene as few even of the oldest campaigners ever witnessed the equal of. From every dell and hollow, from every brake and thicket, burst forth some party or other, who up to this moment believed themselves lying in ambush. Horse, foot, and dragoons, artillery, sappers, light infantry, and grenadiers,

rushed forward wherever chance or their bewildered officer led them. Here might be seen one half of a regiment blazing away at a stray company of their own people, running like devils for shelter,—here some squadrons of horse, who, indignant at their fruitless charges and unmeaning movements, now doggedly dismounted, were standing right before a brigade of twelve-pounders, thundering mercilessly amongst them. Never was witnessed such a scene of riot, confusion, and disorder. Colonels lost their regiments, regiments their colonels. The fusileers captured the band of the Royal Irish, and made them play through the heat of the engagement. Those who at first expressed *ennui* and fatigue at the sameness and monotony of the scene, were now gratified to the utmost by its life, bustle, and animation. Elderly citizens in drab shorts and buff waistcoats, explained to their listening wives and urchins the plans and intentions of the rival heroes, pronouncing the whole thing the while the very best field-day that was ever seen in the Phoenix.

In the midst of all this confusion, a new element of discord suddenly displayed itself. That loyal corps, the Cork militia, who were ordered up to attack close to where the duke and his staff were standing, deemed that no better moment could be chosen to exhibit their attachment to church and state than when marching on to glory, struck up, with all the discord of their band, the redoubted air of “ Protestant Boys.” The cheer burst from the ranks as the loyal strains filled the air ; but scarcely had the loud burst subsided, when the Louth militia advanced with a quick step, their fifes playing “ Vinegar-hill.”

For a moment or two the rivalry created a perfect roar of laughter ; but this very soon gave way, as the two regiments, instead of drawing up at a reasonable distance for the interchange of an amicable blank cartridge, rushed down upon each other with the fury of madmen. So sudden, so impetuous was the encounter, all effort to prevent it was impracticable. Muskets were clubbed or bayonets fixed, and in a moment really serious battle was engaged ; the musicians on each side encouraging their party, as they racked their brains for party-tunes of



the most bitter and taunting character; while cries of "Down with King William!" "To hell with the Pope!" rose alternately from either side.

How far this spirit might have extended, it is difficult to say, when the duke gave orders for some squadrons of cavalry to charge down upon them, and separate the contending forces. This order was fortunately in time; for scarcely was it issued, when a west country yeomanry corps came galloping up to the assistance of the brave Louth.

"Here we are, boys!" cried Mike Westropp, their colonel. "Here we are: lave the way! lave the way for us! and we'll ride down the murdering Orange villains, every man of them!"

The Louth fell back, and the yeomen came forward at a charge—Westropp standing high in his stirrups, and flourishing his sabre above his head. It was just then that a heavy brigade of artillery, unconscious of the hot work going forward, was ordered to open their fire upon the Louth militia. One of the guns, by some accident, contained an undue proportion of wadding, and to this casual circumstance may, in a great degree, be attributed the happy issue of what threatened to be a serious disturbance; for, as Westropp advanced cheering and encouraging his men, he received this wadding slap in his face. Down he tumbled at once, rolling over and over with the shock; while, believing that he had got his death-wound, he bellowed out—

"Oh, blessed Virgin! there's treason in the camp! hit in the face by a four-pounder, by Jove. Oh, duke darling! Oh, your grace! Oh, holy Joseph, look at this! Oh, bad luck to the arthillery for spoiling a fair fight. Peter"—this was the major of the regiment—"Peter Darcy, gallop into town and lodge informations against the brigade of guns. I'll be dead before you come back."

A perfect burst of laughter broke from the opposing ranks, and while his friends crowded round the discomfited leader, the rival bands united in a roar of merriment that for a moment caused a suspension of hostilities. For a moment, I say; for scarcely had the gallant Westropp been conveyed to the rear, when once more the bands struck

up their irritating strains, and preparations for a still more deadly encounter were made on every side. The matter now assumed so serious an aspect that the duke was obliged himself to interfere, and order both parties off the ground; the Cork deploying towards the lodge, while the brave Louth marched off with banners flying and drums beating in the direction of Knockmaroon.

These movements were conducted with a serio-comic solemnity of the most ludicrous kind, and although the respect for viceregal authority was great, and the military devotion of each party strong, yet neither one nor the other was sufficient to prevent the more violent on both sides from occasionally turning, as they went, to give expression to some taunting allusion or some galling sarcasm, well calculated, did the opportunity permit, to renew the conflict.

A hearty burst of laughter from the duke indicated pretty clearly how he regarded the matter; and, however the grave and significant looks of others might seem to imply that there was more in the circumstance than mere food for mirth, he shook his sides merrily: and, as his bright eye glistened with satisfaction, and his cheek glowed, he could not help whispering his regret that his station compelled him to check the very best joke he ever witnessed in his life.

"This is hot work, Sir Charles," said he, wiping his forehead as he spoke; "and, as it is now past three o'clock, and we have a privy council at four, I fear I must leave you."

"The troops will move past in marching order," replied Sir Charles pompously: "will your grace receive the salute at this point?"

"Wherever you like, Sir Charles; wherever you like. Would to heaven that some good Samaritan could afford me a little brandy and water from his canteen. I say, Hinton, they seem at luncheon yonder in that carriage: do you think your diplomacy could negotiate a glass of sherry for me?"

"If you'll permit me, my lord, I'll try," said he, as disengaging myself from the crowd, I set off in the direction he pointed.

As I drew near the carriage—from which the horses having been taken—was drawn up beside a clump of heath

trees for the sake of shelter—I was not long in perceiving that it was the same equipage I had so gallantly rescued in the morning from the sabres of the horse-police. Had I entertained any fears for the effects of the nervous shock upon the tender sensibilities of Mrs. Paul Rooney, the scene before me must completely have dispelled my uneasiness. Never did a merrier peal of laughter ring from female lungs than hers as I rode forward. Seated in the back of the carriage, the front cushion of which served as a kind of table, sat the lady in question. One hand, resting upon her knee, held a formidable carving-fork, on the summit of which vibrated the short leg of a chicken; in the other she grasped a silver vessel which, were I to predicate from the froth, I fear I should pronounce to be porter. A luncheon on the most liberal scale, displayed, in all the confusion and disorder inseparable from such a situation, a veal pie, cold lamb, tongue, chickens, and sandwiches; drinking vessels of every shape and material; a smelling bottle full of mustard, and a newspaper paragraph full of salt. Abundant as were the viands, the guests were not wanting: crowds of infantry officers, flushed with victory or undismayed by defeat, hobnobbed from the rumble to the box; the steps, the springs, the very splinterbar had its occupant; and truly a merrier party, or a more convivial, it were very difficult to conceive.

So environed was Mrs. Rooney by her friends, that I was enabled to observe them some time, myself unseen.

“Captain Mitchell, another wing? Well, the least taste in life of the breast? Bob Dwyer, will you never have done drawing that cork?”

Now this I must aver was an unjust reproach, inasmuch as to my own certain knowledge, he had accomplished three feats of that nature in about as many minutes; and, had the aforesaid Bob been reared from his infancy in drawing corks, instead of declarations, his practice could not have been more expert. Pop, pop, they went; glug, glug, glug, flowed the bubbling liquor, as sherry, shrub, cold punch, and bottled porter succeeded each other in rapid order. Simpering ensigns, with elevated eyebrows, insinuated nonsense, soft, vapid, and unmeaning as their own brains,

as they helped themselves to ham or dived into the pasty; while a young dragoon, who seemed to devote his attention to Mrs. Rooney’s companion, amused himself by constant endeavours to stroke down a growing mustache, whose downy whiteness resembled nothing that I know of, save the ill-omened fur one sees on an antiquated apple-pie.

As I looked on every side to catch a glance at him whom I should suppose to be Mr. Rooney, I was myself detected by the watchful eye of Bob Dwyer, who, at that moment, having his mouth full of three hard eggs, was nearly asphyxiated in his endeavours to telegraph my approach to Mrs. Paul.

“The edge-du-cong, by the mortal!” said he, sputtering out the words, as his bloodshot eyes nearly bolted out of his head.

Had I been a Bengal tiger, my advent might have caused less alarm. The officers not knowing if the duke himself were coming, wiped their lips, resumed their caps and shakos, and sprang to the ground in dismay and confusion: as Mrs. Rooney herself, with an adroitness an Indian juggler might have envied, plunged the fork, drumstick and all into the recesses of her muff; while with a back hand she decanted the XX upon a bald major of infantry, who was brushing the crumbs from his facings. One individual alone seemed to relish and enjoy the discomfiture of the others: this was the young lady whom I before remarked, and whose whole air and appearance seemed strangely at variance with every thing around her. She gave free current to her mirth; while Mrs. Paul, now suddenly restored to a sense of her nervous constitution, fell back in the carriage, and appeared bent upon a scene.

“You caught us enjoying ourselves, Mr. Stilton?”

“Hinton, if you’ll allow me, madam.”

“Ay, to be sure—Mr. Hinton. Taking a little snack, which I am sure you’d be the better of after the fatigues of the day.”

“Eh, au, au! a devilish good luncheon,” chimed in a pale sub, the first who ventured to pluck up his courage.

“Would a sandwich tempt you, with a glass of champagne?” said

Mrs. Paul, with the blindest of smiles.

"I can recommend the lamb, sir," said a voice behind.

"Begad. I'll vouch for the porter," said the major. "I only hope it is a good cosmetic."

"It is a beautiful thing for the hair," said Mrs. Rooney, half venturing upon a joke.

"No more on that head, ma'am," said the little major, bowing pompously.

By this time, thanks to the assiduous attentions of Bob Dwyer, I was presented with a plate, which, had I been an anaconda, instead of an aide-de-camp, might have satisfied my appetite. A place was made for me in the carriage; and the faithful Bob, converting the skirt of his principal blue into a glass-cloth, polished a wine-glass for my private use.

"Let me introduce my young friend, Mr. Hinton," said Mrs. Paul, with a graceful wave of her jewelled hand towards her companion. "Miss Louisa Bellew, only daughter of Sir Simon Bellew, of ———" what the place was I could not well hear, but it sounded confoundedly like Killhiman-smotherum, "a beautiful place in the county Mayo. Bob, is it punch you are giving?"

"Most excellent, I assure you, Mrs. Rooney."

"And how is the duke, sir? I hope his grace enjoys good health. He is a darling of a man."

By-the-by, it is perfectly absurd the sympathy your third or fourth-rate people feel in the health and habits of those above them in station, pleased as they are to learn the most commonplace and worthless trifles concerning them, and happy when, by any chance, some accidental similitude would seem to exist, even between their misfortunes.

"And the dear duchess," resumed Mrs. Rooney, "she's troubled with the nerves like myself. Ah! Mr. Hinton, what an affliction it is to have a sensitive nature; that's what I often say to my sweet young friend here. It's better for her to be the gay, giddy, thoughtless, happy thing she is than ———" Here the lady sighed, wiped her eyes, flourished her cambric, and tried to look like Agnes in the Bleeding Nun. "But here they come.

You don't know Mr. Rooney? Allow me to introduce him to you."

As she spoke, O'Grady cantered up to the carriage, accompanied by a short, pursy, round-faced little man, who, with his hat set knowingly on one side, and his top-boots scarce reaching to the middle of the leg, bestrode a sharp, strong-boned hackney, with cropped ears and short tail. He carried in his hand a hunting-whip, and seemed, by his seat in the saddle and the easy finger upon the bridle, no indifferent horseman.

"Mr. Rooney," said the lady, drawing herself up with a certain austerity of manner, "I wish you to make the acquaintance of Mr. Hinton, the aide-de-camp to his grace."

Mr. Rooney lifted his hat straight above his head, and replaced it a little more obliquely than before over his right eye.

"Delighted, upon my honour—faith, quite charmed—hope you got something to eat—there never was such a murdering hot day—Bob Dwyer open a bottle of port—the captain is famished."

"I say, Hinton," called out O'Grady, "you forgot the duke it seems; he told me you'd gone in search of some sherry, or something of the kind; but I can readily conceive how easily a man may forget himself in such a position as yours."

Here Mrs. Paul dropped her head in deep confusion, Miss Bellew looked saucy, and I, for the first time remembering what brought me there, was perfectly overwhelmed with shame at my carelessness.

"Never mind, boy; don't fret about it; his grace is the most forgiving man in the world; and when he knows where you were ———"

"Ah! captain," sighed Mrs. Rooney.

"Master Phil, it's yourself can do it," murmured Paul, who perfectly appreciated O'Grady's powers of blarney, when exercised on the susceptible temperament of his fair spouse.

"I'll take a sandwich," continued the captain. "Do you know, Mrs. Rooney, I've been riding about this half-hour to catch my young friend, and introduce him to you; and here I find him comfortably installed, without my aid or assistance. The fact is, these English fellows have a flattering,

insinuating way of their own, there's no coming up to. Isn't that so, Miss Bellew?

"Very likely," said the young lady, who now spoke for the first time; "but it is so very well concealed, that I for one could never detect it."

This speech, uttered with a certain pert and saucy air, nettled me for the moment; but as no reply occurred to me, I could only look at the speaker a tacit acknowledgment of her sarcasm; while I remembered, for the first time, that, although seated opposite my very attractive neighbour, I had hitherto not addressed to her a single phrase of even common-place attention.

"I suppose you put up in the Castle, sir," said Mr. Rooney.

"Yes; two doors lower down than Mount O'Grady," replied the captain for me. "But come, Hinton, the carriages are moving; we must get back as quick as we can. Good-bye, Paul. Adieu! Mrs. Rooney. Miss Bellew, good morning."

It was just at the moment when I had summoned up my courage to address Miss Bellew, that O'Grady called me away: there was nothing for it, however, but to make my adieus while extricating myself from the

*débris* of the luncheon. I once more mounted my horse, and joined the viceregal party as they drove from the ground.

"I'm delighted you know the Rooneys," said O'Grady, as we drove along: "they are by far the best fun going. Paul good, but his wife superb."

"And the young lady?" said I.

"Oh, a different kind of thing altogether. By-the-by, Hinton, you took my hint, I hope, about your English manner?"

"Eh? why? how? what did you mean?"

"Simply, my boy, that your Coppermine-river kind of courtesy may be a devilish fine thing in Hyde-park or St. James's, but will never do with us poor people here. Put more warmth into it, man. Dash the lemonade with a little maraschino; you'll feel twice as comfortable yourself, and the girls like you all the better. You take the suggestion in good part, I'm sure."

"Oh, of course," said I, somewhat stung that I should get a lesson in manner, where I had meant to be a model for imitation, "if they like that kind of thing, I must only conform."

---

## NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. III.

“The world's my filbert which with my crackers I will open.”

*Shakspeare.*

“The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
And the lawyer beknaves the divine;  
And the statesman, because he's so great,  
Thinks his trade's as honest as mine.”

*Beggars' Opera.*

Diplomacy—Domestic Happiness—Doctors—Foreign Travel—Learned Societies,  
&c. &c. &c.

MAN is the most imitative of all animals: nothing can surpass the facility he possesses of simulating his neighbour; and I question much if the press, in all the plenitude of its power, has done as much for the spread of good or evil, as this spirit of mimicry, so inherent in mankind. The habits of high life are transmitted through every grade of society: and the cheesemonger keeps his hunters, and damns his valet, like my lord; while his wife rolls in her equipage, and affects the graces of my lady. So long as wealth is present, the assumption of the tastes and habitudes of a different class, can merely be looked upon as one of those outbreaks of vanity in which rich but vulgar people have a right, if they like, to indulge. Why shouldn't they have a villa at Twickenham—why not a box at the opera—a white bait dinner at Blackwall—a yacht at Southampton? They have the money to indulge their caprice, and it is no one's affair but their own. They make themselves ridiculous, it is true; but the pleasure they experience counterbalances the ridicule, and they are the best judges on which side lies the profit. Wealth is power: and although the one may be squandered, and the other abused, yet in their very profusion, there is something that demands a kind of reverence from the world; and we have only to look to France to see, that when once you abolish an hereditary noblesse, your banker is then your great man.

We may smile, if we please, at the absurd pretension of the wealthy alderman and his lady, whose pompous mansion and splendid equipage affect a princely grandeur; yet, after all, the

knowledge that he is worth half a million of money, that his name alone can raise the credit of a new colony, or call into existence the dormant energy of a new region of the globe, will always prevent our sarcasm degenerating into contempt. Not so, however, when poverty unites itself to these aspirings, you feel in a moment that the poor man has nothing to do with such vanities; his poverty is a scanty garment, that, dispose it as he will, he can never make it hang like a toga; and we have no compassion for him, who, while hunger gnaws his vitals, affects a sway and dominion his state has denied him. Such a line of conduct will often be offensive—it will always be absurd—and the only relief presented by its display, is in the ludicrous exhibition of trick and stratagem by which it is supported. Jeremy Diddler, after all, is an amusing person; but the greater part of the pleasure he affords us, is derived from the fact, that cunning as he is, in all his efforts to deceive us, we are still more so, for we have found him out.

Were I to characterize the leading feature of the age, I should certainly say it is this pretension. Like the monkeys at Exeter 'Change, who can never bear to eat out of their own dish, but must stretch their paws into that of their neighbour, so every man now-a-days wishes to be in that place most unsuitable to him by all his tastes, habits, and associations, and where once having attained to, his life is one of misery and constraint. The hypocrisy of simulating manners he is not used to, is not more subversive of his self-respect, than his imitation is poor, vulgar, and unmeaning.



Curran said that a corporation was a thing that had neither a body to be kicked, nor a soul to be damned. And, verily, I begin to think that masses of men are even more contemptible than individuals. A nation is a great household; and if it have not all the *prestige* of rank, wealth, and power, it is a poor and miserable thing. England and France, Germany and Russia, are the great of the earth; and we look up to them in the political world, as in society we do to those, whose rank and station are the guarantees of their power. Many of the minor countries of Europe have also their claims upon us, but still smaller in degree. Italy, with all its association of classical elegance—Spain whose history shines with the solemn splendour of an illuminated missal, where gold and purple are seen blending their hues, scarce dimmed by time; but what shall we say of those newly-created powers, which springing up like mushroom families, give themselves all the airs of true nobility, and endeavour by a strange mockery of institutions and customs of their greater neighbours, to appear of weight and consequence before the world. Look for instance, to Belgium the *bourgeois gentilhomme* of politics, which having retired from its partnership with Holland, sets up for a gentleman on its private means. What can be more ludicrous than its attempts at high-life, its senate, its ministry, its diplomacy; for strange enough the ridicule of the individual can be traced extending to a nation, and when your city lady launched into the world, displays upon her mantel-piece the visiting cards of her high neighbours, so the first act of a new people is, to open a visiting acquaintance with their rich neighbours, and for this purpose the first thing they do is to establish a corps of diplomacy.

Now your city knight may have a fat and rosy coachman, he may have a tall and portly footman, a grave and a respectable butler; but whatever his wealth, whatever his pretension, there is one functionary of a great household he can never attain to—he can never have a groom of the chambers. This, like the *chasseur* abroad, is the appendage of but one class, by constant association with whom, its habits are acquired, its tastes engendered, and it would be equally

absurd to see the tall Hungarian in all the glitter of his hussar costume, behind the caleche of a pastry cook; as to hear the low-voiced and courteous minion of Devonshire House, announce the uncouth, unsyllabled names, that come east of St. Dunstons.

So, in the same way your new nations may get up a king and a court, a senate, an army, and a ministry, but let them not meddle with diplomacy—the moment they do this, they burn their fingers: your diplomate is like your *chasseur*, and your groom of the chambers, if he be not well done, he is a miserable failure. The world has so many types to refer to on this head, there can be no mistake. Talleyrand, Nesselrode, Metternich, Lord Whitworth, and several more, have too long given the tone to this peculiar walk to admit of any error concerning it; however, your little folk will not be denied the pleasures of their great acquaintance. They will have their diplomacy, and they will be laughed at—look at the Yankees. There is not a country in Europe, there is not a state however small, there is not a Coburgism with three thousand inhabitants and three companies of soldiers, where they haven't a minister resident with plenipotentiary powers extending to every relation political and commercial, although all the while the Yankees would be sorely puzzled to point out on the map the *locale* of their illustrious ally, and the Germans, no less so, to find out a reason for their embassy. Happily on this score, the very bone and marrow of diplomacy is consulted, and secrecy is inviolable; for as your American knows no other tongue, save that spoken on the Alleghanies, he keeps his own counsel and theirs also.

Have you never in the hall of some large country house, cast your eye on leave-taking, at the strange and motley crew of servants awaiting their masters—some well fed and handsomely clothed with that look of reflected importance my lord's gentleman so justly wears; others, in graver but not less respectable raiment, have that quiet and observant demeanour so characteristic of a well managed household. While a third class strikingly unlike the other two, wear their livery with an air of awkwardness and constraint, and blushing at themselves even a

deeper colour than the scarlet of their breeches. They feel themselves in masquerade—they were at the plough but yesterday, though they are in powder now. With the innate consciousness of their absurdity, they become fidgetty and uneasy, and would give the world for a row to conceal the defaults of their breeding. Just so, your petty diplomate suffers agony in all the quiet intercourse of life. The limited opportunities of small states have circumscribed his information.—He is not a man of the world—nor is he a political character, for he represents nothing, nothing therefore can save him from oblivion or contempt, save some political convulsion where any meddler may become prominent; he has thus a bonus on disturbance: so long as the company behave discreetly, he must stay in his corner, but the moment they smash the lamps and shy the decanters, he emerges from his obscurity and becomes as great as his neighbour. For my part, I am convinced that the peace and quietness of Europe, as much depends on the exclusion of such persons from the councils of diplomacy, as the happiness of every-day life does upon the breeding, and good manners, of our associates.

And what straits to be sure are they reduced to, to maintain this absurd intercourse, screwing the last shilling from the budget to pay a *chargé d'affaires* with an embroidered coat, and a decoration in his button-hole.

The most amusing incidents might be culled from such histories, if one were but disposed to relate them.

Balzac mentions in one of his novels, the story of a physician who obtained great practice, merely by sending throughout Paris, a gaudily-dressed footman, who rang at every door, as it were, in search of his master; so quick were the fellow's movements, so rapid his transitions, from one part of the city to the other, nobody believed that a single individual could ever have sufficed for so many calls; and thus, the impression was, not only that the doctor was greatly sought after, but that his household was on a splendid footing. The Emperor of the Brazils seems to have read the story, and profited by the hint, for while other nations are wasting their thousands, in maintaining a whole corps of diplomacy, he would appear like the doctor to have only

one footman, whom he keeps moving about Europe without ceasing: thus, *The Globe* tells us one day that the Chevalier de Lisboa, the Brazilian ambassador, has arrived in London to resume his diplomatic functions;—*The Handelsbad of the Hague* mentions his departure from the Dutch Court—*The Allgemeine Zeitung* announces the prospect of his arrival at Vienna, and *The Moniteur Parisien* has a beautiful article on the prosperity of their relations with Mexico, under the auspices of the indefatigable Chevalier: "*non regio terra*," exempt from his labours. Unlike Sir Boyle Roche, he has managed to be not only in two, but twenty places at once, and I should not be in the least surprised to hear of his negotiations for sulphur at Naples, at the same moment that he was pelting snowballs in Norway. Whether he travels by a balloon or on the back of a pelican, he is a wonderful man and a treasure to his government.

The multiplicity of his duties, and the pressing nature of his functions, may impart an appearance of haste to his manner, but it looks diplomatic to be peremptory, and he has no time for trifling.

Truly, Chevalier de Lisboa, thou art a great man—the wandering Jew, was but a type of thee.

Of all the popular delusions that we labour under in England, I scarcely know of one more widely circulated, and less founded in fact, than the advantages of foreign travel. Far be it from me to undervalue the benefits men of education receive by intercourse with strangers, and the opportunities of correcting by personal observation the impressions already received by study. No one sets a higher price on this than I do; no one estimates more fully the advantages of tempering one's nationality by the candid comparison of our own institutions with those of other countries; no one values more highly the unbiassed frame of mind produced by extending the field of our observation, and, instead of limiting our experience by the details of a book, reading from the wide-spread page of human nature itself. So conscious, indeed, am I of the importance of this, that I look upon his education as but very partial indeed who has not travelled. It is not, therefore, against

the benefits of seeing the world I would inveigh—it is rather against the general application of the practice to the whole class of our countrymen and countrywomen who swarm on the Continent. Unsited by their tastes—unprepared by previous information—deeming a passport and a letter of credit all-sufficient for their purpose—they set out upon their travels. From their ignorance of a foreign language, their journey is one of difficulty and embarrassment at every step. They understand little of what they see, nothing of what they hear. The discomforts of foreign life have no palliation, by their being enabled to reason on, and draw inferences from them. All the sources of information are hermetically sealed against them, and their tour has nothing to compensate for its fatigue, and expense, save the absurd detail of adventure, to which their ignorance has exposed them.

It is not my intention to rail in this place against the injury done to the moral feeling of our nation, by intimate association with the habits of the Continent. Reserving this for a more fitting time, I shall merely remark at present, that, so far as the habits of virtue are concerned, more mischief is done among this class of our countrymen, than those of a more exalted sphere.

Scarcely does the month of May commence, when the whole tide of British population sets in upon the coast of France, and Flanders. To watch the crowded steamers as they arrive in Antwerp, or Boulogne, you would say that some great and devastating plague had broken out in London, and driven the affrighted inhabitants from their homes. Not so, however: they have come abroad for pleasure. With a credit on Coutts, and the inestimable John Murray for a guide, they have devoted six weeks to France, Belgium, and the Rhine, in which ample time they are not only to learn two languages, but visit three nations, exploring into cookery, customs, scenery, literature, and the arts, with the same certainty of success that they would pay a visit to Astley's. Scarcely are they launched upon their travels when they unite into parties for personal protection and assistance. The "*morgue Britannique*," so much spoken of, by foreigners, they appear to have left

behind them, and sudden friendships, and intimacies, spring up between persons whose only feeling in common is that, of their own absurd position. Away they go sight-seeking in clusters. They visit cathedrals, monuments, and galleries; they record in their journals the vulgar tirades of a hired *commissaire*; they eat food they detest, and they lie down to sleep discontented and unhappy. The courteous civility of foreigners, the theme of so much eulogy in England, they now find out to be little more than selfishness, libertinism, and impertinence. They see the country from the window of a diligence, and society from a place at the table d'hôte, and truly both one and the other are but the vulgar high roads of life. Their ignorance of the language alone, protects them from feeling insulted at the many impertinences directed at themselves, and their country, and the untutored simplicity of their nature saves them the mortification of knowing, that the ostentatious politeness of some mustached acquaintance, is an exhibition got up by him for the entertainment of his friends.

Poor John Bull, you have made great sacrifices for this tour. You have cut corn, and the counting-house, that your wife may become enamoured of dress, and your daughter of a dancing-master—that your son may learn to play roulette, and smoke cigars, and that you yourself, may ramble some thousand miles over paved roads, without an object to amuse, without an incident to attract you. While this is a gloomy picture enough, there is another side to the medal still worse. John Bull goes home generally sick of what he has seen, and much more ignorant of the Continent than when he set out. His tour, however, has laid in its stock of foreign affectation, that renders his home uncomfortable; his daughters pine after the flattering familiarities of their whiskered acquaintances at Ems, or Wiesbaden; and his sons lose all zest for the slow pursuit of competence, by reflecting on the more decisive changes of fortune, that await on *rouge et noir*. Yet, even this is not the worst. What I deplore most of all, is the false and erroneous notions, continental nations procure of our country, and its habits, from such specimens as these. The Englishman who, seen at hour—*at the head of his*

counting-house, or in the management of his farm, presents a fine example of those national traits we are so justly proud of—honest, frank, straightforward in all his dealings, kind and charitable in his affections; yet see him abroad, the sphere of his occupations exists no longer—there is no exercise for the manly habits of his nature: his honesty but exposes him to be duped; his frankness degenerates into credulity; the unsuspecting openness of his character makes him the butt of every artful knave he meets with; and he is laughed at from Rotterdam to Rome for qualities which, exercised in their fitting sphere, have made England the greatest country of the universe. Hence we have the tone of disparagement now so universally maintained about England, and Englishmen, from one end of the Continent to the other. It is not that our country does not send forth a number of men well qualified to induce different impressions of their nation, but, unfortunately, such persons move only in that rank of foreign society where these prejudices do not exist; and it is among a different class, and unhappily a more numerous one also, that these undervaluing opinions find currency and belief.

There is nothing more offensive than the continual appeal made by Frenchmen, Germans, and others, to English habits, as seen among this class of our countrymen. It is in vain that you explain to them that these people are neither among the educated nor the better ranks of our country. They cannot comprehend your distinction. The habits of the Continent have produced a kind of table-land of good-breeding, upon which all men are equals. Thus, if you rarely meet a foreigner ignorant of the every-day *convenances* of the world, you still more rarely meet with one, unexceptionably well-bred. The table d'hôte, like the mess in our army, has the effect of introducing a certain amount of decorum, that is felt through every relation of life; and, although the count abroad, is immeasurably beneath the gentleman at home, here, I must confess, that the foreign cobbler is a more civilized person than his type in England. This is easily understood: foreign breeding is not the outward exhibition of an inward principle—it

is not the manifestation of a sense of mingled kindness, good taste, and self-respect—it is merely the rigid observance of a certain code of behaviour, that has no reference whatever to any thing felt within; it is the mere popery of politeness, with its saint-worship, its penances, and its privations. An Englishman makes way for you to accommodate your passage; a foreigner—a Frenchman I should say—does so, for an opportunity to flourish his hat or to exhibit an attitude. The same spirit pervades every act of both: duty in one case, display in the other, are the ruling principles of life; and, where persons are so diametrically different, there is little likelihood of much mutual understanding or mutual esteem. To come back, however, the great evil of this universal passion for travelling lies in the opportunity afforded to foreigners, of sneering at our country, and ridiculing our habits. It is in vain that our institutions are models of imitation for the world—in vain that our national character stands pre-eminent for good faith and fidelity—in vain the boast that the sun never sets upon a territory, that girths the very globe itself, so long as we send annually our tens of thousands out upon the Continent, with no other failing than mere unfitness for foreign travel, to bring down upon us the sneer, and the ridicule, of every ignorant and unlettered Frenchman, or Belgian, they meet with.

Our law code would, were its injunctions only carried out in private life, effect most extraordinary reformations in our customs and habits. The most singular innovations in our tastes and opinions would spring out of the statutes. It was only a few days ago where a man sought reparation for the greatest injury one could inflict on another, the great argument of the defendant's counsel was based on the circumstance that the plaintiff and his wife had not been proved to have lived happily together except on the testimony of their servants. Great stress was laid upon this fact by the advocate; and such an impression did it make on the minds of the jury, that the damages awarded were a mere trifle. Now, only reflect for a moment on the absurdity of such a plea, and think how many persons there are whose quiet and unobtrusive

lives are unnoticed beyond the precincts of their own door—nay, how many estimable and excellent people who live less for the world than for themselves, and although, probably for this very reason, but little exposed to the casualty in question, would yet deem the injustice great that placed them beyond the pale of reparation because they had been homely and domestic.

Civilization and the march of mind are fine things, and doubtless it is a great improvement, that the criminal is better lodged, and fed, in the prison, than the hungry labourer in the work-house. It is an admirable code that makes the debt of honour, the perhaps swindled losses of the card-table, an imperative obligation, while the money due to toiling, working industry, may be evaded or escaped from. Still, it is a bold step to invade the privacy of domestic life, to subvert the happiness we deem most national, and to suggest that the world has no respect for, nor the law no belief in, that peaceful course in life, which, content with its own blessings, seeks neither the gaze of the crowd, nor the stare of fashion. Under the present system, a man must appear in society like a candidate on the hustings—profuse in protestations of his happiness and redolent of smiles, he must lead forth his wife like a blooming *debutante*, and, while he presents her to his friends, must display, by every endeavour in his power, the angelic happiness of their state.

The *coram publico* endearments, so much sneered at by certain fastidious people, are now imperative; and, however secluded your habits, however retiring your tastes, it is absolutely necessary you should appear a certain number of times every year before the world, to assure that kind-hearted and considerate thing, how much conjugal felicity you are possessed of.

It is to no purpose that your man-servant and your maid-servant, and even the stranger within your gates, have seen you in the apparent enjoyment of domestic happiness: it is the crowd of a ball-room must testify in your favour—it is the pit of a theatre—it is the company of a steam-boat, or the party on a railroad, you must adduce in evidence. They are the best—they are the only judges of what you, in the ignorance of your heart, have believed a secret for your own bosom.

Your conduct within doors is of little moment, so that your bearing without, satisfy the world. What a delightful picture of universal happiness will England then present to the foreigner who visits our salons! With what ecstasy will he contemplate the angelic felicity of conjugal life! Instead of the indignant coldness of a husband, offended by some casual levity of his wife, he will now redouble his attentions, and take an opportunity of calling the company to witness that they live together like turtle-doves. He knows not how soon, if he mix much in fashionable life, their testimony may avail him; and the loving smile he throws his spouse across the supper-table is worth three thousand pounds before any jury in Middlesex.

Romance writers will now lose one strong hold of sentiment. Love in a cottage will possess as little respect, as it ever did attraction for the world. The pier at Brighton, a Gravesend steamer, Hyde Park on a Sunday, will be the appropriate spheres for the interchange of conjugal vows. No absurd notions of solitude will then hold sway. Alas! how little prophetic spirit is there in poetry! But a few years ago, and one of our syrens of song said,

"When should lovers breathe their  
vows?"

When should ladies hear them?

When the dew is on the boughs—  
When none else is near them."

Not a word of it! The appropriate place is amid the glitter of jewels, the glare of lamps, the crush of fashion, and the din of conversation. The private boxes of the opera are even too secluded, and your happiness is no more genuine, until recognised by society, than is an exchequer bill, with the mere signature of Lord Montague.

The benefits of this system will be great. No longer will men be reduced to the cultivation of those meek virtues that grace, and adorn life, no more will they study those accomplishments, that make home happy and their hearth cheerful. A winter at Paris and a box at the Varieties will be more to the purpose. Scribe's farces will teach them more important lessons, and they will obtain an instructive example in the last line of a vaudeville, where an injured husband presents himself at the fall of the curtain, and, as he turns to the



audience, embraces both his wife and her lover, exclaiming, "*Maintenant je suis heureux—ma femme—mon meilleur ami!*" He then may snap his fingers at Charles Phillips and Adolphus: he has not only proved his affection to his wife, but his confidence in his friend. Let him lay the damages at ten thousand, and, with a counsel that can cry, he'll get every shilling of the money.

Jean Jacques tells us, that when his wife died every farmer in the neighbourhood offered to console him by one of their daughters; but that a few weeks afterwards his cow having shared the same fate, no one ever thought of replacing his loss by the offer of another; thereby proving the different value people set upon their cows and children—this seems absurd enough, but is it a bit more so, than what is every day taking place in professional life. How many parsons are there who wouldn't lend you five pounds, would willingly lend you their pulpit, and the commonest courtesy from an hospital surgeon is, to present his visiter with a knife and entreat him to carve a patient. He has never seen the individual before, he doesn't know whether he be short-sighted, or nervous, or ignorant, or rash, all he thinks of, is doing the honours of the institution; and although like a hostess, who sees the best dish at her table mangled by an unskilful carver, he suffers in secret, yet is she far too well-bred to evince her displeasure, but blandly smiles at her friend, and says "no matter, pray go on." This, doubtless, is highly conducive to science; and as medicine is declared to be a science of experiment, great results occasionally arise from the practice. Now that I am talking of doctors—what a strange set they are, and what a singular position do they hold in society: admitted to the fullest confidence of the world, yet by a strange perversion, while they are the depositaries of secrets that hold together the whole fabric of society, their influence is neither fully recognised, nor their power acknowledged. The doctor is now, what the monk once was, with this additional advantage, that from the nature of his studies and the research of his art, he reads more deeply in the human heart, and penetrates into its most inmost recesses. For him, life has little ro-

mance; the grosser agency of the body re-acting ever on the operations of the mind, destroy many a poetic day-dream and many a high-wrought illusion. To him alone does a man speak, "*son dernier mot:*" while to the lawyer the leanings of self-respect will make him, always impart a favourable view of his case. To the physician he will be candid, and even more than candid—yes, these are the men who, watching the secret workings of human passion, can trace the progress of mankind in virtue and in vice; while ministering to the body they are exploring the mind, and yet, scarcely is the hour of danger passed, scarcely the shadow of fear dissipated, when they fall back to their humble position in life, bearing with them but little gratitude, and, strange to say, no fear!

The world expects them to be learned, well-bred, kind, considerate, and attentive, patient to their querulousness, and enduring under their caprice; and, after all this, the humbug of homœopathy, the preposterous absurdity of the water cure, or the more reprehensible mischief of Mesmerism, will find more favour in their sight than the highest order of ability accompanied by great natural advantages.

Every man—and still more, every woman—imagines himself to be a doctor. The taste for physic, like that for politics, is born with us, and nothing seems easier than to repair the injuries of the constitution, whether of the state or the individual. Who has not seen, over and over again, physicians of the first eminence put aside, that the nostrum of some ignorant pretender, or the suggestion of some twaddling old woman should be, as it is termed, tried? No one is too stupid, no one too old, no one too ignorant, too obstinate, or too silly not to be superior to Brodie and Chambers, Crampton and Marsh; and where science, with anxious eye and cautious hand, would scarcely venture to interfere, heroic ignorance would dash boldly forward and cut the gordian difficulty by snapping the thread of life. How comes it that these old ladies, of either sex, never meddle with the law? Is the game beneath them, where the stake is only property, and not life? or is there less difficulty in the knowledge

of an art whose principles rest on so many branches of science, than in a study founded on the basis of precedent? Would to heaven the "Ladies Bountiful" would take to the quarter sessions and the assizes, in lieu of the infirmaries and dispensaries, and make Blackstone their aide-de-camp—vice Buchan retired.

There would be no going through this world if one had not an India-rubber conscience, and one could no more exist in life without what watchmakers call, accommodation, in the machinery of one's heart, than a blue-bottle fly could grow fat, in the shop of an apothecary. Every man's conscience has, like Janus, two faces—one looks most plausibly to the world, with a smile of courteous benevolence, the other with a droll leer seems to say, I think we are doing them. In fact, not only would the world be impossible, and its business impracticable, but society itself would be a bear-garden without hypocrisy.

Now, the professional classes have a kind of licence on this subject; just as a poet is permitted to invent sunsets, and a painter to improvise clouds and cataracts, so a lawyer dilates upon the virtues, or attractions of his client, and a physician will weep you good round substantial tears, at a guinea a drop, for the woes of his patient; but the church, I certainly thought, was exempt from this practice. A paragraph in a morning paper, however, disabused my ignorance in the most remarkable manner. The Roman Catholic hierarchy have unanimously decided that all persons following the profession of the stage, are to be considered without the pale of the church, they are neither to be baptized nor confirmed, married nor buried; they may get a name in the streets, and a wife there also, but the church will neither bless the one, nor confirm the other; in fact, the sock and the buskin are proclaimed in opposition to Christianity, and Madame Lafarge is not a bit more culpable than Robert Macaire. A few days since, one of the most fashionable churches in Paris was crowded to suffocation by the attraction of high mass, celebrated with the assistance of the whole opera choir, with Duprez at their head. The sum contributed by the faithful

was enormous, and the music of Mozart was heard to great effect through the vaulted isles of Notre Dame, yet the very morning after, not an individual of the choir could receive the benediction of the church—the rationale of all which is, that the Dean of Notre Dame, like the director of the Odeon, likes a good house and a heavy benefit. He gets the most attractive company he can secure, and although he makes no scruple to say they are most disreputable acquaintances, still they fill the benches, and it will be time enough to damn them, when the performance is over!

Whenever the respectable Whigs are attacked for their alliance with O'Connell, they make the same reply the priest would probably do in this circumstance—How can we help it—

We want a mob, if he sings, we have it—we know his character as well as you; so only let us fill our pockets, and then ——— I don't blame them in the least, if the popery of their politics has palled upon the appetite; if they can work no more miracles of reform and revolution, I don't see how they can help calling in aid from without.

Dan, however, won't consent, like Duprez, to be damned when he is done with; he insists on a share of the profits, and, moreover, to be treated with some respect too. He knows he is the star of the company, and can make his own terms; and, even now, when the house is broken up, and the manager beggared, and the actors dismissed, like Matthews, he can get up a representation all to himself, and make a handsome thing of it besides.

If one could see it brought about something in the fashion of Sancho's government of Barrataria, I should certainly like to see O'Connell on the throne of Ireland for about twenty-four hours, and to salute king Dan, *par la grace de diable*, king of Erin, just for the joke's sake!

laugh at the middle ages for trials by ordeal, their jousts, tournaments, their fat monks, and their meagre people; but I can't that before eternity will our learned

characterize the age, I know of none so pre-eminently ridiculous, as nineteenth of these associations would prove; supported by great names, aided by large sums, with a fine house, a library and a librarian, they do the honours of science pretty much as a battle-axe guard does those of a court on a levee day, and they bear about the same relation to literature and art, that does the excellent functionary I have mentioned, to the proceedings around the throne.

An old gentleman hipped by celibacy, and too sour for society, has contracted a habit of looking out of his window every morning to observe the weather; he sees a cloud very like a whale, or he fancies that when the wind blows in a particular direction, and it happens to rain at the same time, that the drops fall in a peculiarly slanting manner. He notes down the facts for a month or two, and then establishes a meteorological society, of which he is the perpetual president, with a grant from parliament to extend its utility. Another takes to old volumes on a book stall, and becoming, as most men are who have little knowledge of life, fascinated with his own discoveries, thinks he has ascertained some curious details of ancient history, and communicating his results to others as stupid and old as himself, they dub themselves antiquarians, or archæologists, and obtain a grant also.

Now one half of these societies are neither more nor less than most impertinent sarcasms on the land we live in. The man who sets himself down deliberately to chronicle the clouds in our atmosphere, and jot down the rainy days in our calendar, is, to my thinking, performing about as grateful a task, as though he were to count the carbuncles on his friend's nose. We have, it is true, a most abominable climate; the sun rarely shows himself, and when he does, it is through a tattered garment of clouds, dim and disagreeable; but why throw it in our teeth? and still more, why pay a body of men to publish the slander? Then again, as to history, all the world knows, that since the flood the Irish have never done any thing else, than make love, illicit whiskey, and beat each other. What nonsense then to talk about the ancient cultivation of

the land, of its high rank in literature, and its excellence in art. A stone bishop, with a nose like a negro, and a crozier like a garden-rake, are the only evidences of our ancestors' taste in sculpture; and some doggrel verses in Irish, explaining how King Phelim O'Toole cheated a brother monarch out of his small-clothes, are about the extent of our historic treasures. But, for argument's sake, suppose it otherwise; imagine for a moment that our ancestors were all that Sir William Betham and Mr. Petrie would make them—I don't know how other people may feel, but I myself deem it no pleasant reflection to think of *their* times and look at *our own*. What! we were poets and painters, architects, historians, and musicians! What have we now among us to represent these great and mighty gifts? I am afraid, except our big beggarman, we haven't a single living celebrity—and is this a comfortable reflection, is this a pleasing thought, that while fourteen hundred years ago, some Irish Raphael, and some Galway Grisi were the delight of our illustrious ancestors; that while the splendour of King Malachi, with his collar of gold, astonished the ladies in the neighbourhood of Trim, we have nothing to boast of, save Dan for Lord Mayor, and Burton Bindon's oysters? Once more I say, if what these people tell us be facts, they are the most unpalatable facts could be told to a nation, and I see no manner of propriety or good-breeding in replying to a gipsy who begs for a penny, by the information, that "his ancestors built the pyramids."

Again, if our days be dark, our nights are worse, and what in heaven's name have we to do with an observatory and a telescope as long as the Great Western. The planets are the most expensive vagabonds to the budget, and the fixed stars are a fixed imposition. Were I Chancellor of the Exchequer, I'd pension the moon, and give the great bear a sum of money as compensation. Don't tell me of the distresses of the people, arising from cotton, or corn, China, or Chartists—it is our scientific institutions, are eating into the national resources. There isn't an egg saucepan of antiquity that doesn't cost the country a plum, and every wag of a

comet's tail may be set down at half-a-million. I warrant me the people in the moon take us a deuced deal more easily, and give themselves very little trouble to make out the size of Ireland's eye or the height of Croagh-patrick—No, no, let Graham of Netherby come down with a slapping measure of retrenchment, and make a clear stage of all of them. Every man with money to buy a cotton umbrella is his own meteorologist; and a pocket telescope, price eight-and-four-pence, is long enough, in all conscience, for any man in a climate like ours; or if such a course seem too peremptory, call on these people for their bill, and let there be a stated sum for each item. At Dolly's chop-house, you know to the exact farthing how much your beefsteak and glass of ale will cost you, and if you wish, in addition, a slice of Stilton with your

XX, you consult your pocket, before you speak. Let not the nation be treated worse than the individual; let us first look about us and see, if a year of prosperity, and cheap potatoes will permit us the indulgence of obtaining a new luminary or an old chronicle, then, when we know the cost, we may calculate with safety. Suppose a fixed star, for instance, be set down at ten pounds, a planet at five, Saturn has so many belts, I wouldn't give more than half-a-crown for a new one, and as for an eclipse of the sun, I had rather propose a reward for the man who could tell us when we could see him palpably.

For the present I merely throw out these suggestions in a brief, incomplete manner, intending, however, to return to the subject on another occasion.

O.

#### POEMS FROM THE GERMAN.

BY J. N. MERIVALE, ESQ.

THE two following pieces are extracted, with permission, from *Sonderland's "Illustrations of German Poetry,"* to which they were originally contributed by the translator, Mr. Merivale. The first is already familiar to lovers of German literature in the version by Mr. Taylor, (vol. iii., p. 357, of his *"Survey of German Poetry,"*) which, though sufficiently spirited, is not in all respects so close to the original, either in sense or metre, as to supersede another attempt. It has also been made the subject of a poetical paraphrase by Mr. Impey, in his late elegant *"Specimens of German Lyrical Poetry,"* where he has proved its classical origin, or rather derivation, from a fiction of the Byzantine period. But this is an avowed departure from the story as told by Goethe, and so wide a departure as rather to call for, than discountenance, a more literal copy. The singularity of the German poem consists in the form of the narrative—being, throughout, (with the exception of the last six lines which are spoken by the Master-Conjurer,) a monologue in the person of the unlucky apprentice, whose rash assumption of the magician's office, and impotent terror at the sudden failure of his usurped powers and its destructive consequences, may well be applied, with some skilful adaptation, to the case of a certain class of modern politicians, who make no scruple for their own selfish purposes, of evoking an agency which they possess no means of controlling; and who would be the first to perish in the inundation they themselves have produced, but for the timely restoration of the legitimate power whose functions they have invaded.

Of the second piece, that which relates an adventure supposed to have happened to the celebrated magician, whose name it bears, no other English version has, it is believed, ever appeared, but the present. It may not be known to all readers, that the *Virgilius*, or *Virgil*, to whom these magic powers were ascribed

by the superstitions of the middle ages, was not the great Roman poet, but a venerable prelate of the Carolingian period, although the ignorance of the succeeding ages confounded the one with the other, and the stories connected with the name were equally fabulous as respected either—of which that now presented may be taken as a specimen :—

THE MAGICIAN'S APPRENTICE.

DER ZAUBERLEHRLING (GOETHE).

There ! our wise old hag-commander—  
 He for once is gone away,  
 Leaving free his sprites to wander.  
 They shall now my call obey.  
 Words and works right well,  
 Have I long been heeding,  
 And by magic spell,  
 Need not doubt succeeding.  
 Wallow ! wallow !  
 Far and wide,  
 Let the tide  
 Still be going  
 To the bath's capacious swallow,  
 Be the water still o'erflowing.

Come, thou Broom-stick, old and crazy,  
 Clothe thee in this tatter'd clout :  
 Be a long-legg'd knave—not lazy,  
 To perform my where-about.  
 There ! on two legs stand—  
 Cap on head—I've stuck it—  
 Run ! and in your hand  
 Take a water-bucket.  
 Wallow ! wallow !  
 Far and wide,  
 Let the tide  
 Still be going  
 To the bath's capacious swallow,  
 Be the water still o'erflowing.

See ! he's at the brink already—  
 Quick as lightning see him rush !  
 Back again, boy ! Steady—steady—  
 Lo the torrent—what a gush !  
 Now another turn—  
 How the bason's swilling ;  
 Every vase and urn  
 To the brim he's filling !  
 Stop ! no further !  
 Five—ten—twenty—  
 Now, there's plenty.  
 Stop ! 'od rot 'en !  
 Ah ! I have it—murther ! murther !  
 Sure the word I've clean forgotten.

Ah ! the word ! the word, to make him  
 Now his pristine shape resume !  
 Who the deuce will overtake him ?  
 Stop, you old infernal broom !



What! still pouring on?  
 Must it rain for ever?  
 Stop! or ere you've done,  
 You'll have drain'd the river.  
 No—no longer  
 Will I suffer  
 Such a huffer.  
 'Tis a scandal!  
 We shall soon see which is stronger—  
 (How he grins—the ugly vandal!)

O thou villain—hell-begotten!  
 Wilt thou all the house be choaking?  
 All the timbers, sound and rotten—  
 See the water-spouts are soaking!  
 O thou broom accurst!  
 Art thou hard of hearing?  
 Be as thou wert first—  
 Stick—no longer stirring!  
 Wilt thou never  
 Cease pursuing  
 My undoing?  
 I'll withstand ye,  
 And the dry old broom-stick sever  
 With my sharp-edg'd axe so hardy.

See! he comes again, slip-slopping—  
 Stay: or I'll be down upon thee—  
 Now, hobgoblin, cease your hopping!  
 This good axe hath quite undone thee,  
 Truly, well besped!  
 Split in twain genteely!  
 Now my fears are fled,  
 And I breathe more freely.  
 Blood and thunder!  
 Both to shivers,  
 Rain down rivers,  
 Rogues eternal!  
 There they fly—two knaves asunder—  
 Help, oh help! ye powers infernal!

There they scamper!—deeper! deeper!  
 Swells the tide o'er stairs and hall—  
 Wave on wave—Ah! there's a sweeper!  
 Master, master, hear me call!  
 Save me, master, save!  
 Ere I fall a martyr—  
 In this goblin knave  
 Sure I've caught a tartar.

THE MASTER.

"To thy lonely  
 Nook betake thee!  
 Broom, go shake thee;  
 For the master  
 Calls thee for a goblin, only  
 When he wants his work done faster."

## VIRGILIUS THE CONJURER.

DER ZAUBERER VIRGILIUS (IMMERMANN).

To his snug cot the wise man would repair  
 To pass an evening hour of light disport :  
 No fire was on the hearth—his maiden there  
 Sat wringing of her hands in piteous sort.  
 He raised from off her knee that comely cheek—  
 She sighed and moaned—and not a word would speak.

He bade her fair her cause of grief to say.  
 “ My silent fane deserted—tell me why ? ”  
 She sobbed—“ Alas ! that dear unhappy day,  
 When first you won me, greeting wild and shy !  
 Now have I joys enough with thee—but bear  
 Contempt and mockery for my worldly share.

“ The fire upon my hearth was gone and spent,  
 Whilst you stood outside, preaching to the wind,  
 With lantern to the neighbours round I went,  
 And ask’d—‘ A light, sirs—will ye be so kind ? ’  
 From door to door thus meek besought them—but  
 They shouted all, and cried—‘ Begone, you slut ! ’

The wise man gently kissed her swimming eye,  
 And said, “ I’ll help thee in a case so cruel,”  
 Then wink’d, when through the dun smoke curling high,  
 Bright burst the flame from gathered heaps of fuel.  
 “ Now get our supper, girl—a fowl for two.  
 Before the hut I’ve something yet to do.”

Now busily she tends the pot—and now  
 With laughter strange he paces through the dark.  
 The town lies merry on the hillock’s brow,  
 And every window-pane emits its spark.  
 Three words he muttered low, of secret might ;  
 And, sudden, all the panes were black as night.

The fowl is ready dressed—the cloth is laid—  
 Two plates are there—one glass to serve for both.  
 The master’s lips with mirth o’erflow—the maid,  
 Cured of her grief, bends o’er him, nothing loath.  
 Soon as he stops, she, wondering, hears the sound  
 Of feet quick trampling through the valley round.

Nigher it rolled—and now are heard full plain,  
 The loud hoarse voices of that ribald crew.  
 “ Ah me, unhappy ! must that hateful strain,  
 Ne’er cease to mock me, even placed by you ? ”  
 “ ‘Tis now,” he said, “ your triumph must begin.”  
 Therewith the whole town’s livery bundled in.

In bundled men and women—young and old—  
 And at their head the Burgomaster—He—  
 Somewhat against his will, it must be said,  
 As ill comporting with his dignity.  
 All scream’d in chorus, to be heard a mile hence—  
 The great man, full of ermin’d pomp, cried, “ Silence ! ”

"O learned Sage and honoured Host ! Of late  
 A woful misadventure hath arrived  
 To this our happy, free, enlightened state,  
 Whereby of light and heat 'tis clean deprived.  
 Nor self, nor friend, can get aught hot to eat,  
 And none can see a stitch in stove or street.

"Our plain God-fearing brethren, ere the end  
 Of evening prayer were forc'd to make a pause ;  
 Our Sophs are left in darkness to perpend  
 On the foundation of a primal cause.  
 And through the wilderness of shade we wander,  
 (To say it with respect) like goose and gander.

"We've fetch'd both flint and steel, wherewith to raise  
 A flame, as men are wont at day's retreating ;  
 But not a spark would from the tinder blaze,  
 Although they made their knuckles sore with beating,  
 So, learned Sage, in this our utmost grief,  
 We fly to you for counsel and relief."

"Go, ask the maid," Virgilius said in turn ;  
 "And try if she will grant you your petition.  
 Her fire burns bright—as bright as fire may burn.  
 Belike she'll grant you some, on due submission.  
 I know no way but this ; nor think 'twill hurt you,  
 No—not for all your town's immaculate virtue."

Therewith from him to her they trooping go,  
 Most like a flock before the boy that drives ;  
 And all beseeching cry, "Your grace bestow !"  
 But most of all the prim, starch, pious wives.  
 The maid, in sign of concord, waves her hand,  
 And each one fetches from the hearth his brand.

But now the conjuror 'gan himself uprear,  
 And shake the terrors of his bushy crest ;  
 Then thundered—"Take this warning in your ear—  
 Perhaps a stubborn parchment to digest.  
 Now go—but keep ye from the scollar's ways,  
 Unless you'd eat cold mutton all your days.

"Until I hither bent my wandering feet,  
 No jolly harvest-home your fields e'er saw ;  
 Nor should I here have deigned to fix my seat,  
 But for a pearl I found among your straw.  
 Then tempt her not ! awaken not her scorn !  
 Or all again shall thistle be and thorn."

The reverend guild, low crouching to the rod,  
 Abjured all jest for their remaining days ;  
 The conjuror stands like some acknowledged god,  
 Illumin'd by their torches' crimson blaze.  
 The maid clings to him in a close embrace,  
 And looks with roguish laughter in his face.

## A POET'S NATIVITY.

The moonlight flood was sleeping o'er hill, and tower, and town,  
The larger stars were peeping, in light and glory, down ;  
There was scarcely left a watcher, save the sage who loves the stars,  
And here and there a miser, insecure 'midst locks and bars,  
Save in one little chamber, where a taper shed its light,  
And a new born infant's wailing pierced the silence of the night.

Poor was that little chamber—a poor man's only home,  
Yet as fond hearts were beating there, as 'neath a palace dome—  
Hearts that but clung the closer, because of mutual care,  
Hearts that but loved the dearer, for the sorrows they must share.  
They saw a lowly future, and yet were reconciled,  
Though they knew not of the treasure that was giv'n them in that child.

There came a rushing murmur through the cloudless depths of Heaven.  
They said it was the zephyr that a stronger breath had given ;  
But it was not so—it was not so—though unto earthly eyes  
It seemed as if the breezes did with wilder gust arise.  
There were angels traversing the space, with one benign accord,  
Obedient to the mandate of their Maker and their Lord.

A bright winged glorious angel—all robed in stainless white,  
And a darker spirit near it, yet with a gem like light ;  
They were searching out the rainbow, from its cavern in the cloud—  
They were searching out the lightning, in its dim and secret shroud—  
They were catching heavenly music from the planets as they roll,  
And all to weave a garment for the little infant's soul.

A spark of life immortal already warmed its breast ;  
A gleaming from the portal of a region pure and blest ;  
Thus far the Great Creator his own high work had done,  
A task too solemn to be made a delegated one—  
But he bid them gather thoughts, and dreams, and fancies bright and fair,  
And dress the spirit's chamber with glorious hues and rare.

They caught the silvery light'ning, they took the rainbow's rim,  
They caught the star-beams, ere they fell through earthly vapours dim ;  
And the music of the wood-bird, and the murmur of the sea,  
And the breathing of the softest wind that roams the forest free ;  
And blending all these lovely things into one glorious whole,  
They spread the garment of the *Mind* around the poet's *Soul*.

M. A. BROWNE.

---

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—NO. XXVIII.

## VISCOUNT GORT.

It is with peculiar pleasure we are this month enabled to grace our pages with a portrait of one of the few survivors of that band of distinguished men, whose fame illuminated the closing scenes of the Irish parliament. We feel that their number is daily diminishing, and that if we would preserve their image, we must hasten to anticipate the gradual, but certain progress, with which the lapse of time withdraws them from among us.

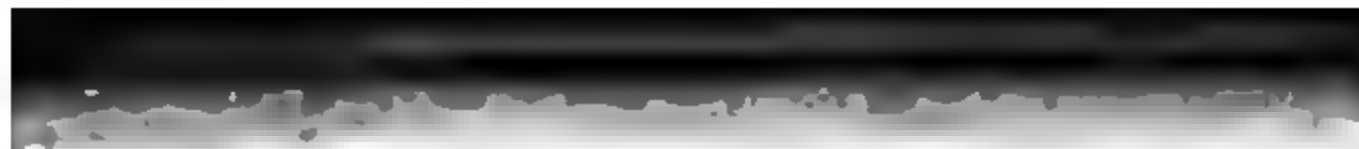
Charles Vereker, Viscount Gort, was born in the year 1768. His father, Thomas Vereker, of Roxborough, in the liberties of the city of Limerick, had married Julia, daughter of Charles Smyth, for forty-five years one of the representatives of that city in the Irish parliament, and grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Prendergast, the last baronet of his illustrious line. By this alliance the extensive estates of the three families became ultimately united in their son, the subject of our present sketch. The Verekers are a branch of a Flemish family, (Verreycker) who have long held an eminent station at Brabant. The family of Smyth is of English descent, and traces its source in a direct line to Sir Thomas Smyth, Chamberlain to Queen Elizabeth. They first settled in Ireland in the reign of King Charles the First, and since that time, have borne a singular number of honourable dignities. The house of Prendergast dates its origin from the Norman knight, Maurice de Prendergast, who accompanied Strongbow in his expedition. The Galway estates of the family, now inherited by Lord Gort, were a grant of King William the Third to Brigadier-General Sir Geoffrey Prendergast. This distinguished officer was subsequently killed at the battle of Malplaquet, and it is related, that with one of those singular presentiments, in whose mysterious shadow the mind instinctively feels the near approach of evil, the night previous to the great conflict, he inscribed on his tablets a prediction that the next day would be his last.

Lord Gort was originally intended for the naval profession, and at the age of fourteen was entered as a midshipman in the *Alexander*, under the command of the late Lord Longford. A short time after he had joined his vessel, she was ordered to sail for the Mediterranean, and form one of the fleet under the command of Lord Howe. This fleet was destined for the relief of Gibraltar from that siege, which the heroic defence of General Elliott has engraven for ever on the page of history. The combined French and Spanish fleet were at this time cruising off Gibraltar, in order to prevent any succours from without reaching the garrison. Three of the British vessels, laden with provisions, contrived to elude the vigilance of the enemy, and steal unperceived into the bay. Among these was the *Alexander*; and it is recorded, that foremost in the service of danger attending the disembarkation of the supplies, and indeed the first person of the first boat's crew to leap ashore, was young Vereker. The ships having effected their purpose, again put to sea, and a sharp action ensued between the hostile fleets. Here the courage and presence of mind of the young midshipman were again displayed, and won the marked and public acknowledgments of Lord Longford.

Lord Gort was not, however, destined for a naval life, and on the return of the *Alexander*, her crew having been paid off, he turned his attention to the other branch of the profession of arms, and became an ensign in the *Royals*. In this regiment, however, he continued but a few years, having, shortly after the Irish militia were called out and embodied, been appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Limerick militia, and on the resignation of the command by Colonel Smyth, its colonel. To this honour was soon added that of the parliamentary representation of the city, in which office he succeeded Mr. Perry, on his elevation to the house of peers, in 1790.

During the unfortunate period of the rebellion, Colonel Vereker, with the rank of brigadier-general, commanded the British forces in various disturbed districts.





*[Large, stylized signature or initials]*



The activity, skill, and courage he displayed attracted the attention of the Irish government, and at once pointed him out as the fittest person to place in the most critical and important position. All eyes were then turned in alarm to the prospect of a French invasion, and rumour or secret information had assigned the west coast of Ireland as its most likely scene. Colonel Vereker and the Limerick militia were at once selected for the post of danger. They were stationed at Sligo, a situation which placed them in immediate readiness for whatever service occasion might require. The French force, under General Humbert, in the month of August, 1798, effected a successful disembarkation at Killala, and, being joined by thousands of the disaffected, proceeded to Castlebar. In this neighbourhood there were stationed a squadron of dragoons, a considerable force of infantry, and a number of yeomanry and militia. After a short and ineffectual resistance, the king's troops fled in confusion, and left the invaders masters of the town. Here they established their head-quarters, organised a provisional government, and proceeded to embody into somewhat of a disciplined force, the numbers who daily crowded around their standards. Universal dismay spread through the west of Ireland, and situate at a distance from the seat of government, and destitute of any adequate military protection, the entire province of Connaught appeared at the mercy of the conqueror. Flushed with success, Humbert determined on moving towards the north, in the hope of uniting with the reinforcements from France, whose landing was hourly expected on the coast of Donegal. With this object, he directed his march in the first instance for the county of Sligo. Colonel Vereker having received intelligence of the enemy's intended movement, and feeling the imperative necessity there existed that some decisive blow should be struck, which might counteract the disastrous effect of the defeat at Castlebar, determined, if possible, to arrest their further progress. He accordingly collected all the disposable troops he could muster, and at the head of a detachment of about three hundred of his own regiment, and a few dragoons and yeomen hastily summoned together, left Sligo, in quest of the advancing army. On the evening of the fifth of September he met them near the village of Colooney, and although his men were but ill supplied with ammunition and fatigued with a rapid march, he at once engaged with a force at least ten-fold more numerous, in perfect discipline, fully equipped with arms and artillery. The engagement, which was, perhaps, as severely and obstinately contested as any on record, terminated in the French general being compelled to alter his route, and abandon his projected incursion upon the county of Donegal. In this action Lord Gort himself was severely wounded, and of the officers and men the number killed and wounded bears an unusually large proportion to the force engaged. At this distance of time it is scarcely possible to estimate the important effect of this gallant enterprise. All the historians of the period have acknowledged—and a little reflection will show with justice—that to it, more than any other cause, Ireland owes her final deliverance from invasion. Lord Cornwallis, with the troops under his command, had proceeded in a wrong direction, and while he was wandering in uncertainty along the banks of the lower Shannon, Humbert would, in all likelihood, have reached Donegal, or, according to the supposition of Sir Jonah Barrington, have marched for Dublin, and assailed the capital itself by a bold *coup-de-main*. Had he been enabled to pursue either of these courses, it is difficult to say what would have been the result. That the insurrection already prevailing to an alarming extent, would have fearfully increased, and that at every step he would have found new accessions to his numbers and resources, seems to admit of little doubt. Taking into account the general reputation of the French arms, the natural fears excited by their success in Mayo, and the confidence of the rebel party confirmed by the uninterrupted progress of their allies through one county after another, it is more appalling to contemplate than easy to deny the probability, that a general panic would have spread abroad and led to a repetition, on a larger and more disastrous scale, of the flight at Castlebar. Providentially, these dangers were averted by Colonel Vereker's success at Colooney. A handful of militia had sufficed to repel the veteran soldiers, before whom Europe quailed. All the charm of French invincibility vanished, and the great lesson was taught, that neither numbers nor discipline avail against brave and resolute

men, fighting on their own soil, for home and country. Those, who had wavered in their allegiance, became decided; the British party received new courage; and the disloyal, who are ever cowards, lost in fears and hesitations the precious moment to join the foreign troops. Repulsed from his intended course, and dispirited by the loss he had sustained, Humbert made but a feeble resistance to the arms of General Lake, and finally he and his entire force surrendered, as prisoners of war, to Lord Cornwallis. The nation, thus relieved from the calamity of foreign invasion, was not ungrateful to her brave defenders. The thanks of Parliament were voted to Colonel Vereker, and the gallant men who, under his command, had saved their country. Medals were struck with the word, *Colooney*—and at the return of the Limerick regiment to their native city, they were received with universal acclamation. On Colonel Vereker himself a royal proclamation conferred the privilege—one exclusively peculiar to peers—of bearing supporters to his family arms, and adopting as the motto of his family the word "*Colooney*."

At the termination of the rebellion, Mr. Pitt, as is well known, seized the opportunity to bring forward the measure of the Union. Through the debates on this question, the name of Colonel Vereker will be found among the noble few who, to the last, "*faithful among the faithless*," adhered to what they conceived the cause of their country with unshaken constancy. It is recorded, that Lord Castlereagh anxious to win over one, the fame of whose services was on every tongue, the representative, too, of the third in population and importance of the Irish cities, sought his adherence with all that machinery of patronage and diplomacy, which no man better understood, or more successfully exerted. The simple and dignified reply is also recorded—that having defended his country with his blood, there was nothing in the gift of the crown could tempt him to betray her by his vote.

In the great debate of the 22nd of January, 1799, he took an early opportunity to express his sentiments. The speech from the throne had recommended the legislative union, as the best protection against both foreign and domestic enemies, calculated, as it was, to consolidate into one firm and lasting fabric the strength the power and the resources of the British empire. The address was an echo to the speech, and among its paragraphs contained one, pledging the house to approve and support the Union. An amendment expressing dissent from this portion of the address, and a determination to support the rights and liberties of the Irish nation as then existing, was moved by Mr. George Ponsonby, and seconded by Sir Laurence Parsons. In one of those brief but energetic speeches, which, borrowing force from their very compression, arrest attention more successfully than the most elaborate declamation, Colonel Vereker declared his intention to support the amendment. "He lamented that any thing should have been introduced into the speech, that could interrupt the unanimity which it was at all times, but peculiarly in seasons of national danger, desirable should prevail in addressing a sovereign so deserving their esteem and attachment. But the house could not, in their affection for their king, forget their duty to their country. Could he, indeed, see in the proposed measure of union, any of the advantages anticipated by its supporters—either a solid foundation for national greatness, a protection against foreign or domestic enemies, or the means of reconciling the unhappy dissensions of his countrymen—he should be among the first to support the address, as it stood. But, instead of increasing the national wealth, the Union, necessitating absenteeism, and drawing from the country millions of its rents, must discourage its arts, its commerce, and its manufactures. It created a perpetual process of exhaustion, and it seemed something like an absurdity to suppose, you could with one hand withdraw, and with the other increase the resources of the nation! Men too, were not likely, in the wretchedness of provincial dependence, to forego those feuds and animosities, which even the love of a common country failed to allay. The measure itself introduced a new source of discord, and revived old ones; encouraged the disaffected, and alienated the loyal; for to what end was it to shed their blood in the field, if all the fruits of victory were lost by treachery in the senate? The whole measure was based on fraud, and successful only by the worst corruption. Peerages, bishoprics, the sanctity of the bench—all had been shamelessly prostituted to purchase votes; but those

•

who basely sold their confiding country, might be assured men would see in the dignities so infamously won, only the record and the wages of their base venality." In the same debate Mr. Ponsonby, who on that occasion led the opposition, paid a high tribute to the member for Limerick. "All who on that night contended for their country, might learn in the success of that gallant officer and his heroic three hundred at Colooney, that the hope of success lay not in mens' numbers, but their spirit. If determined to do their duty, there was no obstacle could not be overcome. The opposition in their conflict against the arts and influence of government should imitate those brave heroes, and make every division in that house another Colooney."

Throughout the remainder of the eventful struggles on this question, Colonel Vereker was amongst the most active opponents of the measure. His name will be found in every division, and his voice in every debate. The same patriotism which thus honourably opposed the measure while under discussion, obeyed and supported it when the law of the land; and none have since with more determination resisted the mischievous agitation which, under the name of Repeal of the Union, seeks for its own selfish objects universal anarchy and spoliation.

At the general election, which succeeded the union, Colonel Vereker was returned as the representative (now the sole one) of the city of Limerick. In the British parliament he supported the same principles of loyalty and order that he had in his native senate. Under the administration of Mr. Pitt, he filled the office of a Lord of the Treasury; and in the year 1810, received from the favour of his sovereign, a peerage for his uncle, John Prendergast Smyth, with remainder to himself. From the time when first elected a member for the city of Limerick to the death of his uncle, in 1817, a period of twenty-seven years, there had been seven elections, and at every one Colonel Vereker was successful by triumphant majorities. His connection with the parliamentary representation was only terminated by his accession to the title.

In the House of Lords, as he had done in the Commons, Lord Gort has always supported the Conservative party; but without any slavish or indiscriminating adherence to the policy of their leaders. Principles, and not men, have received his vote; and on two remarkable occasions—the Catholic Relief, and the Corporation Bills—he has felt himself bound to dissent from his party. Whether the opponents of the former measure were wise in their views on the subject, time alone can determine. The beneficial effects of any political change are seldom of a nature that at once develops itself, while the alloy of evil inseparably attendant on the alteration of existing social relations, is both immediate and apparent. The Emancipation Bill, undoubtedly, by disuniting the Conservative party, led to the accession of the Whigs to power, and the subsequent infusion into the constitution of an unsafe proportion of the democratic element; but how far its ultimate consequences may counterbalance its immediate, is a problem that only a future generation can solve. In the meanwhile it were unjust to diminish the auguries of good by the expression of any distrusts or fears; and we should remember, that it were contrary alike to the experience of history and the nature of man, to expect the tumult generated by a long course of systematic agitation—such as preceded the passing of this measure—at once to subside into tranquillity. On the contrary, it will be found, that in almost every instance, long after the exciting cause is withdrawn, the waves of the political world continue to retain their old state of disturbance.

In the Corporation question, Lord Gort was, perhaps, more immediately and prominently interested, than any other. After a long series of contests between the Smyth and Perry families for ascendancy in the corporation of Limerick, the former had at length prevailed. The hereditary influence thus derived by Lord Gort was strengthened and increased by his own personal claims. The constituent body, who might have disputed the power of the family, acknowledged the merits of the man, and sought his advice and guidance on every question of difficulty. Thus connected with the Irish corporations, Lord Gort naturally took a most active part in opposing the measure, which has now conferred their power on other and hostile possessors. Our own sentiments upon

the question have been repeatedly expressed, and our readers will remember, we gave our support to the opposition maintained by his lordship and the distinguished minority who continued to resist the bill. With him we could not but think it dangerous to surrender the institutions which had been intended and had so long served as the fortresses of Protestantism, into the hands of its determined foes. An abrupt transference of power must always be attended with not only difficulty but danger ; and we should at least have paused before we selected as its depositaries the avowed enemies of the British name and connection. We believe the faults of the old corporations were exaggerated, and that even to their very restrictions and the hereditary influence of great families within them, were attached advantages, which counterbalanced many an evil. Those, whose predecessors in office had been their own ancestors, and whose successors would probably be their own descendants, were not less likely to seek the permanent and real good of the institution, with which their connection was thus close and continued, than the fleeting and perpetually changing representatives of a popular constituency. For the one the present was linked to the past and future by the ties of kindred and descent : while the views of the other would naturally find their bounds in the commencement and conclusion of their own short tenure of office. We may, too, be pardoned, if we feel some doubts whether the functions of municipal government in promoting social order and peace will be more efficiently discharged by the nominees of that very populace, whom it is their duty to control, than they were by men, whose birth and station gave them at once authority and independence. It is scarcely wise to frame the breakwater of a nature almost as unstable as the element it is to resist.

In connection with this subject we may mention that, to the honour of the Limerick corporation, the Municipal Commissioners, whose aim and office it was to discover faults in the existing bodies, and who certainly applied themselves to the task with scrutinizing vigilance, were constrained to admit the prudence and public spirit with which its revenues had been expended, and the full and impartial administration of justice by its magistrates. Its exclusiveness, and the influence of a family formed the only subject of complaint. But exclusiveness is not in itself an evil, nor popularity a good ; and before we can pronounce on the relative merits of the old and new system, we must wait till time enables us to contrast the respective fruits of each. In this instance the old corporation have at least bequeathed a good example to their successors, and may point with pride to the wise government under whose fostering care their city has grown to its present extent, and the judicious liberality that has adorned it with such monuments of art, as the noble bridge which, at Thomond gate, now spans the waters of their magnificent river.

Our readers will perceive we have confined this sketch entirely to Lord Gort's public life and character. It is in that capacity only that, as it seems to us, we are entitled to make any man during his lifetime the subject of our pen, either for praise or censure. Yet, although we feel this principle to its fullest extent, and regret that it has of late been so often forgotten, we think those acquainted with the subject of our sketch, would not easily forgive the omission of some tribute to the private worth which adorns and adds weight to the public character. We may, without transgressing the principles we have approved, notice the same strict sense of honour we have seen displayed in his political capacity here also apparent—the frank and manly bearing, and that true courtesy of disposition and manner which smooths down the distinctions of social life, not by depressing itself, but by elevating others—qualities whose rare union has rendered him one of the most universally esteemed and popular noblemen in the west of Ireland ; and as he is one of the last, so also one of the best representatives of the old Irish wit, generosity, and good humour.



## THE RECENT NOVELS OF G. F. R. JAMES.\*

MR. JAMES, if not the first novelist of his day, certainly bears a place in some respects higher than those who are accustomed to claim superiority over him. We mean, in so far as the tone and tendency of his writings are concerned. We have taken occasion lately to animadvert in pretty strong terms on some works in this line, which occupy the attention of the romance readers of the present day, and which, whatever their charm may be, have not the power of satisfying the still small voice within us, which asks the constant question—am I the better for what I am reading? We have shown, we think, the public mistake on this subject, and we have pointed out the remedy,—to the author in question himself, at least; as from him we expect it, rather than from the careless class of readers, who swallow whatever is put before them in an agreeable dress. But we have in such volumes as the present, an antidote to the poison, and can present a safe and wholesome aliment to all those who are not contented with the homely fare of truth, but must have the food of fancy too. To such we safely recommend Mr. James, and we promise them he will be found worthy of the trust reposed in him. His pen is prolific enough too, to keep the imagination constantly nourished, and of him more than of any modern writer it may be said, that he has improved his style by the mere dint of constant and abundant practice. For, although so agreeable a novelist, it must not be forgotten that he stands infinitely higher as an historian, and that to him we owe the merit of having pursued a great plan, struck out many years ago, and carried steadily forward contemporaneously with these voluminous fictions, to the present time. We mean that of writing the lives of the more prominent characters of mo-

dern history, in England and other countries, so as to form a sort of biographical library, in which romance and the high deeds of chivalry shall form the inducement to an acquaintance with the civil, political, and religious affairs of interesting eras. Already, we have been presented with the lives of Charlemagne, Edward the Black Prince, Louis XIV., and Richard Cœur de Lion, and we are led to hope for a continuance of the design, which has our hearty good wishes for its success.

The studies necessary to fit him for this greater task, among their minor effects, serve him essentially in his novel-writing, and prove that the severer labours of the intellect are those which best fit a man for the lightest and most sportive tasks. The most fantastic and beautiful coruscations which the skies can exhibit to the eyes of mankind, dart as if in play from the huge volumes that roll out from the crater of the volcano. It was to the eagerness and perseverance with which Scott pored over the mass of antique records to which he had access, that we owe the apparently unlaboured productions of his genius. The recreation of an enlarged intellect is ever more valuable than the highest efforts of a confined one. Hence we find in the works before us, lightly as they have been thrown off, the traces of study—the footsteps of a powerful and vigorous understanding. We say *lightly*, for it is impossible to conceive there can be much effort in the production of two novels, of three volumes each, in less than twelve months, during which an important historical work had also been, a considerable portion of it at least, given to the public! Milton's vein flowed only from the autumnal to the vernal equinox. Thompson seldom composed except in autumn, and dur-

\* *Corse de Leon*; or, the Brigand. A Romance. London. 1841.

*The Ancient Régime*. A Tale. London. 1841.

*The Jacquerie*; or, the Lady and the Page. An Historical Romance. London. 1841.

ing the night-season—so says Kirke White. Young composed at night solely. James is at work night and day, spring and autumn, winter and summer: his fountain is perennial. But far be it from us to find fault with this rapidity; for it is creditable alike to his genius and diligence; and although, as compared with his earlier productions, those he now gives us may want in strength what they have gained in elegance and accuracy; yet if his works are popular enough to insure a sale at such rapidly recurring periods, it is a proof that their intrinsic and separate value is not diminished by the hastiness of their construction; and the merit of the piece being the same, it will be allowed that the merit of the author stands higher, as doing that without effort, which it costs others the severest to accomplish.

This fecundity, however, while it excites our admiration, defies our rivalry; and we must be content, as reviewers, to seize up a bundle of the fruits as he throws them to earth, and examine them as we find them, ere he shall have once more encumbered the path before us.

We find in our hands three romances, of which we deem the *second* in order worth more particular attention than either of the others, for reasons which we shall state as we proceed.

Corse de Leon is an attempt to place before us in a *rational* manner the points in which a bandit may touch on the confines of heroism and virtue; as Schiller had before endeavoured in vain, by German extravagance, to enlist our sympathies on his side. There have been many attempts to interest us with highwaymen and pirates. But whether it be Paul Clifford or Paul Jones, we have been hitherto unaffected. We are now, however, asked to reverence Corse de Leon, a brigand: and we must admit, we find much to be said for him. The time chosen is one in which, in France more especially, in which country the scene is laid, that fearful maxim of state was acted upon to its extreme degree—*que veut le roi, veut la loi*; and while a favourite might obtain for his or her own private objects a decree affecting for evil the fortunes of the whole nation; it was equally easy

to extort from a sovereign, in himself humane and generous, the warrant for the most horrible and revolting of all cruelties, the burning of those whom the church might think proper to denounce as heretics, at the stake. In such a state of things, if in any, the man who has outlawed himself may be excused; for in despotism that fails which is considered to be a part of the original contract by which society is bound together, and under which the individual is supposed at least, voluntarily to surrender his liberty into the hands of the magistrate, for his own or the public good. Such a voluntary surrender implies a resumption under certain circumstances—a resumption where there is no reciprocal advantage. But in despotism such a state has arrived;—for where both legislation and execution are entirely beyond the reach of the individual, and where both have become corrupt, there is no benefit—he takes nothing—*capulat tantum*—he is a mere slave. Such we may suppose at least, to have been Corse de Leon's argument, for although he had sustained injury so gross as to have driven any man to vengeance, and subsequently "upon the road," yet his character was one that seemed to seek for reasons for every thing—to reflect, moralize, sentimentalize; sometimes a little perhaps in the style of Joseph Surface, "the man who" —; but generally with plausibility enough.

The period is that of the reign of Henry II. of France, a prince who was contemporaneous with Elizabeth of England, and in whose time the province of Savoy was in a state of divided allegiance between France and the Emperor. It is on this ground that the scene is laid; and the uncertainty of border rights gives scope for the wildest play of romance, in the dispositions of the inhabitants, and the events rendered probable in such times. Here Corse de Leon safely roves the hills: here the heroine, Isabel de Brienne, is held in durance by a hard stepfather: here knights and cavaliers pick forth, at the head of their "power," to liberate or carry away the fair afflicted one: here fat friars leave their meals to partake of nocturnal *mélées*. here, most incredible of all, innkeepers are honest. We are re-

moved, however, in the course of the work, to the capital; and at the court of Henry are admitted to a glance of the fair and famous Diane de Poitiers—the still more fair and still more famous Mary of Scotland—and many of those who, then but ordinary actors on the scene, have since become interesting and historic. Amongst these Mr. James enters, pen in hand, and sketches them lightly, elegantly, and, we believe we may say, faithfully; for he appears a thorough French historian. It is not our design to attempt an analysis, however brief, of the plot. Indeed, our author's designs are generally too complicated and interwoven to admit of satisfactory condensation. Let it suffice to give a short specimen of his manner in description and in thought. Of the latter the following may be considered a pleasing sample:—

“In contemplating sacrifices that we propose to make for the attainment of any great object, imagination is ever a kind friend to self-devotion, painting the consequences of our acts all bright, and concealing all the darker points of the future in a blaze of light. We see not, we calculate not, upon a multitude of minor miseries; neither do we take into consideration the remoter evils; it is the greater and the nearer pains and perils that we look to; and we find strength in the determination of our own hearts to vanquish these. But at the same time we do not remember that the strong cause, the motive which gave such vigorous impulse to all our actions, as to carry us through the first and more prominent obstacles, gradually loses its own power and activity, till at length the very memory of our first sensations dies away, and we are left to endure all the remote consequences, without the sustaining power that bore us forward at first. The cannon-ball that tore its way through strong walls without a perceptible diminution of its speed, in the end of its course creeps slowly along the ground, and at length a child's hand may stop it as a plaything. Thus, in general, are the strong resolutions of encountering all evils for the attainment of one great purpose. They carry us forward impetuously through the first obstacles, but fail of themselves at length, and are overcome by petty impediments.”

The scene in the judgment-hall, in which the accused Baron de Rohan's

servant, Pierre Millort, is questioned, shall be our next selection.

“The presiding judge announced, in a clear distinct tone, that all persons but the prisoner and the last witness were to leave the court.

“The ushers retired from the doors; all the clerks but one withdrew, leaving Bernard de Rohan still on the *sellette*, with Pierre Millort standing before the judges. One or two of the magistrates themselves looked down with pale countenances upon the papers before them, and a sensation of awe took possession of Bernard de Rohan, from a vague, but indistinct notion of what was about to take place.

“At length, when the doors were shut, the president rang a small silver bell, which stood beside him, and another pair of doors, which hitherto had not been opened, were thrown back. Bernard de Rohan, as he sat, could not see into that chamber; but Pierre Millort, who stood in the witness's place, did see, and was instantly seized with an aguish shaking from head to foot.

“‘I do beseech you, sir,’ said Bernard de Rohan, ‘if it be possible, spare the unhappy man, and let the whole weight of his testimony go against myself.’

“‘It is impossible, sir,’ replied the judge. ‘We must not reject the means assigned to us for the purpose of arriving at substantial justice. Take him away!’ he continued, addressing two men who had entered from the chamber of the torture, and who instantly seized upon the unhappy servant, and drew him towards the open doors, notwithstanding prayers, and tears, and struggles. ‘I was going to say,’ continued the president, speaking to the prisoner, ‘that if you so please, as you may be inculpated by his confession, you may enter the chamber of the question, and hear the words he uses.’

“Bernard de Rohan shook his head. Almost as he did so, a small, dark-looking man entered the hall, and spoke a few words to the president in a low voice. The judge replied emphatically, ‘*Fortes et dures!*’

“Another few low-spoken words were addressed to him by the messengers from the chamber of the torture, and his reply was, ‘*jusqu'à la mort!*—even unto death, should it be necessary; but you have the surgeon there!’

“The man nodded his head and retired. Then came an interval, not exactly of silence, but of low sobbings and of stifled entreaties, and of sounds of wailing, as of a person in deep grief and fear.

"The young gentleman sat listening in horror and indignation of heart, till at length, in about five minutes more, there issued forth a shrill and piercing cry of anguish from the chamber of the torture, and made the whole hall ring, and even blanched the lips of the judges that sat at the table. Then came another, and another, and another cry; and a loud voice was heard to say—'You are carrying it too far; relax the wheel a little!'

"'I will confess, I will confess!' cried the voice of the unhappy Pierre within. 'I will confess all!—I do believe he murdered him—I know he did—I was sure of it at the time! It was that made me speak falsely. He was my master, my born master—Oh God! Oh God! set me free! set me free!'

"'But were you the accomplice of his crime?' cried another voice from within. 'Did you know he was going to do the deed?'

"'Oh no, no!' exclaimed the unhappy man. 'I knew nothing. I knew nothing! It was all—' Another fearful shriek interrupted what he was saying, as the rack seemed to have been more extended by the executioner, and then suddenly came a dead silence.

"'Set him free! set him free!' cried several voices. 'He is gone.'

"'He has only fainted,' said the voice that had asked the questions.

"'He is dead!' said another voice, probably that of the surgeon. 'I told you you were turning the wheel too far.'

The *Jacquerie*, although the last published of Mr. James's novels, comes next under our notice, and our notice of it shall be brief; because, although the character of the time is admirably kept up, and the interest sustained with power throughout, it does not, as a literary production, take the same high ground as that which we reserve to the last. Its character is that of action rather than passion—its object the deeds of chivalry rather than the human heart. The time chosen, indeed, is favourable for the display of descriptive power, being that in which chivalry made its most exalted efforts, previous to its decline. The "*Jacquerie*" were a band of peasants, who, after the disastrous battle of Poitiers, driven to desperation by famine and oppression, and taking advantage of the captivity of their king and dispersion of their nobles, leagued together for the perpetration of every enormity, under the guidance of a serf like them-

selves, and were for some time completely successful, ravaging the fair lands of France, and committing atrocities as horrible and revolting, perhaps, as those which marked the steps of the revolution of the last century. It is impossible for us not to perceive an analogy in its causes, its circumstances, and its effects, between this insurrection and the troubles which have desolated and disgraced our own unhappy country. The author has not even hinted at such an analogy. We, therefore, deem it the more striking that it should be so manifest. Many of the sentiments of the insurgent leaders have been actually uttered, *totidem verbis*, by the earlier and more disinterested heads of rebellion here.

The end of the insurrection of the *Jacquerie* it is, however, which forms the catastrophe of Mr. James's story, and as the resemblance here ceases, so it is without a parallel, perhaps, in the annals of history for its romance and interest, and would be incredible were it not for the concurrent testimony of the historians of the time. Foremost it is who gives the particulars, and it is a fact which we are not at liberty to question, that a band of less than thirty men, amongst whom were the renowned *Capitai de Buch*, and the *Comte de Foix*, attacked, in open day, a body of twenty thousand armed men, utterly routed them, and killed, according to the lowest account, six thousand of them!

The knights had the strongest motive, indeed, for action—they were the defenders of the highest causes of France, who looked on from the battlements of the castle of *Mouze*, while this handful of heroes charged out and crossed the bridge.

"'Let our trumpets sound to the charge,' cried the *Capitai de Buch*—'open the doors, and on them!'

"The gates of the market place were suddenly thrown back, and through the archway might be seen the line of the bridge over the *Marne*, as beyond it a sea of force and furious faces turned up towards the wall from the large open space on the other side of the river. A great part of the men were but rudely armed with pikes, or bows, or *recyttes*; but amongst them too, were men covered from head to foot with armour; and banners and standards were likewise displayed in their ranks; whilst in the midst the *trumpets* sounded—

seen in the act of heaving another immense stone into the air.

"'Halt!' cried the Captal, 'halt till it has fallen! Now on them!—charge! Grielly, to the rescue! St. George for merry England!'

"'Foix! Foix! St. Michael and St. George! St. Michael and St. George!' cried the Count of Foix; and dashing their spurs into their horses' flanks, they galloped through the archway, the proud beasts that bore them, full of food and rest, plunging fiercely, as if to escape from the rein."

Such were the deeds of chivalry—such the state of the class of servitude—such the consequences of the system of villanage, when once a ray of light broke in upon the lower orders of the people, and raised them from mere barbarism. Mr. James, however, mistakes, when he asserts that England was wholly exempt from that system in the reign of Edward III. Traces of it were to be found surviving the Reformation; and it may be conjectured that until the extensive reform of Charles, vestiges of slavery probably lurked here and there throughout the kingdom. We are pleased, as we said before, with the mode in which James weaves the web of real history with the web of fiction; we mean, his care not to allow us to confound the two in our minds; and we have remarked, that in those passages which may be called historic, the style and tone become elevated; the stream swells as from a remote and higher source; and we feel that we may rest confidently on the narrative which emanates from the well-read and competent historian.

The Ancient Régime is a tale of a different stamp; one in which private life and private feelings are the theme, and we shall accordingly give, in as short a compass as possible, some idea of the story.

The period is that in which Louis XV. was generating in his tyrannical and despotic government, those principles of fierce independence, which had their issue after he was in the grave, in the murder of his posterity and all the horrors of the revolution. The author tells us, and tells us truly, that he could have found no name in our own language fit to express what he meant by that state of things—so he has borrowed the word from the country

in which it existed—the Ancient "*Régime*."

Annette, the heroine of the tale, is discovered, an infant, in the garret of a Parisian filigree-worker, named Pierre Morin, who is scarcely able, by his most strenuous exertions, to procure the child and his wife a bare subsistence. The latter is accosted in the shop of the miser Fiteau, a silversmith, for whom Morin was at the time employed by an ecclesiastic, the Abbé de Castelneau, and presented with a small gratuity, which, however seasonable as a supply, it goes hard with the independent artisan to avail himself of. However, necessity at last overcomes his scruples, and he has just for the first time swallowed the bread of charity, when the abbé himself enters the room. His errand is as strange as his bearing is high and inscrutable—no less than to beg that the infant, of whom he had heard the woman speak, may be given up to him, to adopt and bring up as his own, in comparative ease, but separate from her reputed parents. The request, after some days' deliberation, is acceded to, and the little Annette transferred to the apartments of the abbé, and placed under the care of a prudent nurse.

A scene then ensues, of well-wrought interest. Fiteau, the rich silversmith, is murdered in his shop at nightfall by two needy gentlemen, while Morin happens to be at work inside, and to the ability the artisan exhibits before the lieutenant of police, in exonerating himself from the charge of a participation of the crime, and in fixing it on the gallants, is owing his own reception into that executive body, then in its most perfect state of organization, under the intriguing reign of Louis XV. The murderers are executed on the wheel, while a third individual, who had been seen both by Morin and Fiteau's boy, Pierre Jean, hovering near, escapes for the time.

Eighteen years now pass over *sous silence*. In that time changes had taken place in the state, and in the affairs of the personages of the story. The abbé, who had immediately retired with his charge to a remote and romantic district of Southern France, had by the death of his uncle, (whose son, a noble youth, had been killed in



battle,) succeeded to the estates and honours, and was now the Count de Castelneau, the inhabitant of a princely chateau, and possessed of wealth and influence equal to the first noble of the land. As for Annette de St. Morin herself, she had grown up amongst these sylvan scenes, and her character was tinged, of course, with the hues of her situation, both in its solitude and its romance.

"The course of education to which the abbé subjected her was very strange, when his circumstances and situation are considered. It was not the education which one would have expected from a man, a dissipated man, a Frenchman, or a Roman Catholic. In the first place, it was perfectly feminine: there were none of those harsh studies in it with which men, when intrusted with the education of women, so often unsex them. From the earliest age, he taught her the love of truth and sincerity; he implanted in her mind that every thing was to be sacrificed to that; he made it, in short, the first principle of her education. But he taught her, too, to be gentle, and docile, and thoughtful for others. He taught her to avoid all that might give pain; but what may seem stranger than all, is, that he taught her these things all from one source—the book of our salvation.

"Conducted in this manner, we may easily conceive what was the effect of education upon a mind naturally full of high qualities, and endowed with very great abilities of all kinds. But there was one particular circumstance which affected, in a marked and peculiar manner, the character of Annette de St. Morin. This was the state of comparative seclusion in which she lived.

"Every one who has visited that part of France must know that the vicinity of Castelneau is very beautiful, and the very fact of its loveliness had a considerable effect upon her mind.—There can be no doubt, that upon the impressions which we receive in youth, through any of the senses, depend, in a great degree, the tastes, if not the feelings, which form our happiness or unhappiness in after years. Those impressions sink more deeply into our hearts than any others we ever receive. They are, as it were, the mould from which the clay takes its form while it is yet soft and unhardened by the fire of the world; and thus it was that Annette de St. Morin derived from the scenes in which she was accustomed to

move peculiar habits of feeling which affected the whole course of her thoughts. Those thoughts were, if one may so term it picturesque. She loved all that was beautiful, and great, and good; but there was a kind of enthusiastic eagerness in all she did, which was certainly derived from the grandeur and wildness of the scenery which surrounded her in her early years.

"These things grew upon her in her sixteenth, seventeenth, and her eighteenth year; but a time was rapidly coming when visions were to give place to realities, and her heart was taught to speak instead of her imagination."

There were two neighbouring chateaus—one belonging to the Marquis de Cajare, the other to the Baron de Nogent. These noblemen had each an only son. The young Baron de Cajare soon became a suitor to the hand of Annette, the adopted heiress of the rich possessions of Castelneau. He was dubiously received, and notwithstanding a pretty reasonable share of self-complacency, he could not boast himself much on his success with either guardian or ward. The fact was, his character was too strongly infected with the times he lived in, to be congenial either to the views of the one, with respect to his protégé, or to the peculiar tastes and inclinations of the other. But it was on the occasion of this first serious opening of the prospect of what Annette must eventually look for in life, that a great truth came out—came out to himself more especially—which had long been lying deep and undefined in the dark bosom of the Count of Castelneau; and there was recognised the existence of a feeling which gained form and strength within him even by its seclusion from his own observation, and fed, as it were, upon the web that obscured it. It is easier for the reader to guess at this than it was for him to do so. We know too well what the heart of man is; and what happened in his case is not without precedent either in real life, or in fiction.

"One day, when he had been thus thinking for many an hour, as he rode through some of the most beautiful parts of the neighbouring country, without taking any note of time, or



stone, or rock, or river, he returned at a quicker pace to the chateau of Castelneau, and found the Baron de Cajare sitting with Annette alone.

"There was a slight flush on Mademoiselle de St. Morin's cheek, and the young officer was looking upon the floor, somewhat pale; but the count, though he paused a moment as he entered, and looked from the one to the other, made no observation; and seated himself near the window, bearing such an aspect that conversation was renewed with difficulty, and each subject was dropped again as soon as it was started. At length the baron rose, and taking his leave, mounted his horse in the courtyard, and rode away from the chateau. The count watched him from the window with a knitted brow and thoughtful eye, and then turning to Mademoiselle de St. Morin, he said,—'Annette, my dear child——'

"But almost as he spoke he turned deadly pale, put his hand to his heart and then to his head—grasped ineffectually at the arm of a chair that stood near, and fell forward fainting upon the ground. Servants were speedily called: physicians were procured from Figeac and Cahors; but before they arrived, the count, having been stretched on a sofa, had recovered his recollection, and declared himself quite well. It proved, however, that he was not so; and he soon found that such was the case when he attempted to rise.

"When the physicians came, they declared that he was not only seriously ill, but in much danger. It matters not what was the barbarous name that they gave to his complaint, their judgment was correct; and for nearly six weeks he was not permitted to quit the house, or to take any exercise but in moving slowly from his bedroom to the saloon.

"The days passed on, as they will pass in sickness or in health, flying like the shadow of a cloud, and leaving nothing behind. Some gradual improvement took place in the health of the count; and one day, after what seemed an effort to command himself, he asked whether any one had lately called at the chateau. Annette replied that there had been no one.

"Not the family of Cajare?' he said.

"Not for ten days,' replied Annette calmly.

"Not the baron?' asked the count more eagerly.

"Oh no!' replied Annette, with a bright and happy smile. 'Thank heaven, he has been gone to his regiment this fortnight.'

"What mean you, my dear child?"

said the count, almost rising from the sofa. 'You seem happy that he is gone.'

"I am well pleased,' she said, 'though not exactly happy; for it matters little to me whether he went or staid, in truth; but still it is pleasanter he should be away.'

"What has he done to offend you, Annette?' demanded the count, gazing inquiringly on her face. 'He must have done something to make you angry, by the way you speak.'

"Oh no, my dear father,' replied Annette—for by that endearing name she always called him—he did nothing to make me angry; but he spoke, the last time I saw him, of the joy I would have, some day, in quitting this dull old chateau, and leaving the tiresome society to which I have been so long confined, for all the pomp, and wit, and brightness of the capital.'

"The count gazed upon her face for two or three minutes without making any reply, but there was a well-pleased smile upon his countenance which spoke satisfaction and relief.

"He knew you not, my Annette,' he replied at length, 'he knew you not;' and without other comment he sunk back upon the cushions of the sofa. But his health improved more rapidly from that day forward."

During the count's recovery Annette, as she walked through the neighbouring woods, was attacked by a wolf, which had just sprung at her throat, and was about to renew the attack, when a shot laid the ferocious beast in the dust at her feet. This was from the carbine of Ernest de Nogent, son of the old baron of the same name. An introduction of this kind, even in real life, usually begets a flirtation,—in a romance, love is the invariable consequence. They loved: but the Baron de Cajare was not to be cashiered so easily. It seems, Ernest unfortunately held a commission in the regiment he commanded, and having been unreasonably refused leave of absence by the baron, on the occasion of the severe illness of his father, the young officer had rather imprudently quitted his post near Paris, and was now at his father's house, contrary of course to every rule of military discipline. His visit was prolonged by his increasing attachment to Annette, who at last found herself one day in the hall of his father, listening to protestations the

purport of which even she, inexperienced as she was in such matters, could not mistake. Just as she was about to speak the magic word that would have made all further doubt superfluous, a body of horse rode under the windows where they were, and the next moment the Baron de Cajare had arrested Ernest for breach of military duty. He called hastily from the window for his guards to come up, and was reiterating his commands, when he in his turn was tapped on the shoulder, and the grave sable-clad form of Pierre Morin, the superintendent of police, stood at his elbow, holding out a parchment, and uttering those words of fearful import—*De Par le Roi*. The baron faltered, turned pale, and asked what all this meant—but it was no use,—he was hurried into a carriage which was in waiting, before the party in the saloon had time to recover their surprise, and was the next moment on his way to the Bastille, while the inquiring rustics who had assembled, were soon silenced by the well-known explanation—*enlèvement de police*.

It may well be imagined that Annette found much matter for musing as she took her way home through the woods that day. But her trials were yet to come. On her return to the Chateau de Castelneau, she found that the count had just received an order from the king to repair to Paris without a moment's delay; and something in the breasts of both pointed at the Baron de Cajare as the author, or at least instigator, of this arbitrary proceeding.

The Count of Castelneau accordingly took his departure for Paris, in obedience to the royal mandate, leaving Annette, who had met with an accident that very evening sufficiently serious to incapacitate her from exertion, alone at the chateau, to bear as she might the first absence from her protector she had ever been fated to experience.

Arrived at the metropolis, the count is conducted to the country house of the prime minister, the Duc de Choiseul, with whom he has an interview which tends to confirm his suspicions relative to the author of his summons, and, at the same time, to relieve his mind from any extraordinary apprehensions regarding its result. In the company of Madame de Choiseul he meets a

sprightly and interesting gallant, her nephew, who seems the exact self equally of her and of the minister. He discovers that this is no other than Ernest de Nogent, the son of his neighbour, and learns with still greater astonishment that he is the person who saved his adopted daughter from the attack of the wolf. The interest the young man evinces in the welfare of the young lady, the hurried and anxious questions he puts relative to her late accident, and the knowledge he seems to have of her character and feelings, while they surprise the whole party, suggest to the count the startling questions:—does this young man love Annette? Does Annette—Oh, does Annette love him?

The youth had become absent and thoughtful.

"What the Count de Castelneau had observed, had cast him, in turn, into a reverie; and, notwithstanding all his natural command over himself, he could not resist the strong impression upon him, but remained till dinner was announced, somewhat silent and gloomy, occupied by one of those internal struggles which absorb all the energies of the mind, and leave the material organs to act merely as parts of a machine, moved by the great spring of habit.

"By the time, however, that the meal was served, and he had sat down to table, he had again conquered; he had successfully repelled the assault of the evil spirit upon his heart, and driven him back, though the defences of the place might be injured by the siege that it had undergone. In such a warfare, men would do well to remember that the enemy is one who never altogether raises that siege, but proceeds day after day, while the fortress crumbles down before him, unless some glorious and mighty help is sought and obtained to succour the distressed garrison."

Ernest and the Count de Castelneau were both to attend the private audience of Louis XV., by the direction of the Duc de Choiseul: the first to make an apology for his disobedience of orders—a matter arranged by the duke so as to be merely a ceremony; the latter in order to show in person that he had lost no time in complying with the king's commands.

In the royal cabinet, however, a more fearful danger sprung up for the absent Annette. The queen of her

beauty excited the curiosity of the profligate monarch, and he now, while he affected to deal justice between the Count de Castelneau and the Baron de Cajare, arranged matters so that the former was ordered to remain three months in Paris, and present himself from time to time at court; while, at the same time, he recommended him to send for his daughter to Paris, and bring her with him to court.

"The count and Ernest de Nogent retired without reply: but the moment they had passed through the antechambers and entered the general reception rooms, the young officer turned eagerly to the count, demanding, in a low voice, but with an air of terrible anxiety and apprehension, 'What do you intend to do?'

"'To obey the king's commands,' replied the count calmly, 'but not to take his advice.'"

It may well be imagined that Annette, thus brought, as it were, into unconscious notoriety at court, would not be permitted much longer to enjoy the sweets of unmolested seclusion, and accordingly the very next chapter prepares us for her transmission to Paris. This, however, has been brought about by means of a forged document, purporting to be a letter from her guardian, requiring her immediate presence in the capital. But who the author of the deception may be we are not enabled to discover, further than that, as the lady and her retinue approach nearer the confines of the metropolis, it becomes manifest that she is in the hands of the police, and she is at last lodged within the walls of the small chateau of Michy, situate on an unfrequented road between Longueville and Malesherbes. Many things but too clearly betoken a royal *enlèvement*, and this is rendered more certain shortly after by the only other party who might have acted in a similar way, the Baron de Cajare, himself entering the chateau at the head of an armed party, seeking to carry the maiden off by force. But it seems as if Morin, the ubiquitous *surintendant* of police, was ever to thwart his most favourite schemes. He is at his elbow again, and just as he is on the point of running his sword through Ernest, who has learned the captivity of his Annette,

and is present with a small retinue for her defence, lays his hand once more upon his shoulder, uttering the words—"*de par le Roi!*" He is dismissed to the dungeon of the Châtelet with but little ceremony, and Ernest and Morin enter the house with the intention of delivering the fair captive; but their astonishment may be conceived when they find that she is gone already. The house is empty—no trace of the fugitive is to be discovered; and Morin himself, in spite of his almost miraculous knowledge of every passing event, from the palace to the cottage, finds himself at fault at last.

As Morin had been commissioned by the king to transport the lovely prisoner to Versailles, so it was to royalty alone he was to report his failure; and all parties are accordingly found shortly after in the private cabinet of Louis XV., to explain and account for the circumstance that had happened. The real truth was that the king himself was pretty well known to have connived at the original *enlèvement* of Annette, and it was by the nicest management alone that those really interested in her welfare were enabled to conceal their knowledge, and shame, as it were, the hoary debauchee into a fair examination of the matter, by affecting to deem it impossible that he could do otherwise. These artifices succeeded so far that the king was brought to sign a *lettre de cachet* for the committal of the Baron de Cajare, on the grounds that he was cognizant of Annette's late escape, and aware of her present hiding-place; and to give injunctions that she should be sought out and lodged in a place of safety.

A low roturier, named Pierre Jean, has had much to do in aiding the schemes of the Baron de Cajare, and is more than any one else hated and feared by Annette—more than once she has detected his sinister influence about her, and a certain insolence in his manners, independently of his actions, have inspired her with supreme disgust. It appears that this adventurer is well known to the police, and that Morin has his eye on him continually. He is aware that he has been concerned in the latter proceedings relative to Annette; and when in obedience to the royal order, he is about to liberate him from the Châtelet,

he takes occasion to tell him that for these, as well as for some other graver charges, which are duly recorded against him, he will by-and-by find it necessary to hang him. To this the brazen-faced roturier coolly replies, that he would never surely have a hand in hanging one of the oldest friends and acquaintances he had in the world.

" 'Friends and acquaintances!' said Pierre Morin, gazing at the man steadfastly; 'what do you mean, sir?—take care what you say.'

" 'Ay, ay,' replied Pierre Jean; 'twenty years does make a difference, and fortune changes favours; but I knew you well enough when I was shop-boy to old Fiteau the goldsmith. Ay, and I could tell you something more about that business if I liked—something that might astonish you to hear.'

" 'Well then,' said Monsieur Morin, 'be so good as to tell me now what it was you said would surprise me?'

" 'I don't think now,' replied Pierre Jean, 'that any thing would surprise you; but what I meant was that on that night when Fiteau was murdered, I saw three men instead of two coming down the street. Two of them were those who were broke on the wheel; but there was a third, who is still living, for I saw him not many days ago.'

" Pierre Morin showed no sign of astonishment. 'Did you speak to him?' he demanded.

" 'Oh! not I,' answered Pierre Jean; 'he is a great man now-a-days, and was going into the court when I saw him.'

Here we are left to conjecture, and a startling idea begins to dawn upon us;—but our interest is once more hurried away to Annette, who has been rescued by a lady that has appeared once or twice at intervals on the stage of the story, evincing an extraordinary and overwhelming interest in all that concerns her, and at the same time displaying a power and a promptitude not to be accounted for by ordinary circumstances. Their journey lay by the route to Chartres, and for some time proceeded prosperously; but in a lonely wood an accident happens to the carriage about nightfall. They are beset by robbers, and would probably have fallen victims to the sanguinary assassins, but that her guardian angel, Ernest de Nogent, who has been following on

her steps, rushes up, and after a desperate struggle, in which he is wounded, succeeds in rescuing her from her perilous situation. Just then, too, the royal hunting party comes up, and the king catches a glimpse of the fair Annette for the first time. He directs her to return with him instantly to Versailles, and she is forced, though still under the protection of the lady who has been her companion hitherto, to follow in the royal cortège.

Arrived at Versailles, she is introduced into the state saloon, and, fatigued by her journey, disgusted with the aspect of the monarch, and paralyzed by terror, there presents but an insufficient realization of the ideal attached to her name. The king is decidedly disappointed, and begins to feel that he has given himself a vast deal too much trouble about her. Mademoiselle du Lange, afterwards the famous Madame du Barré, had just made her debut at court, and in her he found attractions of a more tangible and less difficult kind. In short, Annette has had that sort of success which was perhaps never but in her instance sought for at a royal court, and been lucky enough to disappoint the expectations founded on her personal attractions.

There remained, therefore, apparently but few obstacles in the way of a happy return of the family of Castelneau to peace and seclusion. Ernest declared himself, at the feet of Annette, her devoted lover, and she flew, though not without a beating heart, to announce it to her guardian.

" When she entered, the pale countenance of the count, though with a shadowless colour than ordinary, seemed full of high and calm determination. His eyes were raised towards the sky, and his lips close shut; but he heard Annette's step the moment that she entered, rose, advanced slowly towards her, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

" 'Be calm, my dear Annette,' he said, feeling how she trembled. 'do not agitate yourself. I can comprehend all, and understand all, without your speaking.'

" Annette burst into tears, and the count, turning to the surgeon, continued, 'Leave us, my good friend. I am calm, I can assure you. It is a struggle that agitates as long as it lasts,

and not when the victory is won—and it is won! You can remain in the next room, if you are apprehensive: my dear child will call, should it be needful.'

"The surgeon withdrew with an anxious look towards Annette; and the count then led her to a chair, and seated himself beside her. 'You need tell me nothing, my Annette,' he said, after a momentary pause, 'for I read it all in your countenance. You have heard the words of love, you have heard them for the first time, perhaps, and you have been much agitated. That agitation has left its traces behind, but they are happy emotions; for the tears of grief and of joy are as different, even to the sight, as the dew of the summer morning and the heavy drops of the thunder storm. You have been happy, my Annette, and so far I am happy too; but I fear lest that happiness may have its alloy. I fear that it may be followed by pain and disappointment.'

"'Oh! why, why, why?' cried Annette. 'You surely cannot doubt that Ernest is —'

"'All this is good, and generous, and noble,' replied the count. 'I know he is so, my sweet child; but yet, dear Annette, this world in which we live is not the holiday place that young hearts think it. It is a sorrowful school where sad lessons are taught every hour, and I fear you have much to learn. I have just studied perfectly a painful task, and am going to tell you what it is, Annette: for it is a part of my duty both to punish myself for the past, and to guard myself against the future. With you, my dear child, I have striven to deal without selfishness; but, alas! that sin is as subtle and general as it is base; and even when we think that it is most surely conquered, it finds its way in through some unguarded portal, and takes possession of the whole heart. I have brought you up from infancy, loving you for yourself. In your education, I can fairly say, I dealt generously with you, for I denied you many indulgences which would have indulged myself to grant; and I studied my own faults, as well as those of others, in order to preserve your character free from errors; but while all this was going on, Annette, I learned to be selfish in another way —'

"'Oh! do not say it, do not say it,' cried Annette: 'you have never been so with me'

"'Yes, I have,' continued the count: 'selfishness, I say, took another form—I learnt to love you for myself as well as for yourself—you became indispensable to my happiness, to my peace, to my tranquillity. It became necessary to me that the love which you had learnt

to feel towards me should be undivided and entire. The very thought of your leaving me and uniting your fate with another, was to me as death; and though I struggled much to overcome it, such was the rebellion in my heart, that the effort has twice nearly cost me my life.'

"Annette covered her eyes with her hand and wept.

"'Nay, dear child,' continued the count, 'weep not. Have you not heard me say that the struggle is over, and that I have triumphed? It is so, my Annette, and I am only telling you now what has been, not what is. That you should stay with me, my dear child—ever stay with me—that you should never quit me to become the light of another home, to bring sunshine to another roof, was not, indeed, an expectation, but it was a longing, ardent, eager, selfish wish, to repress which, to trample which down, and to supply its place with better things, has been now the effort of many months. I might never have conquered it, Annette, had I not lately felt and seen that, for your happiness, it must be overcome.'

"'But why need I leave you?' exclaimed Annette. 'Why may I not be always with you? Why may not Ernest, by his presence, add to your happiness, rather than take from it? Why may he not love you as well as I do, and you love him, both for his own sake and because he loves me?'

"The count shook his head. 'I trust it may be so, dear Annette,' he replied; 'because I hope, nay—from the calm manner from which I can contemplate all—because I am sure, that I have conquered at last this selfishness of which I spoke. But if, a month ago, Annette, you had asked me that question, why I could not love him both for his own qualities and because he loves you, my answer must have been, *because you love him*. I have triumphed, however, Annette, and I have completed the conquest this very day. From the moment you told me that he had again had an opportunity of saving your life, I saw that it was destined you should love him, and then began the struggle—but I must not think of those hours. Each day since, when the Duke of Choiseul has sent to tell you of his health, it has been to me as a warning. This morning, when I set out for Paris, I felt an impression that all must be accomplished now and at once; and, as I went, I made the last effort, and cast the viper from my heart. Henceforth, dear child, I live no more for myself—I live for you—in your happiness shall be my joy, and that which blesses you shall bless me also.'



"Annette cast her arms around him, and wept upon his bosom. The count suffered her to do so for a moment, but gently removed her, saying, 'Now nerve your heart, my dear Annette! I have spoken to you of myself, and my own feelings; I am going to speak to you of yourself, and your situation.'"

He then informs her, that there is a cloud over her birth, and that the note in his hand is from the Duc de Choiseul, making inquiries concerning it. Here is a blow to her hopes, almost before they are formed in her mind. But there are worse things in store for both. Cajare, in an interview with Pierre, for the purpose of concerting measures for the ruin of the count and his ward, learns from him the whole particulars of that dread secret he had mentioned already to Pierre Morin. It was no less than this, that the *Count of Castelnau* was the man who waited outside when Fiteau was murdered!

Cajare gulps at this with all the greediness of ungratified vengeance and reckless passion, and is soon found confronting the count face to face, and demanding the hand of his ward, under the penalty of immediate exposure.

The unfortunate man, influenced by the sudden and fearful nature of the villain's communication, at last consents to leave the matter to Annette herself, and to allow Cajare to inform her, that by marrying him she would save her guardian's life. This is what he aimed at; and in the interview that ensued he contrives to make the wretched young woman aware of it by degrees, without overcoming her by a sudden discovery. She flies, winged with terror, to her guardian, for confirmation of the dreadful assertion, and reads it in a moment in his face. It is but too true,—and now, what is to be done?

The struggle between the count and his ward is affecting in the extreme—he urging her to repudiate the villain Cajare; she as vehemently protesting her determination to accept him for the short space of life that her miseries will leave her, in order to save her benefactor's life. At last the presence of Cajare puts an end to the struggle. The count seizes Annette in his arms, defies him to the

worst, and orders him to quit his presence for ever.

The day is not over before he informs Ernest of all that has passed, giving him, at the same time, a solemn but calm assurance of his innocence. The generous youth hurries to the bureau of Morin, more in the hope than the expectation that measures may be devised to defeat Cajare, and save, if possible, the unfortunate Castelnau and his *protégée*. But Morin, it seems, has known more of these things than even the parties most interested, and is actually engaged at the moment in frustrating the plot against the count. He loses no time in arresting Pierre Jean, and has Cajare also seized, as he is in the act of using false dice at a saloon in Paris. Both undergo a solemn examination before the lieutenant of police, in the presence of Ernest and the count; and by the testimony of Pierre Morin, not only does it appear that there was no just ground for suspecting Castelnau of having been an accomplice in the murder of Fiteau; but, moreover, that a plot has been laid between Cajare and Pierre Jean, the object of which is explained by Morin himself.

"By this curious agreement, monsieur, you will perceive, that the Baron de Cajare agrees to pay to Pierre Jean the sum of five thousand louis, either if the Count de Castelnau be condemned for the murder of Gualtier Fiteau, or if he, the Baron de Cajare, marries Mademoiselle Annette de St. Morin. Moreover, the baron is to give the sum of ten thousand crowns to this worthy and respectable person, in case it should be necessary to send the said Pierre Jean out of the country. It is agreed, that he shall put himself entirely under the care and direction of the Baron de Cajare, till either the Count de Castelnau is condemned and executed for the crime with which the two friends proposed to charge him, or till the baron be married to Mademoiselle de St. Morin. 'But, perhaps,' he added, 'in the first instance, you would like to see this bosom friend of Monsieur de Cajare—this pleasant companion of a gentleman in the first circles of Paris, colonel in a royal regiment, and ——'

"The Baron de Cajare could bear no more, but darting from between the two archers, who had kept by his side when he advanced towards the table, he rushed towards Pierre Morin like a wild



## TOM MOORE AND ANACREON.—NO. II.

DEAR POPLAR—I send you, according to promise, the second paper on Anacreon. I have, by the way, to communicate to you a piece of intelligence very painful to my feelings, and which, I have no doubt, will cause much indignation and disappointment to many of your readers—namely, the destruction of the singular monument of bottles which had been erected over our friend's grave. About five days since a large body of men was seen moving in procession towards the pyramid, and it was soon perceived that they were preceded by a banner bearing the ominous words "Carrigdhuv Total Abstinence Society," which quickly changed to dismay and horror the gratified feelings of the few inhabitants of the district, who still held in veneration the "spirits of the mighty dead," and who at first supposed the approaching crowd to be some pious pilgrims to his tomb.

The assailants, whose number rendered all idea of resistance to their sacrilegious purpose hopeless, advanced in a compact body till within a short distance of the tomb, when, as by some sudden impulse, they rushed forward, and in a few moments reduced the fragile and interesting pile to a heap of splinters, after which the infatuated people retired with shouts of exultation from the field.

Thus has perished one of the most singular and truly national monuments of *old* Ireland; there is little likelihood that *young* Ireland will produce such another. I am, however, happy to say that an eminent distiller (uninfluenced, I am sure, by interested motives) has proposed, at his own expense, to get the broken glass cast into a colossal statue of Bacchus, (an idea suggested by the Colonne Vendôme and the Hyde Park Achilles,) and erected like the Colossus of Rhodes across the Devil's Punch Bowl on the top of Mangerton; thus transmitting to posterity with classic taste the memory of my revered friend. I confess I am charmed with this idea—particularly, as Wyatt is to design the figure, &c.—and am resolved to deliver up the precious fragments to the spirited individual who has undertaken its execution.

With respect to the destruction of the monument, I must say that the excellent parish priest of the district and his curate, the chaplain to the priory of Copmanhurst, made every exertion to restrain the misguided people who attacked it. Their efforts, however, were unavailing, though Father Dick, feeling forcibly the truth of the Demosthenic precept concerning *action*, most energetically applied it in the enforcement of his harangue.

One word more before I close. A report has been very maliciously circulated that Tom Moore was the instigator of the outrage I have described; but to this I give the most emphatic denial. I feel convinced that it was an unpremeditated outbreak of fanaticism, and unprompted by any individual of eminence.

Yours very truly,

B. J. M.

HOWEVER diffident I might have formerly felt in placing my translations of the odes of Anacreon in seeming competition with those of Moore, that diffidence must now be materially increased by the recent proof which he has given of his refined and beautiful poetic genius. The original works which he has produced since the appearance of his Anacreon, leave the translations from the old bard, beautiful as they are, immeasurably behind them; and his lighter poems, more especially, far surpass the most grace-

ful and delicate of their class which antiquity has transmitted to us. He is, indeed, the Claude Lorraine of poetry. The grand, the terrible, the sublime he rarely ventures on; but in every page we feel the warmth of the sunshine, and breathe the odour of the flowers. Like the noon-day sun of the equator his genius casts no shadow. Anger, sullenness, remorse, despair are feelings widely uncongenial to his happy and well-ordered mind; and if at times he is forced by his subject to depict these gloomier passions of hu-

interfering with the punishment of criminals'—the young gentleman sprang across the stream again, and joined the horrified group around the Count de Castelneau.

"He slightly raised the dying nobleman in his arms, and the count recognised and thanked him by a pressure of the hand; but life was ebbing fast. 'It is over, Ernest,' he said, in a low voice. —'Annette, dear child, I am happy, most happy. I have died for thee, dear one, I have died to save thee. Let me lean my eyes upon thy shoulder; there they will close in joy, to open again, I trust, on my Redeemer in heaven!'

"He bent down his brow; it rested on Annette's bosom; the weight became heavier and more heavy; his grasp relaxed upon the hand of Ernest de Nogent, and the young nobleman gently laid the corpse back upon the grass."

In this tale the thing we spoke of as to be specially noted, is the ability and delicacy, as well as novelty of design, exhibited in the creation of feelings, and their development almost into passions, in the breast of the Count de Castelneau, which are suppressed and subdued again by natural energy of character and the operation of circumstances, without having ever issued into action, so as to control his destiny. Gaming, an adhesive vice, was thoroughly shaken off, with the absence of constant temptation; but more—a passion, such as all the religion of a Doriforth was unable to quell, sinks from its "pride of place" in the same heart, because principle, philosophy, reason, and common sense were arrayed against it. It was like a wave, which has been raised on the ocean by some mighty gale, and dies away again, without ever meeting a

shore on which to break. The character of De Castelneau is ten times more interesting from the conviction on our minds that it is *natural*, though, perhaps, not dramatically striking, and we are forced to acknowledge, in our sympathy with his fruitless aspirings, that to us all, high as well as low, has the humbling lesson been read in life, that objects most cherished, and predilections most absorbing, have been forced to give way within us, and been torn one by one from the tree without opening a single leaf to the light. The omnipotence of passion in tracing its own course for us through life, that fatal creed to which Byron and his school so obstinately clung, is here proved to be at least not universal, in the touching instance of the hero of the story; and the last act of his life, in dying to save the object of that extinct feeling, is only a proof, if proof were wanting, that he had from the bottom of his soul expelled the foul fiend, and was ready to meet his God from the very embrace of his adopted child.

We would willingly see efforts of this kind more frequent in novel-writing—endeavours to undeceive, to disabuse the mind, of fashionable and received notions, which having once been put forward with power, are insisted upon by mere imitators, and timidly resisted even by the best writers. Let Mr. James, and others of his talent and popularity, set themselves to this task, and we shall see a new era in opinion spring up, and that reform effected by fiction which all the arguments that sober reason could suggest had been unable to accomplish.

## TOM MOORE AND ANACREON.—NO. II.

DEAR POPLAR—I send you, according to promise, the second paper on Anacreon. I have, by the way, to communicate to you a piece of intelligence very painful to my feelings, and which, I have no doubt, will cause much indignation and disappointment to many of your readers—namely, the destruction of the singular monument of bottles which had been erected over our friend's grave. About five days since a large body of men was seen moving in procession towards the pyramid, and it was soon perceived that they were preceded by a banner bearing the ominous words “Carrigdhuv Total Abstinence Society,” which quickly changed to dismay and horror the gratified feelings of the few inhabitants of the district, who still held in veneration the “spirits of the mighty dead,” and who at first supposed the approaching crowd to be some pious pilgrims to his tomb.

The assailants, whose number rendered all idea of resistance to their sacrilegious purpose hopeless, advanced in a compact body till within a short distance of the tomb, when, as by some sudden impulse, they rushed forward, and in a few moments reduced the fragile and interesting pile to a heap of splinters, after which the infatuated people retired with shouts of exultation from the field.

Thus has perished one of the most singular and truly-national monuments of *old* Ireland; there is little likelihood that *young* Ireland will produce such another. I am, however, happy to say that an eminent distiller (uninfluenced, I am sure, by interested motives) has proposed, at his own expense, to get the broken glass cast into a colossal statue of Bacchus, (an idea suggested by the Colonne Vendôme and the Hyde Park Achilles,) and erected like the Colossus of Rhodes across the Devil's Punch Bowl on the top of Mangerton; thus transmitting to posterity with classic taste the memory of my revered friend. I confess I am charmed with this idea—particularly, as Wyatt is to design the figure, &c.—and am resolved to deliver up the precious fragments to the spirited individual who has undertaken its execution.

With respect to the destruction of the monument, I must say that the excellent parish priest of the district and his curate, the chaplain to the priory of Copmanhurst, made every exertion to restrain the misguided people who attacked it. Their efforts, however, were unavailing, though Father Dick, feeling forcibly the truth of the Demosthenic precept concerning *action*, most energetically applied it in the enforcement of his harangue.

One word more before I close. A report has been very maliciously circulated that Tom Moore was the instigator of the outrage I have described; but to this I give the most emphatic denial. I feel convinced that it was an unpremeditated outbreak of fanaticism, and unprompted by any individual of eminence.

Yours very truly,

B. J. M.

HOWEVER diffident I might have formerly felt in placing my translations of the odes of Anacreon in seeming competition with those of Moore, that diffidence must now be materially increased by the recent proof which he has given of his refined and beautiful poetic genius. The original works which he has produced since the appearance of his Anacreon, leave the translations from the old bard, beautiful as they are, immeasurably behind them; and his lighter poems, more especially, far surpass the most grace-

ful and delicate of their class which antiquity has transmitted to us. He is, indeed, the Claude Lorraine of poetry. The grand, the terrible, the sublime he rarely ventures on; but in every page we feel the warmth of the sunshine, and breathe the odour of the flowers. Like the noon-day sun of the equator his genius casts no shadow. Anger, sullenness, remorse, despair are feelings widely uncongenial to his happy and well-ordered mind; and if at times he is forced by his subject to depict these gloomier passions of hu-

manity, we see at once that the shadows are borrowed, and that the lighter hues of the picture only are his own. That such a man should rise at once to popularity none could doubt: he has reached, and deservedly, its very zenith, and amongst the many worshippers of his genius there is no more enthusiastic votary than myself. Still the more I am called upon to do homage to that genius, the more do I feel inclined to lament that it should have been employed with such little success upon a work which it might have rendered immortal in our language. And I am the less inclined to spare our bard the censure which he merits, from feeling that the caresses of the Muses and the worship of the public may render him *enfant gâté* enough to play similar pranks at some future period; but, truth to say, it is hard to quarrel with so gay and so good-humoured a spirit, and wayward as he is I should scarcely venture to reprove him did I not feel that old age gives me a prerogative to be querulous, and that even the imperious public may tolerate the whimsicalities of a harmless sexagenarian. Besides, it is to be remembered that I claim no poetic distinction. The ivy and the bay I leave to loftier brows than mine; all I have sought to do is, to show that Tom Moore has not *translated* Anacreon, and that he could do so had he wished. Let not the dulness of any man accuse me of disrespect to one who has shed such lustre on my country as Moore, in using this familiar mode of expression. I look upon familiarity with greatness to be an inalienable Irish privilege;

## ON HIMSELF.

Of Theban fortunes thou may'st tell,  
And he the Phrygian's warlike yell;  
But I my vanished freedom wail,  
Which horse or foot did ne'er assail,  
Nor ships; but foes in stranger guise,  
An army shooting from the eyes.

How far the introduction of the couplet—

With other wars my song shall burn,  
For other wounds my harp shall mourn—

and other expletive lines of the sort, are advantageous to the poet it is not for me to decide. It was, however,

I certainly will not abandon it. An Irishman has too much affection for greatness to treat it with the cold and distant formalities which other men observe towards it. He goes up at once and shakes hands with it without waiting for an introduction; ay, and in five minutes they are as intimate as if they had been acquaintances from childhood. I have an utter contempt for those who cannot speak of an illustrious name without tacking to it the despicable appendages of ordinary men—*Mister Pitt*, and *Mister Fox*, and *Mister Sheridan*. Pshaw! Let such insipidity be confined to the automats of a fashionable drawing-room—"I'll none of it." But to return to my subject. The object I have proposed to myself, it may be thought, is sufficiently demonstrated by the few odes which I have already thrown together; but, as the translation of them is one of the most pleasing of the few recreations left me, and as more than one valued friend has expressed a hope that I would complete the task I had begun, I am tempted, without great reluctance, to resume it, and shall feel sufficiently repaid by the remarks that its perusal may call forth from the few classic friends whose wit and information still cheer and illumine my humble habitation.

The twenty-sixth ode in our translator's collection, to which I had arrived when I closed my former paper, is another of those which he has deemed it proper to lengthen, if not embellish, in his version. In its natural simplicity it stands nearly thus:—

15. *Εἰς ἑαυτόν.*

Σὺ μὲν λῆγεις τὰ Θήβης,  
ὁ δ' αὖ Φρυγῶν αὐτάς·  
ἰγὰρ δ' ἱμάς ἀλώσεις.  
οὐχ ἵππος, ἄλυσίν μιν,  
οὐ πιζός, οὐχὶ νῆις.  
στρατὸς δὲ καινὸς ἄλλος  
ἀπ' ὀμμάτων βαλὼν μιν.

I think, an improper liberty for Mr. Little to take it upon himself to assert that it was—

—— from an eye of liquid blue,  
The host of quivered Cupids flew—

as Anacreon, like Cobbett, might have admired “sprightly eyes of no matter what colour,” and, at all events, does not in the present instance give us any insight into his particular taste.

In the next ode we have Anacreon in his glory, in anticipation of one of those happy evenings when inspired by the generous draughts of his beloved Chian, and surrounded by his old and familiar friends and the smiling faces of his more youthful admirers, his spirit gushed forth in those delightful strains, which even the cold and theas-

cetic have ever admitted to be unrivalled in grace and simplicity. Could they have witnessed the old man in the glow of poetic ardour singing to the accompaniment of his cherished lyre, and rejoicing the festive board by his warmth and enthusiasm, they would have flung aside their frigidity for a time and called for a brimming goblet to keep pace with the genius of the scene. Take the ode as it stands, without ornament or expansion—

## ON A SILVER CUP.

Vulcan, forge me—not a shield,  
(Far from me the tented field!)  
But a hollow silver cup,  
Deep as Bacchus e'er filled up.  
Do not on its brilliant face  
Star nor flaming wain enchain,  
Neither sad Orion trace.  
What care I for Pleiads far,  
Or Böotes' lofty star?  
Clustering vines upon it grave,  
Bacchanals that madly rave;  
Grave the streaming wine-press there,  
Love and Bacchus blooming fair,  
Who around Bathyllus twine,  
Treading out the purple vine.

Moore does not, perhaps, carry his licence of paraphrase too far in his translation of the above ode. He has, however, adopted a different reading

Ληνοβάτας πατούντας,  
Τους σατυρούς γιλιαντας,  
Και χρυσούς τους ιρώτας,  
Και κυθιρην γιλωσαν,  
Ὅμου καλῶ Λυαίῳ,  
Ἐρωτα κ' Ἀφροδίτην.

and agrees, he says, with the Vatican manuscript. I have, however, except where I saw strong reasons to the contrary, adhered strictly to the text of Brunck, and as, in this instance, I could see no cause to depart from it, I have given the version as above.

The next ode is upon a similar theme to that just translated, and bears a remarkably close resemblance to it. My own judgment would in-

## ζ. Εἰς ποτήριον ἀργυροῦν.

Τον ἀργυρεὸν ποιεῖν  
Ἥφαιστ' ἔμοι ποίησον,  
πανοπλίαν μὴν οὐχί,  
(τί γὰρ μάχαισι κἄμοί;) ποτήριον δὲ κοῖλον,  
ᾧ δύνῃ, βαδύναις.  
ποίησι δέ μοι κατ' αὐτὸ  
μήτ' ἄστρα, μήθ' ἄμαξαν,  
μὴ στεγγυγὸν Ὀρίωνα.  
τί Πλειάδων μίλει μοι,  
τί δ' ἀστὴρος Βοώτιω;  
ποίησον ἀμπίλους μοι,  
καὶ βότρυας κατ' αὐτῶν,  
καὶ Μαινάδας τρυγώσας·  
ποίησι δὲ ληνὸν οἴνου,  
καὶ χρυσίους πατοῦντας  
ὁμοῦ καλῶ Λυαίῳ  
Ἐρωτα καὶ Βάθυλλον.

in the concluding passage from that which I have adhered to. The original, as given by him, stands thus:—

cline me to agree with Degen in regarding it as a modern imitation of Anacreon, and would tempt me to reject it as such from the collection. Our valued literary friend is, however, of a different opinion, and considers it to bear decided marks of originality. Be this as it may it is sufficiently pretty to deserve translation, and is, at all events, a very good imitation of our author's gayest manner.

## ON THE SAME.

ιη'. Εἰς τὸ αὐτό.

Yes! best of artists, grave for me  
 Thy cup of sweetest revelry;  
 The cup of spring, the season fair,  
 The first the pleasing rose to bear;  
 Make of the silver, simply chased,  
 A goblet grateful to the taste;  
 Grave nought at strife with Bacchus' rites,  
 No tale that gentle souls affrights.  
 Display there Bacchus, child of Jove,  
 And Venus glowing queen of love:  
 While she performs the rites divine,  
 As priestess of young Hymen's shrine,  
 Carve on it Cupids stripped of arms,  
 And smiling Graces full of charms,  
 Beneath a fair and spreading vine,  
 Whose leafy tendrils clustering twine,  
 And mingle with them striplings fair,  
 If cruel Phœbus sport not there.

Καλλίτιχνα, μαιτόριυσον  
 ἱαρος κύπελλον ἡδύ.  
 τὰ τερπνὰ τὴν πρῶτ' ἡμῖν  
 ῥόδα φέρουσιν ὤρη.  
 τὸν ἄργυρον δ' ἀπλώσας  
 ποίει πότον μοι τερπνόν.  
 τῶν τιλιτῶν ποραινῶ  
 μὴ μοι ξίνον τοριύσης,  
 μὴ φευκτὸν ἱστόρημα·  
 μᾶλλον ποίει Διὸς τι  
 γονην Εὐΐον ἡμῖν  
 μύστιν πόθων τι Κύπριν  
 ὑμιναίους συγκροτοῦσαν.  
 χάρασ' Ἐρωτας ἀνόπλους,  
 καὶ Χάριτας γιλώσας,  
 ὑπ' ἄμπιλον ὑπίταλον,  
 ὑβότρυνον, κομῶσαν,  
 συναπτε κούρους ὑπριπιῖς·  
 ἀν μὴ Φοῖβος ἀθύρη.

The ode which follows is a laconic and  
 withal argumentative apology of the  
 bard to those who reason against his

indulgence in his favourite beverage.  
 It is very properly entitled—

## ON THE NECESSITY OF DRINKING.

ιθ'. Εἰς τὸ δεῖν πίνειν.

The black earth drinks; thence drinks the tree,  
 And ocean quaffs the torrent free.  
 The sun imbibes the ocean stream,  
 And Dian sips the sun's bright beam;  
 Why then, my friends, with me contest  
 For loving drink like all the rest?

Ἡ γῆ μίλαινα πίνει,  
 πίνει δὲ δένδρε' αὐτήν.  
 πίνει θάλασσο' ἀναύρους,  
 ὃ δ' ἥλιος θάλασσαν,  
 τὸν δ' ἥλιον σιλήνη.  
 τί μοι μάχισθ', ἱταῖροι,  
 καὶ τῷ θίλοντι πίνειν;

Moore has spun this ode out to more  
 than double the length of the original,  
 and has, I think, ornamented it but  
 little. It is, perhaps, not very re-  
 markable in itself; but it is curious as

having suggested the passage from  
 Shakspeare (if Timon be really his  
 production) which Mr. Moore cites in  
 his note, and which I, too, may be  
 pardoned for quoting.

————— I'll example you with thievery:  
 The sun's a thief; and with his great attraction  
 Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,  
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.  
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves  
 The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief  
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen  
 From general excrements.

The thoughts of the ode are, it is  
 true, preserved here "with striking  
 similitude;" but there is certainly  
 less of delicacy in the turn given to  
 them than we find in the lyric of the  
 Teian. There is an old and admirable

drinking song in which this ode is so  
 finely paraphrased that I cannot avoid  
 giving it insertion here, as I think  
 Anacreon himself would not have  
 been ashamed to sing it. It is as  
 follows:—

The earth is a toper and drinks up the rain,  
 And though he drinks deeply he's thirsty again;  
 The trees are all topers and drink from their birth,  
 And they flourish the more as they drink from the earth,  
 And they flourish, &c.



The jolly-faced sun, too, believe it or not,  
Though bright and though glorious is still a great sot—  
With dew and with vapours he moistens his lips,  
And the clouds best can tell you how much the rogue sips.  
And the clouds, &c.

Diana the prude tippler slyly by night,  
And 'tis from her tippling her face shines so bright.  
From Mercury to Saturn, each planet that rolls,  
Drinks light from the sun as we punch from our bowls.  
Drinks light, &c.

The laws of creation then let us obey,  
And with plenty of good liquor let's moisten our clay.  
You censure the bottle—but pray tell me why,  
When all nature is soaking, should we remain dry?  
When all nature is soaking, should we remain dry?

Many a happy and delightful evening  
is recalled to me by these cheerful  
words. Evenings passed in hilarity,  
as harmless as it was unrestrained,  
when I have heard it sung by as good a  
fellow, and have joined in chorusing it

with as gay a circle as ever brought  
honest hearts and merry faces to a so-  
cial board. Well may I indulge in a  
passing reflection on their worth, for  
they were amongst the few,

Quos ego fraterno dilexi more sodales,

and memory must indeed be treache-  
rous when she ceases to associate them  
with all my warmest recollections.  
*Mais revenons à nos moutons.* I must  
cease soliloquizing, and come back to  
our bard; and I could not, in truth,  
select a happier moment, for his next  
effusion is as bright and sparkling as  
the wine which has lent it lustre, or  
the glances which it springs to meet.  
It is, I need scarcely say, a tribute to  
the poet's mistress, and a more charm-  
ing one was never paid. Ogilvie, re-  
marking on the various similes in the  
ode, looks on them as "mere sport  
and wantonness;" but Moore very  
justly observes, "that it is the wanton-  
ness of a very graceful muse—*ludit  
amabiliter.*" He further says, very  
truly,—“the compliment of this ode is

exquisitely delicate, and so singular for  
the period in which Anacreon lived,  
when the scale of love had not yet been  
graduated into all its little progressive  
refinements, that if we were inclined to  
question the authenticity of the poem,  
we should find a much more plausible  
argument in the features of modern  
gallantry which it bears, than in any of  
those fastidious conjectures upon which  
some commentators have presumed so  
far." I cannot, however, consent to  
rob Anacreon of a gem so beautiful,  
and in spite of Degen (whom I respect  
as a commentator) and of De Pauw,  
who I think puts his judgment *hors de  
combat* by declaring it "a miserable  
production," I must insist upon its  
genuineness.

#### ON HIS MISTRESS.

#### κ'. Εἰς κόρην.

The child of Tantalus once stood,  
A rock above the Phrygian flood,  
And Phrogne, Pandion's daughter fair,  
Once flew, a swallow through the air.  
Oh! that I could a mirror be,  
That thou might'st ever gaze on me,  
Or could I be the inmost vest,  
In which thy lovely form is dress'd;  
Would that I were the watery wave,  
Thy soft transparent skin to lave;  
Would that I were the perfume rare,  
Whose odours scent thy limbs so fair,  
The zone thy heaving breasts to deck,  
The pearls that clasp thy fairer neck;  
Ay, would that I thy sandal were,  
Thy foot's elastic tread to bear.

Ἡ Ταντάλου ποτ' ἴσται  
λίθος φρυγῶν ἐν ὄχθαις,  
καὶ παῖς ποτ' ἔρως ἴσται  
Πανδίωνος χιλιδάν.  
ἐγὼ δ' ἴσασθαι εἴη,  
ὅπως αἰ βλίσθῃς με·  
ἐγὼ χιτὸν γινοίμην,  
ὅπως αἰ φορῇς με·  
ἰὼρ δίλω γινώσθαι,  
ὅπως σι χροῦτα λούσω.  
μύρον, γύαι, γινοίμην  
ὅπως ἐγὼ σ' ἀλείψω.  
καὶ ταινίη δὲ μαστῶν,  
καὶ μάρμαροι τραχήλῳ,  
καὶ σάνδαλοι γινοίμην.  
μῶντι ποσὶ πάτω με.

Moore's translation of this ode, though certainly very beautiful, is not less paraphrastic than most of his other attempts, and some of the warmer ideas it contains are dwelt upon and elaborated in a manner which have

drawn upon him, perhaps, with some colour of justice the animadversions of the reviewers. I do not think that he has improved on the original in his concluding quatrain.

What more would thy Anacreon be?  
Oh, any thing that touches thee.  
Nay, sandals for those airy feet,  
Thus to be pressed by thee were sweet!

The interrogative seems to me to break in upon the simple outpouring of the lover's wishes.

The next ode is a pretty little effusion, but remarkable only for the

graceful turn with which it concludes, and which lends it a portion of that charm which breathes in every fragment of its author.

#### ON HIMSELF.

Bring me, girls, the purple rain,  
At a draught the cup I'll drain;  
Else beneath the scorching ray,  
Fainting I shall gasp away:  
Bring the blossoms of the vine,  
Crowns to shade my brow I'll twine—  
Ah! what shade can guard the heart  
From the glow the Loves impart?

#### κα'. Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Δότι μοι, δότ', ὦ γυναῖκες,  
Βρομίου πιῖν ἀμυστί·  
ὑπὲρ καύματος γὰρ ἤδη  
προδοθὶς ἀναστινάξω.  
δότι δ' ἀνδρίων ἱκίνοιο  
στιφάνους δ' οἷσις πυκάζω  
τὰ μίτωπά μου, πικαίω.  
τὸ δὲ καῦμα τῶν Ἐρώτων,  
κράδιη, τίμι σκιπάζω;

The following ode, though one of the shortest in the volume, is full of descriptive beauty, and paints in a few words the sequestered spot which the poet alludes to with more truth and eloquence than could be arrived at by

the most elaborate detail. Moore says justly that "it is so natural and animated that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it."

#### THE BOWER.

Here, where spreading boughs entwine,  
Fairest, in the shade recline.  
Infant buds with every air,  
Wave upon the branches fair;  
And the fountain flowing near,  
Speaks persuasion to the ear:  
Who this calm retreat could spy,  
And beholding, pass it by?

#### κβ'. Εἰς Βάθυλλον.

Παρὰ τὴν σκιὴν βαθύλλης  
καθίσον, καλὸν τὸ δένδρον·  
ἀπαλὰς δ' ἴσσισι χαίτας  
μαλακωτάτῃ κλαδίῳ.  
παρὰ δ' αὐτὸν ἱριδίξει  
πηγὴ ρίονα πιδοῦς.  
τίς ἂν οὖν ἐρῶν παρίλθοι  
καταγώγιον τοιοῦτο;

The "surely neither you nor I" which Moore ends with I cannot find in the original Greek. His admiration of the grace of Anacreon's conclusion is just and natural, and he may well feel

indignation at the coxcombr of the French translator who thought necessary "to add somewhat to the strength of the original." There is something strikingly beautiful in the expression,

Πηγὴ ρίονα πιδοῦς,

the full force of which it is impossible to convey to the English reader.

The ode which follows this is another

of those in which the bard inculcates the favourite maxims of his philosophy—a disregard for wealth, and a

determination to enjoy the pleasures of the passing hour. The tenets he advocates were common to the poets of antiquity. Horace exclaims—

Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi,  
Spem longam reseces—

Propertius tells us—

—juvat et multo mentem vincere Lyæo,  
Et caput in verna semper habere rosa.

Virgil himself says—

Pone merum et talos. Percant qui crastina curant.

a thousand such inculcations may be adduced; but never do we find them put forth in so felicitous or charming a guise as in the odes of the sage of Teos. We feel that with him it is no cold and formal doctrine, but the

spontaneous outpouring of a generous soul, capable of no sordid or selfish emotion. But enough of this; let the philosopher speak his own sentiments.

#### ON RICHES.

If treasured gold gave power to man,  
To lengthen life's diminished span,  
I'd guard it, that, when death drew nigh,  
He may be bribed to pass me by.  
But if we cannot purchase life,  
Why sigh and weep in ceaseless strife?  
If death be doomed by destiny,  
Of what avail is gold to me?  
Then let me quaff delicious wine,  
And quaffing with my friends recline;  
And let me taste the rich delights  
That wait on love's entrancing rites.

κγ'. Εἰς τὸν πλοῦτον.

Ὁ πλοῦτος εἴ γε χρυσῷ  
τὸ ζῆν παρῖχι θνητοῖς,  
λαγνίον φυλάσσει,  
ἴσ', εἰ θάνην ἐπείλθῃ.  
λάβῃσι, καὶ παρίλθῃ.  
εἰ δ' οὐ τί σὺν πρίασθαι  
τὸ ζῆν ἴσται θνητοῖς,  
τί καὶ μάτην στυγέω;  
τί καὶ γένοι προσιμῶ;  
θανεῖν γὰρ εἰ πύργωται  
τί χρυσὸς ὠφελῇ μοι;  
ἡμῶς γίνωτο σίνου,  
σίνου δ' αἶσι ἡδὺν  
ἡμῶς φίλοι συνῖται,  
ἀπαλαίσσῃ ἢ τι κοίταις  
τιλῶν τὰ Ἰ' Ἀφροδίταν.

Moore has displayed more than his usual fondness for paraphrase in his version of the ode just given; thus, the single line—

Τὸ ζῆν παρῖχι θνητοῖς

he renders—

— Possessed a power  
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour;  
And purchase from the hand of death  
A little span, a moment's breath.

The last couplet of which at least is wholly unnecessary, and is, indeed, injurious to the effect of the poem; as little further down in the passage, where he says, on the approach of death, he the same idea exactly is contained a

— Might some hours of life obtain  
And bribe him back to hell again.

It may be both true and poetic that

The light of gold can ne'er illumine  
The dreary midnight of the tomb;

but it is a fact which, in his capacity of translator, Tom Moore was not called on to communicate. Anacreon, however, might have thanked him; though,

perhaps, some of our moralists would not for the justice he has done him in his four concluding lines.

## ON HIMSELF.

Since first upon my natal day,  
I started on life's mortal way,  
I've learned the time whose course is done,  
But know not that I've yet to run:  
Ye cankering thoughts, then set me free,  
Let there be nought twixt you and me!  
Ere death prevents I'll laugh and play,  
And in sweet Bacchant dances stray!

The next ode is similar in character to the two just given, and does not deserve particular notice. It was, probably, one of those little *chansons à boire* thrown off in a moment of

## ON HIMSELF.

While of wine my goblet deep  
Thus I drain, my cares shall sleep.  
What to me is pain or care,  
Or the wailing of despair?  
Death, 'tis true, our joys must end,  
Shall we therefore life misspend?  
No! let's quaff our ruby wine,  
Gift of Bacchus, gift divine!  
And while thus the goblet deep,  
Blest we drain, our cares shall sleep!

Moore has certainly in his paraphrase of this ode given it a grace which the English reader cannot expect in a translation in which the original is adhered to as closely as the different idioms of the languages will allow; and, indeed, in such light and volatile effusions as this paraphrase is, perhaps,

## ON HIMSELF.

When by Bacchus' power opprest,  
All my cares are lulled to rest,  
Rich as Cræsus then I seem,  
While I sing some pleasing theme.  
And upon the mossy ground  
Stretched I lie with ivy crowned;  
Arm me then—I'll drink to night—  
Bring me, boy, a goblet bright.  
Better surely 'tis to lie  
By the grape o'ercome, than die!

Moore has amplified the ideas in this little ode to as great an extent as any poetic licence would warrant him in doing. Indeed, in his anti-monarchi-

While my soul dilates with glee,  
What are kings and crowns to me?  
If before my feet they lay  
I would spurn them all away—

The ode which immediately follows is a trifle of a similar tendency to the last, and has nothing in it worthy of remark.

## κδ'. Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ἐπειδὴ βροτός ἐτίχθην  
βίοντος τρίβον ὁδεύειν,  
χρόνον ἴγνων, ὃν παρῆλθον·  
ὃν δ' ἔχω δραμῖν, οὐκ οἶδα.  
μίθιτί με, φροντίδες·  
μηδὲν μοι καὶ ὑμῖν ἔστω.  
πρὶν ἐμὶ φθάσῃ το τίλος,  
παίξω, γιλάσω, χορεύσω  
μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου.

gaiety, and owing more to the manner in which it was sung by the old bard than to any intrinsic merit in its composition.

## κε'. Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὅταν πῖω τὸν οἶνον,  
εὐδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.  
τί μοι πόνων, τί μοι γόων,  
τί μοι μίλει μεριμνῶν;  
θάνειν με διῷ, καὶ μὴ θίλω.  
τί δὲ τὸν βίον πλανῶμαι;  
πῖωμιν οὖν τὸν οἶνον  
τὸν τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου.  
σὺν τῷ δὲ πίνειν ἡμᾶς  
εὐδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι.

rather praiseworthy than culpable. We now come to the twenty-sixth ode—the moral of which seems to be, that it is better for a man to lie drunk than dead; and seeing of how little value one is ever after going through the latter ordeal, it may, perhaps, be without much difficulty conceded.

## κς'. Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ὅταν ὁ Βάκχος εἰσέλθῃ,  
εὐδουσιν αἱ μέριμναι·  
δοκῶν δ' ἔχουσιν τὰ Κροίσου  
θίλω καλῶς αἰεΐειν·  
κισσοστιφῆς δὲ κιῶμαι,  
πατῶ δ' ἅπαντα θυμῷ.  
ἔπλιζ, ἐγὼ δὲ πίνω.  
φίρ' ἐμοὶ κύπελλον, ὃ παῖ·  
μιθύνοντα γάρ με κιῶσθαι  
πολὺν κρείσσον, ἢ θανόντα.

cal frenzy he thinks it right to supply Anacreon with four very decided lines of his own making, and to exclaim—

He, in accordance with Regnier, gives a different construction to the exclama-

tion *ἔπαυσι*, from that which I have above adopted, and makes the passage,

Arm you, arm you, men of might,  
Hasten to the sanguine fight ;  
Let me, oh ! my budding vine,  
Spill no other blood than thine !

A mode of expression, in fire and animation, very far beyond the

Altri segua Marte fero ;  
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto

of the Italian.

I now come to a poem on which it might be expected that the bard would have exerted his full powers—namely, the description of his mistress. In such minute details, however, as he has here given to us it is hard to preserve much of grace or freedom ; still, considering the difficulties attendant on his task, we must acknowledge that he

has lost none of that felicitous expression which is so remarkable in all his lyrics. Few of the odes present more obstacles to the translator than the present ; but whatever absence of poetic beauty may be found in the version I have made of it, I believe that for fidelity of translation it will bear any fair amount of criticism.

#### ON HIS MISTRESS.

Come, thou best of painters here,  
Lord of Rhodian art, draw near :  
With thy highest skill pourtrayed,  
Paint for me my absent maid.  
Trace me first, with anxious care,  
Softest locks of jetty hair ;  
And, unless the wax denies,  
Paint them breathing odorous sighs ;  
Let thy magic pencil now,  
Gently touch her ivory brow ;  
O'er that cheek, with beauty glowing,  
'Neath those ringlets darkly flowing,  
Carefully the little space  
'Twixt her lovely eyebrows trace ;  
Part them not, nor mingle quite,  
Like her own, which just unite :  
Next, her eyelids' beauteous fringe,  
With a jetty border tinge ;  
Paint the glance that, flashing through,  
Lights with fire her eye of blue.  
Where Minerva's lightnings play,  
Mixed with Cypris' humid ray,  
Paint the nose, the cheek extend  
Where with milk the roses blend ;  
And the lip, persuading bliss,  
All who see must long to kiss.  
'Neath her chin, in transport knit,  
Let the sister Graces flit,  
Round that beauteous marble neck,  
Which they fondly vie to deck ;  
And in purple robes arrayed,  
Be the lovely girl displayed,  
Through whose folds her bosom warm,  
Half displays its budding form.  
Hold !—it is herself I see,  
“ Loved one, soon thou'lt speak to me !”

#### κη'. Εἰς τὴν ἑαυτοῦ ἑταίραν.

“ Ἄγε, ζωγράφω ἄριστι,  
γράφει, ζωγράφω ἄριστι,  
Ῥωδῆς πάρεστι τέχνης,  
ἀπιοῦσαν, ὡς ἂν εἶπω,  
γράφει τὴν ἱμῶν ἑταίρην.  
γράφει μοι τρίχας τὸ πρῶτον  
ἀπαλὰς τι καὶ μελαίνας·  
ὃ δὲ κερὸς ἂν δύνηται,  
γράφει καὶ μύρου πρσιούσας.  
γράφει δ' ἰξ ὅλης παρυῆς  
ὑπὸ πορφύραισι χαίταις  
ἰλιφάντινον μίτωπον.  
τὸ μισόφρουον δὲ μὴ μοι  
διάκοπτι, μήτε μίσγει·  
ἰχίτω δ', ὅπως ἱκίνη,  
τὸ λιλαθότως σύνφρουον  
βλιφάρον ἴτον κελευθῶν.  
τὸ δὲ βλιμμα νῦν ἀληθῶς  
ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποιήσας,  
ἄμα γλαυκόν, ὡς Ἀθήνης,  
ἄμα δ' ὑγρόν, ὡς Κυθήρης. !  
γράφει ῥίνα καὶ παρυῆς,  
ῥόδα τῇ γάλακτι μίξας.  
γράφει χιλοῖς, οἷα Πυθῶος,  
προπαλούμενον φίλημα.  
τρυφεροῦ δ' ἴσω γυνίου  
περὶ λυγδία τραχέλα  
Χάρτις πίτταιτο πᾶσαι.  
στόλισον τὸ λαῖπρόν αὐτῆς  
ὑποπορφύραισι πινυλῶς·  
διαφανίτω δὲ σαρκῶν  
ὀλίγον, τὸ σῶμ' ἰλίγχοι.  
ἀπίχου· βλίπω γὰρ αὐτὴν·  
τάχα κερὶ καὶ λαλήσεις.

Moore has kept more close to the original in this ode than in almost any other; and, indeed, the picture is so charming a one that, fastidious as he

is, he could scarcely have wished to alter it. I cannot say that I quite like his translation of the passage

γράφει ῥίνα καὶ παριὰς,  
ῥόδον τῇ γάλακτι μιξάς,

which he renders,

O'er her nose and cheeks be shed,  
Flushing white and mellowed red,  
Gradual tints, as when there glows,  
In snowy milk the bashful rose.

The dash of red in the nose I think is not intended by Anacreon, and I question whether it would be an improve-

ment—and the epithet “snowy milk” has something of tautology in it, at least to one who would not

Gild refined gold or paint the lily.

Neither do I think that the couplet—

A charm may peep, a hue may beam,  
And leave the rest to fancy's dream—

gives any additional force to Anacreon's direction; and I by no means admire the manner in which he concludes—the effect of the sudden address to the finished picture is completely lost by it. I have ventured to substitute the epithet “loved one” in the last line—as the literal translation of *κηρὶ* would render it both tame and inelegant.

Though the ode to Batthyllus is that next in order in the editions of Ana-

creon to which I have adhered; yet, as it is likewise a portrait, and is of considerable length, I am tempted in this one instance to depart from my arrangement and to substitute the next but one in the collection in its stead. Though a short one it is an exceedingly graceful and pretty conceit, and turned with an elegance which it is hardly possibly to convey in a translation.

#### ON CUPID.

The Muses Cupid once entwined  
With wreaths, to beauty's sway consigned;  
With costly presents from above,  
His mother comes to ransom Love:  
Vainly she seeks to set him free,  
He cares no more for liberty;  
No, never will he roam again,  
For he has learned to love his chain.

Moore's version of this little ode is very pretty, and the English reader at least will not object to a little of paraphrase, where so much additional grace is gained by it.

The ode which follows is a wild bacchanalian effusion. The recurrence of the *Θιλω Ἰλιν μανῆναι* throughout has

#### λ. Εἰς Ἔρωτα.

Αἱ Μοῦσαι τὸν Ἔρωτα  
δήσασαι στιφάνουσι  
τῷ Κάλλιν παρίδουσαν.  
καὶ νῦν ἡ Κυθέρεια  
ζητεῖ, λύτρα φέρουσα,  
λύσασθαι τὸν Ἔρωτα.  
κἄν λύσῃ δὲ τις αὐτὸν,  
οὐκ ἔξισι, μινεῖ δὲ  
δουλιύειν διδίδασται.

an animated and striking effect, and the concluding passage possesses considerable beauty. Indeed, Moore well characterises the frenzy displayed in this little effusion as “*mabilis insania*.” Genius, in its lucid intervals, is not often more attractive.



## ON HIMSELF.

Permit me, by the gods on high,  
To drain the mighty goblet, dry !  
" I will, I will, a madman be,"  
As wild Alcmeon was, or he,  
Barefoot Orestes, roaming wide,  
Whose mothers by their hands had died.  
None have I slain, but quaffing free,  
" I will, I will, a madman be !"  
Alcides raving bore below  
His quiver dread and fatal bow.  
And maniac Ajax shook the shield,  
The sword which Hector used to wield,  
While fragrant chaplets deck my hair,  
No bow do I, no falchion bear,  
My goblet all the arms for me,  
" I will, I will, a madman be !"

In the next ode, the poet gives us a catalogue of his loves, or rather gives us to understand that his heart was one of those whose affections are caught by beauty, wheresoever it is found.

## ON HIS OWN LOVES.

If thou canst recount for me,  
Every leaf of every tree ;  
If beneath the ocean main,  
Thou canst sum each sandy grain,  
Thine alone the task shall be,  
To recount my loves to me.  
First from Athens twenty write,  
Fifteen more you may indite,  
Catalogues from Corinth's shades  
Beautiful Achaian maids :  
Then in Lesbos there's a band,  
And in far Ionia's land,  
These with Rhodes and Caria told  
Full two thousand charmers hold.  
What ! you pause—extend the wax,  
Still my Syrian loves it lacks ;  
Egypt too, with flames replete,  
Yet remains untold ; and Crete,  
'Mid whose cities rich display,  
Cupid holds eternal sway.  
Shall I tell how many more  
Linger over Gade's shore ?  
Indian, Bactrian, shall I call ?  
Hold—enough—I love them all !

The ode to the swallow which follows is one of Anacreon's happiest productions. The *conceit* is delicate in the extreme, and is expressed with a native felicity of language which it is difficult

## λα Εἰς ἑαυτὸν.

Ἀφίε με ταῖς θεαῖσι  
πιῖν. πῖν ἀμυστὶ  
θίλω, θίλω μαινῆναι.  
ἱμαίνετ' Ἀλαμείων τι,  
χ' ὁ λιυπόποιος Ὀρίστης,  
τὰς μητέρας κταίνοντες·  
ἰγὰ δὲ μηδὲνα κτάς,  
πῖν δ' ἱερὸν οἶνον  
θίλω, θίλω μαινῆναι.  
ἱμαίνετ' Ἡρακλῆς πρὶν  
διωγὴν κλονῶν φαρίττην,  
καὶ τόξον Ἰφίτιον.  
ἱμαίνετο πρὶν Αἴας  
μὴτ' ἀσπίδος κραδαίνων  
τὴν Ἑκτορος μάχαιραν.  
ἰγὰ δ' ἴχων πύσιλλον  
καὶ στίμμα τοῦτο χαίταις,  
οὐ τόξον, οὐ μάχαιραν,  
θίλω, θίλω μαινῆναι.

The ode, though in the original an animated trifle, is nearly incapable of being translated with any effect ; and Moore, perhaps, can scarcely be blamed for the liberties he has taken with it.

## λβ. Εἰς τοὺς ἑαυτοῦ Ἔρωτας.

Εἰ φύλλα πάντα δίδρον  
ἰσίστασαι κατυπιῖν,  
εἰ ἡμαθόεις ὑρεῖν  
τὰ τῆς ὅλης θαλάσσης,  
σὶ τῶν ἱμῶν ἔρώται  
μόνοι πᾶσι λογιστήν.  
πρῶτον μὲν ἔξ Ἀθηῶν  
ἔρωτας εἰπασιν θίς,  
καὶ σιντικαῖδισ' ἄλλους.  
ἴσμεν δ' ἐν Κερύνθῳ  
θίς ἱερμαθόους ἔρώται·  
'Αχαῖης γὰρ ἴσμεν,  
ὅπου καλαὶ γυναῖκες.  
τίθω δὲ Λισβίου μοι,  
καὶ μίχρη τῶν Ἰώνων,  
καὶ Κερύης Ῥόδου τι,  
δισχιλίους ἔρωτας. —  
τί φῆς ; — αὐτὸ περὶ θίς.  
οὐκ ἔστι Σύρου Ἰλιξ,  
οὐκ ἔστι πάθος Κανώβου,  
οὐ τῆς ἀσπιδ' ἰχθύος  
Κρήτης, ὅπου πόλισσιν  
ἔρωτες ὑπεργιάζου.  
τί σὺ θίλεις ἀριθμῶ  
καὶ τοὺς Γαδιέρων ἱππός,  
τοὺς Βακτρίων τι κ' Ἰνδῶν,  
ψυχῆς ἱμῶς ἔρωτας ;

to do any justice to. I have endeavoured to preserve, as far as possible, the simplicity of diction which prevails in the original.

## ON THE SWALLOW.

Dear swallow, each returning year  
 Thou build'st thy nest in summer here,  
 But in the winter wing'st thy flight  
 To Nile or Memphis from my sight.  
 Not so with love, within my breast  
 He ever weaves his tender nest.  
 One passion fledged while in the shell,  
 And scarcely formed, still others dwell.  
 And in the nest a little brood  
 Of gaping lovelings cry for food;  
 These by the grown ones taught to soar,  
 When reared, bring forth a number more.  
 Oh! can I ne'er these loves expel,  
 One-half of which I cannot tell!

## λγ'. Εἰς χελιδόνα.

Σὺ μὲν, φίλη χελιδών,  
 ἱτησίη μελοῦσα,  
 θίρει πλείους καλὴν·  
 χυμῶνι δ' εἰς ἄφαντος  
 ἢ Νεῖλον, ἢ 'πὶ Μίμφιν.  
 Ἔρω δ' αἰὲ πλείω μιν  
 ἐν καρδίῃ καλῇν.  
 Πόθος δ' ὁ μὲν πτεροῦται.  
 ὁ δ' ὦν ἴστιν ἀκμήν,  
 ὁ δ' ἡμίλιπτος ἤδη.  
 βοὴ δὲ γίγνιτ' αἰὲ  
 κίχηνότων νεοσσῶν.  
 Ἐρωτιδίῃς δὲ μικροῦς  
 οἱ μίζοντες τρέφουσιν.  
 οἱ δὲ τραφίντες εὐθὺς  
 πάλιν κύνουσιν ἄλλους·  
 τί μῆχος οὖν γίνηται;  
 οὐ γὰρ σθίνω τοσούτους  
 ἔρωτας ἰκσοβῆσαι.

Moore's paraphrase of this ode (for translation it cannot be called, being twice the length of the original,) is certainly pretty, but its prettiness by

no means compensates for the diffuseness, which he indulges in: thus the lines

Πόθος δ' ὁ μὲν πτεροῦται  
 ὁ δ' ὦν, ἴστιν ἀκμήν,  
 ὁ δ' ἡμίλιπτος ἤδη.

he translates—

And some their infant plumage try,  
 And on a tender winglet fly;  
 While in the shell, impregnated with fires,  
 Cluster a thousand more desires;  
 Some from their tiny prisons peeping,  
 And some in formless embryo sleeping.

which I cannot conceive warranted by any licence of poetry, particularly in one who has the Muses so ready at his call. Nor is this the only part of the ode in which he transgresses—the entire will be found very nearly as diffuse.

The succeeding little ode, short as it is, is not without its beauties, and few things can be prettier than the simile of the poet, in comparing the union of age and beauty to the mixture of the rose and lily in a garland.

## TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Fly not! though my hair appears  
 Whitening with the snows of years;  
 Nor since Beauty's flower is thine,  
 All my tender love decline:  
 In yon chaplets see how bright  
 Roses blend with lilies white!

## λδ'. Εἰς κόρην.

Μὴ με φύγῃς, ἐρῶσα  
 τὰν πολιὰν ἱθιραν·  
 μὴδ', ὅτι σοι πάριστιν  
 ἀκμαῖον ἄνθος ἔρας,  
 τὰ μὰ φίλτρα διώξῃς.  
 ὅρα καὶ στιφάνουσιν  
 ὅπως πρίπι τὰ λιυκὰ  
 ῥόδους κρίνα πλακίνα.

In this ode, likewise, Moore seems to me to have been unnecessarily paraphrastic. As the poem is a short

one, I extract it to show how little it deserves the name of a translation from Anacreon.

Fly not thus my brow of snow,  
 Lovely wanton! fly not so.  
 Though the wane of age is mine,  
 Though the brilliant flush is thine,

Still I'm doomed to sigh for thee,  
 Blest, if thou could'st sigh for me !  
 See in yonder flowery braid,  
 Culled for thee, my blushing maid,  
 How the rose of orient glow,  
 Mingles with the lily's snow ;  
 Mark, how sweet their tints agree,  
 Just, my girl, like thee and me !

Having extracted the above ode, it is of course unnecessary for me to do further, as the reader is able to make his own observations upon its fidelity.

## ON EUROPA.

The bull, my child, that here you see,  
 None else than Jove himself can be, ;  
 Upon his back, athwart the spray,  
 A Tyrian maid he bears away.  
 And as the wide sea round him raves,  
 His hoofs divide the circling waves.  
 What other bull, chased from the herd,  
 In such a strange career had erred—  
 What other sail'd the mighty sea,  
 Or dared its whelming wave but he ?

Moore gives this ode with considerable correctness, if we except the

No : he descends from climes above,  
 He looks the god, he breathes of Jove !

Now Anacreon does not appear to have seen any thing very god-like about the bull, nor to have imagined it to "breathe of Jove," but merely comes to the conclusion that he must be a very supernatural animal, from seeing him in such a situation—shrewdly conjecturing that no bull of quiet and respectable habits would be found on so strange an excursion. The variation from the text in this instance, which was of course meant to give more force of expression to the poet's meaning, shows how dangerous it sometimes is, without reflection, to deviate from an original work.

## ON LIVING CARELESSLY.

Why teach to me the pedant's rules,  
 The dull restraints and laws of schools ?  
 What reck's it to be deeply fraught,  
 With arguments that profit nought ?  
 Teach me to drink the luscious draught  
 Which Bacchus gave, which Bacchus quaffed !  
 Teach me the moments to beguile  
 With lovely woman's sunny smile !  
 Time's whitening locks my brows entwine ;  
 Then bring me water, bring me wine ?  
 And let me in the flowing bowl  
 Dispel the troubles of my soul,  
 Soon o'er my corse the turf thou'lt spread,  
 And,—no desires disturb the dead !

The next ode appears to refer to some painting or piece of sculpture representing the fable of Europa.

## λέ'. Εἰς Εὐρώπης εἰκόνα.

Ὁ ταῦρος οὗτος, ὦ παῖ,  
 Ζεὺς μοι δοκεῖ τις εἶναι.  
 Φέρει γὰρ ἀμφὶ νώτοις  
 Σιδωνίην γυναῖκα·  
 Περὰ δὲ πόντον εὐρύν,  
 Τίμει τε κῦμα χηλαῖς.  
 Οὐκ ἂν δὲ ταῦρος ἄλλος  
 ἔξ ἀγέλης ἱλασθεῖς  
 ἵπλισσε τὴν θάλασσαν,  
 εἰ μὴ μόνος γ' ἱκεῖνος.

mode in which he renders the last two lines—

I am half afraid that the critics will hardly pardon me for giving, as the production of Anacreon, the ode which follows. Degen denounces it as spurious, inasmuch as rhetoricians were unknown at the period when the odes were written ; and it must be confessed that its authenticity is very doubtful. Still, there is so much of spirit and animation in it, that I am unwilling to abandon Anacreon's claim to it, and rather let it remain with him till a better title shall be set up elsewhere. Moore, it will be seen, is inclined to agree in the arguments against its authenticity.

## λς'. Εἰς τὸ ἀνειμένως ζῆν.

Τί μοι τοὺς νόμους διδάσκεις  
 καὶ ῥητόρων ἀνάγκαι ;  
 τί δ' ἔμοι λόγων τοσούτων  
 τῶν μηδὲν ὠφελούντων ;  
 μᾶλλον διδάσκει πίνειν  
 ἀπαλὸν πόμα Λυαίου·  
 μᾶλλον διδάσκει παίζειν  
 μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης.  
 πολὶαὶ κάρη στίφουσι.  
 δὲς ὕδωρ βάλ' οἶνον, ὦ παῖ,  
 τὴν ψυχὴν μου κάρωσον.  
 βραχὺ μὴ ζῶντα καλύπτεις·  
 ὁ θανὼν οὐκ ἐπιθυμεῖ.

I cannot say that I much admire the final couplet in Moore's translation of this ode.

And there's an end—for ah! you know,  
They drink but little wine below!

in which there is much more of the levity of the witty Frenchman, whom he cites in his note, than of the solemn fervour of the passionate Greek; and,

for my part, I think few things can be more at variance than the epigrammatic point of the

Ma science ne trouve pas  
Des cabarets en l'autre monde

of Mainard, and the abrupt

ὁ θανάων οὐκ ἐπιθυμῶ

of Anacreon. Indeed, in such sudden transitions lies the chief grace of many of the Teian's compositions; and if the present ode be not his, its author has very happily imitated this peculiarity of his style.

Whatever hesitation I might have felt in inserting the above ode, I certainly feel no difficulty as to that which follows. Notwithstanding the

opinions of both Degen and Brunck, from whom I seldom wish to differ, I subscribe cordially to Moore's observation upon it, who says—"It appears to me to be elegantly graphical, full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of 'Ἰδε πῶς ἰαρός φανίντος is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace:

"Vides ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte——"

Indeed, I can see nothing but "fastidious affectation" which could have

caused any of the commentators to doubt its genuineness.

#### ON THE SPRING.

See the sister graces fling  
Roses in the path of spring;  
See the wavelets sink to rest  
On the tranquil ocean's breast:  
Mark the sea-bird cleave the deep,  
And the crane through ether sweep  
Mark the sun with glowing ray  
Chase the gloomy clouds away,  
While the works of mortals shine  
Brightly in its light divine:  
Now the rich and teeming earth  
Gives the fruitful olive birth.  
And where Bacchus fondly weaves  
Tendrils fair and budding leaves  
See the little grapes at strife  
Struggling through them into life!

λζ'. Εἰς τὸ ἔαρ.

"Ἰδε πῶς ἰαρός φανίντος  
Χάριτες ῥόδα βρῦουσιν.  
Ἰδε πῶς κύμα θαλάσσης  
ἀπαλύνεται γαλήνῃ.  
Ἰδε πῶς νῆσσα κολυμβᾷ.  
Ἰδε πῶς γίγανος ὀδύνη.  
ἀφελῶς δ' ἱλαμψὶ Τιτάν·  
νιφελῶν σκιαὶ δονοῦνται·  
τὰ βροτῶν δ' ἱλαμψὶ ἔργα.  
[καρποῖσι γαῖα προκύπτει,  
καρπὸς ἐλαίας προκύπτει,  
βρομίῳ στίφεται τὸ νᾶμα.  
καταφυλλον, κατακλῶνα  
καθιλὼν, ἠνθίσσι καρπος.

Moore has done considerable justice to this ode in his translation of it. The line—

απαλυνεται γαληνη

on the beautiful onomatopoeia of which, he observes in his notes, he has rendered—

Have languished into silent sleep;

which, though it falls far short of the tranquillity of expression in the ori-

ginal, is certainly happy. His concluding lines, too, are so pretty, that at the risk of suffering by the contrast, I cannot forbear quoting them—

Gemming shoots the olive twine,  
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;  
All along the branches creeping,  
Through the velvet foliage peeping  
Little infant fruits we see,  
Nursing into luxury.

Pretty as this is, however, I cannot pass by the blunder of “festooning the vine” with “clusters ripe” in spring, which is the less excusable, from the use of the phrase “infant fruits” immediately after. But we northerns have no great practical acquaintance with the plant of Bacchus.

#### ON HIMSELF.

Yes! I am old, but still I think  
I yet may challenge youth to drink!  
Yet ply at need the dancer's task;  
And while I wave aloft my flask,  
No other staff or sceptre ask.  
Let him whose glory is to slay,  
Mix in the close and bloody fray:  
But, boy! bring me a mighty cup,  
With honied nectar brimming up!  
Old though I am, to pleasure true,  
Silenus-like, I'll dance with you!

With this ode I stop. Indeed, it is with reluctance that I have gone so far. A man drawing close upon his seventieth year, who for five-and-twenty years has had few of those literary “appliances” so necessary for him who seeks to cultivate whatever talents nature has gifted him with, has few inducements to proceed in such a labour. Fame—did I value it—I cannot hope for; since, if at any time I should be induced to publish these fragments, it shall be without my name. Were it even otherwise, I feel that I should gain little reputation by them. For the critic, they are not sufficiently critical: for the unlearned, they are

Salva mihi veterum maneat dum regula morum,  
Ludat permissis sobria musa jocis.

[Thus ends the second paper of our friend; and it would appear that he adhered to his resolution of not proceeding to the completion of the task which he undertook, as I have been unable to find any thing further upon the subject amongst his papers,

In the next ode the bard again returns to his favourite theme—the praise of wine and pleasure. We find in it the same hilarity, the same love of social enjoyment that pervades all his poems of this class, and the same denunciation of strife and quarrelsomeness—

#### λη'. Εἰς ἑαυτόν.

Ἐγὼ γέρον μὲν εἰμι,  
νῆον πλείον δὲ πινῶ·  
κἄν διήσῃ με χορυνίη,  
σκηπτρον ἔχω τὸν ἀσπόν·  
ὁ κερθεῖ δ' οὐδὲν ἐστίν.  
ὁ μὲν θύλων μαχίσθαι,  
παριστῶ καὶ μαχίσθῳ  
ἰμοὶ κάπιλλον, ὦ παῖ,  
μυλιχρὸν οἶνον ἡδύν·  
ἔγκριά σαι, φερήσῃ·  
ἐγὼ γέρον μὲν εἰμι,  
Σιληνὸν ἐν μισοῖσι  
μιμουμένους χορυνίσσω.

not sufficiently loose. There was a time when I might have done otherwise, but I chose another path; and if thorns have at times beset it, my web of life has not been woven without a fair proportion of bright and happy hues. As for these trifles which have occupied many of my leisure hours for some time past, they may cause the lip of the cynic to curl, or bring a frown to the brow of the *soi-disant* philosopher; but Modesty need not blush at their perusal; and, as old Jack Falstaff says—“If sack and sugar be a sin, God help the wicked.” Gaiety, with in its proper limits, is a virtue, not a vice; and—

except two translations, which, not wishing to make any alteration in his manuscripts, I have not embodied with the rest. I, however, here append them, as, though he perhaps would have thought them to require some finishing touches, yet I believe his re-

putation is not likely to suffer by their publication. I also send you an "Anacreontic," from his pen, written in his earlier days, and the only fragment of his original composition which I pos-

sess. Though it has the air of a poem thrown off in a careless hour, it shows that he had caught up not a little of the spirit of the bard, of whose style it is an imitation.—B. J. M.]

## ON LOVE.

Love, 'mid the roses sporting free,  
Once chanced to wake a slumbering bee :  
The bee, the baby's finger stung ;  
His hands he loud bewailing wrung,  
And quickly to sweet Venus fled,  
His little wounded palm outspread—  
"Mother, I'm lost !" his piteous cry ;  
Mother, I'm lost ; I die, I die,  
Stung by a serpent winged and small,  
Which bee, methinks, the peasants' call !"  
Then she replied—"Oh ! if the sting  
Of tiny bee such torture bring ;  
Say, Cupid, what must be the smart  
That follows thy relentless dart ?"

## ON THE ARROW OF LOVE.

The husband of Cythere's queen,  
Amid the Lemnian forges' fire,  
Once formed a weapon bright and keen  
For Cupid, god of soft desire.  
The point in honey Venus dipp'd,  
In gall the arrow Cupid steep'd ;  
Mars, brandishing his massy spear,  
Chanced at the tiny dart to sneer.  
"The weapon's strength, first deign to prove,  
'Tis greater than you deem," cried Love.  
Mars took the arrow from the child,  
And, oh ! how lovely Venus smil'd ;  
For scarcely had the hero grasped,  
When, "oh, take back the dart !" he gasped ;  
"'Tis sharp—'tis deadly, I allow."  
"Indeed," cried Love, "then keep it now !"

## ANACREONTIC BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Lovely Thetis, on the morn  
When her warrior son was born,  
From the shafts of Death to save,  
Dipped him in the Stygian wave ;  
Then from fear of danger free,  
Bade, him laugh at destiny !  
Long the virtues of the tide  
Turned each glancing dart aside ;  
Till, at length, the fatal steel  
Smote him in th' unbathed heel,  
And with deep and deadly wound  
Struck the hero to the ground.

Thus, in Bacchus' rosy bowl  
I had steeped my thoughtless soul ;  
Heeded neither lips nor eyes ;  
Mocked at woman's fairest guise ;  
Scorned the listless lover's woe ;

Laughed at Cupid's tiny bow ;  
And with fond and vaunting pride,  
All his wily arts defied :  
But, alas ! one evening, hid  
Underneath thy snowy lid,  
As I fondly turned to gaze  
On those eyes' half-sleeping rays,  
Forth the urchin aimed a dart  
From the bow I scorned so long,  
Which, within my stricken heart,  
Rankles now with venom strong.  
Then I found—ah ! who does not ?  
That the wine-cup's sparkling rill  
Leaves some one uncharmed spot  
Free to Cupid's arrows still ;  
And my heart, like Thetis' son,  
Too much daring, is undone !

## μ'. Εἰς Ἐρωτα.

Ἐρως ποτ' ἐν ῥόδῳσι  
κοιμωμένην μίλισσαν  
οὐκ εἶδεν, ἀλλ' ἐπρώθη  
τὸν δάκτυλον. πατάξας  
τὰς χεῖρας, ὠλόλυξε·  
δραμὼν δὲ καὶ πιτασθεῖς  
πρὸς τὴν καλὴν Κυθήρην,  
ὄλωλα, μήτιρ, εἶπεν,  
ὄλωλα, κάποδνήσκω.  
ὄφρις μ' ἔτυψε μικρὸς,  
πτειρωτός ὃν καλοῦσι  
μίλισσαν οἱ γιωργοί.  
ἢ δ' εἶπεν· εἰ τὸ κέντρον  
πονεῖ τὸ τῆς μελίσσης,  
πόσον δοκίῃς πονοῦσιν,  
Ἐρως, ὅσους σὺ βάλλεις ;

## με'. Εἰς τα τοῦ Ἐρωτος βέλη.

Ὁ ἀνὴρ ὁ τῆς Κυθήρης  
παρὰ Λημνίαις καμίνους·  
τὰ βέλη τὰ τῶν Ἐρώτων  
ἱποίει, λαβὼν σίδηρον.  
ἀκίδας δ' ἱβαπτὶ Κύπρις,  
μίλι τὸ γλυκὺ λαβοῦσα·  
ὃ δ' Ἐρως χολὴν ἔμισγεν.  
ὃ δ' Ἀρης ποτ' ἐξ αὐτῆς  
στιβαρὸν δόρυ κραδαίνων  
βέλος ἠντίλιξ Ἐρωτος·  
ὃ δ' Ἐρως, τόδ' ἐστίν, εἶπε,  
βαρὺ· πειράσας νοήσεις.  
ἔλαβεν βέλιμον Ἀρης,  
ὑπὲρ μιδίασι Κύπρις.  
ὃ δ' Ἀρης ἀναστινάξας,  
βαρὺ, φησὶν· ἄρον αὐτό.  
ὃ δ' Ἐρως ἔχ' αὐτό, φησί.



## THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.\*

It is a truth established by the researches of geologists, that many races of animals have become extinct, in consequence of the revolutions to which the earth's surface has been exposed. A similar fate appears to await several races of mankind, in consequence of the social changes now in progress. The simple inhabitants of the West India islands perished within a single generation, after the discovery of the New World; and but a few years will elapse, before the red men of North America will vanish before the progress of white colonists, with their fatal pioneers, spirituous liquors and epidemic diseases. Under these circumstances, we cannot but feel a melancholy interest in the present condition and inevitable lot of the red men, and to collect, before it be too late, such authentic information as will illustrate their history, and preserve some record of their virtues, vices, and misfortunes. The work of Mr. Catlin, in this point of view, is peculiarly interesting and important. He has visited most of the wild tribes of the interior of North America; and has given a very curious and interesting history of their customs, derived from personal observation, during a residence of several years among them, and has preserved their features, dress, and modes of living, not only by vivid descriptions, but by an immense collection of drawings, illustrative of every condition of Indian life.

Before proceeding to make any observations on the very entertaining and instructive work of Mr. Catlin, we will take the liberty of introducing the author himself to the acquaintance of our readers. Mr. Catlin belongs to that class of writers who, like Wilson, the American ornithologist, and Waterton, the traveller, without possessing a scientific education, or a systematic turn of mind, are endowed with a keen perception of the beauties of nature, acute talents for observa-

tion, ability to describe what they have seen, and a love of adventure, which enables them to overcome all difficulties. Our author was born in Wyoming, where his father had settled, soon after the Indian massacre, whose memory will be long preserved by the muse of Campbell. The early part of his life, Mr. Catlin candidly informs us, was spent somewhat in vain, with books reluctantly held in one hand, and a rifle or fishing-rod firmly and affectionately grasped in the other. He was subsequently apprenticed to a lawyer, and afterwards practised at the bar for some time, when, to use his own words—

“I very deliberately sold my law library and all save my rifle and fishing-tackle, and converting their proceeds into brushes and paint-pots, I commenced the art of painting in Philadelphia, without teacher or adviser.”

While occupied with his new and favourite pursuit, the appearance of a number of Indian chiefs in Philadelphia attracted his attention, and gave his love of art and enterprise a new direction. Our enthusiast now resolved to abandon wife and family, and to betake himself to the far west, to paint Indian scenery, and collect portraits of Indian chiefs and medicine men. The zealous artist spent eight years in his adventurous undertaking, visiting every tribe, residing in their villages, traversing the vast prairies of the Missouri, or navigating the river in his canoe, and encountering every kind of risk from wild Indians, grizzly bears, and buffalo-hunting. The sum of all his labours, we shall give in his own words—

“I have visited thirty-eight different tribes, the greater part of which I found speaking different languages, and containing in all four hundred thousand souls. I have brought home safe and in good order, three hundred and ten portraits in oil, all painted in their

\* Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians. By George Catlin. 2 vols. royal 8vo. London, 1841.  
Vol. XIX.—No. 110.

native dresses and in their own wigwams; and also two hundred other paintings in oil, containing views of their villages, their wigwams, their games and religious ceremonies, their dances, their ball-plays, their buffalo hunting and other amusements, (containing in all over three thousand full-length figures) and landscapes of the country they live in, as well as a very extensive and curious collection of their costumes and all their other manufactures, from the size of a wigwam down to the size of a quill or rattle."

Although Mr. Catlin's publication is any thing but a systematic work, and contains no analysis of Indian institutions, no important views respecting their origin, or even practical suggestions for their improvement and better treatment, it affords abundance of matter for speculation from the fullness and accuracy of its information. Possessed of a cheerful and healthy mind, and with none of those cold-blooded views, so prevalent among his countrymen respecting the coloured races, he has rendered full justice to the good points of the Indian character, and done his best to apologize for their faults and vices. Such a frame of mind is the most valuable qualification which a traveller can possess: it is his chief protection from danger, as well as his best assistant in observing correctly and impartially the actions of those whose hospitality he has known himself. The following statement is sufficient evidence that Mr. Catlin was well qualified for the task he had undertaken:—

"I have roamed," says he, "about from time to time, during seven or eight years, visiting or associating with some three or four hundred thousand of these people, under an infinite variety of circumstances: and from the many and decided voluntary acts of hospitality and kindness, I feel bound to pronounce them by nature a kind and hospitable people. I have been welcomed generally in their country, and treated to the best they could give me, without any charges made for my board; they have often escorted me through their enemies' country at some hazard to their own lives, and aided me in passing mountains and rivers with my awkward baggage, and under all these circumstances of exposure, no Indian ever betrayed me,

struck me a blow, or stole from me one shilling's worth of property that I am aware of."

Mr. Catlin's first expedition was to the mouth of the Yellowstone river, a tributary of the Upper Missouri, where a trading station has been established for the resort of the Indians, and where our artist could find abundance of subjects for his pencil. The Americans certainly possess the faculty of *going ahead* in a much higher degree than any other nation, not excepting their English progenitors. A remarkable illustration of this, is afforded by the circumstance, that Mr. Catlin landed from the steam-boat Yellowstone, in the very centre of the American wilderness, in the region of wild hunting Indians, of elks, buffaloes, and grizzly bears. It is in the memory of many not very aged individuals, when the prairies of the Upper Missouri, and the base of the Rocky Mountains, were as unknown as the sources of the Niger, and the mountains in the interior of Africa still are. At the present day, commercial enterprise and steam navigation have rendered a visit to the wilds of North America a mere pleasure trip, contrasting strangely with the risks and hardships which M'Kenzie, Lewis, and Clarke encountered in the same regions about forty years ago. The voyage from St. Louis to the interior, a distance of two thousand miles, even with the aid of steam, occupied a period of no less than three months. This, however, is easily explained, as it was the first voyage ever attempted, and the sand-banks and accumulations of driftwood in the river, rendered it necessary to proceed with caution. It is amusing to notice the impressions which the first arrival of the steam-boat excited among the wild men of the prairie. Some threw their faces to the ground, some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, who they conceived was offended—some deserted their villages, and ran to the tops of the bluffs, several miles distant—others, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution and peeped over the bank of the river, to see the fate of their chiefs, whose duty it was to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go

on board—sometimes, in their flight, they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other, men, women, children and dogs, sage sachem, old and young, all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of steam from the escape-pipe, which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement. The Indian sages appear to have had their theories respecting this strange machine: some called it the great thunder canoe, for they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it—others called it the big medicine (mystery) canoe, with eyes—it must have eyes, said they, for it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel.

Our traveller, on the conclusion of the voyage, established himself as painter to the wild chiefs of the Missouri, but soon found that the exercise of art is attended with troubles in savage as in civilized countries. The first impression of the Indians on seeing the portraits of their chiefs and sachems was, that the paintings were endowed with some degree of life and consciousness. After painting several Mandan chiefs, the artist was requested to exhibit them, to gratify the curiosity of the common people—

“ They pronounced me the greatest medicine-man in the world; for they said I made living beings, they said they could see their chiefs alive in two places: those that I made were *a little* alive—they could see their eyes move, could see them smile and laugh, and if they could laugh they could certainly speak, if they should try, and they must therefore have some life in them. Two classes of the community, however, exerted a very decided opposition to the exercise of this dangerous art. The squaws and conjurers, or medicine-men: they exclaimed that life could not be infused into the portrait without transferring a portion from the original and thus shortening his life. The women began to weep and complain most bitterly, exclaiming that the artist who could make life might also destroy it—if he could take a portion of life from a chief why not the whole? This new medicine was dangerous to the lives of the community and therefore the painter must quit the country immediately.”

The medicine men, or mystery chiefs, also took the matter into their

most serious consideration, and deliberated on the subject from day to day. Our artist had the dexterity and tact, not only to overcome the objections of the mystery men, but also to get himself admitted a member of their fraternity—

“ I was waited upon in due form and ceremony by the medicine-men, and was invited to a feast where they presented me with a *she-she-quoi*, or doctor's rattle, and also a magical wand or doctor's staff, strung with the claws of the grizzly bear, hoofs of the antelope, with ermine, wild sage, and bats' wings, and perfumed withal with the choice and savoury odour of the pole-cat, a dog was sacrificed and hung over my wigwam, I was therefore and thereby initiated into the arcana of medicine or mystery, and considered a fellow of the extraordinary society of conjurati.”

Portrait painting, however, had its dangers as well as its rewards, as the following narrative can testify. The artist was occupied in painting a number of Sioux chiefs, when the medicine-men interfered, protesting that those who were painted would soon die in consequence, and what was still worse, that they could not rest in their graves, as a portion of their vital principle would be preserved on the white man's canvas. This difficulty was at last overcome, and a group of chiefs agreed to have their portraits taken. The artist commenced by taking the portrait of a chief, whose name signifies the little bear—

“ I was painting (says Mr. Catlin) almost a profile view of his face, throwing a part of it into shadow, when an Indian of the name of Shonka (the dog), an ill-natured man, seated himself in front of my sitter. After sitting a while with his arms folded, he sneeringly spoke thus: ‘ The painter knows you are but half a man; he has painted but one half of your face and the other half is good for nothing.’ Irritating words followed, and at length the chiefs retired to their respective lodges. The Little Bear instantly charged his gun, his wife seeing him agitated secretly withdrew the bullet and told him not of it. The Dog's voice at this moment was heard at the door of the Little Bear's lodge. ‘ If the Little Bear be a *whole* man let him come out and prove it—it is the Dog calls him!’ His wife screamed but it was too late; the Little Bear lay weltering in

his blood, and strange to say, with all that part of his face shot away which had been left out in the picture, and according to the prediction of the Dog—good for nothing. Next day the Little Bear died. The excitement was tremendous: the Dog and his friend fled, the Indians took their arms, and the whites in the country took measures for their safety; an Indian council was held, in which the painter's medicine was found to be too powerful for the Indians, and his death was decided on."

In this emergency, Mr. Catlin wisely fled the country, and we have no reason to doubt the sincerity of his resolution not to paint another portrait in the Sioux country.

During his eight years' wanderings among the wild men of the interior of America, Mr. Catlin found not only abundant prey for his pencil in the remarkable scenery of the Missouri, in depicting the grotesque costumes of the Indians, their dances, and modes of living, but also found plentiful materials, illustrative of the moral and physical history of the Indian race. These observations have been faithfully made, but are scattered at random throughout the work, and related with a diffuseness which is extremely fatiguing; for his narrations, like his journeyings, are of no small length, and sometimes require a considerable exertion of patience on the part of the reader. We will attempt to give an outline of the views of Indian life, as exhibited by our author, but shorn, as much as possible, of his superfluous verbiage.

Concerning the physical features of the Indians, as might be expected from one who is at once an observer and an artist, the information contained in the volumes before us, is at once precise and copious. The Indians, while they exhibit the peculiar features of their race, such as are common to every part of the Continent, also display many traits of subordinate variations, which serve to distinguish one tribe from another. Every where throughout the New World, we find the aboriginal tribes possess several features which distinguish them from the inhabitants of the Old World. The brown complexion varying from the lightest to the deepest tint; long lank hair, neither woolly, like the negroes, nor in flowing

[March]

mane, and a rounded compressed nose common to the

of forehead, even exempt from all artificial distortion, is much flatter in some tribes than in others. Among the Crows, as they are called, the forehead is remarkably flat and receding, the nose arched and sharp, and extremely prominent curves, which distinguish them from all the other tribes. This peculiarity is more interesting, as we perceive some features, only somewhat exaggerated, on the ancient paintings and sculptures of Copan and Palenque. The observation is of some interest, as proving that the flat-headed race, represented on the monuments of the more civilized Americans, was not copied from an extinct race, but that similar models still subsist. In connection with this subject, it is interesting to remember, that the valley of the Mississippi, and the regions from the Ohio almost to the Canadian lakes, were once the seat of a comparatively civilized race, which have left behind them numerous monuments, such as pyramids, fortifications, &c.

Their countenance is stern and ancholy, and they are as patient in sustaining pain, as they are remorseless in inflicting it. The stature of Indians varies exceedingly in different tribes: in the lower part of the Columbia river, the natives are a small race, rather inferior to the average standard of Europeans, while in many other places the Indians are a tall, even gigantic people—

"The Osage, may justly be said to be the tallest men in North America, either of white or red skins; there being very few indeed of the men, at their full growth, who are less than six feet in stature, and very many of them six feet and a half, and others seven feet. They at the same time well proportioned, with limbs and good looking, being not narrow in the shoulders, and like tall people, rather inclined to corpulence."

The inhabitants of Patagonia have been described as a gigantic race, they were first seen by Magellan and Pigafetta: the world that

the Patagonians were giants, double the stature of Europeans. This wild statement has now been rectified by the observations of Captain Fitzroy, who found that they rarely attained to the height of seven feet.

The Indians are inferior to Europeans in muscular power, and capacity for steady and continuous labour. They are more narrow in the shoulders, and less powerful in the arms, which are smooth and rounded, and the muscles do not stand out through the integuments, as they do in the labouring class of our population. The beard, that mark of dignity among the nations of Europe and Western Asia is little valued by the Indians. It appears to be more scanty than in the other races of men; and the little they are furnished with, is carefully eradicated. It is not so with the hair of the head, which is highly valued, and dressed in various fantastic ways. As the hair is never cut by the men, even when mourning for the dead, it often attains an enormous length. On measuring the hair of a Crow chief, it was found to be ten feet seven inches in length.

We cannot avoid noticing here the remarkable anomalies with respect to features which the Mandans of the Upper Missouri display—

“A stranger,” says Catlin, “in the Mandan village, is first struck with different shades of complexion and various colours of hair which he sees in the crowd about him, and is at once almost disposed to exclaim, these are not Indians!

“There are a great many of these people whose complexions appear as light as half-breeds; and amongst the women particularly, whose skins are almost as white, with hazel, grey, or blue eyes: why this diversity of complexion I cannot tell, nor can they themselves account for it. Their traditions, in as far as I have yet learned, afford no information of their having had any knowledge of white men, before the visit which Lewis and Clarke made to their village thirty-three years ago, since that time very few white men have visited the Mandans. Surely not enough of them to have changed the features of a nation. It is also to be remembered that Lewis and Clarke remarked the same light complexions when they visited the Mandans.”

The diversity of the colour of the

hair is as great as that of the complexion; for in a numerous group of these people, there may be seen every shade and colour of hair that can be seen in our own country, with the exception of red or auburn, which is not to be found.

“There is yet one more strange and unaccountable peculiarity: there are many of both sexes, and of every age, from infancy to old age, with hair of a bright silvery grey, and in some instances almost perfectly white.”

These peculiarities observed by Mr. Catlin, are no doubt sufficiently curious; the solution appears to be, not as Mr. Catlin imagines, that the Mandans are a peculiar race, different in origin from other Indians, but that they are liable to that deficiency of colouring matter which characterises Albinos. The phenomenon is by no means uncommon. The white Indians of Darien were observed by the old navigator, Lionel Wafer: white negroes, if we may use such an expression, have been often noticed; and Captain Gray, in his late expedition to the north-west part of Australia, found light-complexioned individuals among the aborigines. This remarkable peculiarity is of very general occurrence among living beings, whether animals or vegetables. The ferret is a familiar instance of albinism: every one must have seen it occasionally among birds, and even in the vegetable kingdom.

The intellectual and social condition of the Indian tribes forms a still more interesting subject of inquiry. Of their original state, before white men settled among them, and when their habits were unmodified by foreign influences, we possess but little information. The acquisition of the horse has alone effected a change of the most important nature; it has given them increased facilities for the destruction of wild animals: altered, in some, their modes of warfare, and facilitated their migrations from one place to another. It may, however, admit of doubt, whether upon the whole they have benefited by the change. Its tendency has, perhaps, been to render the adoption of a settled and agricultural life still more difficult.

The intercourse with white men has produced still more important changes. The hunting of wild animals for the



sake of their furs, has been added to their former occupation of hunting for food, and thus their more frequent intercourse with the traders has not only given them new ideas, but new vices. The produce of the chase is often bartered for intoxicating liquors; and this fatal desire for whiskey is of itself rapidly accelerating the inevitable term of their existence as a race of mankind.

This evil chiefly exists among the Indian tribes within the dominions of the United States. In the fur countries within the British territories, we believe this article of commerce is prohibited, and the evil exists in a more mitigated form. Nor are the Indians likely to profit in a moral view from their intercourse with a race possessed of a higher intellectual civilization: for the wandering and unsettled men, who are dispersed as fur traders over the interior of North America, are usually very incompetent to furnish examples which might be of use to the uninstructed savage. Unfortunately, the adventurers who find their way to the head waters of the Missouri, are better known by the abuse of power, than by the conferring of benefits. It is needless to quote instances, but a perusal of the narrative of Lewis and Clarke's travels, will afford sufficiently unambiguous evidences of the low ideas of the obligations incumbent on white men towards their uncivilized brethren, entertained even by the agents of the American government.

The number of Indians in the dominions of the United States, has been estimated at 400,000, scattered over an immense extent of country, reaching from Florida on the south, to Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg on the north; and from the west side of the Mississippi, to the base of the Rocky Mountains. Throughout all this region, the Indians subsist by hunting; and very few of them cultivate Indian corn, or depend in any degree on the cultivation of the soil. Their chief food is the flesh of the buffalo, an animal which roams in myriads through the greater part of the Indian country. This noble game is destroyed by the Indians in the most wanton manner, either for immediate use, or to obtain a supply of dried flesh for winter use, or simply for the sake of their skins, which are sold to the

fur traders, while the carcass is left as a prey to the wolves.

Although from the abundance of wild animals the Indians are usually well supplied with food; yet from their improvidence, they are often reduced to a state of famine. A stock of provision which might last for a week, is often consumed at a feast, and the thoughtless savage is exposed to all the horrors of famine. Under the usual conditions of Indian life—exposed to famine—constantly engaged in warfare, and compelled to undertake frequent and painful journeys, in quest of game, we need not be surprised that the custom of exposing the aged prevails among many tribes. The following narrative, by Mr. Catlin, gives us a vivid idea of the miseries of uncivilized life:—

“The tribe were going where hunger and necessity compelled them to go, and this pitiable object who had once been a chief and a man of distinction in his tribe, who was now too old to travel, being reduced to mere skin and bones, was to be left to starve or to meet with such a death as might fall to his lot, and his bones to be picked by the wolves. I wept, and it was a pleasure to weep, for the painful looks and dreary prospects of this old veteran, whose eyes were dimmed, whose venerable locks were whitened by a hundred years, whose limbs were almost naked and trembling, as he sat by a small fire which his friends had left him, a few sticks within his reach, and a buffalo skin stretched over his head. Such was to be his only dwelling place and such the chances for his life, with only a few half-picked bones that were laid within his reach, and a dish of water. In this sad plight I mournfully contemplated this miserable remnant of existence, who had unluckily outlived the fates and accidents of wars to die alone, and at death's leisure. His friends and children had all left him and were preparing in a little time to be on the march.

“This cruel custom of exposing their people belongs I think to all the tribes who roam about the prairies, making severe marches, when such decrepid persons become unable to ride or walk. It often becomes absolutely necessary in such cases that they should be left, and they uniformly insist upon it, saying, as this old man did, that they are old and of no farther use, that they left their fathers in the same manner, that they wish to die, and their children must not mourn for them.”



To turn to other topics, illustrative of Indian life, we find them characterised by extreme credulity, not merely with respect to the mysterious powers possessed by white men, but also with the claims set up by their own doctors and conjurers. Every thing strange or uncommon is a medicine or mystery to the Indian, and supposed to be endowed with occult powers or qualities. Every Indian has his mystery bag, and those who have made proficiency in this sort of witchcraft are denominated medicine or mystery-men.

The Indian medicine bag is constructed of the skins of animals, often curiously ornamented, and always carried about his person. Every Indian, in his primitive state, carries his medicine bag, to which he pays the greatest homage, and looks for safety and protection through life. Feasts are often made, and dogs and horses sacrificed to a man's medicine; and days, and even weeks of fasting and penance of various kinds are often suffered to appease his medicine. The manner in which this curious and important article is instituted is this:—A boy is said to be forming his medicine, when he wanders from his father's lodge, and absents himself for several days, lying on the ground, in some secluded spot, and crying to the Great Spirit, and fasting during the whole time. He dreams, or thinks he dreams of some animal destined to furnish his medicine bag; he then returns to his father's lodge, and after relating his success, he issues forth to capture the destined animal. The skin he preserves through life, as his source of strength in battle, and in death his guardian spirit, that is buried with him; and which is to conduct him to the beautiful hunting grounds which he contemplates in the world to come. The value of the medicine bag is above all price; and to part with it involves indelible disgrace. Even if the medicine be lost in battle, the disgrace is intense; and he is despised as a man who has lost his medicine: and an Indian can only retrieve his character, by rushing into the combat, and plundering one from an enemy, whom he slays with his own hand. It is a singular fact, that a man can institute his medicine but once in his life, and

equally singular, that he can repair its loss by the adoption of the medicine of his enemy.

Although every Indian has his mystery, there are some whose medicines and craft are more powerful than those of their fellows; and hence the medicine chiefs who exert so powerful an influence in the councils of the tribe. These conjurers are employed not merely to cure diseases, but their aid is sought in every circumstance of difficulty where events become too complicated to be understood by the simple Indian. They are rain-makers—they bring the buffalo to the plains—enchant their enemies, and bestow protecting charms on their friends. The dress of these medicine men is often extremely grotesque and heterogeneous. The following is Mr. Catlin's description of a dress in his possession:—

“It is the strangest medley and mixture perhaps of the animal and vegetable kingdoms that was ever seen. Besides the skin of the yellow bear (itself an anomaly, and of course a great medicine), there are attached to it the skins of many animals, which are also anomalies and deformities, which render them, in their estimation, medicine; and there are also the skins of snakes, frogs and bats, beaks, toes and tails of birds, hoofs of deer, goats and antelopes, and, in fact, the fag-ends, tails, and tips of almost every thing that flies, swims, or runs, in this part of the wide world.”

These observations naturally lead to some notice of the religious notions of the Indians. On this interesting matter we are apt to form very vague ideas, and are ready to suppose that such a term as Great Spirit is understood by the untutored savage of America in the same sense as it is by ourselves, and in fact that because they have no idols that they have arrived at that prime doctrine of the unity and immateriality of the Deity. After the slightest study of the Indian traditions, in which we find their notions of the Great Spirit clothed with details, the incoherence and extreme imperfection of their opinions become at once apparent. According to the Sioux, before the creation of man the Great Spirit existed in the

shape of a bird, which used to slay and eat the buffaloes; and similar fables are told by the other tribes. It would be strange, indeed, if the Indian had acquired a knowledge of the Supreme Being which we can scarcely find in Socrates or Cicero. The truth appears to be, that the religion, or rather the superstition of the Indians is similar to that which exists among the most barbarous portions of our race in every country, and to which the name of fetichism has been applied. It belongs to the same state of barbarism as exists among the Australians, the Negroes, and the Laplanders. In this mode of belief, every or any object, whether animate or inanimate, possessed of any remarkable, inherent, or accidental property becomes a mystery-bag, a fetish, or a charm. The personification of these powers, under either one or more supernatural agents, is the utmost perfection to which this system has been brought. The following statements will show the analogy of the superstitions of the North American tribes with those of the Fins and Australians.

The old religion of the Fins was a true fetichism, that is, each individual held the object he first met for his god, and addressed to it his offerings and his prayers; he changed the object as caprice or accident led him to doubt its potency. The master of a house often established his fetish as a family god, and the chief of a tribe would sometimes exalt it to the rank of a national divinity. These usages of the Fins of former times are strictly analagous to the customs of the Indians. Mr. Catlin informs us that their sacrifices are generally made immediately to their medicine-bags or to their family medicine, which every family seems to have attached to their household, in addition to that which appropriately belongs to individuals. Lewis and Clarke mention a Mandan chief who sacrificed seventeen horses to his medicine-bag to conciliate the good-will of the Great Spirit. The following quotation, taken from Mr. Moore's excellent vocabulary of the West Australian language, is so apposite to what occurs among some Indian tribes (the Cheenooks, for instance) that it only requires to sup-

press the Australian names and substitute American ones to render it perfectly applicable:—

“If a magician have a dislike to another native, he is supposed to kill him, by stealing upon him at night, and secretly consuming his flesh, entering into his victim like pieces of quartz and occasioning much pain. And this magician can however disenchant the person thus afflicted. When this is done the boylya is drawn from the patient in the form of pieces of quartz, which are kept as great curiosities. The aborigines do not appear to comprehend that mortality is natural to man. All diseases, particularly those of a fatal kind, are ascribed to supernatural influence, and hence the reason why when one of them dies, whether the deceased has died by the hand of the enemy, by accident, or by natural causes.”

We may allude to another custom, derived, in all probability, from this form of superstition. Each tribe has its token or badge, which is usually the figure of some animal, as the bear, the tortoise, or the beaver; so that it would appear that, as in the case of the pagan Fins, the mystery or medicine of some chief had afterwards become that of the tribe. It is not a little remarkable that the same device is employed by the natives of Australia, who designate their various tribes by the name of its tutelary animal.

The domestic habits and recreations of the American Indians are similar to those of other races following the same mode of life, and in the same social condition. They are hospitable, even to excess; but the most curious circumstance is, that as a proof of esteem for valued guests, they feast them, not on venison, but on dog's flesh. Mr. Catlin has given an amusing account of one of these feasts, to which he was invited:—

“On the ground were six or eight kettles with iron covers, in which were prepared the viands for our feast. In front were two or three men who were placed as waiters, to light the pipes for smoking and also to serve out the food. The chief, in the usual formal style of the Indians, prefaced the entertainment by a speech of which the following is a part:—‘My father, I hope you will have pity on us, for we are very poor. We

offer you to-day not the best that we have got, for we have plenty of buffalo-hump and marrow, but we give you our hearts in this feast; we have killed our faithful dogs to feed you, and the Great Spirit shall confirm our friendship. I have no more to say.' The dog, amongst all the Indian tribe is more esteemed and valued than in the civilized world. The Indian has more time to devote to his company, and whose untutored mind more nearly assimilates to that of his faithful servant keeps him closer company, they hunt and sleep together. Yet with all this he will end his affection for his faithful follower, and with tears in his eyes offer him as a sacrifice to seal the pledge he has taken to man. A feast of venison or buffalo meat is what is due to every one who enters an Indian wigwam, and of course but a passive and neutral evidence that goes for nothing. I have sat at many of these feasts and never could but appreciate the moral and solemnity of them. I have seen the master take from the bowl the head of his victim, and descant on its former affection and fidelity with tears in his eyes. I have seen guests at the same time by the side of me jesting and sneering at the poor Indian's folly, and I have said in my heart that they never deserved so honourable a name as that of the poor animal whose bones they were picking."

The favourite amusement of the Indians is dancing. This, however, is a much more solemn affair than with us, and the women are rarely permitted to join in it. Rather than calling them dances, they ought to be viewed as solemn processions, and imitations of the more important circumstances of Indian life—such as hunting, fighting, or mystery-making. Hence they have the bear dance, the buffalo dance, the scalp dance, and the medicine dance. One example of these dances will suffice. The Indians informed Mr. Catlin that if they could obtain a couple of dogs that were of no use to the garrison they would exhibit their favourite dog dance. The dogs were soon produced, when they butchered them, and placed their two hearts and livers, still unwashed, upon two sticks. They were cut into strips about an inch in width, and left hanging in this condition. A spirited dance then ensued, and, in a confused manner, every one sung forth his own deeds of bravery in ejaculatory gutturals, which were almost deafening.

They next danced up to the stakes, and, after spitting several times upon the livers and hearts, caught a piece in their mouths, bit it off, and swallowed it. This was all done without losing the step (which was in time to their music) or interrupting the tones of their voices.

Each of them in this manner bit off and swallowed a piece of the livers until they were demolished, with the exception of the two last morsels, which they carried in their mouths and communicated to the two musicians, who swallowed them. The dog dance is one of destruction, inasmuch as it can only be danced by those who have taken scalps from the enemy's heads, and come forward boasting that they have killed their enemy in battle, and swallowed a piece of his heart in the same manner.

It is a curious circumstance that the dances of the Australians partake of the same characters. 'Their dances,' says Mr. Moore, "frequently represent the chase and motions of the kangaroo and emu, the pursuit of a wounded cockatoo, the course of a snake, the transformations and feats of a magician with a wand, &c.; and, although the figures are somewhat uncouth, the gestures are not ungraceful. As seen in the forest in a clear night, and by the bright blaze of a fire, surrounded by a group of admiring spectators, the whole scene presents a pleasing and animated picture of the recreations of savage life."

The most interesting portion of Mr. Catlin's entertaining volumes is his elaborate account of the Mandans. He resided long enough among them to enable him fully to study their manners, which are more civilized than those of any other tribe in the interior of America; and what adds a melancholy interest to the subject is, that, since our artist sojourned among them, they have become an extinct nation, and probably not an individual of the tribe now survives.

The Mandan village is situated on the west bank of the Missouri, about eighteen hundred miles above St. Louis. Being a small and sedentary tribe, exposed on all sides to numerous and vindictive enemies, the Mandans live in permanent and fortified villages, while the surrounding tribes frequently

change their encampments, following the migrations of their game. The Mandan villages are protected by rows of pallisades about eighteen feet high. The ditch, unlike the practice of Europeans, is within the pallisades—its utility in Indian warfare being not to obstruct the advance of the assailants, but to protect the bodies of the defenders while they fire upon the enemy. The houses are large and, for Indians, comfortable, and differing in construction from those of any other North American tribes. These houses are circular, the circle being forty to sixty feet in diameter. The floor of the lodge is about three feet under ground, and the roof rises to the same distance above the surface of the soil. The roof is slightly convex, and covered, like the walls, with a thick coating of clay, which soon indurates and becomes impervious to water. The roof becomes the lounging-place of the family in fine weather, and is then frequented by all classes of the community, where the gossip of the village is interchanged. In favourable weather the effect is extremely picturesque and lively. Warrior, sachem, and mystery-man—women, children, and dogs—are all assembled to enjoy the fresh air, and recreate themselves each according to his taste.

The Mandans, living in fixed habitations, and cultivating the maize and pumpkins, have higher notions of comfort and improvement than any of their neighbours. "They are not," says Catlin, "a warlike people, for they seldom, if ever, carry war into their enemies' country; but when invaded, they show no deficiency of courage. Being a small tribe, and unable to contend on the prairies with the Sioux, who are ten times more numerous, they have located themselves in permanent villages, which, being strongly fortified, insure their preservation. By this means they have advanced further in arts, and have supplied their lodges more abundantly with comforts, and even luxuries, than any Indian nations know of. In consequence of this, they are considerably in advance of the other tribes in manners and refinement; and hence they are usually denominated by the traders the polite and friendly Mandans."

Although rather more civilized than the surrounding tribes, they possess all

the vices of barbarous life. They are equally cruel as their neighbours, and full as superstitious, in as far as their more settled life has afforded them more leisure to elaborate their notions. The following anecdote shows the intensity with which the feeling of revenge is cherished even among the Mandans:—The brother of one of the Mandan chiefs was killed in battle by a chief of the Riccarees. The spear with which the Mandan was slain was preserved by his brother, who took a solemn vow to revenge his brother's death with the same weapon. He preserved the spear, still red with his brother's blood, for four years before he found an opportunity to use it upon the breast of its owner. Impatient of delay, he at last set out for the Riccaree village in quest of his victim. He travelled a distance of two hundred miles, concealing himself by day in the woods. One evening he disguised himself and entered the Riccaree village. He ventured into the wigwam of his enemy, who had just retired to bed. The Mandan chief very deliberately turned to the pot near the fire and completely satiated the desperate appetite which he had got during a journey and fast of six or seven days. He then charged the pipe and smoked. The wife of the victim inquired of her husband "What man is it who is eating in the lodge?" To which the only reply was, "Let him eat." This gave no alarm to the Mandan, for he knew that any man who is hungry may walk into an Indian's lodge and eat. He then transfixed his enemy with the spear, and taking the scalp, made his way into the prairie, and, after escaping from the pursuit of the exasperated Riccarees, he at last entered his village with the scalp of his enemy attached to his spear. It is in such deeds of reciprocal injury and vengeance that much of the life of an Indian is consumed. The indulgence of such detestable feelings is, however, no proof of intellectual inferiority. The history of Scotland, especially of the Highlands and border counties, affords examples of revenge as disgusting as that of the Mandan chief even as late as the sixteenth century.

The charms and mysteries of the Mandans possess a degree of certainty as to their results which our weather prophets might envy. In such cases as dancing for the arrival of buffaloes

or rain making, the process is continued until the desired event happens. With respect to the buffalo dance, every man is obliged to keep a mask made of the head and horns of a buffalo. When the buffaloes have been later than usual in appearing, the chief of the village orders the buffalo dance to commence. When one party of dancers is tired another party takes their place, and so the dance is continued without intermission until the game arrives. "These dances," says Catlin, "have sometimes been continued in this village for two or three weeks, without stopping an instant, until the joyful moment when the buffaloes made their appearance. So they never fail, and they think they have the means of bringing them in."

The history of the rain-makers and rain-stoppers is very curious. To select the former, when a long period of drought threatens to burn up their corn fields, the women become clamorous for the intervention of a rain-maker. The mode of rain-making is as follows:—A number of young men, desirous of obtaining the degree of mystery-men, undertake to bring a supply of rain to the fields. Each of the candidates in rotation remains for a day upon the roof of the medicine lodge enchanting the clouds. Those who fail are excluded for ever from the college of conjurers, while the successful meteorologist is esteemed a powerful charmer, and is never required to repeat the process. On the occasion described by Catlin three days of incantation had been spent, and the conjurers had failed in their attempts. On the fourth day a youth named the White Buffalo tried the experiment, and, as the result will show, not only with good fortune, but with no small tact. On mounting the roof of the medicine lodge, he made the following address:—"On the first day Wapkee (the shield) was unfortunate. His medicine was not good and his name was unlucky. Next, Onessah (the elk) tried, but he wore a raven-skin on his head, and he failed, for the raven flies above the storm. Next day Warapah (the beaver) failed; for the beaver lives in water, and does not need rain." It happened on the noon of this day that the steam-boat for the first time visited the Mandan village. On hearing the sound of her guns, the

expectant mystery-chief announced the coming of thunder and rain. From his elevated position, however, he had the earliest view of the steam-boat, and address enough to turn it to account, and, addressing the crowd, he exclaimed, "My friends, we will get no rain, but I have brought you a thunder-boat!" The arrival of the steam-boat was at first regarded as a calamity, for bringing which among them the conjurer had brought his own life into jeopardy. The well-known traders, who were recognised on board the boat, soon quieted the charmer's apprehensions for his life, but, at the same time, lowered his character in the eyes of the tribe. Observing soon after a black cloud in the horizon, he was instantly upon the roof of the lodge, and confidently foretold a speedy rain; and, in the success of his prophecy, he more than retrieved his character. But conjuring is a dangerous art. During the thunder storm a flash of lightning killed a beautiful girl. He was instantly aware of the new danger which he must encounter. A council of the mystery-men would be held, he would be declared a dangerous character, as his medicine was too powerful, and his life would pay the penalty of his charming. Morning came, and he soon learned from his friends the sentence of the wise men, and the tribunal that awaited him. He brought his three horses from the prairie, and mounted the medicine lodge. "My friends," said he, "my medicine was too great. I was young and knew not when to stop. I give three horses to gladden the hearts of those who weep for Koka (the antelope). My medicine was great: it brought the rain and the thunder-bolt also. Who says the medicine of the White buffalo is not strong?" Since that day the name of the White buffalo has been exchanged for that of the great double medicine.

The most extraordinary part of the history of the Mandans is that of their religious opinions and self-inflicted tortures. Their principal religious ceremony is observed once a year, and consists of a strange medley of superstition and cruelty. These annual rites are of three kinds, which appear to have little relation with each other. The preliminary observances consist of a commemoration of the deluge, and



the retreat of the waters. To this follows the bull dance, or invocation for a supply of buffaloes during the ensuing season; and lastly, the torturing of the young men, which initiates them into the class of warriors. On the morning which ushered in these strange rites, the village was in a state of unusual excitement, as if its inmates were apprehensive of the visit of some hostile tribe. At last a figure was descried on the prairie, advancing by slow and solemn steps towards the village. On his nearer approach, he was recognised by a name signifying the first and only man. The body of this strange personage was painted with white clay: he wore a robe of wolves' skins, and a head dress made of the skins of two ravens. After passing the chiefs, he approached to re-open the medicine lodge, which had been kept shut since the preceding annual ceremony. After appointing four men to clean out the lodge, he proceeded to the door of each private lodge, calling on its owner to come forth. The latter then inquired what was the matter, to which the stranger replied by relating the catastrophe which had happened to the earth by the overflowing of the waters, and stating that he was the only person who had escaped from the calamity, and that his canoe had rested on a mountain in the west. He then demanded a present of some edge-tools from the owners of the lodge, as a sacrifice to the waters; for if this is not done, there will be another flood, and no one will be saved, as it was with such tools the great canoe was made. The instruments thus collected he afterwards threw into the river, as an offering to the spirit or mystery of the water.

Next morning the first and only man re-appeared in the village, leading in procession all the boys, who, as candidates for the rank of manhood, had to undergo a preliminary trial of torture and suffering. Having delivered the candidates to the charge of a chief, whom he appointed superintendent of the tortures, he took his leave, saying that he was returning to the mountains in the west, from whence he would revisit them within a year, to open the lodge again.

The explicit tradition of a deluge, which exists among the Mandans, and, indeed, under various modifications,

among almost every tribe of savages, affords very curious matter for inquiry. The conformity of many of these traditions with the sacred narrative is too remarkable to be casual: while, on the other hand, such a remembrance of details among tribes ignorant of the art of writing is truly inexplicable. We suspect, however, that in many cases the analogy has been exaggerated by the fancy and ignorance of travellers. We believe the true solution of the difficulty is, that while the tradition of a deluge is very universally diffused among savage nations, such narrations of them as we possess have been collected by individuals who were not sufficiently acquainted with the language, religion, or cosmogony of the people among whom they sojourned. The truth of this remark is very apparent when we peruse the honest but strange statements and speculations which we find in the early Spanish authors, whether priests or civilians, whenever they speak of Indian traditions.

The scene of self-immolation and cruelty, which follows the opening of the medicine lodge, rivals any thing which is related concerning the worshippers of Shivu in Hindostan. The young men worn out, having been deprived of food, drink, or sleep, during the three preceding days, have now to undergo the final ordeal. An incision is made through the skin of the breast and the integuments of each shoulder. Into these wounds skewers are inserted: cords are then let down from the top of the lodge, and attached to the skewers. The unfortunate youth was then pulled up, and in this manner suspended from the roof. One would suppose that such suspension from skewers driven through the skin would be a sufficiently satisfactory test even of Indian manhood. In addition to the weight of his own body, the skull of a buffalo is suspended from each arm and leg. In this condition the sufferers are surrounded by imps or demons, as they appear, who seem to be concerting means for his further agony. One of them advances to his victim, and in a sneering manner commences turning him round with a pole which he brings with him for the purpose. This is done in a gentle manner at first, but gradually increased, when the brave fellow, whose proud spirit



can control its agony no longer, bursts into most lamentable, and heart-rending cries. In this condition he is turned faster and faster, and there is no hope of escape from it, nor chance for the slightest relief, until by fainting his struggling ceases. He is now let down, and as soon as he is able to crawl, dragging the buffalo skulls after him, he makes his way to an Indian, sitting with a hatchet in his hand. He lays the little finger of his left hand upon a dried buffalo skull, and the man with the hatchet instantly chops it off.

All the preceding barbarities constitute but one half of the amount of torture which the victims must undergo. The young men, were taken out of the medicine lodge, and each of them was taken in charge of two athletic young men, who assisted them to run their last race, as it is called. The buffalo skulls are still attached to the wounds in their legs, and each poor fellow, with his weights dragging on the ground, and his furious conductor by his side, who hurries him forward by the wrists, struggles in desperate emulation to run longer than his comrades. In this last race, which was the struggle that finally closed their sufferings, each one was dragged until he fainted, and was thus left, looking more like the dead than the living. He was, in a few minutes, seen gradually rising, and at last reeling and staggering like a drunken man to his wigwam, where his relations stood ready to take him in hand and restore him.

Such is a very brief outline of the tortures and sufferings through which the young Indian is initiated into the class of warriors; and certainly this discipline is well calculated to teach, not merely patience under pain, but indifference to the miseries of others. With such a course of training, we need not be surprised at the cruelties of Indian warfare, their exposure of aged persons, or their human sacrifices. Indifference to pain or distress is no evidence of virtue, but rather infers an equal insensibility to pleasure and happiness. The savage stoic of the Missouri, like the philosophical stoic of antiquity, purchased an indifference to pain under the penalty of abandoning all the humanizing emotions of our nature, and permitting pride, cruelty,

and revenge, to spring up unchecked. The savage or the sage who affects contempt for his private pains, and refuses the kindly sympathy of his fellows, cannot be expected to commiserate those ills in others which he pretends to disregard in relation to himself.

The Mandans, however, notwithstanding the cruelty of their annual ceremony, are the most interesting of all the tribes upon the banks of the Missouri. Their small number has compelled them to live in a fortified village, and also introduced the cultivation of Indian corn. Leading a tolerably settled mode of life, they have ever cultivated the friendship of the whites, and are famed for their hospitality and generosity of character. These Indians are obviously favourites with Mr. Catlin, who resided for a considerable time among them, and his description of their manners and habits is by far the most interesting portion of his work. If we cheerfully acknowledge our obligations to the author for his faithful and accurate descriptions of what came under his own observation, we are sorry that we cannot award the same praise to his reflections and speculations. In short, we think the work would have been greatly improved had it been confined to observations and descriptions, and the business of speculating been left to others.

With respect to the origin and migration of the Mandans, Mr. Catlin has thrown considerable light. As their modes of interment and building houses are quite peculiar and different from those employed by the other Indian tribes, this circumstance alone has afforded a clue to trace their migrations. The ancient site of a Mandan village is always known by excavations, two or three feet in depth, and from thirty to forty feet in diameter, which formed the foundation of their wigwams. When the bodies of the dead have gone to decay, the skulls are placed on the ground, and arranged in circles, where they remain until they moulder away. These two peculiarities enabled Mr. Catlin to trace their migrations from St. Louis to their present abode, that is a distance of eighteen hundred miles. This circumstance is one of no small interest in the study of Indian antiquities. We know that when the French began to occupy Louisiana, they found the tribe of

Natchitoches settled near St. Louis, and this tribe had made still greater progress in civilization than the Mandans. It is to be recollected that the whole country to the west of the Alleghany Mountains, at a period antecedent to the discovery of America by Columbus, was the seat of populous and semi-civilized nations, whose pyramids, fortifications, and mounds occur in great numbers on the Ohio and other tributaries of the Mississippi. This ancient civilization of the western parts of the United States had become extinct long before the fifteenth century. The present races of Indians preserve no traditions respecting it, and the aged trees growing upon the pyramids and mounds, indicate by the thickness of their trunks a growth of many centuries, which must have elapsed since these edifices ceased to be the resort of Indian chiefs and sachems. Under these circumstances, one is tempted to inquire whether the Mandans are the relicts of these ancient races which have escaped the catastrophe which befel their nation. Their retreat and ascent from St. Louis to the Upper Missouri is extremely probable, but still their total want of all traditionary statement on the subject is a perplexing circumstance. Were we inclined to speculate, where positive data have not been obtained, we might suggest the affinity which may exist between the Mandans and the tribes to the north of Mexico, who live in fortified villages, and spend their time upon the roofs of their houses like the Mandans. The Mandans and Natchitoches may be supposed to have retained a portion of the aboriginal civilization of North America, after it had been lost by the other tribes. Of the source of this civilization we know nothing. May it not have originated on the banks of the Rio Gila, whence we know the Mexican races proceeded?

We are sorry that we cannot agree in opinion with Mr. C. in his theories respecting the origin of the Mandans, indeed, of the Indian tribes generally. In some parts of his book he appears to think that the Indian races are true Antiochthones in the classic sense of the word; that is, that they are children of the soil, and not emigrants from Asia or Polynesia: at the same time, with a strange forgetfulness, he con-

tures that the ten tribes of Israel have settled in America, and finally amalgamated with the Indians. If the exiled Israelites could make their way to the American continent, we do not see why other races may not have done so long before that event. The natives of America and Asia live within sight of each other on the margins of Behring straits, which they often cross for the purposes of war and plunder. The people of Easter island, although fifteen hundred miles removed from the nearest land, speak the same language as the people of Owyhee and New Zealand; there is, therefore, no improbability that in the course of a few centuries of the contentions and chances of savage life, some interchange of population might take place between the old and new worlds.

Setting aside the Hebrew origin of the Americans as altogether visionary, Mr. Catlin's ideas respecting the origin of his favourite Mandans are not less so. He thinks the Mandans are the relicts of the Welsh colony which Madoc conducted to America. One of Mr. Catlin's reasons for ascribing to the Mandans the honour of a Welsh parentage is the frequency of light-coloured hair, and a white complexion. This, however, reminds us of the Welsh syllogism respecting the rivers in Monmouth and Macedon, it is about as conclusive. The evidence of language is also employed to prove the Welsh origin of the Mandans, but we think that a cursory inspection of Mr. Catlin's own vocabularies will prove that the Mandans are probably a portion of the great tribe of Dacotas or Sioux, in whose country they dwell.

From the origin and migrations of the Mandans, we may turn to their final extinction, an event which happened a short time after Mr. Catlin left their country. This melancholy event took place in 1838, and shows that natural as well as moral causes are in operation, which will ultimately cause the extinction of the Indian race. The Mandans were nearly all cut off from the ravages of the small-pox, and the few that survived either died from despair, or were destroyed by their enemies.

The accounts given by two or three white men, who were among the Mandans during the ravages of this frightful disease, are too heart-rending to be

recorded. The disease was introduced by the Missouri Company's steamboat, which had two of her crew sick of the disease, while the captain stopped to trade at the Mandan village.

It seems that the Mandans were surrounded by several war parties of their more powerful enemies—the Sioux. At that unlucky time they could not, therefore, disperse themselves over the plain, by which many of them might have been saved. The unfortunate Mandans were enclosed within the pickets of their village, where the disease, in a few days, became so very malignant, that death ensued within a few hours after the attack. So slight were the hopes of recovery, that nearly the half of them destroyed themselves with their knives or guns, or by leaping from a ledge of rocks in front of their village. To quit this painful subject, we may state, that during the five months this fearful epidemic prevailed, not only was the Mandan tribe extinguished, but twenty-five thousand Indians of the adjacent tribes are said to have perished.

It is a very remarkable fact, and one which physiologists have never yet accounted for, that not only do the coloured races suffer far more severely than Europeans from eruptive diseases, but that their contact with white men may give rise to new diseases. Of the virulence of the small-pox, the fate of the poor Mandans is a melancholy evidence, but it is not the only one. When Vancouver visited the north-western coast of America, forty years since, he found villages depopulated, and dead bodies scattered in all directions. In this case, the disease commenced on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and was not arrested until it reached the shores of the Pacific.

The following extract from a very interesting work,\* shows that the oceanic race is also exposed to such visitations. Speaking of the influenza Mr. Ellis informs us, that this kind of

calamity has been frequently experienced in the islands, since they have been the resort of shipping; although we are not aware that it prevailed before a kind of dysentery appeared, after the visit of Vancouver's ship in 1790, which proved fatal to a vast number of the population.

These diseases generally spread from east to west, or in the direction of the trade winds; so that the leeward islands do not suffer until the disease has spread among the windward ones.

Without speculating far, then, on this topic, it is sufficiently obvious that the prevalence of epidemics is, of itself, rapidly thinning the numbers of the Indians. Unfortunately, it is not the solitary evil with which the red men have to contend. Other causes are hastening their inevitable extinction, but these we can barely indicate. The intercourse with traders, and the inevitable result, a taste for spirituous liquors, is an evil, scarcely inferior in magnitude to the small-pox. The incessant wars of the Indians among themselves, is also rapidly thinning their numbers; and the disproportion which exists between the numbers of the sexes is an unequivocal evidence of the continual destruction of the male population. Unfortunately, the only power which might alleviate these evils is itself the greatest curse of all—we mean the government of the United States. To enter upon the discussion of the Indian policy of the United States, would demand a lengthened article of itself, and, in the end, would only prove the well-known fact, that the highest intellectual civilization is compatible with the morality of the most barbarous times.

Mr. Catlin's book is one of the most interesting which we have perused on the subject of the Indians. His pencil has preserved the features of races which, in a few years, will have disappeared; and his faithful and accurate observations may be considered as the storehouse from whence future writers on such topics will extract their most authentic statements.

---

\* Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*.

## GASPAR, THE PIRATE; A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEA.

## CHAPTER IX.

BEFORE proceeding with the narrative, we must show how Gaspar was induced to make Amanda the extraordinary and unexpected proposal just related.

Wishing, as I have already stated, to secure François to his interest, he had rightly judged that by showing kindness to Amanda he was taking the surest way of attaining his end. But having erroneously adopted the supposition that François had a selfish object in view, when on the seizure of the *Lechimy* he had stipulated with him that Amanda should be protected from the insult that it was natural to suppose she would have been exposed to on that occasion, he was unable to account for his subsequent conduct with respect to her. And wholly unacquainted with the delicacy that could make him forego any personal gratification on her account, the view he had at first taken of the case began to give way to the belief, that the relation which existed between François and Amanda was merely an amicable one; and the opinion that he had formed from the anxiety François had showed about Amanda, had in consequence gradually changed, till he had been inclined to come to the conclusion that it was but the effect of humble friendship, strengthened by the precontracted habit of looking up to her as a superior, and that she was otherwise indifferent to him. His occasional attempts to elicit an explanation from François had not thrown much light upon the subject, for the sort of petty persecution involved in the system of espionage to which he had been subjected on Amanda's account, rendered François averse to speaking of the matter; and had more than once, in conversation with Gaspar, made him represent a marriage with Amanda as a thing, if not impossible, at least altogether improbable.

Pending this state of his opinion, Gaspar had at first regarded Amanda with indifference, or he had probably

taken an interest in her just commensurate with his friendship for François. But so much beauty going, as it appeared to him, a-begging, had in due time made an impression, on the hard and selfish heart of the pirate, and had tempted him to cast a licentious eye on Amanda himself.

His love, however, if love it may be called, was not of that overwhelming nature that requires the intervention of fire or water to keep it within bounds. It was cold and calculating as the rest of his deportment; and he had accordingly set himself deliberately to revolving the means of removing one or two obstacles that stood in the way of its gratification. The principal of these was Tata. Not that he would have hesitated a moment on her account alone; but her father was a considerable chief, and though from his late successes Gaspar no longer stood in need of his assistance, he was unwilling to provoke his resentment by setting his daughter aside as unceremoniously as became his character and occupation; for Tata's father had it in his power to annoy him in his absence; nay, if exasperated, might have carried intelligence of his doings to the authorities on the east coast. He was also somewhat in doubt how François might receive the proposition; for his mind was by no means fully made up as to the real sentiments he entertained for Amanda.

The mind, however, is fertile in expedients; and even in matters that permit the exercise of sober judgment more than love affairs, often adopts conclusions more conformable to our wishes than consistent with sound reasoning; and it is not improbable that so powerful a passion (for he it remembered that Gaspar was—in his way—in love,) may have suggested to him not only that François was attached to Tata, but also the feasibility of the exchange that he had proposed to Amanda. And having once satisfied himself on these two points, there

remained no other hindrance on his part to the monstrous union he contemplated.

But not so with Amanda. Every misfortune that had befallen her appeared light in comparison to the prospect of being compelled to surrender herself to the blood-stained hand of Gaspar. And amidst all the trials and dangers she had undergone, a certain degree of cheerfulness, the companion of a virtuous mind when left to its own free agency, had never deserted her: but she was now about to be deprived of this last consolation. A darker storm threatened the tempest-tossed bark: to drive before it was destruction; and to turn and stem it would have been attended with equal danger.

This was a strait that would have daunted the hardest pilot. And menaced by a danger that appeared as inevitable as it was shocking, Amanda was reduced to a state of mind between madness and despair.

On rising in the morning, after a short, unquiet, and unrefreshing sleep, every object that met her eye inspired her with cause of fear or distrust. In each preparation for the day's work, with which habit had familiarised her, she saw something that bore particularly on her own circumstances; and her fevered imagination depicted every one as aware of her uneasiness, and aiding and abetting the cause of it. Even Tata, who all unconscious of what was going forward, remarked on every passing occurrence, and with her wonted gaiety and good-humour rallied her for her want of liveliness, did not escape her suspicion. At one time she thought of disclosing to her Gaspar's proposal to her, and asking her advice and assistance in the matter; and then again she was withheld from it by a kind of consciousness that even supposing her to be perfectly indifferent to François, and otherwise innocent of the whole transaction, one who should participate so largely in the smart and pain arising from the wound was not a likely person to suggest a cure for it. More than once she was inclined to think that all Gaspar had said of François's attachment to Tata was true; and the low voice of incipient jealousy whispered for a moment in her ear, but it was soon smothered by

too many contradictory recollections; and she at last determined upon what was perhaps the best course she could have adopted under the circumstances—viz., to wait till François should return from his work, and communicating the circumstance to him, see what he could devise for her relief.

Accordingly on François's coming on shore in the evening, she carefully avoided Gaspar, and watching an opportunity when she was unobserved amidst the preparations for fun and riot, she beckoned him apart, and bent her way with him towards the adjoining wood.

The unusual caution and restraint of her manner prepared him for hearing something unpleasant; and proceeding in silence to a sequestered spot, she seated herself on the trunk of a fallen tree, the very one on which she had so lately made a disclosure so much more agreeable to him, and endeavoured to collect her confused ideas, so as to make a commencement. François perceived her embarrassment:—

"Well," said he, seating himself beside her, and assaying to pass his arm round her waist, "what's the matter with my dear girl now—any thing?"

"Matter," said she, repelling his attempt; "I hardly know how to tell it to you—how to begin. I'm so bewildered that I'm hardly left the use of my senses." She paused.

"Why, how now," said François, "was Pedro——"

"No, no," interrupted Amanda; "ruffian as he is, I cared but little for him as long as I thought you and ——" the hated name arrested her. "It's Gaspar himself," she continued with an effort. "Would you believe, you and Tata were scarcely gone last night when he proposed to me to——"

"To what?" asked François.

"To take him for a——to marry him," she succeeded by a great effort in saying. "He offered," she continued, "to give you Tata; and said he was sure you were grown fond of her, and that she would be content to exchange. In fact, he settled all, and wanted me to consent to it."

François was silent from astonishment.

"I don't know," she resumed, "what on earth to do. We shall both be



murdered, I see plainly, if you won't leave the place."

Here she waited, half-expecting that François would urge the old objection to the only remedy that suggested itself to her, namely, at all risks quitting the place; and hardly venturing to hope that he would consent to adopt it.

"It's hard to know what to do," said François, after thinking for a while. "If I put a ball through his heart, as I suppose I must, I don't see what we shall be the better for it: Tata and the whole crew of them 'ill be upon us."

"Ah no," said Amanda, who even in her animosity to Gaspar felt a feminine reluctance to the leaden remedy proposed; "can't you let us fly. We know the language used, and the ways of the natives; and we could easily get away if you would but try it. Do, François," she said, leaning against the arm with which he had, despite of her repulse, encircled her, and reclining her head on his breast;—"ah do."

This was the sort of persuasion that had erst proved so fatal to the great progenitor of mankind, when the irresistible charms of Eve made amends for the falsity of her reasoning; and François felt much as we may suppose Adam to have done when such powerful eloquence prompted him to transgress. He pressed her affectionately to his bosom, and silencing the dictates of his better judgment—

"Well," he answered, "we must see about it. But you'll never be able to stand the fatigue of the woods: how will you——"

"Oh," interrupted Amanda, overjoyed, "I can—I can, you may depend upon it. When will you go—to-night?"

"Oh," said François, dissembling his real sentiments, for he knew well the absurdity of such an attempt, and had moreover been for some time revolving a more feasible plan for effecting Amanda's escape,—that 'd be impossible: we must see about getting some provision to start with. It would never do to go wholly unprepared."

"When, then,"—asked Amanda, eagerly,— "to-morrow?"

Darkness, which in the low latitudes succeeds so quickly to sunset

and dusk, had now set in; and the thick foliage of the overhanging trees, intercepting the twinkling light of the stars, rendered the surrounding objects indistinct. The Malagache drum beating rude time to some shrill pipe in the distant canteen, alone broke in upon the stillness of the scene. And François who was balancing in his mind whether he should continue to dissemble, or disclose to Amanda the project he had been forming, was hesitating to answer her last question.

"Well, François," said she imploringly, "when will you go?"

"When will you go, eh?" repeated a hoarse voice from behind her.

The terrified girl clung to François as he started to his feet.

"Here," continued the speaker, "don't you be in a hurry: d'ye see this?" said he, presenting a pistol to his breast as he confronted him. "So you must get provisions for a start, must you? and you must put a ball through his heart too, eh? I always thought you wished well to that wood-spoiling rascal," so he designated the carpenter, who it will be remembered, paid the penalty of his desertion some time before: "but I have you at last. Come, get under way. You didn't expect to start quite so soon, ma'am," said he, addressing himself to Amanda; "but we'll see what Gaspar 'll say to his pet and his fancy-man. Come, be going," he repeated, making a menacing display of his pistols.

Resistance was vain; the pistol was presented close to him; and François knew by the voice that it was his old enemy, Pedro, who had surprised them. Holding Amanda's arm firmly to his side—his heart sick with vexation, anger, and anticipation of the worst—he prepared to obey; and turning his face instinctively towards the trembling girl he was supporting.

"Maybe she'd give me a kiss now to let you off," said Pedro triumphantly, at the same time bestriding the tree that was between them, in order to follow them close.

At this moment François perceived, that while indulging his malice and making the exertion necessary to cross the tree, Pedro had incautiously relaxed his pistol arm. Nerving his whole frame for a desperate attempt



he sprang on him, seized hold of the pistol, and engaging him at a disadvantage as he struggled to effect a landing on *his* side of the tree, he grappled with him, and wrenched the pistol from his hand. Pursuing his advantage, he turned his own weapon against him—it was loaded, carefully primed, and cocked—he placed the muzzle against his breast, and pulling the trigger, lodged its contents in it.

Pedro uttered an abortive execration as he tottered, still astride on the tree; and his last thought as François pushed him from him, and he fell beside it, was in all probability devoted to the formation of an unarticulated one.

François leaned cautiously over the tree to examine him, while Amanda grasped hold of the arm from which he had just shaken her off.

"Ah, is he hur—dead?" said Amanda, in a trembling voice.

"He is, I believe," said François, evidently excited.

"Oh, François," said Amanda.

François continued his examination of the quivering corpse.

"He's done for," said he, when he had ascertained to his satisfaction that the charge had taken effect as he could have wished. "Well, what's to be done now?" said he, standing up and looking round him while he considered.

Amanda was silent; the emergency was altogether beyond her powers to suggest a remedy.

"We must tell Gaspar," said François, recollecting himself.

"Ah no," said Amanda.

"Oh we must," replied François, examining the corpse once more, to ascertain if it was perfectly lifeless. "He'll be well pleased, I know," he continued.

"Ah can't you leave him there," said Amanda: "say nothing about it."

"Oh no," said François; "that would never do: he'd soon be found, and then how would it be with us. They'd know well who did it, or what's all the same, they'd give it to me. No, we must tell Gaspar," he repeated, after thinking for a moment: "he'll be glad to be rid of him I know."

Amanda had nothing more to urge. Fright, fear, hope, and anxiety succeeding so rapidly to each other ren-

dered her passive; and François taking her arm, returned hastily along the narrow path towards the settlement.

"What will you do, François?" said Amanda, when they had proceeded some distance in silence.

"I can't tell," said François impatiently. "My dear girl," he added, "we must see, you know," he continued, expecting to hear her renew her solicitation to fly, "and get out of one scrape before we get into another."

Little more passed between them on the way; and arrived at Gaspar's house, François gave Amanda over to Tata, and taking Gaspar apart, communicated to him what had happened, suppressing of course the conversation that had led to it.

"And is he dead?" said Gaspar, his impatience hardly allowing of François's concluding his story.

"He is," said François.

"That's right, my boy; served him right, the scoundrel. You just saved me the trouble," said Gaspar. "But where is he?" he continued; "we must see about burying him."

François explained where he was.

"Come along," said Gaspar; "we must get him out of the way before there's any thing known about it."

And going to a shed where was a quantity of old cordage, he provided himself with some spun-yarn.

"Now then," said he, "you lead the way."

François obeyed, and they proceeded in silence to the place where Pedro's body lay. Bundling it up, tying the legs together, and securing the arms along the sides, they took it between them and carried it by a circuitous and unfrequented path to a part of the beach sufficiently remote from the settlement, to prevent them being observed.

"Now then," said Gaspar, "you go and bring the boat along, while I look for a couple of stones."

François did as he was desired. The boat used to ply between the vessel and the shore was at hand; and by the time he had arrived with it, Gaspar had secured the stones with spun-yarn to the body. They got it into the boat, and pulled towards the middle of the bay.

"Ho," said Gaspar, resting on his oar, when he judged that they had got sufficiently far for their purpose.

"I think that'll do. Let's heave him over."

"With a heart and a-half, I will," said François, whose satisfaction on his own and Amanda's account at being rid of so troublesome and unprincipled a companion prompted this burst

They lifted the body between them and consigned it to its watery grave.

"He was a troublesome scoundrel," said Gaspar, looking thoughtfully round him, as he remained standing in the attitude in which he had launched the body over the boat's side.

"That he was," said François.

"He'll give us no more trouble," said Gaspar, resuming his oar. "Now then, the sooner we're back the better, before they miss us."

They gave way towards the shore.

"Say nothing about it," said Gaspar ; "not even to Tata."

"Oh trust me for that," said François.

"Amanda will be glad," continued Gaspar, as he plied his oar, "that he's clean out of the way."

François made no reply ; but like the taciturn parrot, he thought the more. Amongst other things, he thought that he might do worse than shove Gaspar over board after Pedro. They soon arrived at the beach, made the boat fast, and rejoined the rest. The dance went forward as usual, nothing the less merrily for Pedro's absence ; and drunkenness, riot, and disorder were diminished just in the proportion that the number one bore to the number of votaries.

The death of Pedro, though it had promised at first to produce such disastrous consequences to Amanda, had rather a beneficial effect on her circumstances, inasmuch as it prevented Gaspar from importuning her any further for the time on the subject of her marriage with him. For finding, to his great mortification, on his return with François from performing Pedro's funeral obsequies, that Amanda had told Tata the whole transaction, he was deterred by her being in possession of a secret she might have wielded to his annoyance, from making immediate experiment of a separation from her, —which he knew, notwithstanding the light in which he had represented it to Amanda, would be highly disagree-

able to her on every account ; and he determined in consequence to defer the execution of his purpose to a more convenient time. And in order to divert the attention of his comrades from the subject of Pedro's mysterious disappearance, he began to make the necessary preparations for a cruise ; but taking at the same time the precaution, in order to save appearances, of first instituting a search after Pedro.

His affections, however, being now estranged from Tata,—he was not such an adept in the art of dissembling,—but that she perceived it ; and with a woman's sharp eye in such matters, she also detected the cause of it. And poor Tata was doomed to feel the sting of jealousy ; nothing divested of its acumen by seeing that Amanda gave Gaspar no encouragement. The pain it caused her was on the contrary rather aggravated by the latter circumstance ; for what can be more provoking than to see that another can effect without trouble or exertion, what all our efforts and energies are in vain directed to accomplish.

No unseemly act, however, on Tata's part betrayed that she was fretting under the vexatious feeling that the friend of her choice had supplanted her in her husband's affections. She was still the chief's daughter—the lady paramount in the place where it had been her misfortune to have her lot cast : too proud to descend to an altercation on the subject, too sensitive to make such a matter a topic of conversation, and too generous to requite on her friend an injury that she had indeed caused her, but in inflicting which she knew her to be not only an inactive but an unwilling agent : and it was even some time before one of those incidental trifles that are so continually occurring where friends are placed in such a predicament, showed what Tata felt.

Amanda had given Tata a parasol, one of two or three which her mother's care had provided her with for making her *debut* in India, and its gay colours, pretty fringe, and especially its intricate machinery, had greatly delighted Tata, and made it her constant companion and playtoy in her walks. It was in fact in her estimation so great an improvement on a platted palm or cocoanut branch, that

it had survived the chances that usually wait upon playtoys, and continued to delight and amuse her long after its novelty had passed.

One evening as she and Amanda were walking on the beach, Tata making a great display of her parasol, and carrying it, as ladies sometimes will, not exclusively for the purpose of shading themselves, they met Gaspar returning with some of the others from the vessel. Tata was at the time inadvertently holding her parasol in the opposite direction from the sun,—for her complexion standing little in need of such a preservative, it was entirely an ornamental appendage with her. This circumstance did not fail to attract Gaspar's notice, and he called out as he approached them,—

“For God's sake, Tata, why don't you give that thing to Amanda? What the devil do you want with it? Give it to Amanda. Give it to Aman-

da,” he continued, “she's got some complexion to spoil: but you—why the pitch-kettle 'ill be singing out for a parasol directly,” he said as he passed on.

Tata said nothing in reply to this sally; but before it was concluded she had glanced at Amanda an indignant look that caught her eye, and gave her too plainly to perceive that Tata regarded her as a rival: it passed even quicker than the words that had caused it; but her accustomed loquacity entirely forsook her, and during the remainder of their walk her eye carefully avoided meeting Amanda's; and both of them being ill at ease, they soon, as by mutual consent, directed their steps towards the house: Amanda under the painful anticipation of being bereft of a friend that was endeared to her by her personal qualifications, and the many kind offices that she had experienced from her.

#### CHAPTER X.

Of the many untoward events that had led to placing Amanda in so fearful and perilous a position, none had come fraught with more painful sensations than that of perceiving Tata's jealousy and distrust of her; and even the danger that Gaspar's new vagary foreboded to François and herself, were but secondary considerations to the consciousness that she was destroying the peace of her excellent and simple-minded benefactress.

Her situation was rendered still more deplorable by the constraint that, by François's advice, she was obliged to observe in her intercourse with him, as in order to mature a plan for her escape that he had been devising, he had recommended her to adopt such a line of conduct as should prevent Gaspar from altering the opinion he had formed of the nature of the relationship that existed between him and her; and should conceal from him that his own proposal was so odious to her as it really was. The time for Gaspar's setting out upon another cruise was fast approaching; their preparations for sailing were nearly complete; and the prospect of her being left once more to her own resources, and new difficulties, unas-

sisted by the advice and support of the friend tried by misfortune, and approved by his conduct in many dangers, the repository of all her grievances, her last hope and stay in her afflictions, was before her.

Under these distressing reflections, it was with no small anxiety she one morning heard from Gaspar that François was ill. He at the same time recommended him to Tata's care and attention; and having breakfasted, he set off with the rest for the vessel. She immediately repaired to the hut in which François slept, where she found him seated on his mat on the floor, having more the appearance of being employed in thought, than suffering *much* pain.

“Well, François,” said she, as she entered, “what's the matter?”

“Oh, not much,” said François, archly; “you needn't be greatly alarmed; I don't think I shall die this time. Where's Gaspar,” he added, cautiously.

“Gone on board,” said she.

“And the rest?”

“They're gone too, I believe,” said Amanda.

“Oh, but you must be sure,” said he; “go and see; and when the

coast's clear, come to me, I've got something to say to you. Tell Tata," said he, rising and going towards the door, "to bring me some breakfast. It needn't be rice water too," he added, snatching a kiss from her, when he had looked out and satisfied himself that there was no one near.

The unusual gaiety and roguery of his manner, when she had expected to find him in so different a cue, imparted some of its spirit to Amanda, and without waiting to make further inquiry, she hastened to obey his injunctions ; and having ascertained that all Gaspar's companions had followed him on board the vessel, and given his message to Tata, she returned to François.

"I've told Tata, François," said she, as she entered his hut ; "and they're all gone."

"Are they?—thank you, that's all right then," said he, rising and pressing her affectionately to his bosom. "But to say truth," he continued, assuming a more serious air ; "this isn't what I wanted with you. I've been obliged to sham this sickness, to get an opportunity of speaking to you and Tata about——" He hesitated.

"About what?" said Amanda, eagerly, for she had a perception of what was coming.

"About your getting away," said he.

"Ah," said Amanda, "what is it?"

"You see," he continued ; "if you were but once away, I could easily follow you. Now what I've been thinking is this : there's the old chief, Tata's father, is constantly going backwards and forwards with slaves and other things, between this and Voulou Voulou, where there's a trade always going on with Mauritius ; and I often thought that if he could but be got to take you there, you'd easily get your passage to Mauritius in some of the trading vessels. Now this affair that's made Tata so jealous of you, is just the thing for our purpose. Before, we could never have got her to play Gaspar such a trick ; but now she'll be delighted to see you gone. We'll explain to her, you know, that the old man need say nothing, but that he'd picked you up on the coast, where you'd been left by some notorious scoundrels that had run away with the ship ; and that you'll say nothing about Gaspar or this place ; and I'll be bound that we'll manage it all."

Amanda's delight at seeing a ray of hope of her deliverance may be easily conceived ; but when so feasible and well-concerted a plan for effecting it was laid before her, her joy and gratitude to François knew no bounds. She threw her arms around his neck, and a flood of tears alone expressed it.

François would have willingly continued in so enviable an embrace any length of time ; but fearing to indulge too long in such a gratification, at so critical a juncture—

"Well," said he, when she had a little recovered from her ecstasy of delight, "won't that do?"

"Oh yes," said she ; "but how will you manage?"

"Oh, never mind me," said he ; "I'll follow you, never fear ; but I must go this trip with Gaspar, you know ; for you can't get away till he's gone. Tata must get ready some excuse about you by the time we come back ; say you're dead—any thing, whatever she thinks best ;" and he was going to devise a suitable pretence.

"You don't mean to say though, that you wouldn't come away immediately after me?"

"Oh, certainly not," replied François ; "I must go with Gaspar, don't you see?"

But it is possible for a man to be too disinterested, even in love—so much so, as to make his mistress doubt his having any real affection for her ; and François now found himself in this predicament.

"François," said Amanda, evincing by her manner, great displeasure ; "say no more."

"Why not?" said he in disappointed astonishment.

"Ah, François," she continued, in a solemn tone, "I see plainly that all Gaspar has been saying is true."

"How—about what?" said he, impatiently.

"You only want," she continued ; "to get me away, and stay behind with——"

"With whom?" said he ; his impatience taking the character of vehemence, for a perception of her suspicion now struck him.

"With Tata," said she.

"Oh ! and is it possible," said he, in great indignation, "that you could think for a moment that I could entertain such a thought? No, Amanda,"

he continued, softening his tone a little ; “ now, indeed, you wrong me ; to think that I’d give you up for—for a negress ? ”—so he designated poor Tata, in his anxiety to efface the impression that had so unseasonably taken hold of Amanda’s mind. “ You can’t surely,” he continued ; “ think that I’d be guilty of such an—— such want of taste—such ingratitude.”

There is something in the honest energy of a person acting under the impulse of upright intentions, that when he disavows an unworthy act or thought, of which he has been accused or suspected, conveys immediate assurance of the rectitude of his purpose.

“ Well,” said Amanda, apparently satisfied on the latter head ; “ perhaps I—— I believe I did ; but I never could, François, bring myself to go without you, and leave you behind, most probably to be murdered when they find I’m gone ; ” and a tear at the thought, starting from her eye, rolled down her care-worn, but still beautiful cheek.

“ Oh, but,” said François, kissing her gaily, in order to assure her, “ there’s not the slightest fear of it. We’ll get Tata to make a grave over you, *à la Malagache*, and say you died of the marsh fever ; and how is Gaspar to know any thing about it ? Besides, he’ll never think more about it, when he finds you’re dead. He’ll never suspect any thing to the contrary.” Here he paused in expectation of a reply. “ But at all events, Amanda,” he continued, impressively, “ it’s the only way—you never will get away in any other—and now or never is your time, I fear.”

These were words of deep import ; Amanda felt their force, and she was hesitating between her unwillingness to part with François, and her approval of his plan and advice ; while he, unwilling to press her any more at the time, was waiting in expectation of her reply, when Tata entered with his breakfast.

Her arrival came opportunely to François’s aid. The great change that the jealousy and distrust under which she had been for some time labouring, had, notwithstanding her wish to oblige, produced in her demeanour, struck both François and Amanda forcibly, as she set down his breakfast

and silently invited him to partake of it.”

“ You’d better let me speak to Tata about it,” said François.

Amanda motioned her assent, by an uneasy gesture ; and François having thanked Tata for her care, praised her cookery, and conciliated her by some remarks suited to the occasion, began cautiously to break the matter to her as he eat his breakfast.

Amanda stood watching the effect of the progress of his disclosure on her, with intense anxiety and interest ; but as the conversation between them was carried on, on François’s part, through the medium of such *Malagache* as a residence of a few months in the place had made him master of, we shall not follow them through the windings that frequent misconception and explanation on the part of both of them rendered unavoidable.

These occurred so frequently at the commencement of their conversation, that they necessarily occasioned considerable delay, before Tata could be made to comprehend the object that François had in view. But as soon as she perceived the drift of his negotiation, her wits were suddenly and remarkably sharpened ; she understood all his eccentricities of expression and mistakes in *Malagache* phraseology easily, her native good humour returned, and she looked Amanda once more straight in the face.

The alteration produced on them all seemed the effect of magic. Poor Amanda was so delighted at being restored to Tata’s confidence and familiarity, that she entered heartily into the spirit of the conversation—suggested means and cleared away difficulties ; and Tata embracing François’s proposal at once, promised her co-operation and assistance. The preparatory arrangements were forthwith made ; and Tata engaged to make her father perform the part that had been assigned to him, saying she expected him in a day or two—but not to leave any thing to chance, she herself proposed to send a messenger to insure his coming ; and such was her haste, that she prepared to go on the spur of the moment and select a trusty one.

François was in such delight at finding his proposal so readily and heartily embraced by Tata, that he felt se-



cure of success ; and congratulating Amanda upon the certainty of her delivery, he spent some time after Tata's departure, in those endearments which the prospect of a speedy separation from her under such favourable appearances warranted. He strengthened her resolution—buoyed up her failing spirits—and soothed the fears that the near view of so arduous and critical a part as she was, by his advice, about to undertake, began to raise in her timid and delicate mind ; not forgetting altogether the deep interest that he had himself in the stake about to be risked.

“ And now, Amanda,” he said, after having in some degree assured her ; “ as it's likely I shan't have many more opportunities of speaking to you, when you arrive in Mauritius, as please God you will, remember me. I know you, indeed, too well, to think that you'll forget me. But I know, too, the difficulties that you'll have to contend with ; and that your parents would never consent to your being thrown away on poor François. I couldn't, indeed, expect it. But then, the world is large, and though we never could live happily in Mauritius, there are other places ; we could go to India. Perhaps, indeed, I'm asking too much of you—to expect that you should follow me through life, when I've nothing but a heart to offer. But if I am—”

“ François,” said Amanda, pathetically, “ you accused me just now of wronging you, but now aren't you doing me an injustice in your turn ? Do you think that I can ever forget what you've been to me—” and here again a tear started to her eye—“ what you've done for me ? No, François, I never can,” and dashing away the tear ; “ I never will—I know, as you said, that we could never expect to be happy at home, because——”

But this was a delicate subject, as it involved all the disabilities under which François laboured of colour, inferiority of condition, the prejudices long since mentioned, &c.

“ You wouldn't have me break my father's heart ; that I know you wouldn't.”

This demanded a sort of apology.

“ And he, you know, hasn't seen all that has happened, all that has passed between us. But my uncle

will listen to reason—and if he doesn't, the world is large, as you said.”

Here she paused, and François, who had been listening to her in an ecstasy of delight, answered, as he clasped her to his bosom—

“ My darling, noble girl, the world is large ; and I have hands as well as a heart, and while I have the use of them, you shall never have cause to repent of your choice, of the honour you've done me. If your uncle should be sufficiently savage to refuse to receive you, I shall still be able to provide for you.”

“ I know it, François,” said Amanda ; “ the hand that saved me from Pedro, will still protect me. No other ever shall ; and no matter what happens, or what the consequence may be, wherever you choose to go, I'll go with you. Of that you may be assured.”

“ Oh, well,” said François, “ that'll do, we'll find some place. And now, my dearest Amanda,” he continued, after a short pause ; “ don't let me keep you too long ; for once, I must drive you away from me ; some of them will be coming on shore for something, and I wouldn't for the world they should find you here. So one kiss more, and good-by for the present. I'll take care to let you know how we get on.”

And so saying with a prudent exercise of self-denial on both their parts, they separated : Amanda looking forward with pleasure, or at least without pain, to meeting Tata ; and François resuming his pretence of sickness. He stretched himself on his mat, and gave himself up to the most delightful flow of ideas, fancying, in his waking dream, that he saw Amanda restored to her home—then himself arriving after a series of toil and danger, receiving the thanks of her parents, and even gaining their consent to her accompanying him to some distant land, where they could with propriety be joined in wedlock : and going on to complete the ideal drama he had arranged with happiness too exquisite ever to be realized, he suddenly roused to the recollection of reality ; and nerving himself for acting in very different circumstances, he prepared to meet Gaspar on his return to dinner.

As Gaspar returned, in passing the house in which François was, on the



way to his own, he turned in to see how he did, inquiring how he got on. François replied that he was much better, at the same time artfully insinuating that it was all owing to the good care that Tata had taken of him.

"She did," said Gaspar, "and that's a sign she likes you, my boy. If Pedro had been ill, I'll be bound she would not have troubled herself much about him."

"I don't know," said François; "but I know she brought me so good a breakfast, that I feel as well as ever after it."

"That's right," said Gaspar, going; "then you'll be able to come on board after dinner."

François replied in the affirmative.

After dinner he joined Gaspar and the rest; and the preparations for their departure went on briskly.

The circumstances required that he should keep up the appearance of indifference with respect to Amanda; and avoiding, on that account, any lengthened interview with her, little passed between them worth relating, till the arrival of Tata's father, a day or two before Gaspar's departure.

On his arrival, Tata acquainted him with the change that had taken place in Gaspar's affections, and endeavoured to engage him to perform the part she had undertaken for him in his absence; but as he heard the detail of her fears and jealousies with the indifference of one who thinks such matters of but trifling import, and considered her proposal with the caution and circumspection of age; his tardiness accorded but ill with the pace at which she was desirous of moving in the attainment of the wish upon which her heart was now set.

François, however, had anticipated some slowness on the part of the old man: and on Tata's acquainting him, (in answer to his eager inquiries on the evening of her father's arrival, after the reception that her proposal had met,) with her father's backwardness, he was prepared with a weightier argument than any she had made use of. At his desire, Tata procured him an immediate interview with her father; and after having impressed on him the little trouble and still smaller risk he would incur, he then held out to him the prospect of a rich reward, which he assured him

Amanda's parents would not fail to convey to him through the hands of some of the agents at Voulu-voulu. In proof of their ability to do so, and their lavish heedlessness of expense where Amanda was concerned, he appealed to the testimony of the magnificent outfit with which she had been provided; many more vestiges of which than the parasol had met his eye.

This was the reasoning suited to the old man's capacity. His scruples were gradually overcome, as he balanced the chances and the gold, and found the latter scale to preponderate; and to François's inexpressible joy, he agreed to carry Amanda to Voulu-voulu. His consent once given, too, it greatly added to François's pleasure, to perceive that he was as firmly bent on performing his part, as either he, Tata, or Amanda could have wished; for, before the termination of their interview, he began to stipulate for the amount of the reward he was to receive for his services, which he took care to magnify to the uttermost; and François having satisfied him on this head, they parted, well pleased with their respective prospects.

It was night, and the inmates of the hold were prosecuting their usual amusements and pastime with redoubled ardour, in the prospect of a speedy termination being put to them by their departure, as François, Tata, and her father returned from their secret interview towards the canteen.

"Tata," said François, as they took different roads, on approaching the place, "tell Amanda to watch, and as soon as Gaspar's asleep, to come to me in the boat-house on the beach: do you mind? I'll wait for her."

He selected the place as being most out of the way.

Tata assented, and he joined the rest, and with a heart set upon a very different purpose, took part in their frivolities. Gaspar himself was, contrary to his usual custom, partaking in them, but long before the others he retired to rest, and François, watching his opportunity, soon after stole away, and took his post as agreed on in the boat-house, where he waited for some time before Amanda came.

Her stealthy, timid step, at length announced her approach; and advancing to meet her, he saluted her affec-

tionately, and leading her into the farthest part of the shed, behind some piles of old cables, and unserviceable boats—

“I wouldn’t,” said he, “go to that unlucky wood again ; and besides, there’s no fear of our being surprised here. Well,” said he, as he seated himself against an old boat and encircled her waist with his arm, “we’ve settled all.”

“Ah,” said Amanda.

“Yes,” said he, “didn’t Tata tell you?”

“Yes,” said Amanda, “she told me something, but I couldn’t exactly understand it ; I didn’t know that you’d finished.”

“Oh well, we have, and delightfully too,” said he ; “and now I want to tell you what you’re to do.”

Amanda composed herself to listen.

“You see the old chief is to come as soon as we’re gone.”

“But when are you going?” wistfully interrupted Amanda.

“The day after to-morrow, they say,” said he ; “but perhaps it’ll be the day after that ; but no matter.”

A deep sigh from Amanda showed, however, that it was matter of deep import to her.

“He won’t come for you till we go, and Tata’s to have every thing ready. She’ll go as if on a visit to her father, and you’ll start from his place, so that nobody will know any thing about it here.”

In the excellence of this arrangement, however, Amanda giving no token of acquiescence, François continued—

“It’s true you’ll have a long journey.”

“How far is it?” asked Amanda.

“Why,” said François, willing to make the best of it, “about sixty leagues, I believe ; the chief says he’s always about five-and-twenty days travelling it ; but he’ll have plenty of hands with him, and they’ll be able to make you a palanquin,” (so François termed a Malagache litter,) “and carry you whenever you’re tired.”

But all this care and foresight failing to produce the effect of raising Amanda’s spirits, François continued after a short pause—

“And when you arrive at Voulu-voulu, mind, Amanda, you’re to say nothing about Gaspar. Such as he is he’s been kind to us, and I’d rather

that any one else was the means of discovering on him, or injuring him.”

“Oh yes,” said Amanda.

“Besides, you know,” continued François, “I’ve got to get away yet, and it may be a long time before I get a chance. You can say, as I told you before, that the crew mutinied and ran away with the vessel, and that you were received by a native chief, that carried you with him, after some time, to Voulu-voulu : all that will be true, you know.”

Amanda assented.

“Above all,” he continued, “say nothing about me ; for they’d never believe that I hadn’t some hand in running away with the vessel.”

“Oh no,” said Amanda, “I’ll not say a word about you.”

“And when I arrive in Mauritius, I’ll send you word by my mother, and we’ll see what’s to be done.”

“Yes,” said Amanda.

“Is all settled now?” said he.

“I believe so,” replied Amanda.

“François had sealed the agreement with a kiss, and he stood for some time foretasting the pleasure of having accomplished what had so long, by day and by night, occupied his mind, and towards which his undivided energies and powers of invention had been unceasingly directed.

“And now, my dearest, dearest Amanda,” he said, essaying once more to embrace her, “it’s time that I should bid you good-by ; for after this —”

Poor Amanda burst into tears, and reclined her head on the bosom that contained as noble and generous a heart as ever won the affections of a lovely woman.

François desisted ; he soothed and consoled her by every argument that he thought best adapted to the purpose, and without the strictest adherence to truth and probability ; and after having succeeded in somewhat reassuring her, he resumed the thread of his subject.

“You must try,” said he, “not to appear to take our sailing too much to heart ; it might only make Gaspar, perhaps, suspect something. Cheer up, my darling girl,” he continued gaily, “if I don’t get away when we come back, why I shall before long, and then we shall soon meet.”

The confidence with which he ex-

pressed himself, imparting some of its spirit to Amanda, dissipated a little the anxiety and fear that her timidity naturally occasioned her.

"When you arrive at Voulu-voulu," continued François, "you might write to me by the old chief as he returns; though, perhaps, you'd better not."

"Oh yes, I will," said Amanda.

"No, you'd better not," said François, "your letter might fall into Gaspar's hands: besides, the chief will tell me all about you."

"And now, once more, my dearest Amanda," he said, conducting her cautiously towards the open space before the shed, "let me wish you good-by."

Amanda succeeded by a great effort in preventing her feelings from again getting the better of her.

"For when the day arrives for our sailing, I shan't be able to take leave of you as I could wish."

He led her in silence to within a short distance of Gaspar's house.

"I won't go any further," said he. "Good night," kissing her tenderly, "and good-by, may God bless you;" and they parted.

Amanda crept cautiously to her mat, and François having watched her receding figure till he could distinguish it entering the house, turned slowly away in the direction of the beach. He seated himself near its margin, and enjoyed for some time, unalloyed even by the near approach of his separation from what on earth he held dearest, the serene and quiet gratification.

The next day completed the preparations for their departure, and as in going and returning on the several errands in which he was employed, he had frequent opportunities of seeing Amanda, he watched her with a yearning heart, but it behoved him to set her the example of self-denial: once only she asked him if he knew when they were to sail.

"To-morrow, Gaspar says," was the laconic reply; for he saw that the slightest irresolution on his part would bring to her eyes the tears that were collecting in abundance.

The morning came; and of all the sad hearts upon which that morning's sun arose, not one, perhaps, was more thoroughly overborne with grief and dejected than Amanda's.

All hands were engaged in unmooring the vessel, that she might be ready to take advantage of the tide that served about noon; this done, they returned on shore to breakfast and take leave of their friends.

Groups of native women, some of them with dingy infants at their breasts, now began to assemble on the beach; and the seamen, exchanging rude and ribaldrous farewells with them, showed how little the affections of either were engaged. Most of them assembled at breakfast in Gaspar's house; and after other topics had been noisily exhausted, Amanda as usual supplied them with one.

"Where is she?" called one, when the subject had been introduced, for she had not been able to summon up courage to meet François in the presence of so many at so critical a time.

"Oh! she's in the dumps, of course," said another.

"Will you have courage to give her a kiss, François?" asked a third.

"Not he," answered the other; "Pedro's not here to prick him up."

This gave the conversation a new turn; and the subject of Pedro's unaccountable disappearance was discussed.

"I'll nab him yet," said Gaspar, after their surmises had been exhausted to no purpose in endeavouring to assign a cause for it, "or I'm mistaken. Coroller," said he to his father-in-law, who was present, "when you catch him keep him in irons till I come; but I need not tell you what to do with him."

"Amanda, d'ye hear that?" shouted one, knowing her to be in the next room; "doesn't that do you good?"

"Won't you come out and see Pedro in irons, Amanda?" called another; and Amanda's love for François was once more brought on the tapis.

François listened to them with a satisfaction that in some degree counterbalanced his grief at parting with Amanda; and the triumph that he felt at having at length achieved her liberation from amongst them prevented his deigning a reply. But as the subject was one that Gaspar could no longer hear with indifference, he cut short the conversation by rising abruptly, and, looking at the sun, announced to them that the tide was

turned, and that it was time to be going.

All were immediately on their legs—some calling for a parting glass, others taking leave of their friends, while Tata occupied herself with Gaspar, and overwhelmed him with attentions that he would willingly have dispensed with.

Amidst the noise and bustle, Amanda, who had heard Gaspar's summons, presented herself at the door of the adjoining apartment, and François, whose eye had been anxiously directed to it, advanced to take his farewell of her. Her pale wan cheek, her parched lips, and glassy eyes, gave to her whole countenance a woe-begone, piteous appearance, that excited the sympathy of the few careless spectators, who, having no concerns of their own to attend to, were occupied with her's.

"Indeed, you may fairly give her a kiss," shouted one to François, as he lingered with her hand within his, his heart bursting at beholding her distress.

"Give her a kiss—why don't you give her a kiss?" resounded from two or three.

"Give her a kiss, man," said Gaspar, who had been watching them askance.

The prolonged pressure of her hand seemed to invite him; he could not resist availing himself of the permission; he stooped and (was it for the last time?) hastily embraced her.

"Good-by," said he; "God bless you—I know he will," he added in a low voice.

The benediction, pronounced in a place where she had hitherto heard the name of God mentioned only for the purposes of blasphemy, came to her bruised spirit like balm to a festering wound; and the consoling assurance that accompanied it, and the confident manner in which it was delivered, inspiring her with resolution, her countenance brightened, and she intimated her intention of accompanying them to the water's edge.

François's delight at seeing the change was as instantaneous as the change that produced it. The weight of grief that had been hanging at his heart, was at once removed from it, and, offering her his arm, they set out with the rest towards the beach. This produced much pleasantry and merriment as they walked along.

"Didn't I know," said one, "that a kiss would set all right."

"Oh!" said another, "but Pedro was the man that knew what was good for the girls, after all."

"He was a scoundrel," said Gaspar, who, of all the party, was certainly the least pleased.

"I don't know," said he, who had suggested the successful remedy, "about Pedro; but I think when I go back to France, I'll set up as a lady's doctor."

François was now in a temper to bear with and take part in their jokes. Not prone to laugh at every trifle, when his vivacity had received a sufficient stimulus, he could be gayest of the gay; and with Amanda on his arm, it would have at any time required something more than a joke at his expense to have daunted him.

"You're taking all the credit to yourself," said he. "I think you'd better take me into partnership."

"Not I," said the other, "I'd like to have all the profit to myself."

François thought that for once the profit was on his side; but not choosing to point the attention of his comrades that way, he forebore the remark, and they proceeded on their way.

This was, however, but one of those gleams of sunshine that are occasionally seen to burst forth on the darkest days; and it was soon overpowered by the attendant atmosphere of sombre circumstance. They presently arrived at the beach, where a couple of boats and several canoes were waiting to take them on board.

"You'd better not come any further," said François, pressing Amanda's hand affectionately, while the others were engaged in the bustle of getting on board the boats.

"God bless you," said he, embracing her hastily—"good-by;" and tearing himself from her, he jumped on board one of the boats.

"Well done!" shouted two or three voices.

"Hallo!" said Gaspar, looking round, "aren't you coming on board, Amanda?"

Amanda stood motionless and silent.

"Oh, well," said he, getting out of the boat in which he had taken his place, "I must shake hands, at all events."

"Good-by, my girl," said he,

"we'll soon be back," shaking hands with her kindly. "Keep up your heart;" and, resuming his place, they shoved off.

"Good-by, Amanda—good-by, the little darling," was repeated by most of the crew, as she stood for some time on the shore, looking, she knew not at what, her eyes dazzled by the bright mirror before her; till, finding her head growing dizzy and her strength failing, she receded a few steps, and, leaning against an old gun-carriage, she followed the boats with her eyes till they arrived alongside the vessel.

As François mounted the side he waved his hat to her, and, bursting into a flood of tears, she seated herself and watched the progress of the manœuvres.

In a few minutes the flickering canvas was waving to and fro in the wind, and the topsail-yards began to mount slowly along the masts to the "cheerily" song. The anchor was then speedily hove up, the sails trimmed, and the vessel moved gently and gracefully towards the pass. On entering it, her hull was immediately hidden from Amanda's sight; but while

an inch of her loftiest spars was visible, she strained her eyes in pursuit of them, and when they gradually receded behind the intervening trees that grew on the sloping ground, she continued to gaze at the spot where they had disappeared, hardly crediting her eyes that they had vanished, fancy still painting the tall and taper masts to her strained optics; till, the delusion suddenly passing, she rallied her bewildered senses and failing strength, and rose and returned towards the house.

The establishment was almost deserted; men, women and children having accompanied the vessel on her way out to sea, or betaken themselves to the points from whence they might have a last sight of her. The loneliness of the place was in keeping with the lonesome, desolate state of her feelings; and on reaching the house she laid herself down on her mat, and for some hours gave herself up to the indulgence of her grief, interrupted only by the contemplation of the strange and fearful events that had passed, and the anticipation of what new chances fortune might have in store for her.

#### LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Route to Lucca—The Apennines—Passage of the Bracco—Spezia—Shelley—Carrara—Studios—Lucca—Cathedral Fra Bartolomeo—Palace—Pisa—Cathedral—Leaning Tower—Baptistry—Campo Santa—Leghorn.

#### LETTER—NO. III.

Lucca, April 9, 1838.

After despatching my last letter from Genoa, on the 6th, we set out for Chiavari, a five hours' journey, through a rich, finely-cultivated country, the road admirable, carried through three grottos cut in the solid rock. From the entrance of the first, about fifteen Roman miles from Genoa, there is an interesting vista-like view of the whole line of coast, and of the noble-looking city itself. Next morning we began the ascent of the Bracco, one of the loftiest

passes of the Apennines, but it is at Savona the chain is said to commence, and the Maritime Alps to terminate.

In their general outline the Apennines have neither the sharpness nor grandeur of the Alps; their forms are softer, and more undulating. So far as we have seen to-day, there is a total absence of cultivation,—there seems to be absolutely no soil: a few pinasters, occasionally primroses, violets, and sweet-briar were the only traces of vegetation that greeted us on



our way. Some one has described the Apennines as like a tumultuous sea suddenly stilled. This gives too grand an idea, at least of this pass. Still, the aspect of the range is interesting, from the variety of form, and surpassing diversity of colouring in the rocks,—an interest sufficient to while away much of the tedium of a three hours' slow ascent.

I wish, for your satisfaction, I were a geologist, or even a botanist for my own. Every mile of this journey makes me more and more aware how much of interest I lose in being neither. I mean never again to despise mere smatterers in knowledge, provided they be modest in their bearing. Even a smattering might improve in such opportunities, but ignorance has not an inch of ground to build upon. I can only tell you there was constant pleasure to the eye in admiring the varied hues and tints which harmonized so beautifully, and constant employment for the mind in contemplating the never-ending variety of these noble works of nature. Yet, (and here I know you will not agree with me,) in her grandest as in her more smiling aspects, she never seems to me so directly, so evidently to bear the impress of God's own Spirit—never so intimately to connect the Creator with his creature man, as the works of those great artists in sculpture and in painting, whose names form the undying glory of Greece and this favoured country.

Whilst I write the "never," the snow-mountains of Switzerland rise before me in all their silent majesty and awful grandeur, and I pause to consider if any object of nature or of art can bear comparison with them,—they are indeed the children of eternity, "an ever freshly-uttered word of God." But how I have wandered from the Apennines, and left you on the Corniche, as this admirable road is named—one of the many fine works of which the idea and plan mark the energetic rule of Napoleon in Italy, though the merit of executing it belongs to the Sardinian government. Scarcely a pebble has disturbed the easy motion of the carriage, and though it is often, as Mrs. Starke says, carried along the brink of a tremendous precipice, you need not have been alarmed for us by her

description. She says truly it would not be quite safe with a restive horse;—what road would? The post-horses are docile and obedient to the voice of their riders, and as to the wind, it must be very high indeed to injure travellers here more than in any other such elevated situation. We descended to Mattarana, catching every now and then a glimpse of the sea. Thence to Borghetto, seven miles, is a gradual descent also. Here begins another ascent, and at its summit the Gulf of Spezia lay before us. It was a lovely view. The mountains in the distance, covered with snow, were glittering in the rich glow of the setting sun, and the little town of Spezia, embosomed in acacias, and lying on the edge of the sea, looked as peaceful and picturesque as Italian villages are wont to do in the distance, and proved quite as ready to unfold its deceptions on a nearer inspection: narrow, dirty, little streets, and a shabby hotel awaited us. However, here we rested, though but nine hours posting from Chiavari. Travellers with more strength to spare might very well go on to Sarzana. We had a pleasant walk, and looked across the gulf with mournful interest on the spot pointed out to us as the residence of nature's true poet, Shelley; and with sorrow on the now calm waters in which he found his too early death. I never heard why he settled at Spezia. The gulf is indeed beautiful, but Italy must have some far lovelier scenes,—his favourite, Geneva, some far grander: nor has it the solitude, the depth of repose I should have thought his tender and imaginative mind would have loved best.

On the 8th, after waiting in vain for heavy rain to cease, we left Spezia for Lucca—twelve hours. An avenue of acacias led to an eminence, from which we had our last view of the gulf. Thence we descended to the river Magra, which we crossed in a *pont volant* without difficulty. But, after continued rains, or sudden melting of the snow on the mountains, the current becomes so rapid as to oblige travellers to wait till it subsides. We merely passed through Sarzana and Lavenza, but treated ourselves to an hour's rest at Carrara, to visit the studios, and a delightful hour it was.

A considerable number of artists



settle here for the advantage of procuring marble at the trifling cost of quarrying it. They never use a block with the slightest flaw, consequently their busts, vases and figures are literally without stain or blemish. The marble is of various qualities and tints, pure or cream-white, and one, the hardest in texture, of a greenish tint; this I did not like: we had an opportunity of seeing it used in the studio of a clever young Swede. The draperies of his figures were of secondary marble, the edges painted after the antique, with a deep red border. But that I have a faith not to be shaken in the perfection of Grecian taste, in its unerring sense of the beautiful, I should have said the effect could not be pleasing: but the unrivalled taste of that richly-gifted people never seemed to degenerate into mere fanciful display; and, though I do not say I like this colouring as well as the pure white marble, the general effect is elegant and beautiful. There is an academy, founded by the late sovereign, the Princess Élise, who gave up her palace for the purpose. Two fine saloons, extremely dirty, are filled with casts, and some copies in marble of the finest of the antiques, presented by the students, who are each pensioned by the society for three years in Rome. In return they are required to send a statue, drawing, or painting to the parent academy, some time in each of the three years. The prices in the studios, compared with ours, are very moderate, the cost of the marble alone making so great a difference. I was sorely tempted, and should certainly have been of the old Scotch lady's opinion, that the best way to overcome a temptation was to yield to it, had I not been on the way to Rome and Florence. Three very fine busts, the Apollo, Diana, and a Bacchante, just purchased by an English nobleman, were fifty louis. A copy of Thorwaldson's Hebe, rather under life-size, very beautiful—the figure more simple, more in repose than Canova's,—perhaps a little too simple and unaerial for the youthful attendant of the gods, was eighty louis, with its pedestal, also the purest white marble. An exquisite vase-shaped marble table, fifteen louis. These prices include packing

and delivery at Leghorn, and we have reason to believe they were not fixed charges. The louis is about eighteen and sixpence of our money, at the present rate of exchange.

In another studio we saw in progress an immense order for the Emperor of Russia; columns, entablatures, &c. for the apartments of the new Winter Palace in Petersburg. It makes a British subject sad to see every where the grand scale on which foreign nations give life and encouragement to the fine arts, while England's name is never heard save in the orders of her nobles and gentry. Would that some portion of that enterprise which characterizes her government in more practical pursuits, were directed into this channel,—the most refining and most humanizing. I cannot pass over an exquisite toilet-table, with all its etceteras in spotless white marble, the front and pillars richly ornamented with flowers and flutings; the marble frame of the glass most delicately sculptured also. We thought it might have found a fitting destination in the princely Chatsworth, and be well suited to the fine taste of its accomplished owner.

Much more we saw of interest, which would, however, tire you in detail. I must not make you feel as thankful as we did when our day was over, and we found ourselves at Lucca: but you may sympathize in our pleasure in being established in a very elegant saloon in a perfectly clean and comfortable hotel. The country from Carrara through Massa and Pietro Santa was not interesting, at least on a wet day.

10th.—This has been a happy day of rest—seeing only as much as we could thoroughly enjoy, and returning to all the home-comforts of neatness and order in this nice Hotel de l'Europe. The streets, according to custom, are narrow and irregular, but tolerably clean—a pretty good-sized piazza before the ducal palace. The cathedral, poor in its exterior, little prepared us for the solemn and imposing effect within. Long and lofty aisles; the pillars square and massy without being heavy—beautiful acanthus capitals; the arches slightly pointed; the clerestory windows of exquisite and delicate tracery: the whole of a deep grey time-tinted mar-

ble—the greater part is said to have been erected in 1070: the pattern on the painted roof stiff, but the harmony of colour perfect. There are a great number of pictures, of which I can only say with our friend, Doctor L——, on another occasion, “I have no unpleasing recollection of them,” my attention being absorbed by one altar-piece—the Madonna of Fra Bartolomeo; the personification of grace, modesty, and beauty: the infant Christ on her lap, is very sweet; but the angel at her feet is life, in the perfection of child-like beauty: two little angels literally hover in the air, holding over her head a crown and a graceful drapery: two figures of saints complete the group. The colouring is peculiarly deep, full, and rich; a holy tenderness and beauty breathe over the whole conception: the outline has all the freedom and softness which usually distinguish this interesting master. We left the cathedral with reluctance, being told there was little of the time left in which we could see the palace, the duchess being now here—she is a daughter of the late King of Sardinia. But the parcelling out of this lovely and ill-fated country during the past eventful years, baffles the attempt to discover by what right many of these petty sovereigns hold their dominions. The palace bears evidence that the divinity which doth hedge a king is not exempt from the mutability of earth; we found in these beautiful apartments many traces of a Buonaparte as well as Bourbon dynasty. A fine marble staircase, terminated by mahogany doors with large panels of plate-glass, leads to a gallery filled with copies from the antique executed at Carrara. From this gallery we passed into the suite of saloons,—the furniture strikingly elegant, and, with the exception of a Sevre-vase and a Wedgwood table, was all made, and the hangings manufactured in Lucca, by native artists: the walls hung with velvet or silk—in one a dark green satin formed an excellent ground to the choice collection of pictures. When I tell you we found among them Raffaele’s lovely Madonna aux Candelabres; an exquisite head of Christ crowned with thorns, by Carlo Dolce; the celebrated Noli me tangere of Baroccio; two small most sweet Madonnas of Fra Bartolomeo; an interest-

ing Pietà of Francia; and a singular Crucifixion, said to be Michael Angelo’s (though his probably only in design, as he rarely practised in oils), you will feel we had a rich treat; needing a more advanced acquaintance with art than mine to make those beautiful works present to you.

As we have increased practice, I hope to become more alive to the peculiarities which mark the style of masters of the same school. I do not, for instance, distinguish at once, the works of the founders of the Eclectic school, the three Caracci from one another, nor always from those of their followers. With a vigorous pencil and powerful colouring the Caracci often display, in the heads especially, a puzzling imitation of the older masters. In this collection, for instance, in “Christ raising the widow’s son,” “restoring the blind man to sight,” and “I am not come but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel”—the first by Agostino, the second by Ludovico, the last by Annibale—there is an evident imitation of Titian in one head (of Christ.) and of Raffaele’s “Demoniac Boy” in another. These pictures are much admired—the colouring is rich and vigorous, the drapery large and well cast, the figures well grouped and expressive, but the forms are common, sometimes heavy and short; the countenances want dignity, and the poor conceit, a little dog to illustrate the woman’s reply—“Yea, Lord, but the dogs eat of the crumbs,” &c. &c. is below the dignity of such a subject. The “Widow of Nain” is a touching figure, with much of Agostino’s gentler spirit in the outline and expression. But you will remind me, that the Caracci are to be known and felt only at Bologna, when, however, Sir J. Reynolds said so, he could hardly have recollected the lovely “*Vierge au silence*” at Windsor, sufficient in itself, if authentic, to show that Annibale could be sweet and graceful, as well as original.

I fancy, even from the “Crucifixion” here, that M. Angelo’s powerful mind can never be mistaken, doubtful as the painting may be, the design bears the impress of a genius never equalled in its daring; surpassed but by one in its mastery over the material which embodies its conceptions.

If you are not wearied, come with us to the queer old church of Santa Maria Nera, to see two beautiful Guidos, one a "Madonna" with a very lovely expression; the other a "Crucifixion" in his earlier and more severe style; and then to San Romano to become more acquainted with Fra Bartolomeo, who is eminently the painter of the church. His life and temperament seem stamped upon his works; his deeply devotional spirit, the tenderness and depth of his affections, which, on the cruel death of his beloved Savonarola, made him shrink from further intercourse with the world, and retire to the convent of this church to devote himself to holy studies—and in the soft and melting outline of his forms, more beautiful than vigorous—I fancy I can even trace the plastic character of his mind so ready to take its impress from the master spirit of his day. First yielding to Savonarola's mistaken enthusiasm which abhorred all art not specially devoted to religion; and then to the not less earnest, but more elevated mind of Raffaele, which led him once more, with awakened love of art, to take up the pure and holy pencil so long thrown aside—we may bless him for the beautiful results. The Madonna, in this church, interceding with Jesus for the Lucchesi is the Fra's most celebrated work. I do not like it as well as that in the cathedral; the figures are too crowded and symmetrical in their grouping. The second altar-piece, the Almighty with angels and two saints. A supremely dignified majestic figure—forget it is intended to represent the unrepresentable, and it is a noble composition. These two altar-pieces gave us some insight into the religious feeling of the people. At the shrine of the Virgin, the offerings were costly and profuse, the prayers unceasing as fervent. But on the altar dedicated to the Supreme, there was neither gold nor silver, not even a votive offering from a bruised or contrite spirit—a few faded artificial flowers, dusty tinsel ornaments, &c. only lay upon it; not one knee bent before it, not a glance testified the genuineness of the feeling which prompted the hastily formed sign of the cross in passing it. There is so much of poetry and beauty in the doctrine of the intercession of

saints, something which comes so home to the mind and affections—and in the picture of the "Mother of Grace" especially, presented to the eye in so lovely a form—one cannot wonder it has taken such a firm hold on the love of the people of this church, nor that others should find it difficult to heed the low voice of reason, which condemns a doctrine that usurps the homage due only to the Creator. We finished our evening by a second visit to the lovely Madonna of the cathedral. Service had begun, the altar lamps were lighted, the solemn twilight which shrouded the other parts of the building, heightened the magical effect of the picture, the only light seeming to emanate from the sacred presence. With how sweet and calm a serenity she seemed to look down upon us—how easy to imagine her smile becoming more sweet, her eye more tender and pitying, as she listened to the earnest prayers poured forth around her—how cold would be the heart that had refused its silent homage to the power of Art thus associated, or denied its efficacy to awaken the deepest and most devotional feelings. For myself, I have not had an hour so solemn and delightful since our twilight visit to the queen of cathedrals at Antwerp.

A two hours' drive on a flat uninteresting country brought us this morning to Pisa, with nothing to interest but the novel sight of the buffalo employed in the fields, and the largest dove-coloured oxen I have ever seen. Many sweet faces, much variety of graceful costume, would have been more pleasing, had not the effect of both been marred by the universal abhorrence, it would seem, of soap and water. While still a long way from Pisa, the Duomo, the Leaning tower and Baptistery rose to view, looking like gigantic land-marks in the surrounding flatness. What deserted, silent-looking quays, what empty streets we passed through on our way to the *Place*, where they stand in close companionship. The tower does not lean enough to satisfy my expectations. I was prepared to feel some fear of its tottering and tumbling before our eyes. There is nothing fearful about it, although the inclination, twelve and a half feet out of the perpendicular, is very perceptible, and quite

sufficient to be curious and ugly. The columns of marble and granite which support each of its eight stories are light and elegant. the ascent to the top is not very fatiguing, and the view is extensive. The figures on the bronze doors of the cathedral, with the life of Jesus and Mary, are cast from the designs of John of Bologna: a few are beautiful, many true and quaint in attitude and expression, and all curious. The interior, as a whole, disappointed me. When one reads of walls encrusted with precious marbles, altars of lapis lazuli, mosaics on gold grounds, &c. &c., one involuntarily forms a picture of great beauty and grandeur—and, indeed, all the details are beautiful, but there is no one grand view; all is broken up, over-ornamented, rich, but too often *fine*. There is a wonderful diversity in the columns, owing to their having originally belonged to various temples, Roman villas, &c.—some are Egyptian granite, some Grecian marble—their adaptation to their present purpose well managed. The high altar is magnificent in *lapis lazuli, verd antique*, &c. but the effect of so many colours is not pleasing to the eye. Four saints, by Andrea del Sarto, are painted on the walls of the Tribuna: large mosaics of a much earlier date ornament the roof. There is certainly a great deal to see, and we did our duty. It was all very beautiful and very wearisome—even that good little imp curiosity, failed me, and I yawned and gazed, and began to wonder if I should ever again feel rested or able to admire; but the greater wonder is, why travellers impose these duties upon themselves or each other when they are not in the vein for sight seeing. I believe I did, because I should be sorry to-morrow or next day that I had not seen the far famed cathedral of Pisa. The more simple and unostentatious baptistery soon chased away my listlessness, and I could admire its form; its fine granite columns, well executed font and beautiful marble pulpit, the work of Nicolas Pisano. We all found the Campo Santa highly interesting. It is of an oblong form, surrounded by light and elegant arcades, built by Giovanni Pisano, the earth in the centre brought from Mount Calvary by the crusaders! The frescos on

the walls, though mouldering away from the damp, are as interesting specimens of the revival of art, and as the models which formed the ground work of some of Raffaele's and Michael Angelo's noble conceptions. It would be tedious to tell you of the singular subjects of these works, the strange mixture of life and death, beauty and horror, grace and uncouth deformity, deep feeling and profane jesting—all better adapted to the taste of *their* age than to ours; but they well deserve study, and more care than they receive now. There are some beautiful Grecian sarcophagi, found in the neighbourhood, one now employed as a resting-place to some Countess Beatrice, in her turn, nearly as much forgotten—perhaps in her day as much honoured as the hero or heroine whose ashes hers have displaced. A beautiful monument by Thorwaldson, contrasts with the stiff sculptures of G. Pisano. With all my real gratitude to the great revivers of art, who arose like light upon the darkness; they do sometimes provoke a smile, particularly when ease and great suavity of manner are expressed in a long lanky figure, dressed in a garment that clings to the limbs as if it were wet, a scraggy outstretched neck, and a simper that defies gravity. All these sights well prepared us to enjoy our dark dingy Hotel des Hussards and the attentions of its most obliging landlord, Peverado. He can give you good breakfasts, dinners, and beds, cash your bills, advise you on your route, engage vetturini, order your accommodation in advance in various places, and is, in short, a very useful and honest person.

Pisa is a melancholy place, cheerless and deserted looking, with a moist climate, well adapted to weak chest and lungs; but this advantage counter-balanced by the absence of external interests either of town or country, and therefore, I think, unfit for invalids, who never should be thrown so wholly on their own resources to ward off depression and *ennui* when away from home and its enjoyments. I hope our friends, the M—'s, may not be doomed to spend the winter here.

11. Again, two hours and an ugly flat road have brought us to Leghorn. Nothing occurred but the fall of one of our horses, and the remarkable

patience with which he lay till he was picked up and put on his feet; not from weakness, but that he would not take the trouble to do it for himself. I am sure he was Pisan. This busy, bustling, noisy place presents a strong contrast to the deserted Pisa. The confusion of tongues, and variety of costume seem to be tributes from every part of the world. We have walked about, and have seen little to be pleased with—poor streets, poor buildings, an English cemetery filled with ostentatious tombs, Smollet's excepted, which is a simple pyramid, protected now by an iron railing from the mischievous propensities of his countrymen, who would fain do *him* honour by clipping off the edges of his monument as relics, and *themselves* by the fruitless endeavour to immortalize their names by scratching them over it. A statue of Ferdinand I. with four slaves *chained* to its pedestal. The finest Jewish synagogue, Mrs. Starke says, in the world, in which, nothing struck us so much as the irreverence of every creature present, (the service was going on) including the Rabbi with his lama scarf over his hat, who held a book, on which he never looked but when we came near him, and meanwhile laughed and chatted with the comers in, whilst another read the commandments, to which not a soul listened. There were ever-burning lamps, and a kind of altar and silver shrines, which were opened

for a sick man to offer up a prayer for his recovery, and many other Roman Catholic *et ceteras*, but not one person showing the heart-felt earnest devotion we see among the lower classes of that persuasion. No Jewesses are admitted to the service in the lower part of the building—a latticed gallery is carried round it for them; and through the openings some bright dark eyes looked down upon us.

Of art there is nothing in Leghorn, but that collected in Micali's rooms. some very pretty figures and busts from Carrara and the neighbourhood; beautiful chimney pieces, many sold and marked with strange corruptions of English names. Alabaster, such as we buy at home, and almost as reasonable, fill up an hour pleasantly enough. There is a great facility of sending works of art to England from Leghorn. Mr. Henry Dunne, long a resident here, takes charge of them, and for a trifling commission forwards them to Liverpool or direct to Dublin. He is very obliging and will save you from many impositions. Pictures, &c., may be sent to him from Rome, Florence, &c. with perfect safety. We have engaged our passage by the steamer to Civita Vecchia; once there, we are but eight hours from Rome. I cannot yet believe, that one day more, winds, horses, banditti permitting, we shall rest within her sacred walls. We are filled with expectation and hope.—Farewell.

---

#### MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

THIS affair passed off this year with more than usual *eclat*. The carriages were more numerous, the mob more monstrous, the mud (if possible) more abundant and penetrating than usual. Whether it was that the king of Prussia joined the throng, or that the Conservatives were in power, or that trade being dull, the people had nothing else to do, it boots not here to determine; but assuredly the crowding, the squeezing, the jostling, the trampling, the slipping, the tumbling, the hallooing after dogs, the losing of shoes, the picking of pockets, the crashing, smashing, sighing, fainting, and all the other delights of a tremen-

dous sight-seeing crowd, have not for a long time been so fully developed at a meeting of parliament, as they were on the late occasion. Of course; there was a huge army of police to preserve disorder, besides the military to keep the people quiet. All the pedestrian part of the spectators (a considerable majority) were filled with admiration at the prudent conduct and merciful consideration of the quadruped department of her majesty's Royal Horse Guards. The discrimination of the four-footed individuals was unanimously pronounced to be truly wonderful. Bipeds only look before them, but these animals seem to be



hold with their hind-quarters. When backed upon the dense mass of people, they trod on no one, but, by switching their tails in "advance backwards" of their iron-shod heels, whipped like *blandi doctores* as they are, the foolish crowd out of harm's way.

Your London folks, with all their strictness of attention to business, dearly love any kind of show. They would gather in a small crowd to see a vendor of cheese and red-herrings who has just been made an alderman, go in his new coach to pay a first visit to the lord mayor. As for the queen going to open parliament, nothing but the urgency of affairs could have kept the whole mass of the east-end population from pouring down upon St. James's Park, Whitehall, and Palace-yard; a torrent which would, in my opinion, have been far more dirty and destructive than that which burst upon Martigny in 1818, when, in the space of half an hour, five hundred and thirty millions of cubic feet of water, besides stones, mud, trees, broken bridges, fragments of cottages, furniture, cattle, and other inhabitants, came rolling down pell-mell from the valley of the Drance. Fortunately, however, about five hundred thousand people had work to do, or bills to collect, or to pay, and so did not come: about a quarter of a million were at school; some hundred and fifty thousand were in their cradles, or (to speak in elegant language) imbibing nutriment at the maternal breast, and so they didn't come. A good many (notwithstanding the abolition of imprisonment on mesne process) were under constraint, and couldn't come; so that upon the whole, there was not above ten times as many in the line of procession from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords, as that line would conveniently hold.

Were you ever in the House of Lords at the meeting of parliament? I shall suppose you were not. Well, the queen is to be there at two o'clock, and you are warned that to be there in time, you must arrive by twelve. Your coach or cab comes for you twenty minutes too late, (they always do unless you are not ready yourself, and then they are sure to be before time,) and you desire to be driven as fast as possible to the House of Lords. You get to the end of Par-

liament-street, and are about to dive into Palace-yard, when your horses' heads are seized by a policeman, who without saying "by your leave," or ———, or any thing else, orders you back again, to the tail of a string of carriages, all bound to the same point. Away you go back, and fall in exactly opposite Drummond's the banker's, at Charing-cross, a place where it is much pleasanter to *draw* than to stand still, especially if you have the privilege which, at least, fifty persons who keep accounts in that establishment are said to have, namely, that of slightly decreasing a balance, which never stands at less than fifty thousand pounds. Who wouldn't be a banker for the rich folks of London?

Well, sir, by slow degrees, a coach-length at a time, you arrive in an hour and a quarter at the door of the House of Lords. As you are a stranger, you, and the lady with you, probably have tickets to the strangers' gallery. You soon get into a long, lofty, respectable-looking passage, well matted, having an immense number of ladies and gentlemen, in their second best clothes, ranged on either side. They have been admitted by tickets, and are waiting to see the queen pass into, and out of, the House of Lords. Several persons, in white silk stockings and gaudy coats, whom you recognise as attendants of some sort, are flitting about. You catch one, and then another, show your tickets, and ask the way. They "really knew nothing about it."—"Strangers' gallery!—Blue ticket!"—They think there must be "some mistake." However, they are called away to some one else, and you (if you be wise) are determined, like the Duke in *re* Mr. Huskisson's dismissal, that there is no mistake, and shall be no mistake. You push on, try first this opening, and then that, and are repulsed. At length some charitable person shows you a narrow dark descending stair, and says you had better go down there. You hint that your tickets are not for the pit, but for the gallery. Your adviser leaves you with a half-angry wafture of the arm. Seeing no other chance, down you go, and then you find that at the bottom there is the commencement of another stair leading upwards. That way you travel, and at length distracted and exhausted,



you are landed in the "strangers' gallery," with the longish, narrowish, darkish chamber, called the House of Lords, stretched out before you.

This House of Lords is not the other house which was before the great fire, some six or seven years ago. The other house was a noble chamber, hung with antique tapestry. Its site is now occupied by the temporary (the printer must not print this "trumpery") House of Commons. I have heard some one, expert in ancient geography, say, that the present chamber of the peers was formerly the painted chamber. I cannot tell: I know that if there were any paintings in it now, they would be in a very bad light. The strangers' gallery runs across one end; at the opposite end is the throne; the middle part of the chamber is devoted to a passage, from which, on either side, are rows of crimson-covered, comfortable-looking benches, slightly rising one above the other as they recede towards the walls. In the middle of the passage, and in front of the throne, is the woolsack, with a large table before it. The woolsack is about as like a sack of wool, as a well-dressed gentleman is to a coal-porter. The throne is a very fine arm-chair, placed upon a slightly-elevated platform, and under a very grand drapery of crimson velvet.

'Tis odd what strange associations haunt one about certain things. To me, eagerly inquiring about whatever was rich and strange, a certain sage, who utterly believed what he said, imparted the following useful knowledge an immense number of years ago: "Is it about a throne you want to know? Well then, my dear, a throne, you see, is for all the world just the same as what King William's horse stands upon in College-green, only 'tis made of gold and silver, instead of stone and mortar." A companion hinted some doubt of the accuracy of this information, mentioning, at the same time, some tradition of a throne being a kind of chair. "My dear," replied the sage, "though you're young, you shouldn't be so ignorant; for sure you must have read in your English history, about how one king *mounted* the throne when another died; you never heard of any one sitting down into a throne, did you?" There was no resisting this, so my

companion slunk away *overthrown*. My inquiring spirit, however, not being quite satisfied, I demanded how it was the king got up upon his throne, for I well remembered that it required some clever climbing to reach even the feet of King William's horse. "Be my conscience, but you're cute," exclaimed my worthy instructor, "for that's a thing I never thought of afore; but sure it stands to reason, that any one that is great enough to have a throne, must be rich enough to have a step-ladder."

Pleasant visions of youth! To this hour the first idea which the word "throne" suggests, is that of a College-green pedestal, built up of blocks of gold and silver, and studded with gems. And the reality of the fine velvet chair, and gorgeous canopy, which comes afterwards, is (however grand) but a lame and impotent conclusion.

But you are in the strangers' gallery, and if you have any one with you to tell you, or if you know, without being told, who the great personages are as they arrive in the body of the house, the time passes away without much tediousness till the queen comes. Two-thirds of the seats belonging to the peers are now occupied by ladies; but some of the lords are present in their scarlet robes (hastily thrown over a walking or riding dress, which they take little pains to conceal); and the judges are sitting round the woolsack, in long wigs, and ermine tippets, and scarlet gowns; and the bishops, in their lawn sleeves and ruffles, looking so clean and solemn; and near them, the foreign ambassadors and their attendants, in flashy uniforms. At last, the cannon thunder, and the trumpets sound, and in marches the queen in all her state, and, gracefully taking her seat, while all the rest stand up, gives gracious commandment that the peers and the company shall sit also. Then comes the lord chancellor, and going to his knees at the side of the royal chair, presents the speech which is to be read. Lord Lyndhurst still does this very gracefully, though truth and time must confess that his joints are not so agile as once they were. Lord Cottenham, who had cultivated the law more assiduously than the graces, was somewhat awkward in this performance.

He is a thick, fat-kneed, short-necked man, and he plumped down to the posture of submission like an Irish country priest, of bluff habit, who has just ridden five miles to say mass, and has five miles more to ride, and to begin another mass, before the hour expires. I knew a man with a rich county of Meath brogue, who was particularly given to the illustration of all his remarks by a figure of similitude, and he described Lord Cottenham's kneeling to the queen as being "like a can of buttermilk doing homage to a glass of claret." Perhaps, the simile was not correct in all its points, but one must not be too exacting with a county Meath man.

But to proceed—the queen having received the written speech, reads it as well as any woman in England, with the same amount of voice, could read it. Her articulation is excellent, and the tone of her voice, though rather girlish than womanish, very pleasing. Her speech being read she hands it back to the lord chancellor, and then walks gracefully away; after which you bethink you of going away yourself, and by the time you get out, the crowd is going away, leaving behind it a quantity of well-kneaded mud, through which you tread disconsolate to seek your carriage, and at last you get home, and throwing yourself back in your chair, you feel that the show of the opening of parliament is all over.

If you have prodigious perseverance, perhaps you will go in the evening to the House of Commons, in order to hear the debate. If you did so on the 3d ultimo, you had very little for your money. The proceedings in the House of Commons upon the address, were remarkable for only two things; viz.—the unanimity of the house, and the splendour of the hussar uniform worn by Mr. Beckett of Leeds, the seconder of the address. Mr. Beckett, is a very clever, and much liked banker of that industrious town. How he fell upon a hussar uniform, or how it fell upon him, I must leave it to more profound natural philosophers than I am to point out; but I cannot agree with the Radicals, that because Mr. Beckett wore a handsome uniform, he is utterly unfit to represent the town of Leeds. I rather think it was out of regard to the town he was so finely

dressed; for his colleague is a quaker, or something of that sort, and as he must needs be sad and snuff-coloured in his apparel, Mr. Beckett may have felt, that to do proper credit to the town, he must dress fine enough for two. For this he is attacked!—oh, vile ingratitude of Leeds!

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS—SIR ROBERT PEELE ON THE CORN LAWS.

I SCARCELY ever knew such a general fidget in London about any public matter as there was about the new plan of the Corn Laws, which Sir Robert Peel announced that he would disclose to the House of Commons on the evening of Ash-Wednesday. Had it been in Ireland, there would have been all sorts of jokes about choosing the first day of the fasting season for proposing a new *measure* relating to the food of the people; but in London not one in a thousand remembered any difference between Ash-Wednesday and any other Wednesday—all days are beef days to them. However, for several days previously no one who heeded the public news, talked of any thing else but the new plan, and the Radicals, mad with self-conceit, as they always are, had worked themselves up to the notion, that Sir Robert Peel was unable any longer to resist their exquisite philosophy, and would propose something so astoundingly "Liberal" as utterly to astonish the weak minds of his own party, who had put the "Liberals" to the rout only a few months before.

As for the Conservatives they hardly knew what to expect; but still they also were all talking about what Sir Robert Peel's speech would bring forth.

Let it be observed, however, that when one says of London, that every body is talking of so and so, in relation to politics, one only means every one that ever does talk upon such subjects, for even in these days of newspaper repletion, there are, perhaps, half a million of people in London so regularly devoted to the daily earning, and conscientious devouring of their bread and cheese, and beef and beer, that they know nothing about politics. Were you to ask them about the making of the laws, you could probably find they had some confused notion of

their being manufactured by steam in Manchester ; or, perhaps, brought over in well-boats from Holland, along with eels and other slippery merchandize. Apart from these are the hundreds of thousands who seemed as anxious about the new Corn Law plan, as if the safety of their souls depended upon it. I might have added, their fathers' and mothers' souls too ; but, I believe, it is only in the Hibernian part of her majesty's dominions, that filial solicitude ever goes beyond the undertaker's bill, or, at all events, the erection of a suitable monument with a suitable inscription.

Resolved to be in time for this great affair in the House of Commons, I jumped into a cab at the Somerset coffee-house, some considerable number of minutes before the clock struck four, and bade drive to Palace Yard. Away we went slap-dash between thundering omnibusses and growling coal-waggons, shaving close, within half-an-inch of each, but never touching. If we had—but what's the use of anticipating being smashed to atoms, and then swept out of the way and forgotten ? these things will happen soon enough. As we neared Charing-cross, I descried a phenomenon which, even in London, I had never seen before. As far as I could see along the street, the footway was occupied by a semi-respectable-looking multitude, walking two by two, and many of them with papers in their hands. I couldn't make this out. It was too numerous for a walking funeral ; and besides, these processions generally "come off," as the phrase is, on Sundays. It couldn't be a school, for the lads were too elderly. The men looked like members of a "mechanics' institute," but these things I knew had gone out of fashion. At last I made up my mind that, owing to the march of intellect, the better behaved inmates of the Millbank Penitentiary were brought out to take the pleasing refreshment of a walk on the strand, and that these were they. I knew that it was in vain to inquire of my cab-man, for these fellows never know any thing but what they are paid for knowing, except it be the taste of gin. However, I caught sight of the back of a policeman's hat, and I suspected that such a manner of wearing his head-piece must have been imported from, what cockneys call, "the

sister island." As soon as I could see his face I had no doubt at all about the matter. Most manifest it was, that that mouth had been the passage of several tons of potatoes, "one after one," as Wordsworth says, to the great end of their destination, in the youthful days of the conservator of the peace who stood before me. I was now sure of the information I required, so I made the cab-man halt, and hailed the police.

"What's the meaning of all this ?" said I. "Who trained this mob into marching order ?"

"Oh !" said my Monomian friend, for, indeed, he was from the county of Cork, and no mistake. "Oh, sure 'tis only the Corn Law league (meaning the *anti-corn-law* league,) that is going down in procession to the House of Commons."

"League !" rejoined I, "oh, yes ; and that, I suppose, accounts for the procession being three miles long."

The smile that played around—I mean the grin that distorted—my informant's beautiful potato-trap, was worth any money. True, the joke was a poor one, which, in Munster, would have been passed by as an "unconsidered trifle ;" but, perhaps, poor as it was, it was the only attempt at a joke which had tickled my friend's ears since he had undertaken to keep the Londoners in order, as one of her majesty's police force, and exchanged the hilariousness of his native land for the lumps of beef, the great drinks of porter, the thick cuts of bread, and the lusty *whangs* of cheese, which make up the bliss of the lower life in London. Oh, this English diet, how dull it makes the people ! How truly does the poet sing—

"In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,

And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin ;

When we live in a bright beaming world of our own,

And the light that surrounds us is all from within ;

Then, then, is the time that potatoes possess

A strong power of nutrition no other food can,

And if buttermilk largely you blend with the mess,

Even youth feels the passions and prowess of man."

But this is digression. I pushed on, and gained the House of Commons before the anti-corn leaguers arrived ; so that I saw nothing of their reception, but I heard, that as their presence seemed likely to be troublesome, by obstructing the passage of members to the house, three policemen were ordered to surround and disperse the mob, which accordingly they did, and so ended the great procession !

When I got into the house, there were already about a couple of hundred members present. At the table stood an elderly, military-looking gentleman, whom I did not know, holding a little black book in his hand, upon the cover of which he gazed very intently, and beside him stood another man holding the same book, and staring about him. Him I knew well, as the lank, wizened, dry-toast-chewing, ill-conditioned, Whig member for the North Riding of Yorkshire. To these, Mr. Leigh, the clerk, was mumbling over something which he seemed to desire should be as private as any thing could possibly be in a public assembly. Presently the mumbling noise ceased ; the two gentlemen who held the book raised it to their lips ; the Yorkshire man strayed away to the back slums on the opposition side, and two gentlemen who sat on the treasury bench warmly shook hands with the military-looking personage. Next day I read in the newspapers that at four o'clock, Sir Howard Douglas the new member for Liverpool, and Mr. Cayley, member for North Yorkshire, took the oaths and their seats. How fine things sometimes sound in the newspapers ! The ceremony of passing an entry at the Custom House is just as imposing as that of taking one's seat in the House of Commons.

After this, we had for an hour a number of highly-edifying specimens of that wonderful political operation, the petitioning of the House of Commons. A short glance at the reality of this matter would be of infinite use to many persons who spend much of their time to little purpose, under the influence of some very delusive notions. What a fuss does this petitioning cause in many places ! First, some bustling personage catches up the idea, and sounds his way amongst his neighbours, perhaps giving a couple of dinners, and half a dozen breakfasts, to his particular

friends, before the thing is ripe for public mention. Then, by the united efforts of the whole conclave, (all quite spontaneously, of course), a sort of public meeting is got together, at which the hustling personage makes a speech, After much management, a petition is resolved upon ; and several persons go round to threaten and coax, and thus to obtain signatures. At length, after all this patriotic labour, the thing is completed, and sent off to the county or borough member to be presented to that august body, the House of Commons.

It is necessary to go to the house in order to behold the result. On the evening in question—namely, that of Ash Wednesday, some twenty or thirty gentlemen came into the house, each with a huge bundle of petitions tied together with a string, and carried as a bundle under his arm. A continual buzz was going on in the house, so that not a word could be heard. By degrees, however, these gentlemen were seen to rise, one after another, as they were called upon by the speaker, and each appeared to read from a slip of paper the names of the several places from which the petitions came that he desired to present ; but not a word could be heard. Honourable members had something else to do, or at all events to talk about, than the petitions of the people. I suppose I saw several hundred petitions presented within three quarters of an hour, but what they were about, or where they were from, I assuredly had, and have, no certain idea. I suspect that most of them related to the Corn Law. I did not care much about them, but it seemed to me that I cared as much as any of the honourable and patriotic members of the house, and probably more than most of them.

At last, petitions being got rid of, and sundry questions asked and answered about several miscellaneous matters, Sir R. Peel rose to make his much-expected speech about the Corn Laws. By this time the house was pretty nearly as full as it could hold—the side galleries being filled, as well as the floor of the house.

I have a great respect for Sir Robert Peel, but it were idle to pretend that he possesses any of the captivating powers of a man of genius. I dare say he knows this just as well

himself as I do. He has neither the fire nor the feeling—neither the teeming imagination nor the consummate art—neither the dignified action nor the happy choice of words—which are all necessary to make up the perfect orator, and are expected even in the statesman of high genius. The wonder and the praise consist in this, that wanting these qualities, he is still a great man—a man fitted for this time, and, in political affairs, the greatest man of the time, without a question! He is the prince of prudential managers. Never was plain common sense carried to such an elevation. He is matchless in respect of discretion. Had he been a man of quick feeling, of irritable sensibility, he would have been shipwrecked amid the stormy waves of reform which beat so fiercely ten years ago. But he took all that mighty convulsion, as though it were a new method thrown out of working sums in multiplication and division. I question if it cost him an hour's sleep beyond what he was deprived of by actual occupation in the House of Commons. He saw that his party was shattered. He immediately began to think how another was to be built up. To work he went, as patiently as a man who has to build a house, but has first to make the bricks. He gave up high Toryism, as an impracticable thing: he founded Conservatism. He drew in the moderate Whigs. He showed the people that the battle was in the first instance to be fought in the registration courts, and then in the House of Commons. The toil was long: the struggle, even for years, was doubtful. At last the rotten planks of Whiggery gave way. He saw the time—struck boldly at the tottering foe: down they went; and he grasped the government with a stronger majority than had for seven years been seen in the House of Commons.

But the agitation which the Whig government had set on foot against the Corn Law made it necessary to propose a reform of that system, and yet the great strength of Sir Robert Peel's government lay with the landed interest who were generally supposed to incline to the high scale of protection afforded by the existing law. On the other hand, the beaten party, the Radical and revolutionary party,

willing to make use if possible of what they considered to be the "liberal" prepossessions and pliability of Sir Robert Peel, pretended to expect great things from him on *their* side of the question, and threw out very broad hints of their willingness to take him up as a leader, if he would but avail himself of the glorious opportunity, which, according to them, lay plainly before him.

Under these circumstances I conceive that it required no small degree of moral courage to go down to the house determined to develop a plan which he must have well known would disappoint and enrage the Whigs, and would seem to his own friends, the country gentlemen, to be by no means a grateful return for all their exertions. I do not think that a man of quick feeling could have borne to do this. But Sir Robert Peel is not troubled with sensibility; he seems to have relied utterly upon the *reasonableness* of what he had to propose, upon the prudence and fairness of some such arrangement under existing circumstances, upon the probability that by the new plan the principal inconveniences of the existing law would be removed, and with as little disturbance to the existing state of affairs, as the nature of the case would allow.

Not one touch of oratory did his three hours' speech contain. It was a mere detail and argument, slowly and clearly delivered, sometimes almost tedious to listen to, and yet leaving an impression at the end, that he had done his work in a most masterly manner. He excited no feeling, but men's understandings could not but be convinced. He relied on this, and on a subsequent reflection, for the carrying of his point, and to do this gave evidence of great courage.

The Radicals had been bellowing for months that the Corn Laws were the grand cause of the deep distress experienced in the manufacturing districts, and that the only mode of removing that distress was by an alteration or repeal of the Corn Laws. Sir Robert Peel was not moved to notice the tone of this outcry, or the quarter from which it had been made. He contented himself with coolly throwing the wettest of all wet blankets upon it at the very outset of his



speech. He said that he could not recommend his plan to the attention of the house by inducing them to believe that its adoption could tend materially or immediately to the alleviation of the manufacturing and mercantile distress. He did not believe that the corn law was the cause of that distress, or that any alteration of the law would prove a cure for it. This was about as agreeable to the gentlemen of the league as it would be to men who were getting up their steam for a quick voyage, to have a cart load of thin cold November mud thrown upon their fires, instead of Newcastle coals. The Radicals had been roaring till they were hoarse about the superior living of continental labourers, in consequence of the cheapness of provisions, and the impossibility that justice could be done to our labourers until provisions were equally cheap here. Sir Robert scarcely so much as noticed that any such assertions had been made, but he took up some printed reports prepared by one of the roaring no duty party, Dr. Bowring, and from them he demonstrated that whatever the price of provisions might be, the quantity eaten by the people in England was far greater than it was upon the Continent. He showed too that the general continental wages were so very much lower than these in England, that however low the prices were, still the workmen abroad had far less command over the necessaries and comforts of life than the workmen at home.

Perhaps to Irish readers it may be necessary to observe that when Englishers, even in the House of Commons, speak of necessaries and comforts, they have no idea of anything else than the things which people eat, and drink, and wear. It is very possible that the Prussians, Belgians, &c. are much more cheerful, and upon the whole happier, with their half rations, than the English with their double allowance. But, that is a refinement not to be thought of in the English parliament. Which people has the most beef and the most bread? That is the question. The English decide at once that whichever can be proved to have eaten the most, must be the best governed and most comfortable people. It is not for me to

criticise this compendious method of estimating the amount of human felicity.

I never saw an audience at once so cold and so attentive, as that of Sir Robert Peel when making his corn law speech. Even his own supporters scarcely gave him a cheer; and calmly as he went on, it was plain that such lengthy, up-hill, *cheerless* work, was very fatiguing. At length it was over, and the house quickly dispersed, every one to talk about the new plan, and to consider how it would work. Only Mr. Cobden would say a few words before the house separated. They were of course abusive. Mr. Cobden—to describe him shortly—is a brainless booby with a very loud voice. He has about as much idea of what is rational and just in regard to any question, as Hungarian hogs have of the flavour of Munster oatmeal, and I apprehend that is nothing very considerable. While he was venting his noisy indignation, Sir Robert Peel was coolly gathering up his papers preparatory to leaving the house, and looked as if he was not aware that the poor man was saying any thing.

The change which the government has proposed in the corn law is one which maintains the principle of the law as it stands—namely, that of protecting the home produce from competition while the price is low, and protecting the consumers from being limited to the home supply, when the price is high—but the new plan alters and modifies the scale by which these two opposite kinds of protection are worked. The result of the modification, if it becomes law, must undoubtedly be to give more regularity to the trade in corn, and to diminish, in a very great degree, the temptation to mere speculative or gambling trade, by limiting the range of duty, and making its ascent and descent much slower at that range of price during which a demand for foreign corn generally occurs. Instead of awkward stops and sudden runs in the foreign corn trade, it may be hoped that it will glide on more continuously and smoothly. In short, to adopt a bit of a metaphor, it may be said that Sir Robert Peel has fitted a pair of *skaites* on the “*sliding scale*.”

## CORN-LAW DEBATE.

Two or three days have now elapsed since the close of the debate upon Lord John Russell's opposition to going into committee upon Sir Robert Peel's plan. I never in my life perceived a more general conviction among all ranks and conditions of intelligent people, that the opposition has utterly failed. The opposition is really looked upon as completely smashed. From the first or second day after Sir Robert Peel's plan was promulgated, there was very little doubt that he would be able to carry it against the opposition; but that he should carry it by a majority of 123—that in a house of 580 members present, including the speaker, Lord John, with all his parliamentary artifice, should be able to muster no more than 228 men (including the tellers) to vote with him; *that*, indeed, was scarcely expected by even the most sanguine.

But the division is not the worst part of the matter. There was no force—no cogency—no *effect* in the debate on the opposition side. Lord John Russell did his best with some little neatnesses of expression, which read like smartness; but which are so mouthed and drawled in his utterance, that they actually appear clumsy in delivery. But as to his case, he broke down, and was actually obliged to abandon the main position for which he contended. His argument was the superior efficacy of a fixed duty to a sliding scale; and yet he had to admit that in his fixed duty there must necessarily be a provision that after a certain price, it should not be fixed! Sir Boyle Roache could scarcely have done better in the Irish parliament. Or perhaps Lord John took the hint from a certain Belgian commander at the battle of Waterloo, who, being ordered to remain fixed in a certain position, established for himself the condition that when the position became dangerous, he should walk away!

London, 21st February, 1842.

Sir R. Peel has triumphed by mere reasonableness, and by addressing himself to the practical good sense of those upon whose votes his success depended. Mr. Roebuck (modest gentleman!) was kind enough to suggest to the premier that he should abandon all vulgar practical considerations, and become at once a very great man by adopting his (Mr. Roebuck's) theories. Sir R. Peel's reply was very characteristic:—

“It is easy for the honourable and learned gentleman to call on me to discard all class prejudices, to show, not perhaps that I am in advance, but at all events, that I do not lag behind the intelligence of the age, and to bring forward some grand and comprehensive scheme that would stamp me at once with the character of a great statesman. I will tell the hon. and learned gentleman what I think belongs more to the true character of the minister of such a country as this. I think it would be more in keeping with that true character for me to aspire to none of those magnificent characteristics which he has described, and that the wisest and safest course for me to adopt is to effect as much practical good as I can, and not, after announcing some great principle, calculated to win for me a great deal of popularity, to find at last that the practical part of the subject was in precisely the same state in which it was before I began.”

Sir Robert spoke the winding-up speech in far better spirits, and with a much more lively sympathy of the house, than marked the delivery of that in which his plan was promulgated. He *knew* that his reasonableness had triumphed.

That pompous, shallow coxcomb, Mr. Villiers, comes next, to repeat to the House of Commons what has been rehearsed at the Crown and Anchor Tavern. But he will be soon and easily disposed of.

## NATIONAL EDUCATION.

Is popery to be the established religion of Ireland? Such is, in reality, the question to be decided, when government are asked what they are prepared to do upon the subject of national education. Should the popish clergy continue to be recognised, as they are at present, as the organ of government in administering the funds provided by parliament for educational purposes in this country, their system will be fixed upon a basis which will enable them to contend, with fearful odds in their favour, against the clergy of the Established Church; and both means and motives will be amply afforded them for accomplishing that church's subversion. It is, therefore, with no ordinary anxiety, that all who feel interested in the well-being of our establishment, or desirous of promoting the real welfare and improvement of our people ask, what are the government prepared to do in a matter of such immense importance, and respecting which their decision must be productive of so much good or so much evil?

As our readers are aware, our wishes, could they be gratified, would be limited, for the present, to the withdrawal of all grants which are made by parliament for Irish education, and leaving the several sects and parties to provide, as best they may, by voluntary benevolence, for the religious and literary training of those in whose welfare they may feel a Christian or philanthropic solicitude. For our parts, (and we believe, in this particular, we speak the sentiments of a vast majority of our brethren of the establishment,) we would be well content to assume all the necessary responsibility for the due culture of all those unprovided members of our communion for whom it is our bounden duty to feel more especially interested. Let others say the same, and the *verata questio* will be happily decided. The government would thus, at once, be relieved from all embarrassment and perplexity; and the church, and the several denominations of dissent, might proceed in their respective courses, if not with harmonious co-operation, at least without any angry jarring, and even with a feeling of

honourable rivalry, by which, in their several courses, they would all be rendered more efficient in the promotion of their common object. When the church is willing thus to rely upon her own resources, we see not how any objection could be consistently started to a similar resolution on the part of others who have always professed a devotion to the voluntary principle, and have not scrupled to make it a reproach to the church that that principle has not been more extensively adopted.

But if this (by far, to our minds, the most advisable course, and that by which the real welfare of the country would be best provided for,) is not to be adopted, we do not deem it unreasonable to demand for the church a grant in aid of her schools, when similar grants are made in favour of schools under the direction of papists and dissenters. In the north of Ireland, it is the boast of Dr. Cook, that he has squeezed out of the National Board an endowment for Presbyterian education. In the south and west a similar declaration may be made on the part of the popish clergy. The system of united education has thus been rent in twain; and the only party who cannot take advantage of it are the clergy of the establishment, who feel that they could not honestly either lend their sanction to a system which they believe to be fraught with great evil, or avail themselves, by any indirectness, of the facilities which it might afford for the scriptural education of the members of the establishment, even as the Presbyterians have availed themselves, for the scriptural education of the members of their communion, or the Roman Catholics for the unscriptural, or even anti-scriptural, education of the members of the Church of Rome. We therefore ask, will government give us a grant, which in honesty and fairness may be made use of for our purposes, without involving any compromise of our character as an establishment, such as would be implied by our becoming stipendiaries of the National Board, or prevent us from continuing, as we have hitherto done, to lift up our voices against it?

In our last, we called the attention of our readers to a project put forth by our contemporary *The Christian Examiner*,—that government should aid all sects and denominations, in promoting secular, and leave to them the promotion of religious education, according to their several views and persuasions. Against any such proposition we offered our earnest protest, as one which would commit the clergy to acquiescence in a principle which confounded all distinction between truth and falsehood, and which must effectually seal their lips against the utterance of those wholesome truths, by which government itself may be gradually enlightened, and made more sensible than it has latterly been of its Christian responsibility. Nor have we any reason to suppose that what we then wrote was written in vain. But we recur to the subject at present, because its importance has attracted into the field of educational controversy one whose acquirements as a scholar, and whose attainments as a Christian, will cause his sentiments to be regarded with the profoundest respect, and whose cautious abstinence hitherto from all polemical and political warfare will be felt as a guarantee both of his impartiality and of his moderation. Thus writes Dr. Richard Graves,\* in a letter addressed to the editor of *The Christian Examiner*:—

“Agreeing, as I do, with you and most of your readers in the two chief objections that you have heretofore urged against the proceedings of the education board, I shall confine my remarks to showing that the regulations of the board, in their present *modified* state, operate less injuriously both to Protestant and Roman Catholic, than your plan would do, if carried out to its full extent.

“In making this comparison, I may pass over some minor details of practice, and confine myself to the two main deviations from sound principle introduced by that body: first, the exclusion of the Scriptures; secondly, the encouragement afforded to the dissemination of popery.

“Let us examine how matters stand at present with reference to these two main points.

“It is true, indeed, that in the outset

of their strange career, they did by their first-published regulations expressly refuse to aid any school where the Bible should be used as a school book; and did thereby, as far as in them lay, denounce the Scriptures as unworthy to share any part in the instruction of youth. It was principally against this daring and awful proscription of the sacred volume, that the voice of Protestantism throughout the empire indignantly reclaimed. That reclamation had its effect; and the present board, by means of certain by-laws, contrives (whether candidly or otherwise, I will not stop to inquire) so to shape its proceedings, as not to withdraw its grants from schools, even though they should be found guilty of harbouring the word of God.

“As to the second objection, the board has also made a considerable step in advance. By its arrangements with the Presbyterians of the north, it allows them in several instances to make use of their own catechisms, and other similar formulas.

“It was obvious that the established clergy might have obtained similar indulgences, had they consented to a surrender of principle, such as was made by the northern synod.

“However mystified and unintelligible were the statements about its general laws, and its by-laws, put forth by the board during that negotiation, the proposition of the synod's deputation was sufficiently clear and definite. It was this—that where the parents of all the children attending a school were Presbyterians, they might, to the course of general instruction required by the board, superadd not only the Bible, but their own elementary books of religious instruction.

“The clergy of the Established Church could not have been refused similar indulgences, had they come forward with a similar proposal. But they saw at once (what we would desire, if possible, to believe, had escaped the observation of the northern synod), they saw that it contained a surrender of principle unworthy of Protestantism.

“For this proposition, stated in the abstract, and generalized in its application, amounted to this—that the board should allow its grants to be made use of for introducing into every school the religious tenets of its scholars. The established clergy foresaw that this principle, once conceded by Presbyterians and Churchmen, would be triumphantly pleaded by Socinians and pa-

\* National Education, being a letter to the Editor of *The Christian Examiner*, containing observations on an article in the number for January, 1842. By Richard Hastings Graves, D.D. 8vo. Curry and Co. Dublin: 1842.

pists in their own behalf; and they refused to touch any funds, the appropriation of which would have entangled them in such a concession.

"Their anticipations were justified by the result, for the Roman Catholics, or at least some of them, soon demanded the application of the above principle to their own case. But Lord Ebrington refused their request. And it can hardly be doubted by those who observed the progress of events, that it was the calm but dignified voice of the church which aroused him to see the danger, and encouraged him to arrest its progress.

"Thus, the steady and consistent remonstrances of the clergy have extorted from the board several practical concessions, and have at the same time restrained it from any further abandonment of principle."

When it is said that Lord Ebrington refused the request of the Romish clergy to be permitted to apply to their own case the principle successfully contended for by the Presbyterians, it is not, by any means, to be understood that that principle was not, in the south and west of Ireland, practically in operation. The plain and undeniable truth is, that the system never was valued by the Roman Catholics, but as it enabled them to teach popery;—and all that Lord Ebrington did, in refusing to accede to their request, was coyly to decline committing himself to sanctioning a revelation of rules which he very well knew were, by the body whose request he refused, "more honoured in the breach than the observance." But it was even something that the government were compelled even by words to discountenance that which, by their deeds, they were upholding. Hypocrisy is, we are told, the homage which vice pays to virtue; and it is undoubtedly true, that for this insincere profession of respect, in theory, for a regulation which, by a scandalous connivance, was every day violated in practice, we are indebted to the sturdy exclamations of the Established Church.

Dr. Graves thus proceeds:—

"Now, if you, or any others are of opinion, that in these proceedings the clergy have been misled by error of judgment, or influenced by disingenuous motives, the proper counsel to offer would be, to come forward at once, either in the one case, with a frank

avowal of their mistake, or in the other, with an humble confession of their guilt. But if you maintain, as you seem to do, that their conduct has been guided by prudence and integrity, by what strange infatuation are you now led to advise them to reverse all this, and for the sake of obtaining a grant for themselves, to withdraw their protest against making the government schools instrumental in disseminating popery, and to sink in disgraceful silence the reclamation they have hitherto so honourably maintained in behalf of their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, for the free perusal by their children of the word of God?

"That such is the true meaning of your proposal, I adduce your own words to demonstrate.

"Let such landlords as take an interest in the moral, spiritual, and intellectual improvement of their tenantry, have assistance in supporting schools, in which all, if they please, shall, according to the Kildare-place principle, read the word of God. Let the clergy have assistance in supporting schools, in which, if they please, all the children that attend shall, besides the Scriptures, be instructed in the formularies of our church; and *let the Roman Catholics be assisted in supporting schools, in which they may teach what they think according to the principles of their church, without any restriction*, but that at the same time a literary and intellectual progress shall be being carried on among the children of the school.' And again: 'We would have government take care, through the means of their own inspectors, that due progress shall be made in the literary part, for which they hold themselves responsible; that the schools shall be so conducted as to raise the intellect, improve the habits, and add to the information of the rising generation; and allow the *zeal of religious instructors to have at the same time ample field to work in the religious cultivation of their pupils.*'

"Considering, then, this plan, and what has been said, it seems to me that the following positions are evident:—

"First—The spiritual interests of our Roman Catholic countrymen would fare worse in this system than under the existing one. The present regulations of the board, as far as they are known or intelligible to the public, place considerable restrictions on the operations of the priest. They permit him to give separate instruction to his own children during separate hours: but they do not allow him to interfere with the others, or to introduce his catechisms into daily use, or to require the masters and mistresses to teach them—or, in short, to employ the general instrumentality of



the school to disseminate his views. But the very basis of your plan is that all such limitations should be removed, and that 'the zeal' of the 'religious instructors' of the Roman Catholic church, whether as masters or mistresses, monks or nuns, priests or friars, should be *left 'without any restriction,'* and have 'ample field to work in the religious cultivation of their pupils.' What, then, is to prevent them from placing in the hands of the children their catechisms and their manuals, their beads and rosaries, the psalter of the Virgin, and the litanies of the saints?

"Yet it is in reference to a plan capable of such developments that you declare, 'we can see no valid objection against government furnishing facilities for one important necessary part of education, where there is no impediment thrown in the way, but on the contrary, *every facility afforded for the addition of that part which makes the others truly valuable.*'"

"This last sentiment, or rather its bearing with reference to Roman Catholics, must, I think, have escaped you in the hurry of composition. For I can hardly bring myself to believe, that you intended deliberately to assert, that the gift of mere secular education to the Roman Catholics would be of little value without the inculcation of popish errors. If, however, I am mistaken, and that you now really entertain an opinion so much at variance with all that you have hitherto advocated, you ought, in fairness to your readers, to inform them of the change.

"Be this as it may, it is evident that all the complaints put forth against the existing system, would apply to the new one, and many more besides, and all that has been said, and said so truly, against the impropriety of government delivering over the children of its subjects into the hands of the priesthood, would become applicable in its fullest extent, when these youthful victims of state expediency and Protestant delinquency, should be not only hopelessly cut off from the word of God, but bound fast for ever in the trammels of popery.

"Secondly—This principle, if once adopted in Ireland, could hardly be limited to this side of the channel, but extending to England, would entitle dissenters of every creed and of no creed, to demand government assistance to educate the rising generation in their discordant and conflicting opinions.

"Thirdly—This same principle, when once admitted with regard to the religious instruction of children, could hardly be denied when applied to that of their equally, or possibly more ignorant parents. Every motive of state policy

that should suggest the former, would with still greater force indicate the latter; and if it were expedient to rulers to have under their tuition the religious feelings of the young and tender, it would be doubly important to extend a similar control to those of the old and sturdy. In short, the erection and support by the state, of schools and masters for all denominations, would in due time be necessarily followed by the similar erection and support of temples and priests for all denominations, by Sociinian meeting houses, and popish mass-houses, by synagogues and mosques, till this once Protestant and Christian country should receive into its bosom a promiscuous assemblage of conflicting creeds, and should, like the the Pantheon of degenerate Rome, furnish altars for all modes of worship, but itself be consecrated by none.

"Such an example set by the rulers could not fail to produce its effect on the people. These are ever more apt to be led by the example than by the professions of their superiors, and by perceiving that those who were so much better instructed than themselves, patronised all creeds alike, they would soon suspect that their superior wisdom and information rendered them alike indifferent to all. And they would at last regard the various bands of paid ministers, paraded on the religious platform of the state, as so many groups of juggling impostors, who, while in obedience to their masters they played off their various antics to amuse, deceive, and control the multitude, did equally with their employers despise those who were duped by religion, and the religion that duped them."

That the ministerial usefulness of the clergy may be most injuriously affected by whatever lowers their estimation with their flocks, is a truth which must be obvious to all our readers. Most justly has it been observed, that it is essential to the permanence of any church, that its lay members should believe their ministers sincere in the profession of the doctrines which they teach, and how, asks Dr. Graves—

"Could such an impression prevail long among them, if they found those ministers patronising, or even countenancing schemes, the obvious tendency of which was, to promote the dissemination of creeds essentially opposed to their own, and that not on matters of form or ceremony only, but on tenets intimately affecting their immortal souls?"

vation! How, in short, must Protestant congregations think of the Protestant clergy, if they find them favouring, or even conniving at the adoption by a Protestant state of any plan, which involves in its development the propagation of popery!!"

But objectionable as is the proposed, or suggested measure, upon the score of principle, it is not less so, as Dr. Graves well observes, on the ground of expediency.

"It seems evident, that government could not be called on to support more than *one* school in each parish. This one the Roman Catholics, from their preponderating numbers, might, in the great majority of cases, claim as their own. In all such cases, therefore, the clergy, by adopting the *principle* of your scheme, would virtually withdraw the protest which they have hitherto maintained on behalf of their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, as well as of themselves, viz.: that they are entitled to have their children made acquainted with the word of truth; and, by such a step, they would, in effect, sanction government in committing the whole rising generation of Irish Roman Catholics, gagged and fettered by royal authority, into the hands of the priesthood.

"And what is to be gained in return for this abandonment of principle, and this desertion of several thousand Roman Catholic children who are, and still a greater number who have been, and might again be found, if we persevere, listening in our own schools to the word of life? Why, that in a *few* parishes where church Protestants predominate, they should be able to lay claim to a few pounds of the public money for their own children, and for those alone.

"Still further—what is to become of the few children of our own flocks who dwell scattered throughout Roman Catholic districts?

"Must they not, as far as government assistance is concerned, either remain without instruction, or attend those thoroughly popish seminaries? And, in the latter case, what is to prevent their young minds from being imperceptibly swayed by reverence for their authorized teachers, gradually imbued with the religious dogmas constantly repeated in their hearing, and finally and fatally seduced by the attractive example of their companions and play-fellows?

"Of such a plan fully carried out, (and, if adopted at all, it must be so,) the effect would be, that throughout a

great part of Ireland the rising generation of church children would gradually disappear, and be absorbed in the surrounding population.

"Lastly.—From what has been said, it seems pretty evident, that the plan you propose would be more objectionable in *principle*, and probably more injurious in practice, than the continuance of the Education Board in its present modified state. If then, the clergy have judged rightly, and acted honestly in protesting against the Education Board, it is obvious that they should equally do so against the plan you propose. If they do not, they will justly incur, not merely the charge of inconsistency, but the imputation of having been hitherto influenced by a spirit of factious opposition to the late government, in place of a disinterested attachment to religion."

Toleration is one thing—establishment is another. In the manifesto of *The Christian Examiner*, the distinction is lost sight of. Dr. Graves takes care to bring it very fully into view.

"Your first is, that your plan is one of simple toleration. Here, lest I should be misunderstood, I beg to say, that I have long approved of complete toleration, and that I rejoiced in the removal of all those civil disabilities which rested on grounds merely religious. But the words, toleration and support, convey to my mind, ideas widely different both in theory and practice. And your plan seems to go far beyond the one, and to extend the other to all creeds alike. You observe in its behalf, that by it 'every facility is to be afforded for the addition of that part' of education, viz. religion, 'which makes the other truly valuable.' Again—you praise it because it 'allows the zeal of religious instructors to have ample field to work in the religious cultivation of the pupils.' These, you maintain, are such great advantages to Protestants that their clergy should 'accept, thankfully, the assistance offered in that system.' Surely, then, you cannot deny that it affords equal advantages to Socinians and Roman Catholics, and that their clergy are equally bound to accept that assistance with thankfulness. And no doubt Dr. MacHale, (the most violent, but the most consistent man of his party,) and his followers, who spurn with indignation the offers of the Education Board, because of the restrictions by which they are accompanied, would have abundant reason for triumph, when they

are told, that Roman Catholics are to 'be assisted in supporting schools in which they may teach what they think, according to the principles of their church, without any restriction.'

But the strong ground upon which this obnoxious proposal is recommended is, that the clergy would be "responsible only for what is taught in their own schools, and not responsible for what is taught in others." This is a delusion, against which we ourselves, on more than one occasion, have ventured to protest, and we are gratified to find our judgment ratified by that of the able and honest man whose pages lie before us. Dr. Graves thus writes—

"I contend, on the other hand, that any body which should acquiesce in the adoption, and avail themselves of the advantages of this, or any other such system, without any actual expression of reserve or dissent on their part, must be considered as approving of the *principle* of the system, and, of course, of all its practical results; and that, therefore, in such circumstances, the clergy would be answerable for what was taught in every school embraced in its operation. This seems to me too self-evident to demand any comment in its support.

"I am, indeed, ready to admit, if the clergy had remonstrated against the system as a whole, and more especially against the fundamental principle of it, viz.—that government should regard with perfect indifference the truth or falsehood of the creeds which it spreads amongst its youthful subjects; and if, in spite of such remonstrance proclaimed at its first proposal, and annually repeated as often as the parliamentary grant in its favour were renewed, government should, nevertheless, persevere in carrying it into effect, that then the clergy might feel themselves responsible only for what was taught in their own schools. But however free they might feel their own consciences under such circumstances, I much doubt whether it would be prudent or judicious to avail themselves of the grant. For if they actually touched the public money, their enemies would surely assert, and their lukewarm followers might possibly suspect, that their purity was more matter of profession than of practice; and that, if they disapproved of the principle in general, they ought not to avail themselves of its application to their own case. All the parties who should become co-sharers with them in the grant, would

also, no doubt, take up and repeat such imputations, in order to relieve themselves from that, which they would naturally regard as an unmerited assumption by the church clergy of superior integrity.

"If then strenuous and persevering remonstrances could hardly save them from such accusations, because merely sharers of the grant—what could, or, indeed, ought to preserve them from condemnation, if they should *participate without remonstrance*.

"The matter would become still worse, if they should be found assenting parties to the whole system; for then they would become implicated in the principle itself, and therefore responsible for all its details. But their guilt would become still more flagrant, were they to take the *initial* step in procuring its adoption by government. And it is to this, or something very like it, that your advice would seem to conduct them.

"It is true, indeed, that in one place you assert, that if government *called on them* to propose a plan, they should offer the best one they could devise. But you admit, that this is not to be expected; that government will probably propose some plan of their own, and that if such a plan be not objectionable, the clergy should be 'prepared to accept the assistance it would offer, and to co-operate in the important work of national education.' Then follows the plan which has been under consideration, and your arguments in its behalf; and you conclude by hoping, that 'it might meet the eye of some member of her majesty's government,' and you request that those of your 'brethren' who agree with you should give you 'the means of making known their approving sentiments,' that is, of course, by publication, that they also might attract government regard."

"What, then, is the meaning of all this? Is it not that the clergy should, through the instrumentality of *The Christian Examiner*, insinuate to government the proposal of this plan, and afterwards acquiesce in its adoption, and avail themselves of its pecuniary advantages, and so render themselves answerable for all its faults, both of principle and detail? I trust, however, either that you will withdraw this plan—or that the clergy will be found remonstrating against it in sufficient numbers to save them from the suspicion of approving it, which might otherwise arise from their well-known patronage of *The Christian Examiner*."

Yes, if there be iniquity in the system, the clergy will be held to be

consenting parties to that iniquity, unless they protest against it. Nor can any disposition not to embarrass the present ministers, by stirring, at the present moment, in a question of so great difficulty, be pleaded as any excuse for declining, upon such an occasion, to perform what is a bounden duty. On the contrary, their remissness at present would stamp upon them the character of faction for their activity in time past; and as it would now be seen, that they were willing to forego the requirements of God, for the convenience of a ministry; so it would, with very great plausibility, be asserted, they sought to justify their attack upon a ministry by pretending obedience to God. Be such a reproach far removed from the ministers of our holy religion; as we devoutly believe it is wholly undeserved by them. But let them beware how they palter with conscience in such a matter as this, by holding it an allowable to regulate their assent or their dissent in a matter of such deep importance, according to state convenience. The following observations on this part of the subject, we earnestly recommend to their attention:—

"I cannot, however, believe, that our remonstrances would embarrass the present ministry. Giving them credit for intending what is right, I can only suppose their difficulty in effecting it to arise from the counteracting prevalence of erroneous opinions. The silence of the clergy would not diminish this difficulty, but rather have the contrary effect, by enabling the advocates of error to claim them as on their side. On the other hand the calm, dignified, and persevering promulgation of correct views by such a body, must have a tendency to enlighten the public mind, however slowly, and thus to produce the double effect of encouraging the advocates of truth, and of increasing their number.

"If, however, the views of ministers themselves be erroneous, while their intentions are friendly, it is not, therefore, the less our duty, because they are our friends, to seek to set them right.

"But, whatever may be their feelings towards existing authorities, the duty of a clergy who pretend to hold their commission from above, is totally independent of all such contingencies, and ought not to be influenced by any such considerations.

"Their divine commission was given to them as a world, for 'this man' that he might bear witness of 'the truth.' That they might also 'of the same, have been keeping. By their testimony to his word, he has declared his intention of gradually spreading the knowledge of himself to every age and clime, till 'all the ends of the earth shall remember themselves and turn unto the Lord.' It was not intended, therefore, that this testimony should vary with times or seasons, that it should accommodate itself to the changing opinions of parties and dynasties, or that it should be suppressed in order to favour mistaken friends, or to conciliate still more mistaken enemies.

"It was meant to be set up as an ever-erecting light to his church, and as a war-ning beacon to the world at large, pouring forth on both, and under all circumstances, the same steady and un-dermining lustre.

"The duty, then, of the depositaries of this testimony, is clear and imperative. They are to lead, not to follow, the morality of the day—to oppose, not to yield to, prevailing errors; to admonish friends as well as enemies, whether among the rulers or the people; and, like an unsullied mirror, to reflect equally upon all, the unchanging brightness of the divine word."

"This is language of solemn warning, comes from one who has heretofore claims upon the respect and the attention of his brethren the clergy: whose mellowed piety and ripened age should render them heedful of admonitions, in a matter upon which a one false step may seal their ruin as an establishment for ever.

"It is universally conceded by those of the clergy who have ventured to advocate the latitudinarian scheme, that what they would support is in itself an evil, and only to be justified by being the lesser of two evils. The only public men, they say, upon whom we can rely, are committed to the principle of that system which makes no distinction between truth and error; and we cannot expect, that for our sakes, they should eat their words? Are they, then, to expect, that for their sakes, we should eat our words? Is their character for consistency in every thing to suffer for consistency in this? Such an inference would be to us as to us."

from the proposition which is now made, and the ground upon which it is defended. The clergy, and all the religious portion of the laity of our church, who have been engaged in a life or death struggle with the powers and principalities of the evil of this world for the establishment of a system of scriptural education, such as might lay the foundations of peace and order upon the only enduring basis, are called upon to forget or forego their principles, now that the arch-enemy has been overthrown; because, forsooth, *the friends* by whom he has been succeeded, have unwarily become infected with some of the worst and most dangerous of his errors, any sudden disclaimer of which would compromise their consistency! A proposition like this, one should think, would only require to be stated fully, to insure its merited condemnation.

But the very thing which the clergy are, by such a proposition, called upon not to do, is that very thing which, under the peculiar position in which they stand, they should feel to be their bounden duty. What is their office as an established church? It is, not merely to exercise their sacred functions for the behoof of those amongst whom they are called upon to administer in the offices of religion; but, to hold up to the mind of the state its standard of religious duty, and to seek, by all the legitimate means within their power, that the governing authorities shall, in all that relates to the honour of God, and the moral well-being of our fellow-men, act up to that high standard. What, then, should be thought of a proposal which virtually calls upon them to reduce their standard of Christian duty, until worldly politicians find it compatible with their political convenience? Was it thus the prophets and the teachers of old were commissioned to act in the case of the Jews, when princes and governors presided over them, who are described as "doing evil in the sight of the Lord?" Is there any divine injunction that the messengers of the Most High should flatter them in their misdeeds? Is it any where said, because men are deaf to admonition, and will none of your reproofs, you should therefore speak smoothly? No; the stern contrary

is the stress of the divine commission. The false prophets—those who sought to curry favour with the powers that then were—did indeed fall in with the inclinations of the court, and were but too ready to minister to its corruptions. And therefore it was that the heavy wrath of God fell upon them. The true prophets pursued a different course; and "whether they would hear or whether they would forbear," failed not to reiterate their solemn message in the ears of a gainsaying and a disobedient people; and never for one single moment considered the errors or the vices of their rulers, or the course of policy to which they might be committed, as furnishing any ground, or even affording any excuse for their conduct, if, by word or deed, they should be consenting parties to such iniquity, and thus pervert the right ways of the Lord. "Oh, but," we fancy we hear some one say, some one who either has himself been beguiled, or who would fain beguile others by deceitful words, "all that was under the Jewish dispensation, when the people were under the government of God." We shall only say to these at present, that we are not yet under the government of the devil.

It is admitted that our rulers err grievously in desiring, if they do desire, to establish a latitudinarian system of education. Is it, or is it not desirous that this error should be removed, and that they should be brought to a better mind? Upon that, we believe there can be no question. By whom, then, are they to be thus instructed in better views, if not by the established clergy? If that body, therefore, become consenting parties to iniquity, they incur a double guilt; they not only acquiesce in evil, knowing it to be evil, but by their acquiescence they do all that in them lies to render that which might otherwise be temporary, inveterate;—whereas, by protesting against it, as in reason and conscience they were bound to do, the evil might sooner or later be admitted, and an effectual remedy for it might be found.

Nor does it appear to us that the day is very distant, when such a consummation may be expected from the faithful and the persevering protest of the national clergy, upon the subject



of national education. There are amongst them those who look with too much eagerness to state connection. They are like spoiled children, who, from being too much brought up at the apron string of the government, have never learned to be properly self-dependent. Know all such, that there is a source of power and influence, of which they have been hitherto all unconscious, but of which, if they only address themselves to it as they ought, they may abundantly avail themselves, and which will be found more than sufficient for all their necessities. Let the church turn, in earnestness, to the moral and religious people of this great empire, upon which, with more or less effulgence, the light of the life-giving Gospel has been shining for more than three hundred years, and let them appear before them faithful in the discharge of their sacred trust, and let them state to them the moral requirements of this land, and take care

to impress upon them those views and infuse into them those principles, by which it becomes Christian men to be actuated when they are about to make a provision for the religious training of the rising generation, that they should be brought up in the way they should go; let this be done steadily, perseveringly, energetically, and affectionately, and our lives for it they will not long want powerful co-operators in the good work, by whom their hands will be mightily strengthened, and it is our opinion also, that an action would thus take place upon public opinion by which the government themselves would be brought to see that a recurrence to sound principle would be *expedient*.

Thus, by gaining the people we should also gain the government. But if a contrary course be pursued, and by a sacrifice of character we were to gain the government, what would that profit us if we lost the people?

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

---

No. CXII.                      APRIL, 1842.                      Vol. XIX.

---

### CONTENTS.

	Page
EDITOR'S ADDRESS . . . . .	423
OUR MESS.—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—No. I.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. CHAP. VII.—THE ROONEYS. CHAP. VIII.—THE VISIT. CHAP. IX.—THE BALL. CHAP. X.—A FINALE TO AN EVENING. CHAP. XI.—A NEGOCIATION. CHAP. XII.—A WAGER . . . . .	425
THE LORD MAYOR'S "SHOW" (OF HIMSELF). . . . .	454
MAXWELL'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON.—FIRST ARTICLE . . . . .	461
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. XXIX.—THOMAS MOORE, <i>with an Etching</i> . . . . .	476
THE LAST DAYS OF DUNDEE . . . . .	479
THE POPE'S DREAM.—BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ. . . . .	488
THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY AND DIARIO DI ROMA—MINOR POETS AND MODERN MIRACLES OF ROMANISM . . . . .	491
HELEN LOWE—THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM, AND OTHER POEMS . . . . .	504
GASPAR, THE PIRATE; A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.—CHAP. XI. AND XII. . . . .	517
LETTERS FROM ITALY.—No. IV. . . . .	525
THE BOOKS UPON OUR TABLE . . . . .	532
POLITICS AND THE PARLIAMENT . . . . .	538
THE LATE REV. CÆSAR OTWAY . . . . .	546

---

DUBLIN:  
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.



# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXII.

---

APRIL, 1842.

---

VOL. XIX.

## EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

KIND FRIENDS—A scarcely interrupted acquaintance of more than three years, emboldens me thus to address you. The proprietors of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE have thought proper to call me into their councils, and entrust to my guidance our National Magazine.

For many a long year past, this position has been an object of my ambition ; and were I only to judge of my fitness for its duties, by my ardent desire to succeed, I should deem myself the most accomplished of editors. Unhappily, however, there is another, and a very different test ; and something more than zeal will be looked for at my hands.

In announcing the appearance of a new journal, the editor enjoys the time-honoured privilege of informing the public what literary miracles it is his intention to perform—how he shall fill up all the deficiencies observable in other periodicals—how smart will be his witty contributors, how deep his learned ones—what soundness will characterise his political views—by what acumen and impartiality, his criticisms will be distinguished ; in fact, to believe him, you would say that until that moment, journalism had been a poor, barren, and empty performance ; and that all the able and gifted writers of the day had, from some strange fatality, suffered their wits to lie fallow, till he was ready to avail himself of them. This is the more singular, as such announcements usually appear once or twice a year, and the world seem never the wiser six months later. Happily for our Magazine—unhappily for myself, I have no such power in my hands. For nearly ten years past, it has been before you, the steady defender of the Protestantism of these realms—its bold and upright career unblemished by a stain, unshaken by a doubt—seeking, by every available means, and at every occasion, opportunities of benefitting our native country—illustrating its antiquities—elevating its literary tastes—fostering its art—and encouraging its industry ; and above all seeking to induce on the common ground of literature and science, a bond of union between men of all parties and denominations, while at the same time it never compromised a principle, nor flinched from its avowed opinions. Its criticisms have been no less marked by acumen than candour. Unconnected with the trickery of the trade—having neither the warping prejudice of love or hate to turn him, the journalist here has discharged a duty, that, except in the very highest walks of English periodical literature, you may look for in vain. For the excellence of its original articles, it would be but necessary to repeat the names of the authors, many of whom stand foremost in the literature of the day, and whose writings will be found, for years past, gracing our pages. What then can I promise, where so much has been performed—and what shall I speak of, when the very

subjects I would fain turn to, seem exhausted!—not of myself, alas! the theme is as ungraceful as unprofitable. I can only say, that, to a position surrounded by considerable difficulty, I shall bring my sole, my undivided attention—devoting myself exclusively to your interests—I shall endeavour to show, that while we of Ireland are the acknowledged staff of periodical literature in England, we are able, and, better still, are willing to unite, to obtain for our national journal, the same proud position in public estimation, that Scotsmen have won for their magazine before the eyes of Great Britain. Far be it from me to institute any comparison between myself and that first of editors, who wields the destinies of Blackwood—but this I will say, that if the coachman on the box be an inferior whip—and this I humbly confess to—his team is unsurpassed; and I assert it without a fear of contradiction, that no journal of England had or has the same number of able and gifted men as, at the very hour I am writing, grace the list of our contributors.

Uniting with these, others of the highest rank in literature, it is my intention, while steadily maintaining the assertion of our political creed, to introduce a greater variety into the contents of each number, to procure reviews and notices of interesting foreign works—to give from time to time, such rapid but comprehensive sketches of the current literature of the day as may serve to keep up with the course of book-writing, many of those who cannot devote to such subjects, more than the ordinary time of consulting a periodical.

Of course some time must elapse before I can hope to accomplish the whole, or even the greater part of my wishes. I have succeeded to an estate, with certain vested rights; and although the old leases shall not in some instances have renewals, yet while running my life against them, I shall, I trust, treat the tenants in possession with every due courtesy.

Lastly, to all anonymous contributors I would say that, gout excepted, I am by nature of a “temperament smooth as oil, soft as young down,” yet that I have really no sympathy in common with the large and amiable class of people who send a hundred pages of ill-written manuscript, and expect a reply by return of post. Our corps of contributors is ample for all our purposes. There is not a theme upon which I cannot at will have a story, an essay, an epic, or an ode—not a country, upon which I need ask in vain for information, social or statistical—still less, is there a book written, for the critical examination of which, I have not some one or other able reviewer, well qualified to dilate upon its merits, or to expose its delinquencies. What need, then, of the voluntary system, where the stipendiary one gives ample satisfaction? So far, therefore, from soliciting contributions, I beg that I may be spared either the labour of replying to unsought-for applications, or the rudeness of leaving them unanswered. Indeed the latter course, however unwillingly, is the only one practicable for me; and I beg to repeat the “notice to correspondents,” “that those who send us papers for approval, must exercise patience;” a virtue the more laudatory, as I fear it must be without limit.

But I must conclude: and so, for “self and fellows,” desire to remain, with every sentiment of respect and esteem, yours,

HARRY LORREQUER.

Dublin, March 21, 1842.

---



## OUR MESS.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

## CHAPTER VII.—THE ROONEYS.

I CANNOT proceed further in this my veracious history, without dwelling a little longer upon the characters of the two interesting individuals I have already presented to my readers as Mr. and Mrs. Rooney.

Paul Rooney, attorney-at-law, 42 Stephen's-green, north, was about as well known in his native city of Dublin as Nelson's Pillar. His reputation, unlimited by the adventitious circumstances of class, spread over the whole surface of society; and from the chancellor down to the carman, his claims were confessed.

It is possible that in many other cities of the world, Mr. Rooney might have been regarded as a commonplace, every-day personage, well to do in the world, and of a fair-and-easy character, which, if it left little for reproach left still less for remark; but, in Ireland, whether it was the climate or the people, the potteen or the potatoes, I cannot say, but certainly he came out, as the painters call it, in a breadth of colour quite surprising.

The changeful character of the skies has, they tell us, a remarkable influence in fashioning the ever-varying features of Irish temperament; and, certainly, the inconstant climate of Dublin had much merit if it produced in Mr. Rooney the versatile nature he rejoiced in.

About ten o'clock, on every morning during term, might be seen a shrewd, cunning-looking, sly little fellow, who, with pursed up lips and slightly elevated nose, wended his way towards the Four-Courts, followed by a ragged urchin with a well-filled bag of purple stuff. His black coat, drab shorts, and gaiters, had a plain and business-like cut; and the short, square tie of his white cravat had a quaint resemblance to a flourish on a deed; the self-satisfied look, the assured step, the easy roll of the head—all bespoke one with whom the world was thriving; and it did not need the additional evidence of a certain habit he had of jingling his silver

in his breeches-pocket as he went, to assure you that Rooney was a warm fellow, and had no want of money.

Were you to trace his steps for the three or four hours that ensued, you would see him bustling through the crowded hall of the Four-Courts—now whispering some important point to a leading barrister, while he held another by the gown lest he should escape him: now he might be remarked seated in a niche between the pillars, explaining some knotty difficulty to a western client, whose flushed cheek and flashing eye too plainly indicated his impatience of legal strategy, and how much more pleased he would feel to redress his wrongs in his own fashion: now brow-beating, now cajoling, now encouraging, now condoling, he edged his way through the bewigged and dusty throng, not stopping to reply to the hundred salutations he met with, save by a knowing wink, which was the only civility he did not put down at three-and-fourpence. If his knowledge of law was little, his knowledge of human nature—at least of such of it as Ireland exhibits—was great; and no case of any importance could come before a jury, where Paul's advice and opinion were not deemed of considerable importance. No man better knew all the wiles and twists, all the dark nooks and recesses of Irish character. No man more quickly could ferret out a hoarded secret; no one so soon detect an attempted imposition. His was the secret *police* of law: he read a witness as he would a deed, and detected a flaw in him to the full as easily.

As he sat near the leading counsel in a cause, he seemed a kind of middle term between the lawyer and the jury. Marking by some slight but significant gesture every point of the former, to the latter, he impressed upon their minds every favourable feature of his client's cause; and twelve deaf men might have followed the pleadings in a case through the agency of Paul's gesticulations. The consequence of

these varied gifts was, business flowed in upon him from every side, and few members of the bar were in the receipt of one half his income.

Scarcely, however, did the courts rise, when Paul, shaking from his shoulders the learned dust of the Exchequer, would dive into a small apartment, which, in an obscure house in Mass-lane, he dignified by the name of his study. Short and few as were his moments of seclusion, they sufficed to effect in his entire man a complete and total change. The shrewd little attorney, that went in with a *nisi prius* grin, came out a round, pleasant-looking fellow, with a green coat of jockey cut, a buff waistcoat, white cords, and tops; his hat set jauntily on one side, his spotted neckcloth knotted in bang-up mode: in fact, his figure, the *beau idéal* of a west-country squire taking a canter among his covers before the opening of the hunting.

His gray eyes, expanded to twice their former size, looked the very soul of merriment; his nether lip, slightly dropped, quivered with the last joke it uttered. Even his voice partook of the change, and was now a rich, full, mellow Clare accent, which, with the recitative of his country, seemed to Italianize his English. While such was Paul, his *accessoires*—as the French would call them—were in admirable keeping: a dark chestnut cob, a perfect model of strength and symmetry, would be led up and down by a groom, also mounted upon a strong hackney, whose flat rib and short pastern, showed his old Irish breeding; the well-fitting saddle, the well-balanced stirrup, the plain but powerful snaffle, all looked like the appendages of one whose jockeyism was no assumed feature; and, indeed, you had only to see Mr. Rooney in his seat, to confess that he was to the full as much at home there as in the court of Chancery.

From this to the hour of a late dinner, the Phoenix park became his resort. There, surrounded by a gay and laughing crowd, Paul cantered along, amusing his hearers with the last *mot* from the King's Bench, or some stray bit of humour or fun from a case on circuit. His conversation, however, principally ran on other topics,—the Curragh meeting, the

Loughrea steeple-chase, the Meath cup, or Lord Boyne's handicap; with these he was thoroughly familiar: he knew the odds of every race, could apportion the weights, describe the ground, and, better than all, make rather a good guess at the winner. In addition to these gifts, he was the best judge of a horse in Ireland; always well mounted, and never without at least two hackneys in his stable, able to trot their fifteen Irish miles within the hour. Such qualities as these might be supposed popular ones in a country proverbially given to sporting: but Mr. Rooney had other and very superior powers of attraction; he was the Amphytrion of Dublin. It was no figurative expression to say that he kept open house. *Déjeûners*, dinners, routes, and balls, followed each other in endless succession. His cook was French, his claret was Sneyd's: he imported his own sherry and Madeira, both of which he nursed with a care and affection truly parental. His venison and black-cock came from Scotland; every Holyhead packet had its consignment of Welch mutton; and, in a word, whatever wealth could purchase, and a taste, nurtured as his has been by the counsel of many who frequented his table, could procure, such he possessed in abundance; his greatest ambition being, to outshine in splendour and surpass in magnificence all the other dinner-givers of the day; filling his house with the great and titled of the land, who ministered to his vanity with singular good-nature, while he sipped his claret and sat over his Burgundy.

His was indeed a pleasant house: the *bons vivants* liked it for its excellent *cuisine*, the perfection of its wines, the certainty of finding the first rarity of the season before its existence was heard of at other tables; the loungeur liked it for its ease and informality; the humourist, for the amusing features of its host and hostess; and not a few were attracted by the gracefulness and surpassing loveliness of one who, by some strange fatality of fortune, seemed to have been dropped down into the midst of this singular *ménage*.

Of Mr. Rooney I have only further to say that, hospitable as a prince, he was never so happy as at the head of

his table ; for, although his natural sharpness could not but convince him of the footing which he occupied among his high and distinguished guests, yet he knew well there are few such levellers of rank as riches, and he had read in his youth that even the lofty Jove himself was accessible by the odour of a hecatomb.

Mrs. Rooney—or, as she wrote herself upon her card, Mrs. Paul Rooney (there seemed something distinctive in the prenom.)—was a being of a very different order : perfectly unconscious of the ridicule that attaches to vulgar profusion, she believed herself the great source of attraction of her crowded staircase and besieged drawing-room. True it was, she was a large and very handsome woman : her deep, dark, brown eyes, and brilliant complexion, would have been beautiful, had not her mouth somewhat marred their effect, by that coarse expression which high living and a voluptuous life is sure to impress upon those not born to be great. There is no doubt of it, the mouth is your thoroughbred feature. You will meet eyes as softly beaming, as brightly speaking, among the lofty cliffs of the wild Tyrol, or in the deep valleys of the far-west : I have seen, too, a brow as fairly pencilled, a nose no Grecian statue could surpass, a skin whose tint was fair and transparent as the downy rose-leaf, amid the humble peasants of a poor and barren land ; but never have I seen the mouth, whose clean-cut lip and chiselled arch betokened birth. No ; that feature would seem the prerogative of the highly born ; fashioned to the expression of high and holy thoughts ; moulded to the utterance of ennobling sentiment, or proud desire. Its every lineament tells of birth and blood.

Now Mrs. Rooney's mouth was a large and handsome one, her teeth white and regular withal, and when at rest there was nothing to find fault with ; but let her speak—was it her accent ?—was it the awful provincialism of her native city ?—was it that strange habit of contortion any *patois* is sure to impress upon the speaker ? I cannot tell ; but certainly it lent to features of very considerable attraction, a vulgarizing character of expression.

It was truly provoking to see so

handsome a person mar every effect of her beauty by some extravagant display. Dramatizing every trivial incident in life, she rolled her eyes, looked horror-struck or happy, sweet or sarcastic, lofty or languishing, all in one minute. There was an eternal play of feature of one kind or other ; there was no rest, no repose. Her arms, and they were round, and fair, and well-fashioned, were also enlisted in the service ; and to a distant observer Mrs. Rooney's animated conversation appeared like a priest performing mass.

And that beautiful head, whose fair and classic proportions were balanced so equally upon her white and swelling throat, how tantalizing to know it full of low and petty ambitions, of vulgar tastes, of contemptible rivalries of insignificant triumph. To see her, amid the voluptuous splendour and profusion of her gorgeous house, resplendent with jewellery, glistening in all the blaze of emeralds and rubies ; to watch how the poisonous venom of innate vulgarity had so tainted that fair and beautiful form, rendering her an object of ridicule who should have been a thing to worship : it was too bad ; and, as she sat at dinner, her plump but taper fingers grasping a champagne glass, she seemed like a madonna enacting the part of Moll Flagon.

Now, Mrs. Paul's manner had as many discrepancies as her features. She was by nature a good, kind, merry, coarse personage, who loved a joke not the less if it were broad as well as long. Wealth, however, and its attendant evils, suggested the propriety of a very different line ; and catching up, as she did at every opportunity that presented itself, such of the airs and graces as she believed to be the distinctive traits of high life, she figured about in these cast-off attractions, like a waiting maid in the abandoned finery of her mistress.

As she progressed in fortune, she “tried back” for a family, and discovered that she was an O'Toole by birth, and consequently of Irish blood-royal : a certain O'Toole being king of a nameless tract, in an unknown year, somewhere about the time of Cromwell, who, Mrs. Rooney had heard, came over with the Romans.

“Ah yes, my dear,” as she would say when, softened by sherry and sor-

row, she would lay her hand upon your arm. "Ah yes, if every one had their own, it isn't married to an attorney I'd be, but living in regal splendour in the halls of my ancestors. Well, well!" Here she would throw up her eyes with a mixed expression of grief and confidence in heaven, that if she hadn't got her own in this world, Oliver Cromwell, at least, was paying off in the other his foul wrongs to the royal house of O'Toole.

I have only one person more to speak of, ere I conclude my rather prolix account of the family. Miss Louisa Bellew was the daughter of an Irish baronet, who put the key-stone upon his ruin by his honest opposition to the passing of the Union. His large estates, loaded with debt and encumbered by mortgage, had been for half a century a kind of battlefield for legal warfare at every assizes. Through the medium of his difficulties he became acquainted with Mr. Rooney whose craft and subtlety had rescued him from more than one difficulty, and whose good-natured assistance had done still more important service by loans upon his property.

At Mr. Rooney's suggestion, Miss Bellew was invited to pass her winter with them in Dublin. This proposition which, in the palmier days of the baronet's fortune, would in all probability never have been made, and would certainly never have been accepted, was now entertained with some consideration, and finally acceded to on prudential motives. Rooney had lent him large sums: he had never been a pressing, on the contrary, he was a lenient creditor: possessing great power over the property, he had used it sparingly, even delicately, and showed himself upon more than one occasion not only a shrewd adviser, but a warm friend. 'Tis true, thought Sir Simon, they are vulgar people, of coarse tastes and low habits, and those with whom they associate laugh at, though they live upon them; yet, after all, to refuse this invitation, may be taken in ill part; a few months will do the whole thing. Louisa, although young, has tact and cleverness enough to see the difficulties of her position; besides, poor child, the gaiety and life of a city will be a relief to her, after

the dreary and monotonous existence she has past with me.

This latter reason he plausibly represented to himself as a strong one for complying with what his altered fortunes and ruined prospects seemed to render no longer a matter of choice.

To the Rooneys, indeed, Miss Bellew's visit was a matter of some consequence: it was like the recognition of some petty state by one of the great powers of Europe. It was an acknowledgment of a social existence, an evidence to the world not only that there was such a thing as the kingdom of Rooney, but also that it was worth while to enter into negotiation with it, and even accredit an ambassador to its court.

Little did that fair and lovely girl think, as with tearful eyes she turned again and again to embrace her father as the hour arrived, when for the first time in her life she was to leave her home, little did she dream of the circumstances under which her visit was to be paid. Less a guest than a hostage, she was about to quit the home of her infancy, where, notwithstanding the inroads of poverty, a certain air of its once greatness still lingered; the broad and swelling lands, that stretched away with wood and coppice, far as the eye could reach—the woodland walks—the ancient house itself, with its discordant pile, accumulated at different times by different masters—all told of power and supremacy in the land of her fathers: the lonely solitude of those walls, peopled alone by the grim-visaged portraits of long-buried ancestors, were now to be exchanged for the noise and bustle, the glitter and glare of second-rate city-life; profusion and extravagance, where she had seen but thrift and forbearance; the gossip, the scandal, the tittle-tattle of society, with its envies, its jealousies, its petty rivalries, and its rancours, were to supply those quiet evenings beside the winter hearth, when reading aloud some old and valued volume she learned to prize the treasures of our earlier writers under the guiding taste of one whose scholarship was of no mean order, and whose cultivated mind was imbued with all the tenderness and simplicity of a refined and gentle nature.

When fortune smiled, when youth and wealth, an ancient name and a high position, all concurred to elevate him, Sir Simon Bellew was courteous almost to humility; but when the cloud of misfortune lowered over his house, when difficulties thickened around him, and every effort to rescue seemed only to plunge him deeper, then the deep-rooted pride of the man shone forth; and he who in happier days was forgiving even to a fault, became now scrupulous about every petty observance, exacting testimonies of respect from all around him, and assuming an almost tyranny of manner totally foreign to his tastes, his feelings, and his nature; like some mighty oak of the forest, riven and scathed by lightning, its branches leafless and its roots laid bare, still standing erect, it stretches its sapless limbs proudly towards heaven; so stood he reft of nearly all, yet still presenting to the adverse wind of fortune his bold, unshaken front.

Alas and alas! poverty has no heavier evil in its train than its power of perverting the fairest gifts of our nature from their true channel, making the bright sides of our character dark, gloomy, and repulsive. Thus the high-souled pride that in our better days sustains and keeps us far above the reach of sordid thoughts and unworthy actions, becomes, in the darker hour of our destiny, a misanthropic selfishness in which we wrap ourselves as in a mantle. The caresses of friendship, the warm affections of domestic love, cannot penetrate through this; even sympathy becomes suspect, and then commences that terrible struggle against the world, whose only termination is a broken heart.

Notwithstanding, then, all Mr. Rooney's address in conveying the invitation in question, it was not without a severe struggle that Sir Simon resolved on its acceptance; and when at last he did accede it was with so many stipulations, so many express conditions, that, had they been complied with *de facto*, as they were acknowledged by promise, Miss Bellew would, in all probability, have spent her winter in the retirement of her own chamber in Stephen's-green, without seeing more of the capital and its inhabitants than a view from her window presented. Paul it is true, agreed to every thing; for, although, to use his own language, the codicil revoked the entire body of the testament, he determined in his own mind to break the will. Once in Dublin, thought he, the fascinations of society, the pleasures of the world, with such a guide as Mrs. Rooney (and here let me mention, that for his wife's tact and *savoir faire* Paul had the most heartfelt admiration); with advantages like these, she will soon forget the hum-drum life of Kilmorran Castle, and become reconciled to a splendour and magnificence unsurpassed by even the viceregal court.

Here, then, let me conclude this account of the Rooneys, while I resume the thread of my own narrative. Although I feel for, and am ashamed of the prolixity in which I have indulged, yet, as I speak of real people, well known at the period of which I write, and, as they may to a certain extent convey an impression of the tone of one class in the society of that day, I could not bring myself to omit their mention, nor even dismiss them more briefly.

#### CHAPTER VIII.—THE VISIT.

I HAVE already recorded the first twenty-four hours of my life in Ireland; and if there was enough in them to satisfy me that the country was unlike in many respects that which I had left, there was also some show of reason to convince me that, if I did not conform to the habits and tastes of those around me, I should incur a far greater chance of being laughed at by them than be myself amused by

their eccentricities. The most remarkable feature that struck me was the easy, even cordial, manner with which acquaintance was made. Every one met you as if he had in some measure been prepared for the introduction; a tone of intimacy sprang up at once; your tastes were hinted, your wishes guessed at with an unaffected kindness that made you forget the suddenness of the intimacy:



so that, when at last you parted with your dear friend of some half-an-hour's acquaintance, you could not help wondering at the confidences you had made, the avowals you had spoken, and the lengths to which you had gone in close alliance with one you had never seen before, and might possibly never meet again. Strange enough as this was with men, it was still more singular when it extended to the gentler sex. Accustomed as I had been all my life to the rigid observances of etiquette in female society, nothing surprised me so much as the rapid steps by which Irish ladies passed from acquaintance to intimacy, from intimacy to friendship. The unsuspecting kindness of woman's nature has certainly no more genial soil than in the heart of Erin's daughters. There is besides, too, a winning softness in their manner towards the stranger of another land, that imparts to their hospitable reception a tone of courteous warmth I have never seen in any other country.

The freedom of manner I have here alluded to, however delightful it may render the hours of one separated from home, family, and friends, is yet not devoid of its inconveniences. How many an undisciplined and uninformed youth has misconstrued its meaning and mistaken its import. How often have I seen the raw subaltern elated with imaginary success—flushed with a fancied victory—where, in reality, he had met with nothing save the kind looks and the kind words in which the every-day courtesies of life are couched, and by which, what, in less favoured lands, are the cold and chilling observances of ceremony, are here the easy and familiar intercourse of those who wish to know each other.

The coxcomb who fancies that he can number as many triumphs as he has passed hours in Dublin, is like one who, estimating the rich production of a southern clime by their exotic value in his own colder regions, dignifies by the name of luxury what are in reality but the every-day productions of the soil: so he believes peculiarly addressed to himself, the cordial warmth and friendly greeting which make the social atmosphere around him.

If I myself fell deeply into this error, and if my punishment was a

heavy one, let my history prove a beacon to all who follow in my steps; for Dublin is still a garrison city, and I have been told that lips as tempting and eyes as bright are to be met there as heretofore. Now to my story.

Life in Dublin, at the time I write of, was about as gay a thing as a man can well fancy. Less debarred than in other countries from partaking of the lighter enjoyments of life, the members of the learned professions mixed much in society; bringing with them stores of anecdote and information unattainable from other sources, they made what elsewhere would have proved the routine of intercourse, a season of intellectual enjoyment. Thus the politician, the churchman, the barrister and the military man, shaken as they were together in close intimacy, lost individually many of the prejudices of their caste, and learned to converse with a wider and more extended knowledge of the world. While this was so, another element, peculiarly characteristic of the country, had its share in modelling social life: that innate tendency to drollery, that bent to laugh with every one and at every thing, so eminently Irish, was now in the ascendant. From the viceroy downwards, the island was on the broad grin. Every day furnished its share, its quota of merriment. Epigrams, good stories, repartees, and practical jokes, rained in showers over the land. A privy council was a *conversazione* of laughing bishops and droll chief justices. Every trial at the bar, every dinner at the court, every drawing-room, afforded a theme for some ready-witted absurdity; and all the graver business of life was carried on amid this current of unceasing fun and untiring laughter, just as we see the serious catastrophe of a modern opera assisted by the crash of an orchestral accompaniment.

With materials like these society was made up; and into this I plunged with all the pleasurable delight of one who, if he could not appreciate the sharpness, was at least dazzled by the brilliancy of the wit that flashed around him. My duties as aide-de-camp were few, and never interfered with my liberty: while in my double capacity of military man and *attaché* to the court, I was invited everywhere

and treated with marked courtesy and kindness. Thus passed my life pleasantly along, when a few mornings after the events I have mentioned, I was sitting at my breakfast, conning over my invitations for the week, and meditating a letter home, in which I should describe my mode of life with as much reserve as might render the record of my doings a safe disclosure for the delicate nerves of my lady-mother. In order to accomplish this latter task with success, I scribbled with some notes a sheet of paper that lay before me. "Among other particularly nice people, my dear mother," wrote I, "there are the Rooneys. Mr. Rooney—a member of the Irish bar, of high standing and great reputation—is a most agreeable and accomplished person. How much I should like to present him to you." I had got thus far, when a husky, asthmatic cough, and a muttered curse on the height of my domicile, apprised me that some one was at my door. At the same moment a heavy single knock, that nearly stove in the panel, left no doubt upon my mind.

"Are ye at home, or is it sleeping ye are? May I never, if it's much else half of ye's fit for. Ogh, blessed hour! three flights of stairs, with a twist an them instead of a landing. Ye see he's not in the place: I tould you that before I came up: but it's always the same thing. Corny, run here; Corny, fly there; get me this, take that. Bad luck to them! One would think they badgered for bare diversion, the haythens, the Turks!"

A fit of coughing, that almost convinced me Corny had given his last curse, followed this burst of eloquence, just as I appeared at the door.

"What's the matter, Corny?"

"The matter?—ugh, ain't I coughing my soul out with a wheezing and whistling in my chest like a creel of chickens. Here's Mr. Rooney wanting to see ye; and faith," as he added in an under tone, "it's not long you wor in making his acquaintance. That's his room," added he with a jirk of his thumb. "Now lave the way if you plase, and let me get a howld of the bannisters."

With these words Corny began his descent, while I, apologising to Mr. Rooney for not having sooner per-

ceived him, bowed him into the room with all proper ceremony.

A thousand apologies, Mr. Hinton, for the unseasonable hour of my visit, but business——"

"Pray, not a word," said I; "always delighted to see you. Mrs. Rooney is well, I hope."

"Charming, upon my honour. But, as I was saying, I could not well come later; there is a case in the King's Bench—*Rex versus Ryves*—a heavy record, and I want to catch the counsel to assure him that all's safe. God knows, it has cost me an anxious night. Every thing depended on one witness, an obstinate beast that wouldn't listen to reason: we got hold of him last night; got three doctors to certify he was out of his mind; and, at this moment, with his head shaved, and a gray suit on him, he is the noisiest inmate in Glassnevin mad-house."

"Was not this a very bold, a very dangerous expedient?"

"So it was: he fought like a devil, and his outrageous conduct has its reward, for they put him on low diet and hand-cuffs the moment he went in. But excuse me, if I make a hurried visit. Mrs. Rooney requests that—that—but where the devil did I put it?"

Here Mr. Rooney felt his coat-pockets, dived into those of his waist-coat, patted himself all over, then looked into his hat, then round the room, on the floor, and even outside the door upon the lobby.

"Surely it's not possible I've lost it."

"Nothing of consequence, I hope," said I.

"What a head I have," replied he with a knowing grin, while at the same moment throwing up the sash of my window, he thrust out the head in question, and gave a loud shrill whistle.

Scarcely was the casement closed when a ragged urchin appeared at the door, carrying on his back the ominous stuff-bag containing the record of Mr. Rooney's rogueries.

"Give me the bag, Tim," quoth he; at the same moment he plunged his hand deep among the tape-tied parcels, and extricated a piece of square paste-board, which, having straightened and flattened upon his knee, he presented

to me with a graceful bow, adding jocosely, "an ambassador without his credentials would never do."

It was an invitation to dinner at Mr. Rooney's for the memorable Friday for which my friend O'Grady had already received his card.

"Nothing will give me more pleasure——"

"No, will it though? how very good of you! a small cosy party,—Harry Burgh, Bowes Daley, Barrington, the judges, and a few more. There now, no ceremony I beg of you. Come along, Joe. Good morning, Mr. Hinton: not a step further."

So saying, Mr. Rooney backed and shuffled himself out of my room, and, followed by his faithful attendant, hurried down stairs, muttering a series of self-gratulations, as he went, on the successful result of his mission. Scarcely had he gone, when I heard the rapid stride of another visitor, who, mounting four steps at a time, came along chanting at the top of his voice,

"My two back teeth, I will bequeath  
To the Reverend Michael Palmer;  
His wife has a tongue that'll match  
them well,  
She's a devil of a scold, G—d d——n  
her!"

"How goes it, Jack my hearty?" cried he, as he sprang into the room, flinging his sabre into the corner, and hurling his foraging cap upon the sofa.

"You have been away, O'Grady? What became of you for the last two days?"

"Down at the Curragh, taking a look at the nags for the spring meeting. Dined with the bar at Naas; had a great night with them; made old Moore gloriously tipsy, and sent him into court the next morning with the overture to Mother Goose in his bag instead of his brief. Since day-break I've been trying a new horse in the park, screwing him over all the fences, and rushing him at the double rails in the path-way, to see if he can't cross the country."

"Why the hunting season is nearly over."

"Quite true; but it is the Lough-rea steeple-chase I am thinking of. I have promised to name a horse, and I only remembered last night that I

had but twenty-four hours to do it. The time was short, but by good fortune I heard of this gray on my way up to town."

"And you think he'll do?"

"He has a good chance, if one can only keep on his back; but what between bolting, plunging, and rushing through his fences, he is not a beast for a timid elderly gentleman. After all, one must have something; the whole world will be there; the Rooneys are going; and that pretty little girl with them. By-the-bye, Jack, what do you think of Miss Bellew?"

"I can scarcely tell you; I only saw her for a moment, and then that Hibernian hippopotamus, Mrs. Paul, so completely overshadowed her, there was no getting a look at her."

"Devilish pretty girl, that she is; and one day or other, they say, will have an immense fortune. Old Rooney always shakes his head when the idea is thrown out, which only convinces me the more of her chance."

"Well, then, Master Phil, why don't you do something in that quarter?"

"Well, so I should; but somehow, most unaccountably you'll say, I don't think I made my impression. To be sure, I never went vigorously to work: I couldn't get over my scruples of making up to a girl who may have a large fortune, while I myself am so confoundedly out at the elbows; the thing would look badly, to say the least of it; and so, when I did think I was making a little running, I only held the faster, and at length gave up the race. *You* are the man, Hinton. *Your* chances, I should say——"

"Ah, I don't know."

Just at this moment the door opened, and Lord Dudley de Vere entered, dressed in coloured clothes cut in the most foppish style of the day, and with his hands stuck negligently behind in his coat-pockets. He threw himself affectedly into a chair, and eyed us both without speaking.

"I say, Messieurs, Rooney or not Rooney, that's the question. Do we accept this invitation for Friday?"

"I do for one," said I, somewhat haughtily.

"Can't be, my boy," said O'Grady: "the thing is most unlucky; they have a dinner at court that same day;

our names are all on the list ; and thus we lose the Rooneys, which, from all I hear, is a very serious loss indeed. Curran, Barrington, Harry Martin and half-a-dozen others, the first fellows of the day, are all to be there."

"What a deal they will talk," yawned out Lord Dudley. "I feel rather happy to have escaped it. There's no saying a word to the woman beside you, as long as those confounded fellows keep up a roaring fire of what they think wit. What an ideal to be sure, there is not a man among them that can tell you the odds upon the Derby, nor what year there was a dead heat for the St. Leger. That little girl the Rooneys have got is very pretty I must confess ; but I see what they are at: won't do though. Ha! O'Grady, you know what I mean?"

"Faith, I am very stupid this morning ; can't say that I do."

"Not see it! It is a hollow thing; but perhaps you are in the scheme too. There you needn't look angry; I only meant it in joke—ha! ha! ha! I say, Hinton, do you take care of yourself: Englishers have no chance here; and when they find it won't do with me, they'll take you in training."

"Any thing for a *pis-aller*," said O'Grady, sarcastically; "but let us not forget there is a levee to-day, and it is already past twelve o'clock."

"Ha! to be sure, a horrid bore."

So saying, Lord Dudley lounged once more round the room, looked at himself in the glass, nodded familiarly to his own image, and took his leave. O'Grady soon followed; while I set about my change of dress with all the speed the time required.

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE BALL.

As the day of Mr. Rooney's grand entertainment drew near, our disappointment increased tenfold at our inability to be present. The only topic discussed in Dublin was the number of the guests, the splendour and magnificence of the dinner, which was to be followed by a ball, at which above eight hundred guests were expected. The band of the Fermanagh militia, at that time the most celebrated in Ireland, was brought up expressly for the occasion. All that the city could number of rank, wealth, and beauty, had received invitations, and scarcely a single apology had been returned.

"Is there no possible way," said I as I chatted with O'Grady on the morning of the event; "is there no chance of our getting away in time to see something of the ball at least?"

"None whatever," replied he, despondingly. "As ill luck would have it, it's a command-night at the theatre. The duke has disappointed so often, that he is sure to go now, and for the same reason he'll sit the whole thing out. By that time, it will be half-past twelve, we shan't get back here before one; then comes supper; and——in fact, you know enough of the habits of this place now, to guess that after that there is very little use of thinking of going anywhere."

"It is devilish provoking," said I.

"That it is: and you don't know the worst of it. I've got rather a heavy book on the Loughrea race, and shall want a few hundreds in a week or so; and, as nothing renders my friend Paul so sulky as not eating his dinners, it is five-and-twenty per cent. at least out of my pocket, from his confounded *contre-temps*. There goes De Vere. I say, Dudley, who have we at dinner to-day?"

"Harrington and the Asgills, and that set," replied he, with an insolent shrug of his shoulder.

"More of it, by Jove," said O'Grady, biting his lip. "One must be as particular before these people, as a young sub. at a regimental mess. There's not a button of your coat, not a loop of your aiguillette, not a twist of your sword-knot, little Charley won't note down; and as there is no orderly-book in the drawing-room, he'll whisper it to his grace before coffee."

"What a bore!"

"Ay, and to think that all that time we might have been up to the very chin in fun. The Rooneys to-day will outdo even themselves. They have got half-a-dozen new lords on trial; all the judges; a live bishop; and, better than all, every pretty woman in the capital. I've a devil of a mind to get

suddenly ill, and slip off to Paul's for the dessert."

"No, no, that's out of the question; we must only put up with our misfortunes as well as we can. As for me, the dinner here is, I think, the worst part of the matter."

"I estimate my losses at a very different rate. First, there is the three hundred, which I should certainly have had from Paul, and which now becomes a very crooked contingency. Then there's the dinner and two bottles—I speak moderately—of such burgundy as nobody has but himself. These are the positive *bonâ fide* losses. Then, what do you say to my chance of picking up some lovely girl, with a stray thirty thousand, and the good taste to look out for a proper fellow to spend it with? Seriously, Jack, I must think of something of that kind one of these days. It's wrong to lose time; for, by waiting, one's chances diminish, while becoming more difficult to please. So you see what a heavy blow this is to me: not to mention my little gains at short-whist, which in a half-hour before supper I may fairly set down as a fifty."

"Yours is a very complicated calculation; for, except the dinner, and I suppose we shall have as good a one here, I have not been able to see any thing but problematic loss or profit."

"Of course you haven't: your English education is based upon grounds far too positive for that; but we mere Irish get a habit of looking at the possible as probable, and the probable as most likely. I don't think we build castles more than our neighbours, but we certainly go live in them earlier; and if we do, now and then, get a chill for our pains, why we generally have another building ready to receive us elsewhere for change of air."

"This is, I confess, somewhat strange philosophy."

"To be sure it is, my boy; for it is of pure native manufacture. Every other people I ever heard of, deduce their happiness from their advantages and prosperity. As we have very little of one or the other, we extract some fun out of our misfortunes; and, what between laughing occasionally at ourselves, and sometimes at our neighbours, we push along through

life right merrily after all. So now, then, to apply my theory: let us see what we can do to make the best of this disappointment. Shall I make love to Lady Asgill? Shall I quiz Sir Charles about the review? Or can you suggest any thing in the way of a little extemporaneous devilry, to console us for our disappointment? But, come along, my boy, we'll take a canter; I want to show you Modd-ridderoo. He improves every day in his training; but they tell me there is only one man can sit him across the country, a fellow I don't much fancy, by-the-bye; but the turf, like poverty, leads us to form somewhat strange acquaintances. Meanwhile, my boy, here come the nags; and now for the park till dinner."

During our ride, O'Grady informed me that the individual to whom he so slightly alluded was a Mr. Ulick Burke, a cousin of Miss Bellew. This individual, who by family and connections was a gentleman, had contrived by his life and habits to disqualify himself from any title to the appellation in a very considerable degree. Having squandered the entire of his patrimony on the turf, he had followed the apparently immutable law on such occasions, and ended by becoming a hawk, where he had begun as a pidgeon. For many years past he had lived by the exercise of those most disreputable sources, his own wits. Present at every race-course in the kingdom, and provided with that under-current of information obtainable from jockeys and stable-men, he understood all the intrigue, all the low cunning of the course: he knew when to back the favourite, when to give, when to take the odds; and, if upon any occasion he was seen to lay heavily against a well-known horse, the presumption became a strong one, that he was either "wrong" or withdrawn. But his qualifications ended not here; for he was also that singular anomaly in our social condition, a gentleman-rider, ready upon any occasion to get into the saddle for any one that engaged his services; a flat race, or a steeple-chase, all the same to him. His neck was his livelihood, and to support, he must risk it. A racing-jacket, a pair of leathers and tops, a heavy handled-whip, a shot-belt, were his stock in trade, and he travelled



through the world a species of sporting Dalgetty, *minus* the probity which made the latter firm to his engagements, so long as they lasted: at least, report denied the quality to Mr. Burke, and those who knew him well scrupled not to say that fifty pounds had exactly twice as many arguments in its favour as five-and-twenty.

So much then in brief concerning a character to whom I shall hereafter have occasion to recur, and now to my own narrative.

O'Grady's anticipations as to the Castle-dinner were not the least exaggerated: nothing could possibly be more stiff or tiresome; the entertainment being given, as a kind of *ex-officio* civility, to the commander of the forces and his staff, the conversation was purely professional, and never ranged beyond the discussion of military topics, or such as bore in any way upon the army. Happily, however, its duration was short. We dined at six, and by half-past eight we found ourselves at the foot of the grand staircase of the theatre in Crow-street with Mr. Jones in the full dignity of his managerial costume waiting to receive us.

"A little late I fear, Mr. Jones," said his grace with a courteous smile. "What have we got?"

"Your excellency selected *The Inconstant*," said the obsequious manager; while a lady of the party darted her eyes suddenly towards the duke, and with a tone of marked sarcastic import exclaimed, "How characteristic!"

"And the after-piece, what is it?" said the duchess, as she fussed her way up stairs.

"*Timour the Tartar*," your grace.

The next moment the thundering applause of the audience informed us that their excellencies had taken their places. Cheer after cheer resounded through the building, and the massive lustre itself shook under the deafening acclamations of the audience. The scene was truly a brilliant one. The boxes presented a perfect blaze of wealth and beauty; nearly every person in the pit was in full dress; to the very ceiling itself the house was crammed. The progress of the piece was interrupted, while the band struck up "*God save the King*," and as I looked upon the brilliant dress circle,

I could not but think that O'Grady had been guilty of some exaggeration when he said that Mrs. Rooney's ball was to monopolize that evening the youth and the beauty of the capital. The national anthem over, "*Patrick's Day*" was called for loudly from every side, and the whole house beat time to the strains of their native melody, with an energy that showed it came as fully home to their hearts as the air that preceded it. For ten minutes at least the noise and uproar continued; and, although his grace bowed repeatedly, there seemed no prospect to an end of the tumult, when a voice from the gallery called out, "Don't make a stranger of yourself, my lord; take a chair and sit down." A roar of laughter, increased as the duke accepted the suggestion, shook the house; and poor Talbot, who all this time was kneeling beside Miss Walstein's chair, was permitted to continue his ardent tale of love, and take up the thread of his devotion where he had left it twenty minutes before.

While O'Grady, who sat in the back of the box, seemed absorbed in his chagrin and disappointment, I myself became interested in the play, which was admirably performed; and Lord Dudley, leaning affectedly against a pillar, with his back towards the stage, scanned the house with his vapid, unmeaning look, as though to say they were unworthy of such attention at his hands.

The comedy was at length over and her grace with the ladies of her suit retired, leaving only the Asgills and some members of the household in the box with his excellency. He apparently was much entertained by the performance, and seemed most resolutely bent on staying to the last. Before the first act, however, of the after-piece was over, many of the benches in the dress-circle became deserted, and the house altogether seemed considerably thinner.

"I say, O'Grady," said he, "what are these good people about; there seems to be a general move among them. Is there any thing going on?"

"Yes, your grace," said Phil, whose impatience now could scarcely be restrained, "they are going to a great ball in Stephen's-green; the most

splendid thing Dublin has witnessed these fifty years."

"Ah, indeed! Where is it? Who gives it?"

"Mr. Rooney, sir, a very well-known attorney, and a great character in the town."

"How good! And he does the thing well?"

"He flatters himself that he rivals your grace."

"Better still! But who has he? What are his people?"

"Every one: there is nothing too high, nothing too handsome, nothing too distinguished for him; his house, like the Holyhead packet, is open to all comers, and the consequence is, his parties are by far the pleasantest thing going. One has such strange rencontres, sees such odd people, hears such droll things; for, besides having every thing like a character in the city, the very gravest of Mr. Rooney's guests seems to feel his house as a place to relax and unbend in: thus, I should not be the least surprised to see the chief justice and the attorney-general playing small plays, nor the bishop of Cork dancing Sir Roger de Coverley."

"Glorious fun, by Jove! But why are you not there, lads? Ah! I see: on duty. I wish you told me. But come, it is not too late yet. Has Hinton got a card?"

"Yes, your grace."

"Well, then, don't let me detain you any longer. I see you are both impatient; and faith, if I must confess it, I half envy you; and mind you give me a full report of the proceedings to-morrow morning."

"How I wish your grace could only witness it yourself!"

"Eh? Is it so very good then?"

"Nothing ever was like it; for although the company is admirable, the host and hostess are matchless."

"Egad! you've quite excited my curiosity. I say, O'Grady, would they know me, think ye? Have you no uncle or country-cousin about my weight and build?"

"Ah, my lord, that is out of the question; you are too well known to assume an incognito: but still, if you wish to see it for a few minutes, nothing could be easier than just to walk through the rooms and come away. The crowd will be such, the

thing is quite practicable, done in that way."

"By Jove, I don't know; but if I thought——To be sure, as you say, for five minutes or so one might get through. Come, here goes: order up the carriages. Now mind, O'Grady, I am under your management. Do the thing as quietly as you can."

Elated at the success of his scheme, Phil scarcely waited for his grace to conclude, but sprang down the box-lobby to give the necessary orders, and was back again in an instant.

"Don't you think I had better take this star off?"

"Oh no, my lord, it will not be necessary. By timing the thing well, we'll contrive to get your grace into the midst of the crowd without attracting observation. Once there, the rest is easy enough."

Many minutes had not elapsed ere we reached the corner of Grafton-street. Here we became entangled with the line of carriages which extended more than half way round Stephen's-green, and, late as was the hour, were still thronging and pressing onwards towards the scene of festivity. O'Grady, who contrived entirely to engross his grace's attention by many bits of the gossip and small-talk of the day, did not permit him to remark that the viceregal liveries and the guard of honour that accompanied us, enabled us to cut the line of carriages, and, taking precedence of all others, arrive at the door at once. Indeed, so occupied was the duke with some story at the moment, that he was half provoked as the door was flung open, and the clattering clash of the steps interrupted the conversation.

"Here we are, my lord," said Phil.

"Well, get out, O'Grady. Lead on. Don't forget it is my first visit here: and you, I fancy, know the map of the country."

The hall in which we found ourselves, brilliantly lighted and thronged with servants, presented a scene of the most strange confusion and tumult: for, such was the eagerness of the guests to get forward, many persons were separated from their friends: turbaned old ladies called in cracked voices for their sons to rescue them, and desolate daughters seized distractedly the arm nearest them, and implored succour with an accent as

agonizing as though on the eve of shipwreck. Mothers screamed, fathers swore, footmen laughed, and high above all came the measured tramp of the dancers overhead, while fiddles, French horns, and dulcimers scraped and blew their worst, as if purposely to increase the inextricable and maddening confusion that prevailed.

"Sir Peter and Lady Macfarlane!" screamed the servant at the top of the stairs.

"Counsellor and Mrs. Blake."

"Captain O'Ryan of the rifles."

"Lord Dumboy——."

"Dunboyne, you villain!"

"Ay, Lord Dunboyne, and five ladies."

Such were the announcements that preceded us as we wended our way slowly on, while I could distinguish Mr. Rooney's voice receiving and welcoming his guests, for which purpose he used a formula, in part derived from the practice of an auction-room.

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in. Whist, tea, dancing, negus, and blind-hookey—delighted to see you—walk in;" and so, *da capo*, only varying the ritual when a lord or a baronet necessitated a change of title.

"You're quite right, O'Grady; I wouldn't have lost this for a great deal," whispered the duke.

"Now, my lord, permit me," said Phil. "Hinton and I will engage Mr. Rooney in conversation, while your grace can pass on and mix with the crowd."

"Walk in, walk in, ladies and—— Ah! how are you, captain? This is kind of you——Mr. Hinton, your humble servant——Whist, dancing, blind-hookey and negus—walk in—and, Captain Phil," added he in a whisper, "a bit of supper by-and-by below stairs."

"I must tell you an excellent thing, Rooney, before I forget it," said O'Grady, turning the host's attention away from the door as he spoke, and inventing some imaginary secret for the occasion; while I followed his grace, who was now so inextricably jammed up in the dense mob, that any recognition of him would have been very difficult, if not actually impossible.

For some time I could perceive that the duke's attention was devoted to the conversation about him. Some

half-dozen ladies were carrying on a very active and almost acrimonious controversy on the subject of dress; not however with any artistic pretension of regulating costume or colour, not discussing the rejection of an old or the adoption of a new mode, but with a much more practical spirit of inquiry they were appraising and valuing each other's finery, in the most sincere and simple way imaginable.

"Seven-and-sixpence a yard, my dear; you'll never get it less, I assure you." "That's elegant lace, Mrs. Mahony; was it run, ma'am?" Mrs. Mahony bridled at the suggestion, and replied that, "though neither her lace nor her diamonds were Irish——"

"Six breadths, ma'am, always in the skirt," said a fat, little, dumpy woman, holding up her satin petticoat in evidence.

"I say, Hinton, whispered the duke, "I hope they wont end by an examination of us. But what the deuce is going on here?"

This remark was caused by a very singular movement in the room. The crowd which had succeeded to the dancers, and filled the large drawing-room from end to end, now fell back to either wall, leaving a space of about a yard wide down the entire centre of the room, as though some performance was about to be enacted or some procession to march there.

"What can it be?" said the duke; "some foolery of O'Grady's, depend upon it; for look at him up there talking to the band."

As he spoke, the musicians struck up the grand march in Blue Beard, and Mrs. Paul Rooney appeared in the open space, in all the plenitude of her charms—a perfect blaze of rouge, red feathers, and rubies—marching in solemn state. She moved along in time to the music, followed by Paul, whose cunning eyes twinkled with more than a common shrewdness, as he peered here and there through the crowd. They came straight towards where we were standing; and while a whispered murmur ran through the room, the various persons around us drew back, leaving the duke and myself completely isolated. Before his grace could recover his concealment, Mrs. Rooney stood before him. The music suddenly ceased; while the

lady, disposing her petticoats as though the object were to conceal all the company behind her, court'sied down to the very floor.

"Ah! your grace," uttered in an accent of the most melting tenderness, were the only words she could speak, as she bestowed a look of still more speaking softness. "Ah, did I ever hope to see the day when your highness would honour——"

"My dear madam," said the duke, as taking her hand with great courtesy, "pray don't overwhelm me with obligations. A very natural, I hope a very pardonable desire, to witness hospitality I have heard so much of, has led me to intrude thus uninvited upon you. Will you allow me to make Mr. Rooney's acquaintance?"

Mrs. Rooney moved gracefully to one side, waving her hand with the air of a magician about to summon an attorney from the earth, when suddenly a change came over his grace's features; and, as he covered his mouth with his handkerchief, it was with the greatest difficulty he refrained from an open burst of laughter. The figure before him was certainly not calculated to suggest gravity. Mr. Paul Rooney for the first time in his life found himself the host of a viceroy, and, amid the fumes of his wine and the excitement of the scene, entertained some very confused notion of certain ceremonies observable on such occasions. He had read of curious observances in the east, and strange forms of etiquette in China, and probably, had the Khan of Tartary dropped in on the evening in question, his memory would have supplied him with some hints for his reception; but, with the representative of Britannic majesty, before whom he was so completely overpowered, he could not think of, nor decide upon any thing. A very misty impression flitted through his mind, that people occasionally knelt before a lord lieutenant; but whether they did so at certain moments, or as a general practice, for the life of him he could not tell. While, therefore, the dread of omitting a customary etiquette weighed with him on one hand, the fear of ridicule actuated him on the other; and thus he advanced into the presence with bent knees and a supplicating look eagerly turned towards

the duke, ready at any moment to drop down or stand upright before him as the circumstances might warrant.

Entering at once into the spirit of the scene, the duke bowed with the most formal courtesy, while he vouchsafed to Mr. Rooney some few expressions of compliment. At the same time, drawing Mrs. Rooney's arm within his own, he led her down the room, with a grace and dignity of manner no one was more master of than himself. As for Paul, apparently unable to stand upright under the increasing load of favours that fortune was showering upon his head, he looked over his shoulder at Mrs. Rooney, as she marched off in triumph, with the same exuberant triumph Young used to throw into Othello, as he passionately exclaims—

"Excellent wench! perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!"

Not but that, at the very moment in question, the object of it was most ungratefully oblivious of Mr. Rooney and his affection.

Had Mrs. Paul Rooney been asked on the morning after her ball, what was her most accurate notion of Elysian bliss, she probably would have answered,—leaning upon a viceroy's arm in her own ball-room, under the envious stare, and jealous gaze of eight hundred assembled guests. Her flushed look, her flashing eye, the trembling hand with which she waved her fan, the proud imperious step, all spoke of triumph. In fact, such was the halo of reverence, such the reflected brightness the representative of monarchy then bore, she felt it a prouder honour to be thus escorted, than if the emperor of all the Russias had deigned to grace her mansion with his presence. How she loved to run over every imaginable title she conceived applicable to his rank, "Your Royal Highness," "Your Grace," "Your noble Lordship," varying and combining them, like a child who runs his erring fingers over the keys of a piano-forte, and is delighted with the efforts of his skill.

While this kingly scene was thus enacting, the ball-room resumed its former life and vivacity. This indeed was owing to O'Grady: no sooner had his scheme succeeded of delivering up the duke into the hands of the

Rooneys, than he set about restoring such a degree of turmoil, tumult, noise, and merriment, as, while it should amuse his grace, would rescue him from the annoyance of being stared at by many who never had walked the boards with a live viceroy.

"Isn't it gloriously done, Hinton?" he whispered in my ear as he passed. "Now lend me your aid, my boy, to keep the whole thing moving. Get a partner as quick as you can, and let us try if we can't do the honours of the house, while the master and mistress are basking in the sunshine of royal favour.

As he spoke, the band struck up "Haste to the Wedding!" The dancers assumed their places. Phil himself flying hither and thither, arranging, directing, ordering, countermanding, providing partners for persons he had never seen before, and introducing individuals of whose very names he was ignorant.

"Push along, Hinton," said he; "only set them going—speak to every one—half the men in the room answer to the name of 'Bob,' and all the young ladies are 'Miss Magees.' Go it, my boy; this is a great night for Ireland."

This happy land, indeed, which, like a vast powder-magazine, only wants but the smallest spark to ignite it, is always prepared for an explosion of fun. No sooner then did O'Grady, taking out the fattest woman in the room, proceed to lead her down the middle to the liveliest imaginable country-dance, than at once the contagious spirit flew through the room, and dancers pressed in from every side. Champagne served round in abundance, added to the excitement; and, as eight-and-thirty couple made the floor vibrate beneath them, such a scene of noise, laughter, uproar, and merriment ensued, as it were difficult to conceive or describe.

#### CHAPTER X.—A FINALE TO AN EVENING.

A BALL, like a battle, has its critical moment: that one short and subtle point, on which its trembling fate would seem to hesitate, ere it incline to this side or that. 'In both, such is the time for generalship to display itself: and of this my friend O'Grady seemed well aware; for, calling up his reserve for an attack in force, he ordered strong negus for the band; and ere many minutes, the increased vigour of the instruments attested that the order had been attended to.

"Right and left!" "Hands across!" "Here we are!" "This way, Peter!" "Ah! captain, you're a droll creature!" "Move along, alderman!" "That negus is mighty strong!" "The Lord grant the house is——!"

Such and such like phrases broke around me, as, under the orders of the irresistible Phil, I shuffled down the middle with a dumpy little school-girl, with red hair and red shoes; which, added to her capering motion, gave her a most unhappy resemblance to a cork fairy.

"You are a trump, Jack," said Phil. "Never give in. I never was in such spirits in my life. Two bottles of champagne under my belt, and a check for three hundred Paul has just

given me without a scrape of my pen; it might have been five, if I had only had presence of mind."

"Where is Miss Bellew all this time?" inquired I.

"I only saw her for a moment: she looks saucy, and won't dance."

My pride somewhat stimulated by a fact which I could not help interpreting in Miss Bellew's favour, I went through the rooms in search of her, and at length discovered her in a boudoir, where a whist-party were assembled. She was sitting upon a sofa, beside a tall, venerable-looking old man, to whom she was listening with a semblance of the greatest attention as I entered. I had some time to observe her, and could not help feeling struck how much handsomer she was than I had formerly supposed. Her figure, slightly above the middle size, and most graceful in all its proportions, was, perhaps, a little too much disposed to *embonpoint*; the character of her features, however, seemed to suit, if not actually to require as much. Her eyes of deep blue, set well beneath her brow, had a look of intensity in them that evidenced thought; but the other features relieved by their graceful softness this strong expression, and



a nose short and slightly, very slightly *retroussé*, with a mouth, the very perfection of eloquent and winning softness, made ample amends to those who prefer charms purely feminine to beauty of a severer character. Her hair, too, was of that deep auburn through which a golden light seems for ever playing; and this, contrary to the taste of the day, she wore simply braided upon her temple and cheeks, marking the oval contour of her face, and displaying, by this graceful coquetry, the perfect chiselling of her features. Let me add to this, that her voice was low and soft in all its tones; and, if the provincialism with which she spoke did at first offend my ear, I learned afterwards to think that the breathing intonations of the west lent a charm of their own to all she said, deepening the pathos of a simple story, or heightening the drollery of a merry one. Yes, laugh if you will, ye high-bred and high-born denizens of a richer sphere, whose ears, attuned to the rhythm of Metastasio, softly borne on the strains of Donizetti, can scarce pardon the intrusion of your native tongue in the every-day concerns of life—smile if it so please ye; but from the lips of a lovely woman, a little, a *very little* of the brogue is most seductive. Whether the subject be grave or gay, whether mirth or melancholy be the mood, like the varnish upon a picture, it brings out all the colour into strong effect, brightening the lights, and deepening the shadows; and then, somehow, there is an air of *naïveté*, a tone of simplicity about it, that appeals equally to your heart as your hearing.

Seeing that the conversation in which she was engaged seemed to engross her entire attention, I was about to retire without addressing her, when suddenly she turned round, and her eyes met mine: I accordingly came forward, and, after a few of the common-place civilities of the moment, asked her to dance.

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Hinton, I have declined already several times. I have been fortunate enough to meet with a very old and dear friend of my father——"

"Who is much too attached to his daughter, to permit her to waste an entire evening upon him. No, sir, if you will allow me, I will resign Miss Bellew to your care,"

She said something in a low voice, to which he muttered in reply: the only words which I could catch—"No, no; very different, indeed—this is a most proper person"—seemed, as they were accompanied by a smile of much kindness, in some way to concern me; and the next moment Miss Bellew took my arm and accompanied me to the ball-room.

As I passed the sofa where the duke and Mrs. Rooney were still seated, his grace nodded familiarly to me, with a gesture of approval; while Mrs. Paul clasped both her hands before her with a movement of ecstasy, and seemed as if about to bestow upon us a maternal blessing. Fearful of incurring a scene, Miss Bellew hastened on, and, as her arm trembled within mine, I could perceive how deeply the ridicule of her friend's position wounded her own pride. Meanwhile, I could just catch the tones of Mrs. Rooney's voice, explaining to the duke Miss Bellew's pedigree. "One of the oldest families of the land, your grace; came over with Romulus and Remus; and, if it were not for Oliver Cromwell and the Danes"—the confounded fiddles lost the rest, and I was left in the dark, to guess what these strange allies had inflicted upon the Bellew family. The dancing now began, and only between the intervals of the cotillon had I an opportunity of conversing with my partner. Few and brief as these occasions were, I was delighted to find in her a tone and manner quite different from any thing I had ever met before. Although having seen scarcely any thing of the world, her knowledge of character seemed an instinct, and her quick appreciation of the ludicrous features of many of the company was accompanied by a *naïve* expression, and at the same time a witty terseness of phrase, that showed me how much real intelligence lay beneath that laughing look. Unlike my fair cousin, Lady Julia, her raillery never wounded—hers were the fanciful combinations which a vivid and sparkling imagination conjures up, but never the barbed and bitter arrows of sarcasm. Catching up in a second any passing absurdity, she could laugh at the scene, yet seem to spare the actor. Julia, on the contrary, with what the French call *l'esprit moqueur*, never felt that her wit had hit its mark till she saw her

victim writhing and quivering beneath her.

There is always something in being the partner of the *belle* of a ball-room. The little bit of envy and jealousy, whose limit is to be the duration of a waltz or quadrille, has somehow its feeling of pleasure. There is a reflective flattery in the thought of a fancied preference, that raises one in his own esteem; and, as the muttered compliments and half-spoken praises of the by-standers fall upon your ears, you seem to feel that you are a kind of shareholder in the company, and ought to retire from business with your portion of the profits. Such, I know, were some of my feelings at the period in question; and, as I pulled up my stock and adjusted my sash, I looked upon the crowd about me with a sense of considerable self-satisfaction, and began really for the first time to enjoy myself.

Scarcely was the dance concluded, when a general movement was perceptible towards the door, and the word "supper," repeated from voice to voice, announced that the merriest hour in Irish life had sounded. Delighted to have Miss Bellew for my companion, I edged my way into the mass, and was borne along on the current. The view from the top of the staircase was sufficiently amusing: a waving mass of feathers of every shape and hue, a crowd of spangled turbans, bald and powdered heads, seemed wedged inextricably together, swaying backwards and forwards with one impulse, as the crowd at the door of the supper-room advanced or receded. The crash of plates and knives, the jingling of glasses, the popping of champagne corks, told that the attack had begun, had not even the eager faces of those nearer the door indicated as much. *Nulli oculi retrorsum* seemed the motto of the day, save when some anxious mother would turn a backward and uneasy glance towards the staircase, where her daughter, preferring a lieutenant to a lobster, was listening with elated look to his tale of love and glory. "Eliza, my dear, sit next me." "Anna, my love, come down here." These brief commands, significantly as they were uttered, would be lost to those for whom intended, and only serve to amuse the by-standers, and awaken them to a quicker perception

of the passing flirtation. Some philosopher has gravely remarked, that the critical moments of our life are the transitions from one stage or state of our existence to another; and that our fate for the future depends in a great measure upon those hours in which we emerge from infancy to boyhood, from boyhood to manhood, from manhood to maturer years. Perhaps the arguments of time might be applied to place, and we might thus be enabled to show how a staircase is the most dangerous portion of a building; I speak not here of the insecurity of the architecture, nor, indeed, of any staircase whose well-tempered light shines down at noon-day through the perfumed foliage of a conservatory,—but of the same place, a blaze of lamp-light, about two in the morning, crowded, crammed, and creaking by an anxious and elated throng pressing towards a supper-room. Whether it is the supper or the squeeze, the odour of balmy lips, or the savoury smell of roast ducks—whether it be the approach to silk tresses, or *sillery mousseux*—whatever the provocation, I cannot explain it; but the fact is so: one is tremendously given in such a place, at such a time, to the most barefaced and palpable flirtation. So strongly do I feel this point, that, were I a lawgiver, I would never award damages for a breach of contract, where the promise was made on a staircase.

As for me, my acquaintance with Miss Bellew was not of more than an hour's standing: during that time we had contrived to discuss the ball-room, its guests, its lights, its decorations, the music, the dancers—in a word, all the common-places of an evening party; thence we wandered on to Dublin, society in general, to Ireland, and Irish habits, and Irish tastes; quizzed each other a little about our respective peculiarities, and had just begun to discuss the distinctive features which characterise the softer emotions in the two nations, when the announcement of supper brought us on the staircase. *Apropos*, or *mal à propos*, this turn of our conversation, let the reader decide by what I have already stated: so it was, however, and in a little nook of the landing I found myself with my fair companion's arm pressed closely to my side, en-

gaged in a warm controversy on the trite subject of English coldness of manner. Advocating my country, I deemed that no more fitting defence could be entered, than by evidencing in myself the utter absence of the frigidity imputed. Champagne did something for me; Louisa's bright eyes assisted; but the staircase, the confounded staircase, crowned all. In fact, the undisguised openness of Miss Bellew's manner, the fearless simplicity with which she had ventured upon topics, a hardened coquette would not dare to touch upon, led me into the common error of imputing to flirtation, what was only due to the untarnished freshness of happy girlhood.

Finding my advances well received, I began to feel not a little proud of my success, and disposed to plume myself upon the charm of my eloquence, when, as I concluded a high-flown and inflated phrase of sentimental absurdity, she suddenly turned round, fixed her bright eyes upon me, and burst out into a fit of laughter.

"There, there; pray, don't try that: no one but an Irishman ever succeeds in blarney. It is our national dish, and can never be seasoned by a stranger."

This pull up, for such it most effectually was, completely unmanned me. I tried to stammer out an explanation, endeavoured to laugh, coughed, blundered, and broke down; while, merciless in her triumph, she only laughed the more, and seemed to enjoy my confusion.

With such a failure hanging over me, I felt happy when we reached the supper-room; and the crash, din, and confusion about us once more broke in upon our conversation. It requires far less nerve for the domineering jockey, whose gay jacket has been rolled in the mud of a race-course, resuming his saddle, to ride in amid the jeers and scoffs of ten thousand spectators, than for the gallant who has blundered in the full tide of a flirtation, to recover his lost position, and sustain the current of his courtship. The sarcasm of our sex is severe enough, heaven knows; but no raillery, no ridicule, cuts half so sharp or half so deep as the bright twinkle of a pretty girl's eye, when, detecting some exhibition of dramatized passion, some false glitter of

pinchbeck sentiment, she exchanges her look of gratified attention, for the merry mockery of a hearty laugh: no tact, no *savoir faire*, no knowledge of the world, no old adhesion, that ever I heard of, was proof against this. To go back is bad; to stand still, worse; to go on, impossible. The best—for I believe it is the only thing to do—is, to turn upon your own misdeeds, and join in the laughter against yourself. Now this requires no common self-mastery, as I am of some few young gentlemen under twenty possess, hence both my failure and its punishment.

That staircase which, but a moment before, I wished might be as long as a journey to Jerusalem, I now escaped from with thankfulness. Concealing my discomfiture as well as I was able, I bustled about, and finally secured a place for my companion at one of the side tables. We were in, far from the head of the table, but the clear ringing of his glass a laughter informed me of his vicinity, and, as I saw Miss Bellew shrink from, approaching that part of the room, I surrendered my courtesy to the far more grateful task of cultivating her acquaintance.

All the ardour of my attentions—and I had resumed them with nearly as much warmth, although I was rick of discomfiture, for I began to feel what before I had only professed—all the pre-occupation of my mind, could not prevent my hearing high above the crash and clatter of the tables the rich roundness of Mrs. Rooney's tongue, as she recounted to the duke some interesting trait of the O'Toole family, or adverted to some classical era in Irish history, when, pass by, Mayor was mayor of Cork, or Throgmorton an alderman of Skinner's alley.

"Ah! my dear!—the hard forgive me, I mean your grace."

"I shall never forgive you, Mrs. Rooney, if you change the subject."

"Ah! your grace's worship, then was five times; and the husband of an O'Toole, in the day, spent more of his time harrying the country with his troops at his back, than driving about in an old gig full of warts and latitudes, with a process server behind him."

Had Mr. Rooney, who at that moment was carrying a horse in total

ignorance of his wife's sarcasm, only heard the speech, the chances are ten to one he would have figured in a steel breast-plate and an iron head-piece before the week was over. I was unable to hear more of the conversation, notwithstanding my great wish to do so, as a movement of those next the door implied that a large instalment of the guests who had not supped, would wait no longer; but were about to make what Mr. Rooney called a forcible entry on a summary process, and eject the tenant in possession.

We accordingly rose, and all (save the party around the viceroy) along with us, once more to visit the ball-room, where already dancing had begun. While I was eagerly endeavouring to persuade Miss Bellew that there was no cause or just impediment to prevent her dancing the next set with me, Lord Dudley de Vere lounged affectedly forward, and mumbled out some broken indistinct phrases, in which the word *da—ance* was alone audible. Miss Bellew coloured slightly, turned her eyes towards me, court'sied, took his arm, and the next moment was lost amid the crowd.

I am not aware of any readier method of forming a notion of the perpetual motion, than watching the performance of Sir Roger de Coverly at an evening party in Dublin. It seems to be a point of honour never to give in; and thus the same complicated figures, the same mystic movements that you see in the beginning, continue to succeed each other in a never-ending series. You endeavour in vain to detect the plan, to unravel the tangled web of this strange ceremony; but somehow it would seem as if the whole thing was completely discretionary with the dancers, there being only one point of agreement among them, which is, when ever blown and out of breath, to join in a vigorous hands-round; and, the motion being confined to a shuffling of the feet and a shaking of the elbows, little fatigue is incurred. To this succeeds a capering, forward movement of a gentleman, which seemingly magnetizes an opposite lady to a similar exhibition: then after seizing each other rapturously by the hands, they separate to run the gauntlet in and out down the whole line of dancers, to meet at the bottom, when, apparently

reconciled, they once more embrace.

What follows, the devil himself may tell. As for me, I heard only laughing, tittering, now and then a slight scream, and a cry of "behave, Mr. Murphy!" &c.; but the movements themselves were conic sections to me, and I closed my eyes as I sat alone in my corner, and courted sleep as a short oblivion to the scene. Unfortunately I succeeded; for, wild and singular as the gestures, the looks, and the voices were before, they now became to my dreaming senses something too terrible. I thought myself in the centre of some hobgoblin orgie, where demons, male and female, were performing their fantastic antics around me, grinning hideously, and uttering cries of menacing import. Tam-o'-Shanter's vision was a respectable tea-party of Glasgow matrons, compared to my imaginings; for, so distorted were the pictures of my brain, that the leader of the band, a peaceable-looking old man in shorts and spectacles, seemed to me like a grim-visaged imp, who flourished his tail across the strings of his instrument in lieu of a bow.

I must confess that the dancers, without any wish on my part to detract from their efforts, had not the entire merit of this transmutation. Fatigue, for the hour was late, chagrin at being robbed of my partner, added to the heat and the crowd, had all their share in the mystification. Besides, if I must confess it, Mr. Rooney's champagne was strong. My friend O'Grady, however, seemed but little of my opinion; for, like the master-spirit of the scene, he seemed to direct every movement, and dictate every change—no touch of fatigue, no semblance of exhaustion about him. On the contrary, as the hour grew later, and the pale grey of morning began to mingle with the glare of wax-lights, the vigour of his performance only increased, and several new steps were displayed, which, like a prudent general, he seemed to have kept in reserve for the end of the engagement. And what a sad thing is a ball as it draws towards the close! What an emblem of life at a similar period! How much freshness has faded! how much of beauty has passed away! how many illusions are dissipated! how many dreams, the lamp

light and chalk floors have called into life, fly like spirits with the first beam of sun-light! The eye of proud bearing is humbled now! the cheek, whose downy softness no painter could have copied, looks pale, and wan, and haggard: the beaming looks, the graceful bearing, the elastic step, where are they? Only to be found where youth—bright, joyous, and elastic youth—unites itself to beauty.

Such were my thoughts as the dancers flew past—and many whom I had remarked at the beginning of the evening as handsome and attractive, seemed now without a trace of either—when suddenly Louisa Bellew came by, her step as light, her every gesture as graceful, her cheek as blooming, and her liquid eye as deeply beaming as when first I saw her. The excitement of the dance had slightly flushed her face, and heightened the expression its ever-varying emotions lent it.

Handsome as I before had thought her, there was a look of pride about her now that made her lovely to my eyes. As I continued to gaze after her, I did not perceive for some time that the guests were rapidly taking their leave, and already the rooms were greatly thinned. Every moment now, however, bore evidence of the fact: the unceasing roll of carriages to the door, the clank of the steps, the reiterated cry to drive on, followed by the call for the next carriage, all betokened departure. Now and then, too, some cloaked and hooded figure would appear at the door of the drawing-room, peering anxiously about for a daughter, a sister, or a friend, who still lingered in the dance, averring it “was impossible to go, that she was engaged for another set.” The disconsolate gestures, the impatient menaces of the shawled spectres—for, in truth, they seemed like creatures of another world come back to look upon the life they left—are of no avail: the seductions of the “major” are stronger than the frowns of mamma, and though a rowing may come in the morning, she is resolved to have a reel at night.

An increased noise and tumult below stairs at the same moment informed me that the supper-party were at length about to separate. I started up at once, wishing to see Miss Bellew again ere I took my leave, when O’Grady

seized me by the arm and hurried me away. “Come along, Hinton: not a moment to lose; the duke is going.”

“Wait an instant,” said I, “I wish to speak to——”

“Another time, my dear fellow; another time. The duke is delighted with the Rooneys, and we are going to have Paul knighted!”

With these words he dragged me along, dashing down the stairs like a madman. As we reached the door of the dining-room we found his grace, who, with one hand on Lord Dudley’s shoulder, was endeavouring to steady himself by the other.

“I say, O’Grady, is that you? Very powerful burgundy, this—— It’s not possible it can be morning!”

“Yes, your grace, half-past seven o’clock.”

“Indeed; upon my word, your friends are very charming people. What did you say about knighting some one? Oh! I remember: Mr. Rooney, wasn’t it? Of course, nothing could be better!”

“Come, Hinton, have you got a sword?” said O’Grady; “I’ve mislaid mine somehow. There, that’ll do. Let us try and find Paul now.”

Into the supper-room we rushed: but what a change was there! The brilliant tables, resplendent with gold plate, candelabras, and flowers, were now despoiled and dismantled. On the floor, among broken glasses, cracked decanters, pyramids of jelly, and pagodas of blanc mange, lay scattered in every attitude the sleeping figures of the late guests. Mrs. Rooney alone maintained her position, seated in a large chair, her eyes closed, a smile of Elysian happiness playing upon her lips. Her right arm hung gracefully over the side of the chair, where lately his grace had kissed her hand at parting: overcome, in all probability, by the more than human happiness of such a moment, she had sunk into slumber, and was murmuring in her dreams such short and broken phrases as the following:—“Ah! happy day——What will Mrs. Tait say?——The lord mayor, indeed!——Oh! my poor head: I hope it won’t be turned——Holy Agatha, pray for us! your grace, pray for us!——Isn’t he a beautiful man? hasn’t he the darling white teeth?”

“Where’s Paul?” said O’Grady,



"where's Paul, Mrs. Rooney?" as he jogged her rather rudely by the arm.

"Ah! who cares for Paul?" said she, still sleeping: "don't be bothering me about the like of him."

"Egad! this is conjugal, at any rate," said Phil.

"I have him!" cried I, "here he is!" as I stumbled over a short, thick figure, who was propped up in a corner of the room. There he sat, his head sunk upon his bosom, his hands listlessly resting on the floor. A large jug stood beside him, in the concoction of whose contents he appeared to have spent the last moments of his waking state. We shook him and called him by his name, but to no purpose; and, as we lifted up his head, we burst out a-laughing at the droll expression of his face; for he had fallen asleep in the act of squeezing a lemon in his teeth, the half of which not only remained there still, but imparted to his features the twisted and contorted expression that act suggests.

"Are you coming, O'Grady?" cried the duke impatiently.

"Yes, my lord," cried Phil, as he rushed towards the door. "This is too bad, Hinton: that confounded fellow could not possibly be moved; I'll try and carry him." As he spoke, he hurried back towards the sleeping figure of Mr. Rooney, while I made towards the duke.

As Lord Dudley had gone to order up the carriages, his grace was standing alone at the foot of the stairs, leaning his back against the bannisters, his eyes opening and shutting alternately as his head nodded every now and then forward, overcome by sleep and the wine he had drunk. Exactly in front of him, but crouching in the attitude of an Indian monster, sat Corny Delany. To keep himself from the cold, he had wrapped himself up in his master's cloak, and the only part of his face perceptible was the little wrinkled forehead, and the malicious-looking fiery eyes beneath it, firmly fixed on the duke's countenance.

"Give me your sword," said his grace, turning to me, in a tone half sleeping, half commanding; "give me your sword, sir."

Drawing it from the scabbard, I presented it respectfully.

"Stand a little on one side, Hinton. Where is he? Ah! quite right. Kneel

down, sir: kneel down, I say!" These words, addressed to Corny, produced no other movement in him than a slight change in his attitude, to enable him to extend his expanded hand above his eyes, and take a clearer view of the duke.

"Does he hear me, Hinton? Do you hear me, sir?"

"Do you hear his grace?" said I, endeavouring with a sharp kick of my foot to assist his perceptions.

"To be sure I hear him," said Corny; "why wouldn't I hear him."

"Kneel down then," said I.

"Devil a bit of me'll kneel down. Don't I know what he's after well enough? *Ach ma bocklish!* Sorrow else he ever does nor make fun of people."

"Kneel down, sir!" said his grace, in an accent there was no refusing to obey. "What is your name?"

"O murther! O heavenly Joseph!" cried Corny, as I hurled him down upon his knees, "that I'd ever lived to see the day!"

"What is his d——d name?" said the duke passionately.

"Corny, your grace, Corny Delany."

"There, that'll do," as with a hearty slap of the sword, not on his shoulder, but on his bullet head, he cried out, "Rise, Sir Corny Delany!"

"Och, the devil a one of me will ever get up out of this same spot. O wirra, wirra! how will I ever show myself again after this disgrace?"

Leaving Corny to his lamentations, the duke walked towards the door. Here above a hundred people were now assembled, their curiosity excited in no small degree by a picket of light dragoons, who occupied the middle of the street, and were lying upon the ground, or leaning on their saddles, in all the wearied attitudes of a night-watch. In fact, the duke had forgotten to dismiss his guard of honour, who had accompanied him to the theatre, and who thus had spent the dark hours of the night keeping watch and ward over the proud dwelling of the Rooneys. A dark frown settled on the duke's features as he perceived the mistake, and muttered between his teeth, "how they will talk of this in England!" The next moment, bursting into a hearty fit of laughter, he stepped into the carriage, and, amid a loud cheer from the mob, by whom he was recognised, drove rapidly away.

Seated beside his grace, I saw nothing more of O'Grady, whose efforts to ennoble the worthy attorney only exposed him to the risk of a black eye; for no sooner did Paul perceive that he was undergoing rough treatment, than he immediately resisted, and gave open battle.

O'Grady accordingly left him, to seek his home on foot, followed by Corny, whose cries and heart-rending exclamations induced a considerable crowd of well-disposed citizens to accompany them to the Castle gate; and thus ended the great Rooney ball.

#### CHAPTER XI.—A NEGOCIATION.

From what I have already stated, it may be inferred that my acquaintance with the Rooneys was begun under favourable auspices: indeed, from the evening of the ball the house was open to me at all hours, and, as the hour of luncheon was known to every loungeur about town, by dropping in about three o'clock one was sure to hear all the chit-chat and gossip of the day. All the dinners and duels of the capital, all its rows and run-away matches were there discussed, while future parties of pleasure were planned and decided on, the Rooney equipages, horses, servants, and cellar being looked upon as common property, the appropriation of which was to be determined on by a vote of the majority. At all these domestic parliaments O'Grady played a prominent part; he was the speaker and the whipper-in; he led for both the government and the opposition; in fact, since the ever-memorable visit of the viceroy his power in the house was absolute. How completely they obeyed, and how implicitly they followed him, may be guessed, when I say that he even persuaded Mrs. Rooney herself not only to abstain from all triumph on the subject of their illustrious guest, but actually to maintain a kind of diplomatic silence on the subject; so that many simple-minded people began to suspect his grace had never been there at all, and that poor Mrs. Rooney, having detected the imposition, prudently held her tongue, and said nothing about the matter.

As this influence might strike my reader as somewhat difficult in its exercise, and also as it presents a fair specimen of my friend's ingenuity, I cannot forbear mentioning the secret of its success.

When the duke awoke late in the afternoon that followed Mrs. Rooney's

ball, his first impression was one bordering on irritation with O'Grady. His quick-sightedness enabled him at once to see how completely he had fallen into the trap of his worthy aide-de-camp; and although he had confessedly spent a very pleasant evening and laughed a very great deal, now that all was over, he would have preferred if the whole affair could be quietly consigned to oblivion, or only remembered as a good joke for after dinner. The scandal and the *écclat* it must cause in the capital annoyed him considerably, and he knew that before a day passed over, the incident of the guard of honour lying in bivouac around their horses, would furnish matter for every caricature-shop in the capital. Ordering O'Grady to his presence, and with a severity of manner in a great degree assumed, he directed him to remedy, as far as might be, the consequences of this blunder, and either contrive to give a totally different version of the occurrence, or else by originating some new subject of scandal to eclipse the memory of this unfortunate evening.

O'Grady promised and pledged himself to every thing; vowed that he would give such a turn to the affair that nobody would ever believe a word of the story; assured the duke (God forgive him) that, however ridiculous the Rooneys at night, by day they were models of discretion; and at length took his leave to put his scheme into execution, heartily glad to discover that his grace had forgotten all about Corny and the knighthood, the recollection of which might have been attended with very grave results to himself.

So much for his interview with the duke. Now for his diplomacy with Mrs. Rooney! It was about five o'clock on the following day when O'Grady came again to the door:

giving his horse to the groom, he dashed boldly up stairs, passed through the ante-chamber and the drawing room and, tapping gently at the door of a little boudoir, opened it at the same moment and presented himself before Mrs. Paul.

That amiable lady, reclining *à la* Princess O'Toole, was gracefully disposed on a small sofa, regarding, with fixed attention, a little plaster bust of his grace which, with considerable taste and propriety, was dressed in a blue coat and bright buttons, with a star on the breast, a bit of sky-blue satin representing the ribbon of the bath; nothing was forgotten, and a faint attempt was even made to represent the colouring of the viceregal nose, which I am bound to confess was not flattered in the model.

"Ah! captain, is it you?" said Mrs. Paul, with a kind of languishing condescension very different from her ordinary reception of a castle aide-de-camp. "How is his grace this morning?"

Drawing his chair beside her, Phil proceeded to reply to her questions, and assure her, whatever her admiration for the duke, the feeling was perfectly mutual. "Egad," said he, "the thing may turn out very ill for me when the duchess finds out that it was all my doing. Speaking in confidence to you, my dear Mrs. Paul, I may confess that although without exception she is the most kind, amiable, excellent soul breathing, yet she has one fault——. We all have our faults."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Rooney as she threw down her eyes as though to say, that's very true, but you will not catch me telling what mine is.

"As I was observing, there never was a more estimable being, save in this one respect——. You guess it: I see you do."

"Ah! the creature, she drinks!"

The captain found it not a little difficult to repress a burst of laughter at Mrs. Rooney's suggestion. He did so, however, and proceeded:—

"No, my dear madam, you mistake: jealousy is her failing, and when I tell you this, and when I add, that unhappily for her the events of last night may only afford but too much cause, you will comprehend the embarrassment of my present position."

Having said thus much he walked

the room for several minutes as if sunk in meditation, while he left Mrs. Rooney to ruminate over an announcement, the bare possibility of which was ecstasy itself. To be the rival of a peeress; that peeress a duchess; that duchess the lady of the viceroy! These were high thoughts indeed. What would Mrs. Riley say now? How would the Maloneys look——? Wouldn't Father Glynn be proud to meet her at the door of Liffey-street chapel in full pontificals as she drove up, who knows but with a guard of honour beside her. Running on in this way, she had actually got so far as to be discussing with herself what was to be done with Paul; not that her allegiance was shaken towards that excellent individual—not a single unworthy thought crossed her mind; far from it, poor Mrs. Rooney was purity itself: she merely dreamt of those outward manifestations of the viceroy's preference, which were to procure for her consideration in the world, a position in society, and those attentions from the hands of the great and the titled, which she esteemed at higher price than the real gifts of health, wealth, and beauty, so bounteously bestowed upon her by Providence.

She had come then to that difficult point in her mind as to what was to be done with Paul: what peculiar course of training could he be submitted to, to make him more presentable in the world; how were they to break him off whiskey and water and small jokes? Ah! thought she, it's very hard to make a real gentleman out of such materials as grog and drab gaiters, when suddenly O'Grady wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, and then flourishing it theatrically in the air, exclaimed—

"Yes, Mrs. Rooney, every thing depends on you. His grace's visit—I have just been with him talking the whole thing over—must be kept a profound secret. If it ever reach the ears of the duchess we are ruined and undone."

Here was a total overthrow to all Mrs. Paul's speculations. Here was a beautiful castle uprooted from its very foundation: all her triumph, all her vaunted superiority over her city acquaintance was vanishing like a mirage before her. What was the use of his coming after all? what was

the good of it, if not to be spoken of, if not talked over at tea, written of in notes, discussed at dinner, and displayed in the morning papers? Already was her brow contracted, and a slight flush of her cheek showed the wily captain that resistance was in preparation.

"I know, my dear Mrs. Paul, how gratifying it would be for even the highest of the land to speak of his grace's condescension in such terms as you might speak; but then, after all, how very fleeting such a triumph! Many would shrug their shoulders, and not believe the story. Some of those who believed, would endeavour to account for it as a joke: one of those odd wild fancies the duke is ever so fond of"—here she reddened deeply. "In fact, the malevolence and the envy of the world will give a thousand turns to the circumstance; besides that, after all, they would seem to have some reason on their side; for the publicity of the affair must for ever prevent a repetition of the visit: whereas, on the other side, by a little discretion, by guarding our own secret"—here Phil looked knowingly in her eyes, as though to say they had one—"not only will the duke be delighted to continue his intimacy, but from the absence of all mention of the matter, all display on the subject, the world will be ten times more disposed to give credence to the fact than if it were paragraphed in every newspaper in the kingdom."

This was hitting the nail on the head with a vengeance. Here was a picture; here a vision of happiness! Only to think of the duke dropping in, as a body might say, to take his bit of dinner, or his dish of tea in the evening, just in a quiet, homely, family way. She thought she saw him sitting with his feet on the fender, talking about the king and the queen, and the rest of the royal family, just as he would of herself and Paul, and her eyes involuntarily turned towards the little bust, and two round full tears of pure joy trickled slowly down her cheeks.

Yielding, at length, to these and similar arguments, Mrs. Rooney gave in her adhesion, and a treaty was arranged and agreed upon between the High Contracting Parties, which ran somewhat to this effect:—

In the first place, for the enjoyment

of certain advantages to be hereafter more fully set forth, the lady was bound to maintain in all large companies, balls, dinners, drums, and *déjeuners*, a rigid silence regarding the duke's visit to her house, never speaking of, nor alluding to it, in any manner whatever, and, in fact, conducting herself in all respects as if such a thing had never taken place.

Secondly, she was forbid from making any direct inquiries in public respecting the health of the duke or the duchess, or exercising any overt act, of personal interest in these exalted individuals.

Thirdly, so long as Mrs. Rooney strictly maintained the terms of the covenant, nothing in the foregoing was to preclude her from certain other privileges, viz., blushing deeply when the duke's name was mentioned, throwing down her eyes, gently clasping her hands, and even occasionally proceeding to a sigh; neither was she interdicted from regarding any portion of her domicile as particularly sacred in consequence of its viceregal associations. A certain arm-chair might be selected for peculiar honours, and preserved inviolate, &c.

And lastly, nevertheless notwithstanding that in all large assemblies Mrs. Rooney was to conduct herself with the reserve and restrictions aforesaid, yet in small *réunions de famille*—this O'Grady purposed inserted in French. for, as Mrs. Paul could not confess her ignorance of that language, the interpretation must rest with himself—she was to enjoy a perfect liberty of detailing his grace's advent, entering into all its details, discussing, explaining, expatiating, inquiring with a most minute particularity concerning his health and habits, and, in a word, conduct herself in all respects, to use her own expressive phrase, "as if they were thick since they were babies."

Armed with this precious document, formally signed and sealed by both parties, O'Grady took his leave of Mrs. Rooney—not, indeed, in his usual free-and-easy manner, but with the respectful and decorous reserve of one addressing a favourite near the throne.

Nothing could be more perfect than Phil's profound obeisance, except perhaps the queenly demeanour of Mrs. Rooney herself; for, with the ready tact of a diplomatist, she caught up in a

moment the altered phase of her position, and in the reflective light of O'Grady's manner she learnt to appreciate her own brilliancy.

"From this day forward," muttered O'Grady, as he closed the door behind him and hurried down stairs—"from this day forward she'll be greater than ever. Heaven help the lady mayoress that ventures to shake hands with her, and the attorney's wife will

be a bold woman that asks her to a tea-party henceforth."

With these words he threw himself upon his horse and cantered off towards the park to inform the duke that all was happily concluded, and amuse him with a sight of the great Rooney treaty which he well knew would throw the viceroy into convulsions of laughter.

#### CHAPTER XII.—A WAGER.

IN a few weeks after the events I have mentioned, the duke left Ireland to resume his parliamentary duties in the House of Lords, where some measure of considerable importance was at that time under discussion. Into the hands of the lords justices, therefore, the government *ad interim* was delivered; while upon Mrs. Paul Rooney devolved the more pleasing task of becoming the leader of fashion, the head and fountain of all the gaieties and amusements of the capital. Indeed, O'Grady half hinted that his grace relied upon her to supply his loss, which manifestation of his esteem, so perfectly in accordance with her own wishes, she did not long hesitate to profit by.

Had a stranger on his first arrival in Dublin, passed along that part of Stephen's-green in which the "Hotel Rooney," as it was familiarly called, was situated, he could not have avoided being struck, not only with the appearance of the house itself, but with that of the strange and incongruous assembly of all ranks and conditions of men that lounged about its door. The house, large and spacious, with its windows of plate glass, its Venetian blinds, its gaudily gilt and painted balcony, and its massive brass knocker, betrayed a certain air of pretension, standing as it did among the more sombre-looking mansions where the real rank of the country resided. Clean windows and a bright knocker, however—distinctive features as they were in the metropolis of those days,—would not have arrested the attention of the passing traveller to the extent I have supposed, but that there were other signs and sights than these. At the open hall-door, to which you ascended by a flight of granite steps, lounged some half-dozen servants in

powdered heads and gaudy liveries—the venerable porter in his leather chair, the ruddy coachman in his full-bottomed wig, tall footmen with *bouquets* in their button-holes, were here to be seen reading the morning papers, or leisurely strolling to the steps to take a look at the weather, and cast a supercilious glance at the insignificant tide of population that flowed on beneath them; a lazy and an idle race, they toiled not, neither did they spin, and I sincerely trust that Solomon's costume bore no resemblance to theirs. More immediately in front of the house stood a mixed society of idlers, beggars, horseboys, and grooms, assembled there from motives of curiosity or gain. Indeed, the rich odour of savoury viands that issued from the open kitchen-windows and ascended through the area to the nostrils of those without, might in its appetizing steam have brought the dew upon the lips of greater gourmands than they were. All that French cookery could suggest to impart variety to the separate meals of breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper, here went forward unceasingly; and the beggars who thronged around the bars, and were fed with the crumbs from the rich man's table, became by degrees so habituated to the delicacies and refinements of good living, that they would have turned up their noses with contempt at the humble and more homely fare of the respectable shopkeeper. Truly, it was a strange picture to see these poor and ragged men as they sat in groups upon the steps and on the bare flagway, exposed to every wind of heaven, the drifting rain soaking through their frail and threadbare garments, yet criticising, with practised acumen, the savoury



food before them. Consommés, ragouts, patés, potages, jellies, with an infinity of that smaller grape-shot of epicurism with which fine tables are filled, all here met a fair and a candid appreciation. A little further off, and towards the middle of the street, stood another order of beings, who, with separate and peculiar privileges maintained themselves as a class apart: these were the horseboys, half-naked urchins, whose ages varied from eight to fourteen—but whose looks of mingled cunning and drollery would defy any guess as to their time of life—here sported in all the wild untrammelled liberty of African savages: the only art they practised was, to lead up and down the horses of the various visitors whom the many attractions of the “Hotel Rooney” brought daily to the house; and here you saw the proud and pampered steed, with fiery eye and swelling nostrils, led about by this ambulating mass of rags and poverty, whose bright eye wandered ever from his own tattered habiliments to the gorgeous trappings and gold embroidery of the sleek charger beside him. In the midst of these, such as were not yet employed, amused themselves by cutting summersets, standing on their heads, walking crab-fashion, and other classical performances, which form the little distractions of life for this strange sect.

Jaunting-cars there were too, whose numerous fastenings of rope and cordage, looked as though they were taken to pieces every night and put together in the morning; while the horse, a care-worn and misanthropic-looking beast, would turn his head sideways over the shaft, to give a glance of compassionating scorn at the follies and vanities of a world he was sick of. Not so the driver: equally low in condition, and fully as ragged in coat, the droll spirit that made his birthright, was, with him, a lamp that neither poverty nor penury could quench. Ever ready with his joke, never backward with his repartee, prepared to comfort you by assurances of the strength of his car and the goodness of his horse, while his own laughing look gave the lie to his very words, he would persuade you that with him alone there was safety, while it was a risk of life and limb to travel with his rivals.

These formed the ordinary *dramatis personæ*, while every now and then some flashy equipage, with armorial bearings and showy liveries, would scatter the crowd right and left, set the led horses lashing among the bystanders, and even break up the decorous conviviality of a dinner-party gracefully disposed upon the flags. Curricles, tandems, tilburies, and denets, were constantly arriving and departing. Members of Daly's, with their green coats and buff waistcoats, whiskered dragoons, and plumed aides-de-camp, were all mixed up together, while on the open balcony an indiscriminate herd of loungers telegraphed the conversation from the drawing-room to the street, and thus all the *bons mots*, all the jests, all the witticisms that went forward within doors, found also a laughing auditory without; for it is a remarkable feature of this singular country, that there is no turn of expression whose raillery is too delicate, no repartee whose keenness is too fine, for the appreciation of the poorest and meanest creature that walks the street. Poor Paddy, if the more substantial favours of fortune be not your lot, nature has linked you by a strong sympathy with tastes, habits, and usages which, by some singular intuition, you seem thoroughly to comprehend. One cannot dwell long among them without feeling this, and witnessing how generally, how almost universally, poverty of condition and wealth of intellect go hand in hand together; and, as it is only over the bleak and barren surface of some fern-clad heath, the wild fire flashes through the gloom of night, so it would seem, the more brilliant fire-work of fancy would need a soil of poverty and privation to produce it.

But, at length, to come back, the Rooneys now were installed as the great people of the capital; many of the *ancien régime*, who held out sturdily before, and who looked upon the worthy attorney in the light of an usurper, now gave in their allegiance, and regarded him as the true monarch: what his great prototype effected by terror, he brought about by turtle; and, if Napoleon consolidated his empire and propped his throne by the bayonets of the grand army, so did Mr. Rooney establish his claims to power by the more satisfactory argu-

ments—which, appealing, not only to the head, but to the stomach, convince while they conciliate. You might criticise his courtesy, but you could not condemn his claret. You might dislike his manners, but you could not deny yourself his mutton. Besides, after all, matters took pretty much the same turn in Paris as in Dublin: public opinion ran strong in both cases: the mass of the world consists of those who receive benefits, and he who confers them deserves to be respected. We certainly thought so; and among those of darker hue who frequented Mr. Rooney's table, three red coats might daily be seen, whose unchanged places, added to their indescribable air of at-homishness, bespoke them as the friends of the family.

O'Grady, at Mrs. Rooney's right hand, did the honours of the soup. Lord Dudley, at the other end of the table, supported Mr. Rooney, while to my lot Miss Bellew fell; but, as our places at table never changed, there was nothing marked in my thus every day finding myself beside her, and resuming my place on our return to the drawing-room. To me, I confess, she formed the great attraction of the house: less imbued than my friend O'Grady with the spirit of fun, I could not have gone on from day to day to amuse myself with the eccentricities of the Rooneys, while I could not, on the other hand, have followed Lord Dudley's lead, and continued to receive the hospitalities of a house, while I sneered at the pretensions of its owner.

Under any circumstances, Louisa Bellew might be considered a very charming person; but, contrasted with those by whom she was surrounded, her attractions were very great: indeed, her youth, her light-heartedness, and the buoyancy of her spirit, concealed to a great degree the sorrow it cost her to be associated with her present hosts; for, although they were kind to her, and she felt and acknowledged their kindness, yet the humiliating sense of a position which exposed her to the insolent familiarity of the idle, the dissipated, or the underbred visitors of the house, gradually impressed itself upon her manner, and tempered her mild and graceful nature with a certain air of *hauteur* and distance. A circumstance, slight in itself, but sufficiently indicative of this, took

place some weeks after what I have mentioned. Lord Dudley de Vere, who, from his rank and condition, was looked upon as a kind of privileged person in the Rooney family, sitting rather later than usual after dinner, and having drank a great deal of wine, offered a wager that, on his appearance in the drawing-room, not only would he propose for, but be accepted by, any unmarried lady in the room. The puppyism and coxcombery of such a wager might have been pardoned, were it not that the character of the individual, when sober, was in perfect accordance with this drunken boast. The bet, which was for three hundred guineas, was at once taken up, and one of the party running hastily up to the drawing-room, obtained the names of the ladies there, which, being written on slips of paper, were thrown into a hat, thus leaving chance to decide upon whom the happy lot was to fall.

"Mark ye, Upton," cried Lord Dudley, as he prepared to draw forth his prize—"mark ye, I didn't say I'd marry her."

"No, no," resounded from different parts of the room; "we understand you perfectly."

"My bet," continued he, "is this—I have booked it." With these words he opened a small memorandum-book and read forth the following paragraph:—"Three hundred with Upton that I don't ask and be accepted by any girl in Paul's drawing-room this evening, after tea. The choice to be decided by lottery. Isn't that it?"

"Yes, yes, quite right, perfectly correct," said several persons round the table. "Come, my lord, here is the hat."

"Shake them up well, Upton."

"So here goes," said De Vere, as affectedly tucking up the sleeve of his coat, he inserted two fingers and drew forth a small piece of paper carefully folded in two. "I say, gentlemen, this is your affair; it don't concern me." With these words he threw it carelessly on the table, and resuming his seat, leisurely filled his glass, and sipped his wine.

"Come read it, Blake; read it up; who is she?"

"Gently, lads, gently; patience for one moment. How are we to know if the wager be lost or won? Is the lady herself to declare it?"

"Why if you like it ; it is perfectly the same to me."

"Well then," rejoined Blake, "it is—Miss Bellew."

No sooner was the name read aloud, than, instead of the roar of laughter which it was expected would follow the announcement, a kind of awkward and constrained silence settled on the party. Mr. Rooney himself—who felt shocked beyond measure at this result, had been so long habituated to regard himself as nothing at the head of his own table, accepting, not dictating, its laws—would, had he dared, have at once interfered to stay any further proceedings. Many of those, too, around the table, who knew Sir Simon Bellew, and felt how unsuitable and inadmissible such a jest as this would be, if practised upon *his* daughter, whispered among themselves a hope, that the wager would be abandoned, and never thought of more by either party.

"Yes, yes," said Upton, who was an officer in a dragoon regiment, and although of a high family, and well connected, was yet very limited in his means. "Yes, yes, I quite agree. This foolery might be very good fun with some young ladies we know, but with Miss Bellew the circumstances are quite different ; and, for *my* part, I withdraw from the bet."

"Eh—aw ! Pass down the claret if you please. You withdraw from the bet, then : that means you pay me three hundred guineas ; for d—n me, if I do ! No, no ; I am not so young as that. I haven't lost fifteen thousand on the Derby without gaining some little insight into these matters—every bet is a p.p., if not stated to be the reverse. I leave it to any gentleman in the room."

"Come, come, De Vere," said one, "listen to reason, my boy !"

"Yes, Dudley," cried another, "only think over the thing. You must see——"

"I only wish to see a check for three hundred. 'And I'll not be done.'"

"Sir !" said Upton, springing from his chair, as the blood mounted to his face and temples, "did you mean that expression to apply to me ?"

"Sit down, Mr. Upton, for the love of heaven ! Sit down ; do, sir ; his lordship never meant it at all. See, now, I'll pay the money myself. Give me a pen and ink. I'll give you a

check on the bank this minute. What the devil signifies a trifle like that !" stammered out poor Paul, as he wiped his forehead with his napkin, and looked the very picture of terror. "Yes, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, we agree to pay the whole costs of this suit."

A perfect roar of laughter interrupted the worthy attorney, and as it ran from one end of the table to the other, seemed to promise no happier issue to this unpleasant discussion.

"There now," said honest Paul, "the Lord be praised, it is all settled ! so let us have another cooper up, and then we'll join the ladies."

"Then I understand it thus," said Lord Dudley ; "you pay the money for Mr. Upton, and I may erase the bet from my book."

"No, sir !" cried Upton, passionately. "I pay my own wagers—and if you still insist——"

"No, no, no," cried several voices ; while, at the same time, to put an end at once to any further dispute, the party suddenly rose to repair to the drawing-room.

On passing through the hall, chance, or perhaps design, on Lord Dudley's part, brought him beside Upton. "I wish you to understand, once more," said he, in a low whisper, "that I consider this bet to hold."

"Be it so," was the brief reply, and they separated.

O'Grady and myself having dined that day in the country, only arrived in the Rooneys' drawing-room as the dinner party was entering it. Contrary to their wont, there was less of loud talking, less of uproarious and boisterous mirth, as they came up the stairs, than usual. O'Grady remarked this to me afterwards. At the time, however, I paid but little attention to it. The fact was, my thoughts were principally running in another channel. Certain inuendoes of Lord Dudley de Vere, certain broad hints he had ventured upon even before Mrs. Rooney, had left upon my mind a kind of vague, undecided impression that, somehow or other, I was regarded as their dupe. Miss Bellew's manner was certainly more cordial, more kind to me than to any of the others who visited the house. The Rooneys themselves omitted nothing to humour my caprices, and indulge my fancies ; affording me,

at all times, opportunities of being alone with Louisa; joining in her walks, and accompanying her on horseback. Could there be any thing in all this? Was this the quarter in which the mine was to explode? This painful doubt hanging upon my mind, I entered the drawing-room.

The drawing-room of 42, Stephen's Green, had often afforded me an amusing study. Its strange confusion of ranks and classes; its *mélange* of lordly loungers and city beauties; the discordant tone of conversation, where each person discussed the very thing he knew least of; the blooming daughters of a lady mayoress talking "fashion and the musical glasses;" while the witless scion of a noble house was endeavouring to pass himself as a sayer of good things. These now, however, afforded me neither interest nor pleasure: bent solely upon one thought, eager alone to ascertain how far Louisa Bellew's manner toward me was the fruit of artifice, or the offspring of an artless and unsuspecting mind, I left O'Grady to entertain a whole circle of turbaned ladies, while I directed my course towards the little boudoir where Louisa usually sat.

In a house where laxity of etiquette and a freedom of manner prevailed to the extent I have mentioned, Miss Bellew's more cautious and reserved demeanour was any thing but popular; and, as there was no lack of beauty, men found it more suitable to their lounging and indolent habits, to engage those in conversation who were less "*exigeante*" in their demands for amusement, and were equally merry themselves, as mercifully disposed when the mirth became not only easy but free.

Miss Bellew, therefore, was permitted to indulge many of her tastes unmolested; and, as one of these was, to work at embroidery in the small room in question, few persons intruded themselves upon her; and even they but for a short time, as if merely paying their required homage to a member of the family.

As I approached the door of the boudoir, my surprise was not a little to hear Lord Dudley de Vere's voice, the tones of which, though evidently subdued by design, had a clear distinctness that made them perfectly audible where I stood.

VOL. XIX.—No. 112.

"Eh! you can't mean it though. 'Pon, my soul, it is too bad!—You know I shall lose my money if you persist."

"I trust Lord Dudley de Vere is too much of a gentleman to make my unprotected position in this house the subject of an insolent wager. I'm sure nothing in my manner could ever have given encouragement to such a liberty."

"There, now; I knew you didn't understand it. The whole thing was a chance; the odds were at least eighteen to one against you: ha, ha! I mean in your favour. Devilish good mistake that of mine. They were all shaken up in a hat. You see there was no collusion—could be none."

"My lord, this impertinence becomes past enduring; and if you persist——"

"Well, then, why not enter into the joke? It'll be a devilish expensive one to me if you don't; that I promise you. What a confounded fool I was not to draw out when Upton wished it! D—n it! I ought to have known there is no trusting to a woman." As he said this, he walked twice or thrice hurriedly to and fro, muttering as he went, with ill-suppressed passion, "laughed at, d—n me! that I shall be, all over the kingdom. To lose the money is bad enough; but the ridicule of the thing, that's the devil! Stay, Miss Bellew, stop one minute: I have another proposition to make. Begad, I see nothing else for it. This, you know, was all a humbug; mere joke, nothing more. Now, I can't stand the way I shall be quizzed about it at all. So, here goes! hang me, if I don't make the proposition in real earnest! There, now, say yes at once, and we'll see if I can't turn the laugh against them." There was a pause for an instant, and then Miss Bellew spoke. I would have given worlds to have seen her at that moment; but the tone of her voice, firm and unshaken, sank deep into my heart.

"My lord," said she, "this must now cease; but as your lordship is fond of a wager, I have one for your acceptance. The sum shall be your own choosing. Whatever it be, I stake it freely, that as I walk from this room, the first gentleman I meet—you like a chance, my lord, and you shall have one—will chastise you be—

fore the world for your unworthy, unmanly insult to a weak and unoffending girl." As she spoke, she sprang from the room, her eyes flashing with indignant fire, while her cheek, pale as death, and her heaving throat, attested how deep was her passion. As she turned the corner of the door, her eyes met mine. In an instant the truth flashed upon her mind. She knew I had overheard all that passed: she

gasped painfully for breath; her lips moved with scarce a sound; a violent trembling shook her from head to foot, and she fell fainting to the ground.

I followed her with my eyes as they bore her from the room; and then, without a thought for any thing around me, I hurriedly left the room, dashed down stairs, and hastened to my quarters in the Castle.

### THE LORD MAYOR'S "SHOW"

(OF HIMSELF.)

*'Observations on Corn Laws, Political Pravity, and Ingratitude; and on Clerical and Personal Slander; in the shape of a meek and modest reply to the Second Letter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Waterford, and Wexford, to Ambrose Lisle Phillips, Esq. By Daniel O'Connell, Lord Mayor of Dublin.'* 4vo. Machen, Dublin. 1842.

SUCH—deducting four lines of poetry—is the long-winded title of a recent publication by Mr. O'Connell, and the announcement of which caused some interest among the reading public, and a certain curiosity to witness how he who fulminates his thunders at the Corn Exchange, with all the aid of voice, look, and gesture, could hurl his lightnings, when reduced to the more humble medium of pen, ink, and paper. This feeling of curiosity was the stronger, inasmuch as his literary labours have been few—generally devoted to some mere passing topic, and usually consigned to the form of a newspaper letter. Here, however, he has committed a book—a goodly volume of a hundred and eighty pages—carefully and maturely considered, coned over, and corrected, and sent forth into the world with all the prestige of his name, and all the authority of his office.

*"Si sic omnia dixisset"* was the exclamation of the Roman satirist, in allusion to Cicero's memorable and most miserable failure as a poet; and without by any means, suffering my nationality to blind me so far as to institute a comparison between that great man and the Lord Mayor of Dublin, I could not but re-echo the sentiment, as I took up the volume in which his literary fame lies embalmed.

Poor in thought—poorer still in expression—argumentative without logic, and vituperative without point, it bears but one impress throughout, that of furious, unrestrained passion, unrelieved by one spark of genius—by even one passing gleam of manly vigour and ability.

My first impression on hearing of Mr. O'Connell's intended attack, was one of unmixed pity and compassion for poor Lord Shrewsbury, on whose devoted head such an outpouring of wrath was about to descend; and I could not help travestying Churchill's lines, and exclaiming to myself—

"Inhuman Daniel, is it not a shame  
To hurt a lord so harmless and so tame."

Why break the butterfly—leave him to himself and his flutterings—it is not only a cruel, but a gratuitous office, to destroy such as he; and in this merciful sentiment doubtless, the Lord Mayor himself had concurred with me, had the unlucky earl limited his strictures to the threadbare topics of corn and Catholics—the priests and the union. Unhappily, however, he could not avoid a passing thrust at the "tribute"—the great O'Connell "rent"—and from that moment his doom was sealed. I remember once seeing Soult most tremendously assailed in the



French Chamber, on some question of his policy. The debate was long and stormy—epithets of no measured politeness were exchanged on either side, but the most remarkable feature of the whole proceeding, was the calm, and dignified attitude, maintained by the old marshal, while the storm of attack raged around him. Suddenly, however, it occurred to Thiers to hint at a reduction of the duke's pension, as a means of supplying some national deficit. The old man sprung to his legs at once—fire flashed from his dark and deep-set eyes—his cheek burned with passion—and in a voice guttural from excess of emotion, he burst forth—"*Mes appointments on les arrachera, que, avec ma vie ;*" and really at that moment, absurd as it may seem, he was truly eloquent. Now, whether Mr. O'Connell, like the Duke de Dalmatie, could only be roused by such an appeal as this, I know not ; but certain it is, the sole portion of his book that rises above coarse invective or miserable bombast, is the defence of himself on the score of his income ; here he really seems in earnest, and for the sake of these few pages I am convinced, the entire pamphlet was originally written.

The book opens with an indignant expostulation with Lord Shrewsbury, on the subject of the corn laws, and something more than fifty pages are filled by a *rechauffé* of the last half-year's articles of the radical press, about cheap bread, free trade, lords in fine linen, and the rest of it. To adduce the speech of Sir Robert Peel as answering the miserable puerilities here brought forward, would be to reply to a pop-gun by a brigade of artillery. In truth, the one single fact that wages and cheap food will bear a relative proportion, is all-sufficient to reply to Mr. O'Connell's statements. Having, however, rung the changes on the poor man's loaf for five pence, &c. he comes down with a sweeping measure of condemnation on the earl, for the avowal of his political faith.

"*I always was, and always shall be a Whig.*" writes Lord Shrewsbury ; "*by which I mean an advocate for the greatest possible degree of civil and religious liberty, and the greatest amount of religious toleration, CONSISTENT WITH THE INSTITUTIONS AND CONDITIONS OF THE COUNTRY.*"

"This," says Mr. O'Connell, "is a precious document—a document which the monster Nicholas, who, in one of his sanguinary freaks swept the streets of Warsaw, &c. &c., might sign, together with the Earl of Shrewsbury. There is no tyrant, no bigot, who may not cry, amen! to your lordship's creed. They are all ready to go every length for civil and religious liberty, provided *they* be allowed to qualify, and limit it, by what they deem the institutions, &c. of the country."

By all of which we are given to understand, that in Mr. O'Connell's desire for civil and religious liberty, he accounts as nothing the institutions of the land—it is sufficient for him that *he* deems the course advisable—the laws rendered sacred by the observance of centuries—the institutions that have stood the test of ages of approval, are to be as nought ; in fact, the very constitution he has sworn to defend, becomes light in the balance ; and with a conscience self-absolved, he finds himself at liberty to go any length, even as we have seen him voting away the property of that church he had taken a solemn oath to maintain in the possession of all its rights.

It is well, certainly, that we should know that he and his friends are not merely carried away in the tide of popular excitement, when advocating such measures as would sap the foundations of both throne and monarchy, but are steadily pursuing a pre-arranged, pre-conceived plan, in which, what *they* deem suitable for the furtherance of their views is paramount to the law of the land, and the constitution of the state ; and it is certainly candid on his part to tell us, that the extension of liberty he seeks for is of nought, so long as it does not undermine the state—that the spread of a religious toleration is of little avail, if the country be not shipwrecked with it—that all his political benefits are but poor and valueless, while the monarchy resists the shock, and the constitution, as by law established, falls not in fragments beneath it.

This is at least an honest avowal, and I doubt not, at the Corn Exchange, before a suitable audience, would be received with demonstrations of applause. But in a book, Mr. O'Connell—put forward in a volume, deliberately written, and to be read

with calm judgment—is it wise? is it prudent?

Having shown, with considerable clearness, how valueless is any political victory to himself and his party, while unaccompanied by some palpable evidence of its permanent injury to the state, he passes on to a contrasted picture of the present with the late administration; and this, doubtless, was destined by its author for the literary triumph of the book. I shall not stop to notice a foul-mouthed and scurrilous attack upon the greatest man of our nation and our age; for I feel how impossible it would be, that a calumny so gross could find a resting-place in any other pages than *his*. Nor shall I advert to the venom of his assault on Sir Robert Peel, whose withering sarcasm of last session he has never recovered from; but at once return to the more legitimate object of the volume—his contest with the Earl of Shrewsbury.

The noble earl, with the happy philosophy of the snake in the fable, who, when he found himself comfortably lodged, cared little for the inconvenience of his host, begins now to discover that the turbulent demeanour of the Irish priesthood is calculated to give a bad impression of Romanism in England. The storming party were admitted before the trenches—any little extravagances they committed were merely the fruits of undisciplined valour; but now the victory accomplished, he sees no reason why they should not go home, without waiting to pillage. "You alienate the minds of the English from catholicity," sayeth my lord. What think ye of this, ye gentlemen of Marlborough-street chapel—ye priests of Carlow—ye men of election contests and political struggles? And thou Great Lion of the fold of Judah, Father MacHale himself, how like ye this reproach? Poor Father Tom! small suspicion had you, when preaching in Westland-row chapel, with ten pounds and "half the house" for your benefit, the estimation you were held in by your friends in England.

This was bold ground even for a Talbot; but his lordship seems to have screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and resolved to stop at nothing, and he even goes the length of an allusion to the "rent." His words are—"Had not people long surmised,

that a continuance of agitation in Ireland is much more likely to augment the *rent* than to benefit the country." Truly, my lord, I am afraid they had; I grievously suspect that a number of simple-minded, good, plain-dealing folk, who knew that with peace and prosperity to Ireland, Mr. O'Connell's occupation was gone, began to believe that a paid agitator was about one of the dearest luxuries a poor country could afford itself. Mr. O'Connell, however, will not suffer "his claim to the rent to be misunderstood," and he gravely informs us, that for the public service, and his country's good, he has surrendered eight thousand pounds per annum, the income of his profession as a barrister, for the far more considerable income he realises as disturber of the public peace. He forgets, while enumerating his many and great sacrifices as a patriot, to enumerate the advantages—to him inconceivable—of his prominent position and mob popularity; he omits all consideration of the influence wielded by him, (and unattainable, if not supported for its exercise,) over the late unhappy government, with an unbounded patronage at his disposal, and the high offices of the law so available, that he himself, the dreaded and detested of the Whig party, was actually offered the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, by "the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw"—the Marquis of Normanby. Alas! poor Ireland—if this were indeed true, your lot might well be deplored. But I dreamed again, says Mr. O'Connell—was it a dream?—and I refused the offer. To which we can only reply, in Irish *parlance*, that if it were a dream, "*his dream was out*," and a most substantial verification has he received of his sleeping imaginings, in the yearly stipend paid him.

Mathews used to represent an Irishman who, being arraigned before justice for some misdemeanour, cunningly turns a deaf ear to his own delinquencies and carries the war into the enemy's camp, by a long story of an old debt due by the plaintiff, and in which he hopes his worship will see him righted, and order him "the price of the mare." Mr. O'Connell, who possesses no inconsiderable share of the low craft of his country, gives us a capital specimen here of similar adroitness, and takes the opportunity

of swelling the amount of his next contribution by a slight enumeration of his deserts:—

"What taunts, what reproaches, what calumnies, have I not sustained! what modes of abuse! what vituperation, what slander have been exhausted against me! What vials of bitterness have been poured on my head! What coarseness of language has not been used, abused, and worn out in assailing me! what derogatory appellation has been spared me? What treasures of malevolence have been expended? what follies have not been imputed? in fact—what crimes have I not been charged with?"

To all of which the natural answer is, that to a reputation so beggared, to a character so breached, money can be the only compensation—mob-estimation and pounds sterling are the only recompense to one upon whom rank, title, or high office would be most unseemly honours. Mr. O'Connell has, therefore, judged wisely, he has accepted the reward that suits him; and the only fault that can be found with his decision is, that when accepting the pay he expects the honours of a patriot!

Mr. O'Connell draws a picture of the destitution of the country,—of the disease and famine that desolate the land—and he points to the diminution in the population as the result of the cruelty of the landlord, and the ungenial rule of the government.

The causes of the miseries of the Irish people, the sources of want in a land proverbially fertile, and with a climate confessedly mild, have puzzled the wisest and most thinking heads that have been engaged in the consideration of the subject. Without, therefore, entering at large into a discussion, for which this is no fitting place, I would simply ask, how many of the evils—how many of the most afflicting and heart-rending woes of the country are not attributable to Mr. O'Connell himself, and to the party of which he is the head?—to what an extent of crime, to what an amount of lawless violence have not the people been carried by the rebellious instigations of hired demagogues, and the more noxious, but more secret suggestions of a bigoted priesthood? How have the ties between landlord and tenant been

severed—the mutual spirit of protection and dependance, cemented by long affection been riven asunder—how has wild vengeance usurped the place of law—how has distrust succeeded confidence, and deep-rooted faith given way to brooding doubt, or ill-omened desperation—how have industry been blighted, and enterprise palsied—at whose instigation, and by whom, has English wealth and English capital been banished from the land, and a price set upon the head of him who would seek to introduce among our peasantry, the civilization and the comforts of a happier country?—I fearlessly answer, by you, Daniel O'Connell, by you, and by those with whom you act—by the Catholic priesthood, at once your tyrant and your slave, the director of your measures and the minister to your desires—by you and them the poor man has been brought to think that the misfortunes, and calamities arising from various and discrepant sources, flow but from one cause—a Protestant church and an English government;—that the landlord must of necessity be his oppressor, that the law must ever be his enemy; by doctrines such as these, the catalogue of crime has gone on increasing, till the amount of murders in our land reached two *per diem*!

But I gladly turn from so sad a subject, and follow Mr. O'Connell into a discussion in which for some pages he engages. After a rather lengthened dissertation, to show how Catholicity, as he terms it, has always been the friend of enlightened and liberal institutions, he informs us that "Protestantism has in itself something so foreign from stability or security, that it must necessarily be intolerant of dissent." Now here is something tangible—something like a summing up of opinion, well worthy of a few moments' consideration. Nothing is more trite, nothing more stale, and at the same time nothing more easy of refutation, than the oft-repeated attack against the reformed faith, for the discrepancy of opinion observant among many of those who have embraced the leading doctrines of the Protestant church.

The religion of the Bible—and such Protestantism essentially is—must ever be open to dissent, for the very reason that private judgment will always be liable to be tinged by the character of the

individual. Popery, on the other hand, recognises neither the right to read nor interpret the Scriptures, but by a code of penance, penalty, and even excommunication, holds the hearts and minds of men in absolute thralldom. The terrors of the church are no light infliction, and he who in his stout heart might bear up against the menace of his priest, would quail before the loss of family, the defection of friends, the surrender of place and position in society, and the branded imputation of a heresy.

So long as the mere observances of religion are sufficient, nothing is more simple—nothing more practicable than uniformity. You can lay down a code for well-worship, and for saint-worship, for fasting, and for meritorious performances; you may fill every hour of the twenty-four, by its separate call of duty, and you may so far influence the minds of men by superstitious terror, by all the powerful accessories of popish belief, and not least of all, by habit—that they will deem these idle and unmeaning forms, the very essence of religion. But once appeal to their minds and their understandings, and what becomes of the boasted uniformity! The leading principles of the Reformation—its saving faith based upon the atonement, is professed by millions of believing Christians, who, while they repudiate the errors of Rome, do not style themselves Churchmen.

The uniformity of the Romish church is the result of submission, not conviction, and is opposed not only to the very word of God, but the law of external nature. The face of the habitable globe attests that infinite, unbounded variety is the character of God's works. The very blades of grass that point their slender stems to Him who made them, are not two alike. The field-flowers, the streams that ripple past, have all their separate features of identity, and why not man, the most perfect of created things, made after his own image? The sun that gilds the earth, diffusing his genial light, is viewed by millions, who feel its blessings each, after the dictates of his heart—to the Bible comes home to us, with its hopes and consolations, attuned to the circumstances of our state, and understood—not warped by the interpretation of councils, nor perverted by popes.

Not content, however, with adducing a trite and a worn-out slander, Mr. O'Connell ventures upon a new and certainly a somewhat singular assertion: that Catholicity is the friend, and Protestantism the enemy, of liberal government. Without referring to the changing phases of our country—while its destinies have been under the rule of monarchs professing the one or the other belief, without adducing the instances of those reigns in which our national prosperity was at its height or in its decline—let us turn a glance at the map of Europe, and as our eye ranges from priest-ridden Spain and Portugal, to France, the cradle of every revolutionary doctrine, let us ask what security to life, and protection to property, does Romanism afford? Look at Austria, the only Roman Catholic country where democratic violence has not overthrown the institutions of the land, and learn the reason from Mr. O'Connell himself—because *there*, Romanism is powerless—

“In the Austrian dominions the clergy and the corporals are appointed after the same fashion, and bound alike to the state by the same implicit submission.”

And again—

“The Catholic church is *there* in perfect thralldom.”

Contrast these countries with Protestant Prussia, Saxony, and Holland. Look at the state of Switzerland, where as in Ireland, the same people may be found living under the influences of the opposing churches—and say on which side lies morality, intelligence, progressive enlightenment, and advancing civilization.

Hear the eloquent Dr. Chalmers on this very subject:—

“THE POLITICAL SUPERIORITY OF PROTESTANTISM OVER POPERY.—I will not speak of the contrast which strikes the eye of every traveller between the Catholic and Protestant Cantons of Switzerland. I will not speak of the moral and industrious population of the United Provinces, or tell of their immeasurable superiority in virtue and freedom and all that makes the superiority or well-being of a nation, over the wretched state of Spain, that land

at once of superstition and despotism—the land of their proud oppressors against whom they nobly revolted, and as nobly triumphed. The lesson may be learned by us nearer home. Literally he who runs may read it in Ireland; and that on a cursory glance, and in the course of a few days' rapid travelling. It is patent as the light of day, that the same geography which marks off the distinction between the two faiths, also marks off the distinction between, on the one hand, a land of industry and peace, with a population of thriving families; and on the other, a land teeming with political disorders—a land of mendicancy and midnight tumults; where violence is abroad in their streets and highways; and at home in their wretched hovels, there are found, and almost invariably, the filth and the squalid destitution of perhaps the worst-conditioned peasantry in Europe. Let us have but the names of the popish and Protestant countries, and we could learn from the map which is the region of grievous and general distress, of unequalled turbulence, and incessant agitation; and which the region of prosperous industry, of peaceful and orderly habits, and of decent respectable sufficiency, even down to the lowest labourers of the soil. The truth is open to us through many channels, and by various statistics, as the amount of crime and number of commitments in the province of Ulster when compared with the rest of Ireland—the proportion of military required in these two great departments, to protect from outrage, and maintain the authority of government—the vagrancy that meets us every where in the one territory, and is comparatively rare in the other. These all speak for themselves; and if our statesmen are afraid of the theological question, we ask them to take it up as a question of policy, and tell us in the name of all that is dear to Protestantism, whether it were better to have a nation of papists or a nation of Protestants in that unhappy land."

Look at popery in the very country of his choice—the country he is so fond of alluding to—and of which he is so entirely ignorant, Belgium:—"In that eminently Catholic country," says Mr. O'Connell, "the pure democratic principle of representation is successfully worked out to almost its fullest extent." Now, what is the truth? The Catholic party, the "*parti prêtre*" are the direct, the avowed, the open enemies of the Liberal party. Taking the benefits—such as they are—of a revolution for

which they risked nothing, they have usurped the entire power of the government; and the Cardinal de Malines is the king of the country.

The virtuous De Thieux, so Mr. O'Connell spells his name—and not De Theux, as it should be—the mere minion of the priest party, was a fourth-rate lawyer, selected for his position as minister from the intolerance of his bigotry, and the utter helplessness of his capacity. The liberal feeling towards Protestantism may be estimated by the fact, that *but a single Protestant has a seat in the chamber*; and he dares not to speak on the subject of a religion, the profession of which, by the king himself, renders him an object of suspicion.

As for the pure working of the representative system, it deserves all Mr. O'Connell's eulogy: it is the very thing he advocates in Ireland, and by which he returns the members of his tail: it is the open undisguised exercise of priestly terror over the minds of a poor, unlettered, and ignorant people.

But his ignorance of every thing regarding a foreign country is most remarkable: the punishment of death has *not* been abolished in Belgium; the sentence still remains in the statute book, and has been enforced within these few years.

"Whether the Belgian revolution has done more of good or evil," is a question that cannot be argued here; nor is Mr. O'Connell, in his present ignorance, the person with whom to discuss it. Whatever benefits may have resulted from that uncalled-for rebellion, have been most signally counteracted by the growing influence of popery; and the very persons who complained of the Dutch rule, are now loudest in their deprecation of Roman Catholic tyranny, and priestly insolence.

Lastly, we come to Repeal,—“the refrain of all his song”—the burden of that air to which the rent is collected, and to which, as “money in both pockets,” his lordship, doubtless, can dance right pleasantly.

He offers us little new upon this, his favourite theme, but dilates upon the inestimable benefits of restoring a domestic legislature, which he gravely informs us a few lines before, was, when we had it, “the most corrupt and



debased assemblage that ever existed." Dr. Pangloss is a good man, for he knows what wickedness is: and so of the Irish parliament, its virtues can never be overrated, nor the advantages over valued, of once more enjoying a rule, that convulsed the country with faction, and drove it into all the horrors of rebellion.

"The Union was discussed," sayeth Mr. O'Connell, "at a time when the *habeas corpus* act was suspended: when trials by court martial were carrying on through the kingdom, and the land distracted by internal dissensions," without for a moment attempting to justify the means by which that act was consummated; yet, the very facts he adduces, are abundant evidence how necessary, how imperative it had become. The Irish parliament, a renewal of whose atrocities Mr. O'Connell so ardently desires, was a most corrupt and debased body. A government did not exist in the country; the law was no longer capable of being administered; and all the severest, and last resources of the constitution were evoked, to protect the remaining vestiges of English connection.

Absenteeism is adduced by Mr. O'Connell as one of the most unhappy results of the Union. Would it not be well to inquire, whether some of that same tendency which Irishmen have to live out of their country, may not have its origin in the state of political ferment and party hatred so fostered by certain amiable patriots, who see their own elevation attainable, by banishing

from the land its wealth, its rank, and its intelligence. Ask nine-tenths of those you find wintering in Italy, and spending their summers in Switzerland or on the Rhine, the reason of their absence, and the answer will be given in the one emphatic word—"O'Connell."

This reply will not come alone from men of Conservative and Protestant principles, but equally so from Roman Catholics, men of fortune and position, who are either disgusted at the bondage of their slavish degradation—dragged along at the chariot wheels of an insolent demagogue—or who find themselves rendered objects of suspicion and distrust, for not embracing opinions repugnant to their taste, their inclination, and their honour.

But we have done. It was never our intention, when taking up this poor performance, to have bestowed more than some half-dozen lines upon it. We have only one wish concerning it, which is this: should there by any chance—and such may be—a stray copy survive the wreck of time, and be read hereafter—may some commentator also be found to tell posterity, that whatever influence the author wielded among his poor benighted countrymen, by calling to his aid the trickery of legal practice, or the bullying violence of a mob orator, yet that, as a writer, at least, he was accounted the most miserable scribe that ever traded on the paragraphs of a newspaper.

## MAXWELL'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON.\*

WE owe both Mr. Maxwell and our readers an apology, for having deferred until the present moment our notice of the very beautiful volumes, in which he has brought down the military biography of his Grace the Duke of Wellington to the memorable battle of Waterloo. But the subject is one of permanent interest, and the more it is viewed apart from the misleading influences of contemporary politics, the more we are likely to arrive at a judgment which will be ratified by posterity.

Already we look back upon the period when the illustrious duke commenced his military career, as one which is more related to the past than to the present, and which has undergone what may be called the canonization of history. We can now judge as calmly respecting the stirring events which took place towards the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, as of any other transaction in which we can feel no immediate interest; and the warrior, with four-and-seventy winters on his head, and who commanded the grandsires of the generation amongst whom he lives, has the rare satisfaction of finding that the triumphs of his youth and manhood, when passed in review before the impartial and scrutinizing eye of history, lose but little of the éclat with which they were acclaimed, when he was recognised by admiring contemporaries as the deliverer of Spain, or the conqueror of mighty kingdoms in India.

He was born in 1769—the same year that saw the birth of Napoleon Buonaparte—and was the fourth son of the Earl of Mornington, an Irish nobleman, of a very amiable and benevolent disposition, whose memory still survives as the founder of a loan fund, the principle and the management of which has been very deservedly

admired; and the composer of some pieces of music, which still retain their place in our favourite collections. We have recently looked upon a picture of this excellent nobleman, in the possession of John Finlay, Esq., and a more music-breathing face we have never seen, or one from which we should have been so little led to expect that, from such a sire, “the iron duke” should have descended.

From Eton, young Wellesley passed to Angiers, a military college in the department of the Maine and Loire, at that time under the direction of the celebrated engineer Pignerol; but he there gave no promise of the powers which he afterwards displayed; nor are there, as in the case of Napoleon, who was then also in his pupilage at Brienne, any records of his juvenile pursuits, which bear strong attestation to the predominance which the military passion had, even at that early period, obtained in his mind. This by no means negatives the presumption that that passion did indeed exist; it only proves that the temperament was wanting which would have given to it, thus early, an energetic manifestation. Napoleon was imaginative, and his ardent spirit never rested until the visions of battles and sieges which haunted him, were projected into the external realities of mimic war. Young Wellesley was, essentially, unimaginative; and while he was at no loss to justify his motives for choosing the profession of arms upon just and solid grounds, his common sense would have taught him to avoid singularity; and, while he was not neglectful of the lessons which would have impressed upon his mind the principles of the military art, there was no necessity of his nature which required that these should be set forth in any theatrical display; and, accordingly, those hours which

---

\* Life of Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K.G., K.C.B., G.C.H., &c. &c. By W. H. Maxwell, author of “*Stories of Waterloo*,” “*The Bivouac*,” &c. &c. In 3 vols. London: A. H. Baily and Co. 1839.

the burning young Corsican devoted to a fevered pursuit of anticipated renown, he expended in boyish frolic or amusement.

On the 7th of March, 1787, he obtained his first commission, being gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73rd regiment; and, in little more than five years after, having passed rapidly through successive stages of promotion in other regiments, he obtained a troop in the 18th light dragoons. This was in the October of 1792.

He had already been returned for the borough of Trim, to the Irish parliament, and took his seat on the government benches, where, young as he was, he was not content to be a silent member. It was then the first decided impression was made upon the penal code, by which the Roman Catholics considered themselves aggrieved, and young Wellesley was amongst the foremost of those by whom the forty-shilling freeholders were enfranchised. That such a measure in itself alone was unwise, experience has too fully proved. But the soldier boy, by whom it was introduced, was no more responsible for it than the staff sergeant in the field is for the orders of the chief commander.

Captain Wellesley was now upon the lord lieutenant's staff; and the Irish court, at that period under the administration of Lord Westmoreland, was remarkable alike, Mr. Maxwell observes, "for its hospitality, its magnificence, and its dissipation." It is not surprising that, under such circumstances, young Wellesley should have felt his temptations greater than his strength, and been drawn into expenses for which his slender income was inadequate. The consequence was, debt and embarrassment, from which he was relieved by the prompt attention of a shoemaker, named Dixon, upon Ormond-quay, in whose house he lodged; a service which he never forgot, and which was amply repaid, at an after period, by his generous and persevering attention to the family of his benefactor, for whom, as for his son also, his influence with government procured lucrative and honourable civil appointments.

Meanwhile, his own professional advancement was steadily progressive. In the April of 1793, he was gazetted

major of the 33rd regiment, and, in the following September, to the lieutenant-colonelcy, in the room of Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke, who retired.

It cannot be doubted that to the aristocratic influence at that time predominant in the country, this young man was indebted for his rapid advancement—an advancement, no doubt, viewed with not a little jealousy by veterans, over whose heads he was passed, and who, if merits and services were alone to be taken into account, without any disparagement to him, might well be considered his superiors. But the government was in the hands of an oligarchy, who looked upon all places of honour or emolument as their own exclusive right, and who could, at any moment, cause rare embarrassment to the minister of the day, if their claims for parliamentary services were disregarded. This is the unfavourable aspect of the question, and one which was well calculated to beget popular discontent and public odium. But, viewed under another light, it would, we believe, be found that the system worked well for the interests of the army. The blood of the country was thus enabled to mount to its proper place. The army was officered by the *elite* of society, who carried with them the prestige of birth, and whose habits and whose sentiments were congenial with the spirit of a profession, whose essence is chivalry and honour. These were no small advantages, by which the aristocratic system of our military promotions was attended, and by which, upon the whole, we have very little doubt that a more than sufficient compensation was made for what might appear to be its partiality and its injustice.

There is, at present, much said and much written respecting the necessity for testing military promotions, by the criterion of professional merit, to be ascertained by proficiency in those studies which are indispensable in the education of the accomplished soldier. Doubtless, such considerations are well worthy of attention, and we have very little doubt that, by the present secretary at war, their due value will be assigned them. But it would be the merest pedantry to maintain, that a reform, such as is contemplated, might not be attended by an injury to

the spirit of the service, by which our military superiority would be seriously endangered. Bookish, and pen-and-ink men, are not always of the stuff by which dashing enterprises are achieved; and no amount of scientific attainment can compensate for any lack of that high-mettled courage which leads confiding men to victory. The instances, we believe, are not a few, in which a hesitating column has been determined in its movements by the gallant fellow at their head, and whose training had been more at the steeple-chase than at the desk; nor are there, even in our own service, wanting, cases which demonstrated but too forcibly that even a very slight deficiency in promptitude and vigour could be compensated by no amount of professional plausibility, or scientific attainment. Let the reader acquaint himself with the conduct of Sir John Murray, at the passage of the Douro, and at the siege of Tarragona, and he will be able to form for himself a tolerably correct notion upon the subject—especially, when he considers, that had Sir John been examined by professors in the art of war, in competition with Picton, Crawford, Hardinge, and a score of others of the same stamp, he would, in all probability, have been pronounced vastly their superior. No, an army is a Briareus, in which there is one head and one hundred arms; and any attempt to increase the intelligence of the latter, at the expense of impairing their vigour, should be eschewed as a perilous innovation. And such a change for the worse would, undoubtedly, appear to us to be involved in that sweeping condemnation of the purchase system, in our service, which is in vogue with certain classes of military reformers. We will not say that their plan would plebeianize the army. That, undoubtedly, it would not do. But it would alter the character of the service, by making military promotion depend predominantly upon civil qualifications. We are very desirous that such qualifications should exist; but we do not desire to purchase them at the expense of others, by which alone they could be turned to advantage; nor do we feel any disposition to entrust the remodelling of our gallant force to men, whose very first mea-

sure would be to turn aside that current of high blood, which has hitherto constituted one of its proudest distinctions, and to substitute for it a regulated amount of tame acquisition, which could never supply the place of impetuous daring, or valorous determination, in the crisis of battle, or in the exigencies of war.

The first active service of Colonel Wellesley was under the command of Lord Moira, who took out with him a reinforcement to the late Duke of York, during his unfortunate and disastrous campaign in the Low Countries. He found the army of his Royal Highness in full retreat before their republican enemies, and, for a moment, enabled him to assume the offensive; but it was only for a moment, as the enemy, accumulating in force, compelled a recourse to retrograde movements; when Lord Moira, feeling his own presence no longer necessary, and the campaign virtually decided, resigned his command, and returned to England; the regiments which had formed his separate corps having been drafted into the different brigades, and incorporated with the army of the Netherlands.

The retreat continued. On one occasion Colonel Wellesley's presence of mind, and promptitude of determination, served to avert a heavy disaster from the army. The republicans were pouring in an overwhelming force upon our troops, whose retreat, as the road narrowed, began to assume all the appearance of a rout; the light cavalry being mixed up with a household battalion, and the whole thrown into the most extreme confusion. The French perceiving their advantage, were about immediately to avail themselves of it; but before they could pour in their destructive charge, Colonel Wellesley, who perceived the disorder, and was alive to its consequences, instantly deployed his regiment, the thirty-third, into line, in rear of the household troops. The centre ranks were opened to the admission of the disordered cavalry, and closed as soon as they had passed, presenting a bristling front to the enemy, who were thus effectually held in check. Onward, however, they came—nothing daunted—the thirty-third reserving their fire until the enemy were in the act to charge. Then the order was

given; and a close and well-directed volley told with murderous effect upon their densely crowded columns, and being followed by a rapid fusillade, made them feel that any farther movement in advance was just then inexpedient. The consequence was, that the English were enabled to continue their retreat with scarcely a show of molestation.

At the termination of the retreat, the Duke of York was recalled, and was succeeded by Count Walmoden, who resolved immediately to act upon the offensive. His efforts were at first attended with some success, but ultimately terminated in loss and disaster, and they are only alluded to here, because they gave occasion to a display of courage and of conduct on the part of Colonel Wellesley, which deserves to be noted. He was placed, with a wing of his regiment, a squadron of hussars, and two field-pieces, in an advanced position, without support on any side, and completely exposed to the attacks of the enemy. It had been the intention of General Walmoden to attack the enemy at day-break; but they did not wait for that, but on the evening before, became themselves the assailants, and that so vigorously, and in such force, as to oblige Colonel Wellesley to fall back upon the British lines, leaving the republicans in possession of his guns. Their success, however, was short-lived, as the opportune arrival of the remainder of his regiment soon enabled him "to charge into the village, repulse the enemy, and retake the cannon; and although pressed closely by the infantry, and threatened by the hussars, he succeeded, with trifling loss, in retiring upon the post of Geldermalsen, where, with the 42d and 78th Highlanders, the 33d maintained themselves, although efforts were repeatedly made by the republicans, with fresh troops, to carry the place. Night ended the contest. The French abandoned the attack, after sustaining a sanguinary repulse from a force in every arm their inferior.\*

Such was Colonel Wellesley's debut upon the theatre of war. This was the last service which he rendered during the brief and inglorious campaign, from which the English troops re-

turned, as our author well observes— "having lost every thing except their honour." But the affairs in which he was engaged, trifling as they were, showed the coolness, the promptitude, the perseverance, and the courage of the young soldier, to great advantage. The hardships which he endured, and the disasters which the army suffered, by no means damped his military ardour; and the government found him, at his return, ready, at the shortest notice, to transfer his services to any quarter of the world in which they might be required by the exigencies of his country.

He embarked in an expedition which had for its destination the West Indies, but being driven back by contrary winds before it could set sail, and time, the intentions of government had changed, and the East Indies became its object.

And never was there a moment when British influence in the East was nearer to its overthrow, and when it was so critically important that wisdom in council, and vigour in the field, should characterise the measures and the conduct of those in whom the confidence of government was reposed, for the extrication of British interests from embarrassments and difficulties such as had not been experienced since our troops first obtained a footing in India. When we tell the reader that Lord Mornington was appointed to the office of Governor General, shortly after his brother had arrived in that country at the head of his regiment—the latter having disembarked at Calcutta early in the February of 1797; and the former having taken his place at the council board on the 17th of the following May—he will recognise, doubtless, a combination of circumstances by which our prospects were highly favoured. This is not the place for enlarging upon the great capacity evinced by Lord Mornington for public affairs, and which he was now called to exercise upon a fitting theatre, which remains to the present hour the expression of his vigour and his ability; but it may be mentioned, that under no other chief Governor would Colonel Wellesley have been likely to obtain the same opportunities

\* Maxwell's Life of Wellington, vol. i. page 21.



of distinguished service as those which he was now soon to enjoy, and by which not only were the views of his employers most ably carried into effect, but the foundation of that great reputation was laid which afterwards caused him to be hailed as the deliverer of Europe!

At the period of which we write, Tippoo, the sultaun of Mysore, had succeeded in completing a confederacy, by means of which he fondly hoped to extirpate from the East those whom he had long regarded as its most hated invaders. In this, his darling object, he was not a little aided by the pacific system, which it had been our desire, and which it was thought to be our policy for some time to pursue, and the only result of which was, that it alienated our firmest Indian allies, who felt themselves abandoned to the machinations of their daring enemy, with whom it was soon found to be their interest to come upon terms, rather than continue unassisted in a contest which must only expose them to his vengeance. But it was not alone in India, but in Europe, that Tippoo found encouragement given to a project which aimed at British extermination. The French republic, one and indivisible, was at that time a portent and a prodigy amongst the states of Europe; and as its disclaimer of conquest was but the mask of its ambition, to be cast aside whenever any opportunity presented itself of gratifying its lust of dominion, they were not slow to avail themselves of overtures on the part of Tippoo, communicated through the governor of the Isle of France, in which an alliance, offensive and defensive, was proposed, an engagement undertaken to provide for the subsistence of any French troops which might be sent to his aid, and, as a further inducement to his European allies, it was added, that any conquest made by the common arms of the contracting parties should be equally divided between them. It was when the plot was thickening to which these intrigues and these negotiations had given rise, and when a moment of vacillation on the part of the British government would have precipitated its doom, and consigned the Indian continent to the domination of the most profligate nation on the face of the earth, that the two Wellesleys arrived to give a

new turn to affairs, by which they were enabled to defeat the force and to frustrate the councils of foreign and domestic enemies.

The character of the new governor-general soon began to be appreciated by the native princes; and the French contingent which had been introduced into the service of the Nizam had already made itself insupportably odious from its insolence and its exactions. It was, therefore, no difficult matter to re-establish here the British influence, as soon as ever a demonstration was made to put forth British power for their protection. But the great and the formidable enemy was the sultan of Mysore, and Lord Mornington felt, that until he was humbled there was no security for British power in India. Accordingly, by incredible exertions, an army was got into readiness for action, and put into motion against his capital. By the decision and the energy with which he was assailed in the heart of his own dominions, all the calculations of the tyrant were confounded. After two brief actions, in which he witnessed the discomfiture of his favourite troops, Seringapatam was besieged; and, notwithstanding the strength of its fortifications, and the various advantages for defence which it possessed, and which baffled the strategy of Lord Cornwallis in the last campaign, fell now before the persevering assaults of British valour.

By this great blow, not only was the most formidable enemy of the British greatness signally overthrown, but all his petty confederates, who had been brought and kept together chiefly by his influence, became convinced that the struggle in which they were engaged must be bootless, and were very easily accessible to the considerations which led them to entertain a preference for pacific and friendly relations with the power whose hostility they had provoked, and whose vengeance they had so much reason to dread. Of these dispositions the governor-general did not fail to avail himself; and British influence, which he had found upon his arrival at so low an ebb, again resumed its sway, and a state of depression and difficulty, during which, momentarily, the anxious mind was looking for some calamity which would have ended only in the destruction of the British force and the

extirpation of the British race, was succeeded by an extension and consolidation of empire, which only to think of before the late stirring events, would have been reputed as the dream of an insane ambition.

Colonel Wellesley, although present at the siege, was not engaged in the storming party by whom Seringapatam was taken. He was at that moment in command of the reserve, who viewed from a distance their gallant comrades as they mounted the difficult ascent, and overcame, successively, the various obstacles which they encountered. This gallant band was headed by General (afterwards Sir David) Baird, and nobly did that distinguished officer perform that arduous duty. But the reader may judge of his astonishment, and of the surprise of the whole army, when not he, but Colonel Wellesley, his junior by many years, was appointed to the command of the city; an act which reflects severe discredit upon General Harris, by whom it was performed; and the governor-general, Lord Mornington, by whom it was approved; but in no other respect is the appointment censurable, as Colonel Wellesley was found fully equal to all its difficult and embarrassing duties.

This act of favouritism, by which a meritorious officer was deprived of his due reward, was the more to be lamented, because, on a recent occasion, General Baird had evinced a singular generosity and delicacy in a matter that nearly concerned Colonel Wellesley's military honour. There was an advanced post of the sultaun's upon a rocky eminence near the walls, from which the British experienced much annoyance; and Colonel Wellesley, with a detachment of the 33d and a seapoy battalion, was ordered to take possession of it by a night attack. The attempt was boldly made; but owing to the darkness of the night, the intri-

cacy of the place, and the deadly fire with which the little assailing party were on all sides received, they were thrown into inextricable confusion, and with difficulty, and after considerable loss, escaped with their lives. On the next morning, General Harris drew out the troops for another attack, and offered the command to General Baird, but that gallant soldier suggested that Wellesley should have another trial; and, accordingly a Scotch brigade, and two battalions of seapoys were again put under his command, and the post was carried in gallant style. Were it not for the delicate consideration evinced by Baird, a cloud would have rested upon the young soldier from which he might not easily have emerged; and all men felt the indignity that was done to the gallant veteran, when, after such service as he had rendered, one so much his junior was preferred before him.\*

But, as we have already intimated, if the appointment was to be judged of solely by the fitness of the man to discharge the various duties which it involved, a better selection could scarcely have been made. Colonel Wellesley was indefatigable in restoring order amongst our own troops, and inspiring the natives with confidence in his clemency and protection. The city, under his government, rapidly lost all appearance of a captured town. The inhabitants, who had fled in dismay, returned to their dwellings; the bazaars were again opened for traffic; and the late scene of blood and of devastation was marked by all the bustle and enterprise of a most extensive commercial activity. Nor was the conduct of the governor-general less politic than that of his brother was judicious. The immense power which was now placed at the disposal of the Indian government was distributed with a judgment and a liberality which left nothing to be desired. The fa-

---

\* Mr. Maxwell expresses his disbelief in the above statement, but, as we think, without sufficient grounds. Mr. Alison, in the seventh volume of his "History of the French Revolution," page 128, observes, that "he is able to give it an entire confirmation, having repeatedly heard the anecdote from a most gallant officer, *who was present on the occasion*, and afterwards contributed, in no small degree, to the glories of Delhi and Laswaree—Colonel Gerard, afterwards adjutant-general of the Bengal army, then engaged in the siege, the author's lamented brother-in-law, to whose talents and virtues, durably recorded in the exploits of that band of heroes, he has a melancholy pleasure in bearing this public testimony."

mily of Tippoo were splendidly pensioned. The heir of the ancient Rajas of Mysore was reinstated in the possessions which had belonged to his family. The fidelity of the Nizam was rewarded, and the doubtful allegiance of the Peishwa was confirmed, by the offers of large grants of territory, taken from the conquests made by Tippoo and his father. Some shyness was, indeed, observed, on the part of both these native powers, in accepting the advantages thus placed at their disposal, and which for the present were declined. To the Company were reserved territories valuable both in themselves and because of their position; yielding, at the same time, a large revenue, and serving as a formidable check upon doubtful neighbours. They commanded the most important passes in the high table-land of Mysore, and encircled the possessions of the new Rajah, thus rendering him entirely dependent on the power which raised him from a cottage to a throne.

And these were but the beginnings of the mighty successes which now attended British arms in India. Most of the chiefs who had been in alliance with, or subjection to, the late sultaun, were but too happy to make their submission to the conquerors, when by so doing they could secure to themselves better terms than could be hoped for, by continuing an unavailing contest. But one there was, Dhoondiah Waugh, who had been amongst the prisoners whom the captors of the city released from confinement, and who so far resembled his late master, that he still resolved to try the fortune of war; and he found it no difficult matter, in the then disordered state of the country, to get together a band of freebooters, out of the wreck of the sultaun's army, by whose aid he was not without a hope of establishing himself as an independent sovereign in India. Of the danger of suffering such a marauder to roam at large, Colonel Wellesley was fully aware, and accordingly, the promptest measures were taken for his suppression; indeed, so intent was the colonel upon the subjugation of this formidable robber enemy, that he declined the chief command of a Batavian expedition, said at that time to be a favourite measure with the king, in order to assume the labour

and the responsibility in this comparatively inglorious service, which he felt to be indispensable for the security of our conquests in the Mysore. Upon this subject, he thus writes to his brother, the governor-general of India:—

“Doondiah is certainly a despicable enemy; but from circumstances, he is one against whom we have been obliged to make formidable preparation. It is absolutely necessary to the peace of the countries of Canara and Malabar that that man should be given up to us; and I doubt not, that before now, you will have made a demand for him upon the government of Poonah. If we do not get him, we must expect a general insurrection of all the discontented and disaffected of these countries. I have information that letters have been received by most of them, either from him, or from others, written in his name, calling upon them to take the opportunity of rebelling against the company's government, or that of their allies; and his invasion of our territory is looked to as a circumstance favourable to their views. The destruction of this man, therefore, is absolutely necessary for our tranquillity.”

Full of these views, he immediately decided upon marching against the brigand, with all the disposable force he could muster. The consequence might be easily foreseen. All the dexterity and daring of Dhoondiah were but of little avail, when he felt himself seriously pressed by the energetic and disciplined troops with whom he had now to deal, and led by one who appreciated fully the importance of bringing the contest with him to a speedy and successful termination. Sundry affairs occurred, in which the snake was scotched, not killed. The following conclusion of this military melodram we give in the words of the gallant conqueror:—

“Camp at Yepulpurry, September 11, 1800.

“I have the pleasure to inform you that I gained a complete victory yesterday, in an action with Dhoondiah's army, in which he was killed. His body was recognised and was brought into camp on a gun attached to the 19th dragoons. After I had crossed the Malpoorba, it appeared to me very clear, that if I pressed upon the King of the Two Worlds with my whole force, on the northern side of the Decab, his majesty would either cross the Toombuddra with the aid of the Patan chiefs, and

would then enter Mysore; or he would return into Savanore, and play the devil with my peaceable communications. I therefore determined, at all events, to prevent his majesty from putting those designs into execution; and I marched with my army to Kauagberry. I sent Stevenson towards Deodroog, and along the Kistna, to prevent him from sending his guns and baggage to his ally, the Rajah of Soorapoor; and I pushed forward the whole of the Marhatta and Mogul cavalry in one body, between Stevenson's corps and mine.

"I marched from Kauagberry on the 8th, left my infantry at Nowly, and proceeded on with the cavalry only, and I arrived here on the 9th, the infantry at Chinnoor about fifteen miles in my rear.

"The King of the World broke up on the 9th, from Malgherry, about twenty-five miles on this side of Raichore, and proceeded towards the Kistna; but he saw Colonel Stevenson's camp, returned immediately, and encamped on that evening about nine miles from hence, between this place and Burmoo. I had early intelligence of his situation; but the night was so bad, and my horses so much fatigued, that I could not move. After a most anxious night, I marched in the morning and met the King of the World with his army, about five thousand horse, at a village called Conahgull, about six miles from hence. He had not known of my being so near him in the night—had thought that I was at Chinnoor, and was marching to the westward with the intention of passing between the Marhatta and Mogul cavalry and me. He drew up, however, in a very strong position, as soon as he perceived me; and the victorious army stood for some time with apparent firmness. I charged them with the 19th and 25th dragoons, and the 1st and 2d regiments of cavalry; and drove them before me till they dispersed, and were scattered over the face of the country. I then returned and attacked the royal camp, and got possession of elephants, camels, baggage, &c. &c., which were still upon the ground. The Mogul and Marhatta came up about eleven o'clock; and they have been employed ever since in the pursuit and destruction of the scattered fragments of the victorious army.

"Thus has ended this warfare, and I shall commence my march in a day or two towards my own country. An honest killadar of Chinnoor had written to the King of the World by a regular tappel established for the purpose of giving him intelligence, that I was to be at Nowly on the 8th, and at Chinnoor

on the 9th. His majesty was misled by this information, and was nearer me than he expected. The honest killadar did all he could to detain me at Chinnoor, but I was not to be prevailed upon to stop; and even went so far as to threaten to hang a great man sent to show me the road, who manifested an inclination to show me a good road to a different place. My own and the Marhatta cavalry afterwards prevented any communication between his Majesty and the killadar.—Believe me, &c.

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

"It was fortunate for the King of the World that he exited from the stage of life so honourably. Had he been secured alive, the probability is great, from the letter of Colonel Wellesley's instructions, that Dhoondiah's royalty would not have saved him from a rope.

"A circumstance most creditable to the humanity of the victor deserves to be recorded. When the baggage of the freebooter was overtaken, a beautiful boy of four years old was found, and brought to Colonel Wellesley's tent. His name was Sulabuth Khan, and he proved to be the favourite son of Dhoondiah. Not only did Colonel Wellesley afford his present protection to the orphan, but on leaving the East for Europe he deposited a large sum of money with Colonel Symmonds, to defray the expenses of his future maintenance and education. Sulabuth grew up a handsome and intelligent youth—was placed in the service of the Rajah of Mysore, and there he continued till his death."

The governor-general was now relieved from all immediate pressure at the seat of government, and enabled to turn his attention to distant objects. Then it was that the expedition was planned, by which a force from India were to co-operate, by the Red Sea and across the desert, with our troops in Egypt. Baird was appointed to the chief command, an honour justly his due, and which he fully justified by his conduct. Colonel Wellesley was to have been next in authority, but he was seized with a fever just when the expedition was about to sail, and thus necessarily was left behind.

But he could not have been spared in India. The temporary calm which had been produced by the successful issue of the enterprise, which ended in the death of Tippoo, and the fall of Seringapatam, was about to be disturbed by the intrigues and the ambi-

tion of chieftains, who were still unreconciled to British empire in their native land, and not altogether convinced of the power by which their resistance must be rendered unavailing. The Nizam was the only one of the native princes, upon whose fidelity the governor-general could securely calculate, and that very circumstance but exposed him the more to the hostility of Scindia, Holkar, and the rajah of Berar. His territories were invaded and his capital assailed by a force which he was in no condition to resist, and no resource was left him but to supplicate British protection. The governor-general, who saw the crisis, determined that that aid should not be withheld, and orders were accordingly transmitted to his gallant brother, (who had now obtained the rank of major-general, and was appointed to the command of a division, intended as an advanced corps to the army of Madras, then on its march to the banks of the Toombuddra,) by whom good care was taken that it should be promptly afforded.

We cannot here enter into the intricacies of eastern diplomacy and intrigue, nor follow the various movements either of our own, or the enemies' forces, as they watched each other with the wariness of practised combatants; and evinced, by the dispositions and the demonstrations which they made, characteristic wiliness, or heroic determination. For all such particulars, we must refer the reader to the pages of our author, while we hasten to lay before him the account which is there given, of the first memorable battle in which General Wellesley exercised an independent command, and by the issue of which, this formidable confederacy was defeated.

"The enemy having encamped at Boherdun, at the distance of two marches, it was determined that a combined attack should be made upon their forces without delay; and General Wellesley held a conference with Colonel Stevenson for this purpose on the 21st of September.

"It was arranged that the attack should be made on the 24th, the armies advancing in two divisions, to avoid the delay that must otherwise occur, by moving *en masse*, through a narrow and difficult defile. Accordingly, on the 22d,

Colonel Stevenson marched by the western route, while General Wellesley took an easterly direction, following the more direct road which leads round the hills between Budnapoor and Jalna.

"On the 23d, the major-general arrived at Naulniah; and the hircarrahs announced that the confederated chiefs had retired with the whole of their cavalry that morning, leaving their infantry to follow, who were, however, still encamped at the distance of two leagues. This intelligence—which afterwards proved untrue—induced Wellesley to attack the enemy without delay.

"Leaving his baggage with a rear-guard, reinforced by the 1st battalion of the 2d regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Chalmers, and having despatched messengers to hurry the movements of Colonel Stevenson, he resumed his operations—and at noon he found himself, after a severe march, most unexpectedly in front of the entire of the Marhatta armies.

"The position of the allied chiefs extended from Boherdun to the village of Assye, having the Kaitna in their front, and from the steepness of its banks, that river was impassable to carriages, except at the fords of Peepulgaon and Warson. Nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of the Marhatta camp—nothing more imposing than the multitudinous force drawn up in order of battle. 'The sight was enough to appal the stoutest heart. Thirty thousand horse in one magnificent mass, crowded the right; a dense array of infantry, powerfully supported by artillery, formed the centre and left; the gunners were beside their pieces, and a hundred pieces of cannon in front of the line, stood ready to vomit forth death upon the assailants. Wellesley paused for a moment, impressed but not daunted by the sight; his whole force, as Colonel Stevenson had not come up did not exceed eight thousand men, of whom sixteen hundred were cavalry; the effective native British were not above fifteen hundred; and he had only seventeen pieces of cannon.'

"As the British cavalry came up, they formed line on the heights, and presented a strange but glorious contrast to the countless multitude of Marhatta horsemen, who were seen in endless array below. The English brigade, scarcely numbering sixteen hundred sabres, took its position with all the boldness of a body having an equal force opposed; although in number, Scindiah's cavalry were fully ten to one.

"The columns having arrived, Wellesley changed his original intention of



attacking the enemy's right, and determined to fall upon the left, which was composed entirely of infantry. The ground on which these battalions were drawn up was a flat peninsula of inconsiderable size, formed by the union of the waters of the Kaitna with the Juah. The space was too confined to allow room for the Marhatta cavalry to operate to much advantage, 'while the defeat of the corps of infantry was most likely to be effectual.' Accordingly, a lateral movement was made to the left—the march of the column being covered on the right flank by the Mysore horse, and in the rear protected by the British cavalry, under Colonel Maxwell.

"Having crossed the ford of Peepulgaon, which the enemy had neglected to defend, the British infantry were formed in two lines, supported by the cavalry, which were placed in line in reserve in the rear, on an open space between the Kaitna and a nullah that ran in a parallel direction with its stream. While deploying, the Marhatta guns kept up a furious cannonade; but undisturbed by a fire that was ably directed and well-sustained, the British dispositions for attack were coolly and promptly completed.

"The order of battle being thus skilfully changed, the infantry of Scindiah was compelled to present a new front. They did so with greater ease than was expected. The line they now formed reached with its right up to the Kaitna, and its left upon the village of Assye, on the Juah. The front now presented by the enemy was one vast battery, especially towards the left, so numerous and weighty were the guns, and so thickly were they disposed immediately near the village. The fire was rapid, furious, and terrible in execution; the British guns, few in number, opened as the line advanced, but were almost on the instant silenced. Their gunners dropped fast, and the cattle fell killed or lacerated beside them. With the fierceness of the struggle, and the fearfulness of the hazard, the undaunted spirit of the general rose. He at once abandoned the guns, and directed an advance with the bayonet: with the main body, he soon forced, and drove the enemy's right, possessing himself of their guns by a resolute charge.

"The pickets, with the 74th as a supporting regiment, were on the right of the two lines of infantry, and their attack was distinguished equally by the gallantry it exhibited, and the loss it produced. With unquestioned bravery, but bad judgment, the officer commanding, when he might have covered his

men in a great degree by a circuitous movement, pushed forward directly against the village of Assye, thus of necessity crossing 'a space swept like a glacié by the cannon of the enemy.' Overwhelmed by a murderous fire, the gallant band left half its number on the field. The men fell by dozens—and one company of those forming the pickets was almost annihilated. It went into action with an officer and fifty men; and in the evening four rank and file were all that survived that bloody day.

"No wonder that the line under this tremendous fusillade from the village, supported by continuous showers of grape, was in many places fairly cut through, and that with difficulty it still maintained its ground. Perceiving its disorder, a cloud of Marhatta horsemen stole round the enclosures of Assye unperceived, and charged furiously into ranks already half destroyed. The moment was most critical. The muskman sabres were crossing the bayonets of the 74th, and 'feeble and few, but fearless still,' that gallant regiment was desperately resisting. Colonel Maxwell, who had watched the progress of the fight, saw that the moment for action had arrived. The word was given; the British cavalry charged home. Down went the Marhattas in hundreds beneath the fiery assault of the brave 19th and their gallant supporters, the sepoys; while unchecked by a tremendous storm of grape and musketry, Maxwell pressed his advantage, and cut through Scindiah's left. The 74th and the light infantry rallied, re-formed, pushed boldly on, and, the second line coming forward to their support, completed the disorder of the enemy, and prevented any effective attempt to renew a battle, the doubtful result of which was thus in a few minutes decided by the promptitude of that well-directed charge.

"Some of Scindiah's troops fought bravely. The desperate obstinacy with which his gunners stood to the cannon was almost incredible. They remained to the last—and were bayoneted around the guns, which they refused, even in certain defeat, to abandon.

"The British charge was resistless; but in the enthusiasm of success, at times there is a lack of prudence. The sepoys rushed wildly on—their elated ardour was uncontrollable—while a mass of the Marhatta horse were arrayed on the hill, ready to rush upon ranks disordered by their own success.

"But General Wellesley had foreseen and guarded against the evil consequences a too excited courage might produce. The 78th were kept in hand;

and supported by a regiment of native horse they were now led forward by the general in person. The guns on the left were carried, and the village stormed with the bayonet. In this short but sanguinary attack, the 78th were highly distinguished. Their loss, from the severity of the enemy's fire, was severe, and General Wellesley had a horse killed under him.

"A strong column of the enemy, that had been only partially engaged, now rallied and renewed the battle, joined by a number of Scindiah's gunners and infantry, who had flung themselves as dead upon the ground, and thus escaped the sabres of the British cavalry. Maxwell's brigade, who had re-formed their ranks and breathed their horses, dashed into the still disordered ranks of those half-rallied troops: a desperate slaughter ensued, the Marhattas were totally routed; but the British cavalry lost their chivalrous leader, and in the moment of victory, Maxwell died in front of the battle, pressing on the pursuit of a mingled mob of all arms, who were flying in disorder from the field.

"The rout was now complete. The sun at noon had shone on a proud array of fifty thousand men, drawn up in perfect order, he set upon a broken host, flying in dispersed bodies from a field, on which the whole *materiel* of an army remained abandoned. Under more desperate circumstances a battle was never fought; and, opposed by overwhelming masses, a victory was never more completely won. Every thing at noon was against the conquerors—numbers, position, all that could render victory almost a certain event, lay with the Marhatta chieftains. Small as the British force was, its energies were weakened by a long and exhausting march beneath a sultry sky; and nothing but indomitable courage could have sustained Wellesley's feeble battalions against the mighty masses to which they were opposed. Assye was indeed a glorious triumph. "It was a magnificent display of skill, moral courage, and perfect discipline, against native bravery, and enormous physical superiority." Nor were Scindiah's troops a body of men, rudely collected, ignorant of military tactics, and unused to combinations. In every arm the Marhatta army was respectable; and the facility with which they changed their front in the morning, proved that the instructions of their French officers had not been given in vain."

Meanwhile, the operations of General (afterwards Lord) Lake were completely successful in the north of India, where a formidable French force suf-

fered a complete defeat, and the last blow was given to any hopes which Scindiah might entertain of overthrowing the power of the English by European co-operation.

But his splendid victory did not relieve the conqueror at Assye from much anxiety respecting his position. The power for whose defence the war had been undertaken, seemed utterly incapable of profiting by the favourable results which had taken place; and there was every reason to fear that if General Wellesley withdrew his troops, either from treachery or from feebleness the country which he had so gallantly defended would again become a prey to the enemy. He thus describes his embarrassing position, in writing officially to Major Shaw:—

"Since the battle of Assye, I have been like a man who fights with one hand, and defends himself with the other. With Colonel Stephenson's corps I have acted offensively, and have taken Asseerghur; and with my own I have covered his operations, and defended the territories of Nizam and the Peshwah. In doing this, I have made some terrible marches, but I have been remarkably fortunate—first, in stopping the enemy when they intended to press to the southward, through Casserbury Ghaut; and afterwards, by a rapid march to the northward, in stopping Scindiah, when he was moving to interrupt Colonel Stephenson's operations against Asseerghur; in which he would otherwise have undoubtedly succeeded."

Scindiah soon found that he could not cope with his adversary in the field; and he accordingly resolved to try whether he could not outwit him in negotiation. An armistice was proposed as between him and the British, and agreed to upon terms which by no means put him into a better, or ourselves into a worse position than before; while it served to introduce a principle of disunion amongst the confederates, which must greatly mar their co-operation. The conditions agreed to by Scindiah, that profligate soldier had not the slightest intention of observing; and this the general well knew, and took precautions accordingly, by which the want of good faith, upon which he fully calculated, should not be productive of any bad effects. The movements to which these proceedings gave rise, led

to the battle of Argaum, for a detailed account of which we must refer the reader to the official despatch of the general, while we copy the following more graphic picture, which our author extracts from the pages of an eye-witness, who was an actor in that stirring scene :

“Nothing is more uncertain in war than the exact time when the commander and the courage of the soldier shall be tried ; and an army is frequently on the eve of battle when a deceitful tranquillity would lead them to conclude that that event was distant. Such was the case at Argaum, and Colonel Welsh thus describes the march and opening of the action:—Passing through a beautiful country, full of game, we amused ourselves as usual, in hunting and shooting on the right flank the whole way, until, after a march of ten miles, we found our camp colours at a stand, and Colonel Stevenson's likewise pitched to our left. Shortly after we heard the sound of cannon in front, and missed the general and our pickets. He soon returned, and ordered us to shoulder and move on with the guns. The country about us was so thickly covered with high grain, that we could see nothing in our front for the first three miles—when, coming near a walled village, and hearing the roar of cannon increase, we discovered that we had got into the vicinity of the enemy. The road through which alone we could advance, was much circumscribed by the high jowaree—and although at the village it opened out a little, still our march was considerably impeded by the pickets and detachment which had led being thrown into momentary disorder by the sudden opening of fifty pieces of cannon on them, the instant they had passed the village. As soon as we could pass through them, we formed in front of the village Sersooley, having a tolerably extensive plain of at least three miles before it, on which appeared the armies of Bonsala in the foreground, and Scindiah's in the rear ; forming a kind of doubtful potency on either wing : the Berar infantry, with about fifty guns forming one line, with two thousand Arabs on the left, and Bence Syng's five thousand Ghosains in the centre.

“The precious remains of the gallant 74th were on our right, and beyond them the 78th ; whilst on our left were the first battalion of the 4th, and the 21 regiment to the left of them : I could not see further. At about half-past four we were ordered to leave our guns and advance : Colonel Stevenson's force, which had further to march, having

just then formed upon our left. It was a splendid sight to see such a line advancing, as on a field-day ; but the pause when the enemy's guns ceased firing, and they advanced in front of them, was an awful one. The Arabs, a very imposing body, singled out our two European regiments ; and when we arrived within about sixty yards, after a round of grape, which knocked down ten of our men, and about as many in each of the European regiments, they advanced and charged us, with tremendous shouts. Our three corps were at this time considerably in front of the rest of the line ; and a struggle ensued, in which we killed and wounded about six hundred of these Arabs, and our corps alone took eight standards. Whilst this was acting, nearly in the centre I observed Bence Syng's Ghosains, dressed like beef-eaters, bearing down to turn our flank ; but, the Arabs once routed, and the rest of our line coming up, there was little more to do, and it was soon a perfect rout. The enemy's cavalry made two feeble attempts to charge our two flank corps, under Captains Maithurst and Vernon, but were repulsed by a steady fire from each. Our own cavalry had hitherto been kept in the rear, but the general now ordered them to charge ; and they followed the enemy for some miles, cutting down about three thousand of the fugitives, who, however, contrived to carry away a few light guns, mounted as gallopers, but all their other cannon, ammunition, and stores were taken. The field of battle was strewn with arms, and about one thousand sun-dial turbans, like those worn by the Bengal army ; twenty or thirty standards also fell into our hands.

“Although thrown into disorder by the severity, as well as by the suddenness of the fire from the Marhatta guns in battery around the village, the native battalions, when rallied and brought forward by General Wellesley, fought with their usual gallantry. The conflict between the Arab troops and British sepoy regiments was sanguinary while it lasted ; and many displays of personal intrepidity were exhibited on both sides.

“In point of number the casualties were very few, but many of the wounded died afterwards in hospital ; among these, a native officer was included, and we record the circumstance to show that Hindu bravery and devotion were alike appreciated by the comrades with whom he fought, and the company under whom he served.

“He was at this time far advanced in life, and earned the respect and esteem of every European officer, as well as of every native in the corps. In action, he was the first to fall, and of those around

him; and in devoted affection to the service he had no superior. The whole of the flesh and sinews of the hinder part of both thighs being torn away by a large shot, he fell, and could not rise again; but as soon as the action was over, he requested his attendants to carry him after us, that his dear European comrades might see him die. We had halted on the field, upwards of a mile in front of where he fell, when he arrived and spoke to us with a firm voice and most affectionate manner, recounted his services, and bade us all adieu. We endeavoured to encourage him by asserting that his wound was not mortal, and that he would yet recover. He said, 'he felt assured of the contrary, but he was not afraid of death; he had often braved it in the discharge of his duty, and only regretted that he should not be permitted to render further services to his honourable masters.' He died shortly afterwards; and his son was pensioned on twelve pagodas a month—a most liberal provision for a native."

The taking of Ghawilghur, which shortly followed this achievement, completely broke the heart of the confederacy, and both Scindiah and the rajah were but too happy to come, in good earnest, to terms with the Company, by which a vast accession of territory was obtained, and effectual provision made against the introduction of any hostile European force into India.

We have now conducted the reader through the leading transactions which marked General Wellesley's services in India; and, doubtless, those indications of talent, and those traits of character will have become distinctly observable, which his subsequent European services more fully revealed. His first object always was, to acquaint himself with the localities and the resources of the country in which he was to operate—the strength and the character of the enemy with whom he had to contend—and the personal habits and peculiarities of the opposing leaders. When once fully in possession of the requisite information upon these points, he was rarely at fault in his anticipation of the course which the enemy would be likely to pursue, and seldom failed to take the very best and promptest means by which his designs might be defeated. His measures for the supply of his commissariat were based upon the same just and liberal principles, by which, in the Peninsula

and in France, they were distinguished, when they formed such a contrast to the profligate rapacity of the French, who were starving in their own country; while he, at the head of a hostile army, had all his wants abundantly supplied. His keen insight into character enabled him to see, at a glance, through the designs of those who attempted to deceive him; and his ever-present vigilance afforded no moment when he could be taken by surprise, either in the exultation of success, or the chagrin or humiliation of disappointment. His military life was a practical illustration of the wise man's maxim—

"Sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
Alteram sortem, bene preparatum  
Pectus."

But India was merely the school where this distinguished man learned the rudiments of war. We shall afterwards see him upon a more conspicuous stage, where the same heroic qualities were still more strikingly displayed; and we conclude, for the present, with the following notice of the moral qualities by which he was enabled, and without which his highest qualifications as a general would have been comparatively useless:—

"The firmness of principle which influenced General Wellesley's opinions regarding public duty, and the inflexible resolution he always exercised in punishing any thing approaching to dishonesty, when brought professionally under notice, will be instanced in the two succeeding extracts. The first conveys a refusal of leave of absence, sought for on private grounds by the Collector of Ahmednuggur.

"It is necessary for a man who fills a public situation, and who has great public interests in charge, to lay aside all private considerations, whether on his own account or that of other persons. I imagine that you must feel on this subject as I do.

"I am very much distressed on account of the inconveniences which your family suffer in your absence from Madras; and equally so, that it is not in my power to relieve their distress, by allowing you to quit your situation. But under present circumstances it is not in my power to grant your request to go to Madras, consistently with the duty which both you and I owe to the public as public men."

"The second letter, from its address, was evidently written to a person who had once possessed the general's confidence: and it proves that with him private feeling had no weight when public interests were in question.

"Serlingapatam, July 17, 1804."

"DEAR —"

"I have received your letter, in which, among other things, you reproach me with having withdrawn from you my confidence. A man must have been stout indeed in his confidence in any body who would continue to repose it, after having received such complaints as I have received against you.

"In respect to your money concerns I do not wish to inquire into them, excepting to observe that a person entrusted as you were ought to have refrained from such practices when you held a public trust. It is not the fact that you did Major ———'s duty without receiving his salary. You received the allowance for the duty you did, and your own allowance for the duty done by another person in the field.

"I shall close upon this subject by telling you, that it is useless to go into long proofs of matter irrelevant to the charge brought against you. You have been accused—on oath, on a public trial—of having received, through your moonshee, 12,000 rupees on corrupt grounds. The moonshee positively received the money. He must be prosecuted in the Phousdarry, and convicted of a breach of trust and duty, otherwise you must resign your office of ———. I cannot go on with a man against whom there will be such a public imputation as there will be against you, if the moonshee shall not be convicted of having taken and applied this money to his own use.

"Strict in the maintenance of social order, General Wellesley wisely determined that, when necessary for example, punishments should be rigidly carried out. His, however, was not a system of indiscriminate visitation of crime; and while murderers and marauders found no lenity at his hands, mercy, when it could be with safety, was extended to the guilty. With him caste or colour made no difference—rank threw no mantle over the offender—and the following extracts will abundantly prove that his military government was remarkable as well for its impartiality as its strictness. In writing to Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, the general says—

"You must have no scruple in acting at once for the benefit and safety of your corps, whenever you are fully con-

vinced, from the evidence given to the persons appointed to inquire into the circumstances of any robbery, that those attached to your camp have been plundered or ill-treated.

"In this instance I have no doubt but that Carribul and Manygee were both guilty of the murder. Accordingly I request that they may be hanged; and let the cause of their punishment be published in the bazaar by beat of tom-tom, or in any other mode by which it may be supposed it will be rendered more public.

"The patel of Batculgaum, in the usual style of a Marhatta patel, keeps a band of plunderers for his own profit and advantage. You will inform him that if he does not pay for the horses, bullocks, and articles plundered, he shall be hanged also. You will make him acquaint his village with this determination, and allow time for the answer to return; and you will hang him if he does not pay the money at the time fixed upon.

"It is impossible to get on without these punishments in the Marhatta country. The Peshwah has no authority; and if he had, he would not exert it for the advantage of our troops."

"And yet we find him applying to General Stuart, and pleading the gallantry of the corps, as an apology for saving the regiment from the disgrace of having an unworthy member subjected to capital punishment—

"I think it very desirable to avoid punishing with death a man belonging to the 74th regiment, and therefore I propose to offer to the man to commute his punishment to transportation for life to Botany Bay. By this mode the punishment of death will be avoided, and the 74th regiment will get rid of a bad soldier."

We cannot close our notice of this portion of these beautiful volumes, which terminates the career of Wellington in India, without adverting to the vast accession of territory, and the still more considerable extension of influence, by which British power was strengthened and consolidated in that country during the Marquis of Wellesley's administration. Then, indeed, a statesman presided over its affairs whose wisdom and whose vigour were fully equal to the crisis which he had to meet; and whose measures were most ably carried into effect by his gallant brother, and the other distinguished officers to whom the conduct of the war was entrusted. The consequence was, to use the words of



Mr. Alison, that "he added provinces to the British empire larger than the whole kingdom of France," and "extended its influence over territories more extensive than the whole of Germany; and successively vanquished four fierce and warlike nations, which could bring three hundred thousand men into the field."

Nor is it to be forgotten that, while he was achieving these mighty successes, he was assailed at home by a cry of economy, and an imputation of mad and profligate ambition, which made it peculiarly difficult for him to conduct to a prosperous issue the important operations upon which he had resolved, and which he knew to be indispensable to our salvation in India. The spirit of the traders whom he served was up in arms against him with a cry of economy upon one side, whilst the native princes were massing their troops and forming their combinations upon the other, which, if not promptly met and counteracted, must have ended in the annihilation of our eastern empire. Well was it for Europe, and, we will add, for India too, that the Marquis of Wellesley's wisdom and courage were equal to the difficulties with which he had to contend, and that, as the perils around him multiplied, he rose to that attitude of moral elevation which rendered him disdainfully regardless of the reclamations of the merchant sovereigns who feared that he was plunging them irredeemably into debt, while he was taking the only effectual mode which could put them securely out of danger.

But, had his gallant brother not been there to second him, with all his wisdom and all his vigour, the issue might have been different. Most ably did Lord Lake do the business entrusted to him upon the eastern and northern frontier of the Peninsula; but, had Wellesley failed in the southern and western, all might have been in vain; and that, both in his case and in Lord Lake's, more depended upon the generals than upon the troops, was afterwards strikingly exemplified,

when Holkar took the field in force, by whom our troops were arrested in the full career of their successes, and well-nigh deprived of all the dearly-bought advantages of former victories.

And it would be well if the lessons of wisdom and prudence which were bequeathed to their successors by our brave commanders, and the illustrious statesman who has left upon the banks of the Ganges the records of an imperishable fame, were treasured, as they should have been, by the governments either at home or abroad upon whom the responsibility has since devolved of providing for the security and consulting for the welfare of those immense territorial acquisitions which are more fittingly measured by parallels of latitude than by square miles, and to which, it might be more suitably said, that Great Britain belongs, than that they are an appanage of the British crown.

Upon one subject Lord Lake seems never to have tired in reiterating his advice, namely, the necessity of keeping up a due proportion between the British and the native troops in our service. He was of opinion that for every four sepoy there should be one British regiment. Instances are numerous by which we could illustrate the wisdom of this advice; but it has been, alas! neglected;—and we are now but too likely to pay the penalty of our neglect, by a loss of life fearful to contemplate, and a war which may prove to us, by its extent and its duration, that of all species of public extravagance, the extravagance of a false economy is both the most profligate, the most despicable, and the most injurious.

But we must have done. Wellington and not India is now our theme. In our next we shall see him nearer home, and find that in the fierce encounters of European warfare, he well sustained the reputation which he had already won, and was, indeed, the chosen instrument of God in rebuking and chastising the insolence of Gallic aggression.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—NO. XXIX.

THOMAS MOORE.

WITH all his faults, we are proud, and we feel his country should be proud, of Moore. We are opposed to him in politics, in religion, nay even in our views and feelings upon literary subjects, but we have enough of that catholic spirit—the attainment of which should be the first aim of the critic—to recognize and acknowledge the genius of the author. In a singularly amiable private character, and those beautiful writings which have made him, according to Byron's well-known description, "the poet of all circles and the delight of his own," we find sufficient and more than sufficient to atone for many an error. Willingly, therefore, do we consent for the present to forget the stern sentence which justice should, perhaps, pronounce on talents misapplied, and surrender ourselves unreservedly to the fascination of his inimitable wit and exquisite melody. That we have on other occasions "done our spiriting" less "gently," the pages of several of our former numbers can testify. In the discharge of a duty necessary, though displeasing, we exposed the shallow sophistry and misstatements of the "Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," and in no less severe and equally deserved terms condemned the profane jests and slander of the "Fudges in England." These, and other effusions of a similar kind, have long since found rest in complete oblivion. From this friendly shelter we seek not to draw their frailties, and gladly extend to our author's religious controversies—what we believe in his better moods he would himself desire—the charity of our silence.

The most popular poets of the last generation were undoubtedly Moore and Byron. In the tone of their principles, and in their choice of oriental subjects and modes of expression, as writers; in their knowledge of the world and life, particularly fashionable and polished life, as men; these two distinguished leaders of public taste agreed. In every other respect their natures and their habits of thought and feeling were widely different. The one, all gloom and passion, for whom there was nothing good in the heart of man or woman, and as little to be desired in the whole range of human ambition—the poet of pride, disdain, despair, the intensest and loftiest emotions of man's nature: the other, all smiles and sunshine, for whom every thing begets occasion for mirth, and by whose keen apprehension of enjoyment the very shadows of our existence are caught at as incentives to arrest and heighten the present pleasure. Dark, proud, alone, communing with himself and solitude, the author of *Childe Harold* stood apart from his fellow-beings. The Alps and ocean, and the unchanging face of nature, which mocked not, nor deceived him—these were his friends. To them he unveiled the sufferings of a heart agonized by the warfare of its kind: and, in the spirit of their own tempests, flung around him contemptuously, as withered leaves, the laws and maxims, all that awed or attracted the poor children of clay, among whom he dwelt, but with whom he had no sympathy. On the other hand, the poetry of Moore is eminently social; has its haunt and region amid the busy hum of men; and even in its most serious moods is full of a certain sportive gaiety. His luxuriant fancy embellishes and adorns every scene with splendour and beauty. Life, beneath her magical touch, becomes an assemblage of dazzling lustre, a garden of flowers breathing odour at every turn, along whose beautiful walks forms of perfect symmetry are perpetually gliding. Byron's jests, his apparently most careless and airy mirth, have bitterness within them. Sparkle as it may, the cup which he offers is poisoned. With Moore it seems as though it were not in his nature to be unhappy: as if the natural cheerfulness of his heart broke through and dispersed every passing shadow. His sky is not, indeed, exempt from some clouds, but they are clouds that

Turn forth their silver lining to the sun.



H. A. Brown



His melodies do occasionally falter into sorrow ; but in that grief there is no pain, and a delicious softness pervades the melancholy they awaken. There is just enough sadness to purify, not to disturb, his happiness.

Moore has more fancy than any other poet who ever lived. He scatters, in inexhaustible profusion, thoughts and images : he accumulates them with a prodigality of wealth literally boundless. They are linked together with singular felicity, and disposed with admirable taste. Nothing seems to escape. He can discover affinities where others see only antipathies ; and his tact and delicacy of perception in connecting, by the subtle links of a magical diction, the subject and the illustration, are absolutely marvellous. In imagination he is altogether deficient. "The heart" does not for him "consecrate this life," or "make a truth and beauty of its own." He seems never aware that the light in which you see an object is of more consequence than the object itself, and therefore seeks—instead of hallowing the scene or incident by some associative connection with the better nature within us—to win our interest by the shower of brilliant imagery and description he throws around it. This ascendancy and predominance of fancy in his intellectual conformation, while it is in a great degree the source of his eminence as a poet, is also the cause of many of his defects. To this we owe his failure as a painter of character. He gives us not living beings, but an assemblage of qualities tied together by a name. We have from his pencil pictures of love, hate, tyranny, freedom, &c., but not men and women in love, influenced by hate, tyrants or free. His figures are abstractions rather than realities ; and for this reason we have little sympathy with their sayings and doings. They are not, in all respects, like ourselves. They may be better or they may be worse, but certain we are, they are different from flesh and blood. As we thus owe to his fancy his want of individuality and unity, as a painter of character, so we also owe to it the great fault of his style, a want of simplicity. He repeats his enumeration of attributes till the person is hidden beneath a haze of description, and he heaps image on image, ornament on ornament, till the thought or sensation, they are intended to illustrate, lose all their distinctness. Independent of this disadvantage, such superfluity of embellishment is in itself wearisome. There is too much light : too much anxiety to be always brilliant. We desire some repose and some shade. We wish, with the old epigrammatist, that his verse were sometimes unpolished and sometimes inharmonious ; the perpetual glitter relieved by a little plainness, or even deformity.

Omnia vis belle, Matho, dicere : die aliquando  
Et bene ; die neutrum ; die aliquando male.

In power, then, in passion, in the art of commanding and rivetting the feelings, in that lofty imagination (the first and greatest endowment of the poet) which transmutes the visible and material into higher and nobler essences, Moore is deficient ; but whatever fancy the most fertile, an ear attuned to harmony with exquisite perfection, a sense of the beautiful and graceful almost unerring,—whatever these can do for poetry, has been effected in his writings.

The satirical verse of Moore is a thing *sui generis*, unique, and peculiar to himself. Its faults and its merits are essentially his own. There is, indeed, some slight resemblance to "Anstey's Bath Guide ;" but his superiority is so great, it were injustice to compare them. The "Twopenny Post-bag," and "The Fudge Family," are, in wit, learning, variety of illustration, and a certain indescribable careless beauty, absolutely unrivalled. Their hits are so happy, their ridicule so good-humoured, the happy and happy-making temper of the man shines out so vividly through every line, and all is so free from malice or uncharitableness, that, notwithstanding our political predilections, we lay down the pages in unmingled delight. The Prince of Wales had, certainly, some reason to complain of these squibs ; but even he, we find from Scott's diary, used to quote and enjoy heartily their inimitable drollery. The fact is, we have all along the consciousness that the author "doth but jest,"—satirise in jest. His arrows fly in every direction, beautifully feathered, unerringly directed, but they have neither barb nor venom. Those who are standing by are in ecstasies of laughter, and those who are hit, forget in an instant the



transient touch, and join as merrily as any one else in the universal fun. Such, as has been well said, is the great privilege of wit, which renders it impossible for those whose enemies wits are, to hate them.

In the last edition of his works, Mr. Moore has expressed an opinion, that of all his numerous productions, the “*Irish Melodies*” are alone likely to prolong their fame much beyond the present day. We cannot subscribe to this modest sentence in its full extent. There is that in “*Lalla Rookh*” which the world will not willingly let die; and there are some of his shorter lyrics that will live, too, so long as felicity of expression, and an inimitable music of versification, shall be valued among men. If the rest shall be of shorter endurance, it arises not from deficiency of poetical genius, but from the subject and principles of his verse. Nothing is permanent and immortal—nothing wins that enduring glory, whose immutable essence human vicissitude has no power to impair or lessen, but that which is itself accordant with the better and higher elements of man’s nature. This it is that is wanting here. Love has been his chief, almost his only theme: but, unfortunately for his fame, it is not even that grand though erring passion, whose intensity consumes half its own impurity, and has at least abjuration of self and devotedness to another to redeem its wanderings; still less is it that best and purest of all our affections, which

“Learns by a mortal yearning to a end,  
Seeking a higher object.”

and in its purifying influences, its self-denials and kindnesses, forms the best discipline of our frail humanity. In almost every instance, and with scarce a solitary exception, it is that cool calculating sensualism, that methodical reckoning over of the indulgences of appetite, which it needs no puritanical strictness to pronounce the last and most abject abasement of heart and mind. The poet has himself wilfully bartered his true immortality for the momentary applause which the vicious taste of a degenerate age supplied. How poor the exchange we suspect he now feels himself. There are indications, in the last edition of his poems, that he has begun to discover for what garbage he sold his birth-right. Would that he had evinced and followed out those indications with truer sincerity; that he had taken the opportunity—now lost, we fear, for ever—to expunge from this collection all the shadows which eclipse his reputation. It is melancholy, it is pitiable, to see him at the advanced years he has now reached, republishing and giving the last polish to the licentious creations of youthful folly; to see age exulting in former voluptuousnesses, and indulging that miserable “luxury of speculation” which alone of its enjoyments time has spared. We did hope, that Mr. Moore, like his own Epicurean, had long since adhered the philosophy of the garden, and learned to feel and acknowledge the truth and beauty of goodness. We would fain hope it is not yet too late for him to break the spell of this corrupting exhilarant, and on the wings of those better impulses which gleam occasionally through his song,

“To end  
Several dark desires for extinction.”

Of Mr. Moore’s private life or personal history we know little, except what he has himself told in his *Autobiography*. From thence we learn, that our own city carried on the lineage of his birth, and his own University of his education. His country home was highly distinguished, and from the earliest there seems to us to be a prophetic anticipation of the grandeur which now shines of his subsequent celebrity. We learn, too, that with the fate which seems by some mysterious destiny attached to the literary character, he has experienced pecuniary difficulties, and we regret that the *Autobiography* on this subject was at one time beset by misapprehensions and misstatements, by the misconduct of his deputy, in an edition of it which he sold at Paris. By his own exertions, the entire of the *Autobiography* have been discovered. We may add, that few men have borne with so unobtrusive and unassuming a simplicity of dress, of demeanour, and manners. It is remarkable in the literary history of the country, that the name of its distin-

guished men, has borne no part in its strifes and controversies. Scott, Byron, Bowles, Crabbe, Lockhart—indeed we can scarcely find a distinguished name an exception—have all spoken of him in terms of the warmest esteem and affection. The qualities and character to which such tributes have been paid, by minds, not only so great, but so diverse in their own nature, compensate for and excuse many a frailty.

In fine, then, with regret for his grievous perversion to unworthy and ephemeral subjects, of powers capable and intended for the highest efforts ; with some indignation, too, at the unjust insinuations and false statements that have fallen from his pen as a historical and political writer ; but with pride for our country,—pride in spite of these alloys, heartfelt and sincere—we take our leave of the poet of Lalla Rookh and the Melodies.

#### THE LAST DAYS OF DUNDEE.

It is well known that in the year 1689, the celebrated Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, stood out for James the Second, against the Revolution party in Scotland, at the head of a small but very brave and enterprising band of followers. This was a remarkable man, called into conspicuous action, at a remarkable era ; and it is to be regretted that the authentic details of that brief campaign, which was distinguished by his military prowess and soldier-like death, are not more satisfactory to the curious in such inquiries, as aim at discovering traits of individual character, as well as establishing historical facts.

Dundee was in truth the *beau ideal* of a politico-military partizan, exactly fitted for the emergency, when brawling and seditious civilians must make way for bold and strenuous swordsmen. If it be admitted, (as I think it must,) that Sir Walter Scott has dealt too favourably with his general character, and in some degree thrown the shield of his genius between it and too well established charges of remorseless cruelty, it must on the other hand be granted that the attributes of the warlike leader have not been exaggerated by that illustrious writer, whether consisting of resolute daring, untiring energy, swift penetration, or unflinching pertinacity ; and if these higher qualities were tainted by unscrupulous disregard of human suffering, we must remember that they were united with a disinterested and high-souled loyalty, which disdained accommodation, with what it deemed an usurping power, and preferred the

fortunes of a falling monarch, (many of whose acts it condemned,) to any arrangement which ensured personal safety and convenience.

In truth, I think that the English history will be searched in vain for the partizan combining the qualities above mentioned, in so high a degree as Dundee ; and although but little acquainted with the history of Zumalacareguy, the late Carlist chieftain, it has often struck me, that in his character, career, and death, we have a more perfect parallel to the Scottish leader, than we can find at home. The loyal adherent of an unfortunate king—the intrepid erector of an adventurous standard—the successful general of a mountain host, Zumalacareguy met a similar fate before Bilboa, to what overtook Dundee at Killiecrankie ; and as the affairs of James the Second declined from the hour Dundee fell, so in Zumalacareguy did Don Carlos lose the strength of his cause, which has ever since dwindled to its utter ruin. A stern and unscrupulous spirit of retaliation was also manifested by the Carlist leader, which brings his character near the darker shades of Dundee's. It is related of him that he was sitting at dinner in company, among others, with a noble Christiano prisoner, who had been his guest for many days, when an unfavourable answer arrived from Rodil, relative to a proposed exchange of prisoners : “ I am sorry for it,” said Zumalacareguy, handing the billet to his guest, “ but this compels me to tell you that you must die in the morning.” This was much in the same

spirit manifested by Dundee, when he wrote to King William's authorities in Scotland, that if they presumed to meddle with a friend of his then in their power, he would cut two considerable lairds, (prisoners of his,) joint by joint, and send them, packed in hampers, to Edinburgh. "We all know Dundee too well to doubt that he will keep his word," said a public character of that period, and all designs against the Jacobite prisoner were immediately dropped.\*

It is also related of Dundee, that observing a young officer, a relative of his, flinch in action, he advised him to withdraw from military service, to which he was evidently unsuited; "for," continued Dundee, "the next time I see any symptom of cowardice in you you shall certainly die." This, from the constitutional infirmity of the youth, happened before a long time had passed, when Dundee drew a pistol from his holster, and with the words, "the hangman shall not disgrace your father's son," shot him dead upon the spot.

We are told by Bishop Burnet, in the history of his own times, that Dundee meeting him in London, in 1688, shortly after the Revolution, charged him with a message to King William, inquiring what he was to expect from him. William replied, that if he remained quiet, he should certainly be protected, which words possibly implied more of promise than met the ear; for William, many years before, had experience of Dundee's military merits, when he served as a volunteer, and afterwards as a commissioned officer in the Dutch army, during the campaign which included the battle of Senef, in 1674. He is even said to have saved William's life on one occasion; but however this may be, it is not improbable that the recollection of former times might have recommended him to the notice of one who never forgot gallant bearing in an officer. But he preferred the service of his old master, although, as a determined Church of England Protestant, he entirely disapproved of James's

popery. This was to lay before him the same advice so much contrived to the evil steps of that unfortunate monarch. It would not indeed appear that Dundee stood high in James's personal predilections, but he was not however insensible to the advantage of securing so invaluable a Jacobite warrior.

It is a curious point of history, that while the Protestants of the Church of England, who resided in Ireland at this eventful period, manfully and successfully resisted the aggressions of a popish king, and hailed William of glorious memory as their deliverer—their brethren of the same persuasion in Scotland almost universally favoured the cause of the fallen monarch. Of presbyterianism, and not of popery, was the ascendancy to be dreaded in the latter country by episcopalianism, and were conscious that they had not used with moderation, the power wielded by their party from 1688 to the arrival of King William. Many motives impelled them to the wrong side, but it must always be acknowledged, that of the contending parties in Scotland, the palm of bravery and military prowess clearly belongs to them; and that so far were the Presbyterians of that country from being able, (as often now falsely and radically asserted,) to establish with the sword either the freedom or supremacy of their own religious system, they were, on almost every occasion, entirely defeated, as well in the reign of William, as subsequently.

The Church of Scotland, as at present established, must ever be respected most highly by genuine Protestants, and it does her no wrong, but merely states a naked truth of history, to say, that her present position was, under God, brought about, not certainly by the valour of her own sons in Scotland, but by the steady resistance of Protestants, and more especially, though not exclusively, Church of England Protestants in other parts of these lands, to popish tyranny, and

\* Dundee and Zumalacarreguy fell at the same time, as favourites with their respective sovereigns. Neither would stoop to flatter the cabal of the Jacobite kings.

by the no less unflinching support of the House of Brunswick, on the part of those Protestants. Had the matter been left to the arbitration of the sword merely in Scotland, it is not difficult to see that the larger, but by far the less warlike party must have been overborne, and Jacobitism been triumphant.

To return to the immediate subject of our notice. We scarcely know that history gives us an instance of greater boldness than Dundee marching out of Edinburgh at the head of a single troop of horse, upon finding the bias towards William of the parliamentary estates. It has always been esteemed a marked feature of desperate courage in Cataline, that he deliberately marched out of Rome to join Manlius in open day, and in the very sight of the senate and Roman people. But without intending to do Dundee so much injustice as to pursue the parallel farther than relates to courage, I cannot think, that in this instance, he is to be set below the Roman chieftain; for we find him halting, and deliberately scrambling up the castle rock, in the sight of many enemies, to hold a last conference with the Duke of Gordon, who held that fortress for James, and then pursuing his way to the Highlands, in defiance of attack or interruption, through a country in great part hostile, and fully aware of his views and intentions. His activity and address were now called forth to arouse the mountain chiefs, and, by all expedients, to fan the kindling fuel of insurrection. If he did not succeed in assembling round his banner a very numerous body of Highlanders, he certainly gained the very prime and bravest of the clans. At no period, perhaps, in the history of that turbulent corner of Britain, were the chiefs who appeared in arms for a common purpose, so distinguished for feats of valour and personal prowess. I shall give a short sketch of a few of these redoubted champions, who led forth their tribes under the orders of the warlike viscount.

Sir John Maclean, chief of that ancient and brave clan, scarcely arrived at the prime of life, was eminently distinguished for a commanding and handsome person: nor was his valour at all behind these outward advantages: no man possessed more genuine zeal for

the faulty cause which he espoused, or threw himself into it with a greater disregard of personal risk. His bravery was most conspicuous throughout this campaign, into which he brought six hundred men, the majority of whom were of fine appearance, and admirably armed after the Highland fashion. Both chief and clan would have done honour to any cause, and made neither the least imposing nor least efficient part of Dundee's array. Maclean's relation, Sir Alexander, an older and more experienced warrior, also did honour to the name he bore, and to the chief under whose orders he served. Macdonnell of Glengarry, distinguished by the cognomen Alister Dhu, was the very first to join Dundee's standard. He was a man of dark complexion and lofty stature, of great bodily strength, and of bravery furious and untameable. No chief led a Highland regiment with greater effect, as was evidenced at Killiecrankie, when he was in the flower of early manhood, and long afterwards at Sheriffmuir, where he was the means of breaking the Duke of Argyle's right wing. He had the bad as well as the good qualities of his race—being proud, quarrelsome, hot-headed, and intractable; but he was undoubtedly a most distinguished leader of mountain swordsmen, and one against whose charge it was almost impossible to stand. He was not succeeded in his line by any chief of equal fame, but in modern times the brave Sir James Macdonnell, at present serving in Canada, emulates his ancestor's reputation. Glengarry, upon this occasion, brought three hundred hardy men into the field.

The celebrated Sir Ewan Cameron, of Lochiel, was, perhaps, the most remarkable of this famous knot of chiefs, among whom his advanced years, and long recorded deeds of valour, gave him the principal influence. He was, at this time, upwards of sixty, but still preserved, in a great degree, the activity of youth. Even in his best days he had not been so strong a man as Glengarry, to whom he was much inferior in stature, but he was firmly knit, agile, and dexterous in the use of his arms to the very highest degree. Brave, sagacious, enterprising, and enduring, he had proved a thorn in the sides of Cromwell's officers, which they vainly endeavoured to get rid of,

and could only do so at last by making peace with him on his own terms. Sir Ewan's loyalty to the Stuarts was warm and sincere, as he had proved in many a fight, and by patient firmness, under incredible hardship; but with all this, like most of the Highland chiefs, he had a tolerably sharp eye to his own interest, and had especially profited by the attainder of the Marquis of Argyle.\* He had very little respect for James's religious opinions, but went heartily into his cause, and joined Dundee early with six hundred Camerons, a clan at this time prone to rapine, but among the bravest and stoutest in the Highlands. Sir Ewan shared little in the turbulent and quarrelsome spirit of the Highland chiefs, and always exerted himself to promote concord in Dundee's army, in which he might be considered, in respect of influence, the principal officer after the commander himself. No chief is, perhaps, so well remembered in his native country at this day. You will scarcely meet a person in the western Highlands who cannot tell many anecdotes of the great Sir Ewan Dhu, of Lochiel.

Macdonnell of Keppoch, a true specimen of the forward, fiery, rapacious Highland chief, would not seem to have been under any very great obligations to James II., who authorized letters of fire and sword against him and his clan in the year 1687; and a considerable body of soldiers having been employed in this service, Keppoch and his people only saved their lives by making the best use of light heels, and taking refuge in the mountains. Their houses, however, were burnt, their crops destroyed, and their cattle driven away. These letters of fire and sword were of ordinary occurrence in those days, as the only efficient means of punishing Highland criminals, who were beyond the reach of ordinary law. King William's memory has been much vilified for the sad affair of Glencoe, but in truth that king was entirely guiltless of

the peculiar circumstances of baseness and treachery which distinguished that accursed deed; and if he did consent to the example of a military execution, it was only what all his predecessors, and especially his immediate predecessor, had repeatedly done. So little account did Keppoch make of the proceedings against *him*, that he joined Dundee early in the affair with two hundred men. He had a remarkable faculty of tracing cattle over the mountains, which he often used to Dundee's advantage, (though, perhaps, oftener to his own,) who gave him, in consequence, the *soubriquet* of "Col. of the cows."

Macdonald, captain of Clanronald, a spirited stripling of fifteen, led four hundred men under the banner of Dundee.

An equal number were sent by Sir Donald Macdonald from Skye, who did not, however, take the command of his clan himself.

Several smaller bands, under less considerable leaders, such as Stuart of Appin, Macdonald of Glencoe, Macneill of Barra, Grant of Glenmoriston, &c., also joined Dundee.

Many lowland gentlemen of consideration also resorted to his camp; among whom Haliburton of Pitcur was especially distinguished; a man of gigantic stature and amazing strength, who is described to have been in battle "a moving castle, throwing fire and steel on the enemy."

There were also under his orders a good many clergymen of the episcopal church,† who, like Walker of Derry, buckled the sword belt over the cassock, but not like Walker, on the side of Protestant truth and constitutional right.

Having erected King James's standard, in Lochaber, on the 18th of May, 1689, Dundee forthwith executed a number of marches and counter-marches, in the course of which several skirmishes took place with the troops of his opponent, General

---

\* It is remarked by Sir James Mackintosh, in his history, as a curious circumstance, that Barclay of Ury, the famous apologist for the Quakers, who was Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel's brother-in-law, should have openly appeared in the Court of Session in 1687 or 8, soliciting a favour for that bold and warlike chief, the very antipodes of Quakerism.

† We mention this fact on the excellent authority of Mr. Chambers's *History of the Campaign of 1689*.



Mackay, (an experienced and able officer,) mostly to the advantage of the Highlanders. It has been attempted, especially in the memoirs of the Mackay family, to decry Dundee's military genius, because, at this period, he did not avail himself of openings, or pursue advantages as he might have done. But than this, nothing can be more unfair, when it is considered what kind of troops he commanded, as it required no small degree of dexterity of management to keep those Highlanders together, so near their own country even for a few weeks. In addition to the unmanageable nature of his army, the viscount laboured under severe sickness, induced by the unaccustomed hardships of a Highland campaign; when we add to all these grievances the total want of every necessary, beyond what barely sufficed to preserve life, as well as of the muniments of war, it is only matter of surprise, that under all such adverse circumstances, Dundee kept up a show of cheerful confidence, which communicated itself to his army. "We have only," he wrote to a friend at this period, "a few pounds of powder; but I have one comfort—the Highlanders will fire but once, and then take to the broadsword." Having now advanced into a comparatively fertile district, he might then easily have maintained himself, could his men have been persuaded to stay, but the cattle of their enemies, within their reach, proved a temptation too strong for them; and the Camerons and Macdonnells of Glengarry and Keppoch, went off every night in parties, with great droves of cows, to their own country. Lochiel and Glengarry would most unquestionably have shot any of their men whom they found deserting, but the darkness of night prevented detection, and the abundant spoil overcame even the habitual awe with which they regarded their chiefs. Finding his army melting away, Dundee had nothing for it but to dismiss them for a period, very much in the way that a schoolmaster unwillingly grants holidays to a set of refractory scholars. And now began an open and general scramble; each seized what cattle he could find, and immediately drove them off towards Locharber. The country of the Grants, (a Whig clan,) always one of the most plentiful in the Highlands, enjoyed the

advantage of this pleasant visitation. The chiefs went off also to recover their people, so that Dundee would have been left almost alone, had not some Islesmen, to whom it was inconvenient to drive cattle to their far distant homes, remained with him, and formed his body-guard. Having nothing for it but to await patiently the period of re-assembling, Dundee took up his quarters in that romantic region which lies on the north of Loch Arkig, and which he described as "the heart of Glengarry and Lochiel's lands, where he thought himself safe enough." It would be impossible, indeed, to conceive a more suitable asylum, interminable forests of the largest trees stretched on every side, and afforded a friendly covert if there happened to be any occasion for concealment; but the inhabitants of the surrounding country, consisting of Camerons and Macdonnells, were all attached to the cause which their chiefs espoused. He was not destined, however, to a long period of inaction; the crisis rapidly approached, to meet which his energies arose with redoubled vigour. Mackay, the brave and steady officer to whom William had entrusted the command of his forces in Scotland, having assembled his army, to the number of about five thousand men, advanced from Dumblane in the middle of July, with the intention of attacking the Castle of Blair, and making that country a base for further operations.

Dundee had already re-assembled his Highlanders, (who, having disposed of their plunder, were quite alert in joining him once more,) and had marched for the same point. His army amounted to scarcely three thousand men, including a small Irish battalion, but was formed of the best of the Highland clans, in full spirits and vigour. The night of the 16th of July he passed at Blair Athol, with a full resolution of engaging the enemy's whole force at the earliest opportunity: that opportunity he had not long to wait for. Early in the morning of the 17th he received certain information, that General Mackay's advanced guard had entered the pass of Killiecrankie, a few miles distant. He instantly ordered Sir Alexander Maclean forward with three hundred men, as well to dispute the pass as to obtain intelligence; but this party had scarcely

marched half a mile, when Dundee received the further and more important intelligence, that Mackay, with his entire army, was marching through the pass. Anxious to meet his adversary on the uneven narrow ground, hemmed in by mountains and the river Tummell, Dundee moved his entire force, with the utmost celerity, towards the mouth of the pass; but he found that the troops of Mackay had already defiled, and, in anticipation of his movement, had been formed on the Athol side of the pass, where it widens into a narrow plain. Dundee immediately occupied a neighbouring hill, from whence, without discovering the amount of his own force, he could observe the array of the enemy. Mackay's troops consisted of eight regiments of infantry, drawn up in one line, with small intervals between the battalions, and supported by a few pieces of light artillery, and two strong squadrons of horse. Hastings' English regiment, (the present 13th foot,) had the extreme right of the line, the left was composed of Dutch troops, and the centre, of three battalions of lowland Scotch, which are now known as those distinguished regiments, the 25th, or Royal Borderers, the 21st and 26th. This was a force sufficiently imposing, and not less imposing than really formidable, for these were as good troops as the British army contained, and were commanded by a general officer of acknowledged merit. A spirit less bold than that of Dundee might well have quailed in presence of such an army; not merely on account of the disparity of numbers, which was nearly two to one, but still more, perhaps, on account of the immeasurable difference as regarded all the munitions of war between the two hosts. But Dundee remembered with exultation what his illustrious kinsman, Montrose, had effected in the generation preceding, with Highland clans against regular troops; and strong in personal daring, and not less strong in confidence that his in-

trepid and hardy followers would emulate the valour of their ancestors, he did not once think of shunning the proffered combat; he only seemed to hesitate in deferring the attack until sunset, esteeming the approach of night a convenient season, either for following up success, or drawing off a baffled army. During the entire day either party held his position, and with the exception of some skirmishing about five o'clock in the afternoon, no offensive movement took place: but the moment now approached for the important struggle, which was to decide the interest of James II. in the kingdom of Scotland. Dundee formed his line for the attack, giving the right to Sir John Maclean, and the left to the Macdonalds of Sleat.\* Lochiel, Glengarry, and Clanronald, with the small battalion of Irish, and a still smaller body of horse, led by Dundee in person, made the centre. The viscount found his men admirably disposed for action, as he flew from clan to clan, and still further incited their ardour for battle. About seven o'clock he assembled the chiefs and gentlemen of his army, and made them a speech, which must ever be esteemed a model of military eloquence. I give it as preserved among "Macpherson's State Papers:"—

"Gentlemen, you are come hither this day to fight, and that in the best of causes, for it is the battle of your king, your religion, and your country, against the foulest usurpation and rebellion; and having, therefore, so good a cause in your hands, I doubt not but it will inspire you with an equal courage to maintain it: for there is no proportion between loyalty and treason, nor should be any between the valour of good subjects and traitors. Remember, that to-day begins the fate of your king, your religion, and your country. Behave yourselves, therefore, like true Scotsmen, and let us, by this action, redeem the credit of this nation, that is laid low by the treachery and cowardice of some of our countrymen, in which I

---

\* It is said that Lochiel's second son, Captain Donald Cameron, of the Dutch service, was with his regiment in Mackay's army, and was thus addressed by that general: "There is your father, with his Highland savages: how would you like to be with him?" "It is of no consequence," was the answer, "what I should like; but take care of my father and his Highland savages, that they are not soon nearer you than you would wish." General Stewart tells the story of Allan, Sir Ewan's third son, but it seems more likely to have been the second.

ask nothing of you that you shall not see me do before you: and if any of us shall fall on this occasion, we shall have the honour of dying in our duty, and as becomes men of valour and conscience; and such of us as shall live and win the battle, shall have the reward of a gracious king, and the praise of all good men. In God's name, then, let us go on, and let this be your word—King James and the Church of Scotland, which God long preserve!”

We have already remarked on the extraordinary inconsistency, that while in arms for a Romish monarch, Dundee and his Highland adherents were animated with the highest zeal for the support of the Protestant episcopal church, which, since the restoration of Charles II. had been the established one of Scotland; and indeed, from this time forth, an episcopalian was, in Scotland, only another name for a Jacobite. Popery was, in general, little esteemed by the gentry of Scotland, whether highland or lowland.\* The moment had now arrived for the assault; the chiefs and officers took their places at the head of their respective battalions, and a short pause ensued. An incident just then occurred, which tended much to encourage the Highland army. Old Sir Ewan, of Lochiel, standing at the head of his clan, ordered them to set up a shout, which they did with great vehemence; from them it passed down the whole line: Mackay's army returned the shout, but the distance rendered the sound comparatively faint. “We shall gain the victory,” cried Sir Ewan. “I am the oldest officer in the army, and am certain that the croaking shout of the enemy presages defeat. Did you not hear how much louder our

shout was? I have been long accustomed to observe the tokens of victory.” Animated by this speech, the Camerons raised a fresh shout, even louder than before, which was once more repeated by the other clans. It was just eight o'clock in the evening, and at that very instant Dundee gave the word, and the Highlanders rushed upon the enemy, each clan forming a separate body. Mackay's regiments calmly awaited the shock, and their superior military training told grievously upon the attacking Highlanders. Three full fires poured in deliberately upon the advancing clans with the best aim, thinned their ranks not a little, but the speed of their onset was not checked. Encouraged by the example of their general, who charged at the head of the horse in their front, animating all around him by his voice and gestures, and led most gallantly by their respective chiefs, these hardy tribes sustained, without shrinking, a fire which might have daunted the best disciplined troops in Europe. Not less than five hundred of them fell in the advance; but they were soon amply to revenge this loss. Not a gun was fired until they had arrived within five yards of Mackay's line, when they poured into it a general volley of fusées and pistols; but although given at such close quarters, from the general badness of their gunpowder, their fire was comparatively ineffectual. They now betook themselves to more efficient weapons, and, throwing away their firelocks, dashed into the hostile regiments with broadsword and target: and now began a scene of confusion, of flight, and of slaughter, which, speaking relatively to the numbers engaged, modern battles have rarely exhibited.

---

\* It was even esteemed a disgrace among the Jacobites themselves, to be suspected of popery. Soon after the battle of Killiecrankie, at a council of war, an officer named Sir John Drummond, remarked on the misfortune of the king's having turned papist, and being so much influenced by those of that communion: he further hinted, that he feared there were some papists among themselves. Glengarry, upon this, rose and demanded if he meant him. “I don't mean you in particular, Glengarry,” said Sir John, “though I know you to be a papist.” “You are a d——d liar,” said Glengarry, “I am as good a Protestant as you are, and a great deal better man.” Upon which they drew their swords together, and engaged without another word. Before they had exchanged more than a few blows and thrusts, the fine old veteran chief, Sir Ewan Cameron, of Lochiel, rushed between them and struck up their swords, but in doing so, received a cut from Glengarry, which prostrated him on the ground, and very nearly cost him his life. This immediately ended the dispute, as nothing could exceed the regret of all parties at the accident.

Three clans more particularly distinguished themselves by their fearful prowess on this day of woe to the lowlander, and triumph to the Gael.

The Macleans, led on in the bravest manner by their gallant chief, swept the troops opposed to them in Mackay's left wing from the field in an instant. No rout could be more fearful than what this wing exhibited; for many that escaped the unpitying sword, were hurled in the press down the steep banks of the river Tummell, and were either drowned or dashed to pieces against the rocks. The victory was, on this side, the most complete, and the most disastrous to Mackay's forces, that could be conceived.

The Macdonnells, of Glengarry,\* were not less successful. Their redoubted chief was the bearer, on this famous day, of King James's standard, which had never before witnessed so signal a triumph, or so awful a slaughter.

Nor were the deeds of the Camerons inferior to those of their brothers in arms mentioned above, nor did their veteran chief soil, upon this occasion, any of those laurels which he had won by so many acts of daring and prowess in the wars of Cromwell. This clan had more difficulties of ground to struggle with than most of the others, as they had to charge the troops opposed to them up a steep ascent; we learn as much from the words of the old ballad, written immediately after the battle:—

“ Sir Ewan dhu and his men true  
Came linking up the brink man; ”

but neither the acclivity, nor fire, nor steel, could arrest their progress, and they broke through the hostile line, sword in hand, almost the same moment that they attacked it. We may also collect from a Latin doggrel poem,

translated by Sir Walter Scott, that this tribe did not neglect the baggage of their flying enemies—

“ *Strenuus Lochielus cum multo Camerone,  
Hostes ense peremit, et abrio pugione,  
Istos et intrepidus orco dedicavit,  
Impedimenta hostium Blaro reportavit.* ”

“ The stout Lochiel, with dirk of steel,  
And many a Cameron there,  
Their foemen fell, dispatched to hell,  
Then brought their spoils to Blair.”

The Dutch troops, as well as the lowland Scotch regiments, even the true blue Presbyterian Mackays and Angus, (as before mentioned, the present 21st and 26th,) as also the Royal Borderers, or 25th foot, were routed in every quarter, and driven from the field.† Only one regiment out of Mackay's entire force was able to maintain its ground, and to bear off in honour the arms and standards committed to it by the brave King William III. This was Hastings' English regiment, (the present 13th foot,) and the only corps of that nation present at the battle. Posted at the extremity of Mackay's right wing, and attacked by the Macdonalds of Sleat, (who were as good men as any in the field, though, perhaps, not so well led as the Glengarry men, Macleans and Camerons,) this gallant regiment kept up such a regular, sustained, and fatal fire, that the assaulting Highlanders were never able to close with it. In vain did the Macdonalds, with the bravery inherent in their name, renew their attacks; the quick firing of the English corps continually baffled them, and they lost a number of men at every ineffectual attempt to rush in hand to hand. Thus the field of battle showed Dundee a complete and glorious victory, save in this one point,‡ two thou-

\* Glengarry's regiment included the Grants of Glenmoriston and Macdonalds of Glencoe. Keppoch's clan, we believe, made part of Clanronald's array.

† The awkward method of fixing bayonets, which were then fastened in the bore of the musket, caused some regiments to be unprepared when the Highlanders broke in upon them. The order to fix bayonets not having been given in time, from a natural wish to fire as long as possible. But the bayonet never proved an efficient weapon against broadsword and target, in the hands of resolute men.

‡ At the battle of the Boyne the victorious army amounted to 36,000 men, and lost 500—the defeated to 33,000, and lost scarcely 1,000. At the battle of Killiecrankie, the victorious army amounted to 3,000, and lost 600—the defeated to 5,000, and lost 2,000.

sand of Mackay's army had been killed upon the spot; the survivors of the broken regiments were in universal flight; Mackay's cannon, standards, baggage, military stores, and treasure, were all taken, but Hastings's English regiment still stood, and kept up its destructive fire. No sooner did the viscount espy this untoward circumstance, than he rode rapidly towards the left,\* and, calling out to Sir Ewan Cameron, directed him to throw his clan upon the flank of Hastings's regiment. Lochiel instantly recalled as many men as possible from the pursuit and plunder of the baggage, and, joined by the brave Sir Alexander Maclean, fell, sword in hand, upon the flank of the gallant corps, which was the only remaining check to their victorious arms. It now yielded ground, but in retiring slowly from the field, halted from time to time, as spots were favourable, and by repeated volleys, checked the pursuing Highlanders, who, although they compelled it to retire, were unable to break it. The unprecedented gallantry and discipline of this noble regiment, contributed greatly to save the scattered wrecks of Mackay's army. But a still more prevalent cause damped the spirits of the Highlanders, and prevented any long continued pursuit. The Viscount Dundee received his death wound just at the moment of his directing the movement of the Camerons against Hastings's regiment. In him fell the strength of his party, and the hope of the Stuarts, as far, at least, as Scot-

land was concerned.\* King James, as has been remarked by some writer, might truly repeat the sorrowful words of his ancestor:—

“I have not any captain more,  
Of such account as he.”

Had Dundee outlived that day, he would immediately have overrun Scotland, and in all probability would have severed that ancient hereditary kingdom of the Stuarts from all connexion with the English crown. But it is idle to speculate on past contingencies. It is extraordinary that the exact time and place of his death are not agreed upon. Some say that he survived the night of the 17th, and died the next day at Blair Athol, others that it was at the house of a neighbouring gentleman, one of the clan Donochy, or Robertson, after having written King James an account of his victory; others affirm, that he died on the field of battle a few minutes after receiving the fatal shot, and that his body was seen on the field covered with a Highland plaid. However this be, he left his cause hopeless; for he left a headstrong and irregular army without a leader, so that, accompanied by his fall, their victory was useless.† No persons knew this better than the Highland chiefs themselves, and perhaps few more picturesque subjects for an historical painting could be found, than their melancholy group about the dead body of Dundee, on the battle-field of Killiecrankie.

X.

---

\* Dr. Pitcairn's classical epitaph on Dundee, expresses the feelings of the Jacobite party at his loss:—

“*Ultime Scotorum potuit quo sospite solo  
Libertas patriæ salva fuisse tuæ!  
Te moriente novas accepit Scotia reges  
Accepitque novos te moriente deos,  
Illa tibi superesse nequit nec tu potes illæ  
Ergo Caledonia nomen inane vale!  
Tuque vale gentis quondam fortissime ductor  
Ultime Scotorum atque ultime Græme vale!*”

The Rev. J. Graham, Rector of Magilligan, has translated this epitaph with great power. We forget all except the two last lines:—

“Farewell then, Caledonia, empty name!  
Farewell, thou last of Scots, and last bold Græme!”

† A few days after the battle of Killiecrankie, Cleland, a brave Presbyterian colonel, successfully maintained the churchyard and enclosures of Dunkeld against the Highlanders, who never fought well unless they could attack sword in hand. This skirmish, and the former one of Drumclog, in the reign of Charles II., were the only instances that we know of in which the Scottish whig party succeeded in personal conflict with the cavaliers or jacobites.



## THE POPE'S DREAM.

A LEGEND OF SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE,

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

What do folks go to Rome for ? 'Tis hard to declare,  
 To see what Romans *are*, or to hear what they *were*,  
 To ride races all over the dreary Campagna,  
 Or lounge up and down the Piazza di Spagna ?  
 Mosaics to buy in the Via Condotti,  
 Or casts from the antique sold by Liberotti ?  
     Perhaps many go,  
     For all that I know,  
 As a matter of duty to kiss the Pope's toe,  
 While some wouldn't mind what gay sight they had missed  
 If they could but see cardinals playing at whist ;  
     And some at Lent season  
     Will crawl their bare knees on  
 Up the Scala—but that's not the general reason  
     Why people leave home,  
     And in multitudes come  
 By land or by sea to pass three months at Rome :  
 What attracts them, can you solve the mystery ? That I can,  
 Either St. Peter's, the Forum, or Vatican.

    In spite of the thousands  
     Whom Great Britain now sends,  
     (And whom China calls Fanquis,)  
     In spite of the Yankees  
     Who travel in shoals,  
     As plenty as Poles  
     Who, banished and undone,  
     Now inundate London,  
     I'll wager a penny  
     That out of the many  
     Very few men, if any  
 Though patient, and long, and acute their researches,  
 Can say when they leave Rome, " I've seen *all* the churches ;"  
 Whoever has done this has been *diligent*,  
 For their number amounts to three hundred and twenty.  
     He who writes *con amore*  
     Often strays from his story,  
 Just as I've strayed from Santa Maria Maggiore ;  
 But to prove that henceforth I intend to be serious,  
 I'll tell you what happened to good Pope Liberius.

First, to impress the *locale* on your mind,  
 I'll describe how you may the church easily find ;  
     Enter Rome by the gate  
     Which at some ancient date  
 Was named Tiburtina, although now of late  
 'Tis called San Lorenzo—the gate once passed through,  
 The road leads up hill, and you've nothing to do  
 But to walk on until straight before you you see  
 A huge pile of building, which, wise men agree,  
 Stands just on the site of a temple to Juno,  
 (In her day, a most popular goddess, as you know.)  
     Walk in, and you may  
     Some gilding survey,  
 The gold of which came, if the truth records say,

From the New World, indeed, if traditions don't tell a  
False story, the gift of Spain's Queen Isabella.  
Now *who* built this church 'tis no hard task to know,  
Any list of the Popes will the founder's name show,  
Tut why *this* site was chosen, ah ! there is the mystery !  
Bhat I'll explain in the following history.

On a horsehair couch the Pontiff slept,  
And a young lay brother vigil kept  
With one eye shut, outside the door,  
Stretched at his ease upon the floor,  
Lulled by the Pope's harmonious snore, }  
Hour after hour crept slowly by,  
And the lay brother shut his other eye,  
Forgetting his watch was scarce half done,  
He slept—and the chapel clock struck ONE ;  
When (of course say a word but the plain truth I wouldn't)  
The Pope heard a voice, but the lay brother couldn't,  
Like that pensive bird's song from some favourite mossy knoll,  
(Called in Spain *ruisenor*, and in France *rossignol*.)

"Papa," it said in a sweet *sol mi fa*,  
(By the way, don't pronounce it à l'*Anglais* Papā,  
Or you'll put me in mind how I'm forced oft to rally an  
Old friend of mine, who forgets his Italian ;)

"Papa, where'er you next summer shall see  
A thick fall of snow, build a church there to me."

"To whom?" the Pope cried,

But no one replied

Save the lay brother, who, his past slumber to hide,  
Now feigned to be active and spry beyond measure,  
And bowed low, awaiting the good father's pleasure.

"To whom, did it say,

Didst thou catch the word? Eh!"

The lay brother stared, rubbed his eyes, and said "Nay ;"  
Then, thinking the Pope's brain beginning to whirl, he  
Looked grave, and thrice shook his head à la Lord Burleigh.

'Twas autumn then, but the autumn went by,  
And winter came, in its turn to fly ;  
When the spring in a grass green robe drew nigh,  
And the dormouse opened its sleepy eye  
To blink at the sun and the bright blue sky ;  
Month after month did revolving hie,  
Till, about the middle of warm July,  
The Pope took a walk, rather hobbling and slow,  
(For walking is hot work in summer, we know ;)  
And three cardinals after him all in a row,  
When he stopped, and wheeled round very nimbly "just so,"  
"Oh my!" cried the Pope, "if there isn't the snow!"  
"Snow in summer!" cried one, "oh, no! *non est possibile*,  
No, *Liberi pater, non est credibile*."

Who ever heard

A thing so absurd?

And yet—it's uncommonly like, 'pon my word,  
Oh yes! now I look, my red hat that's at home I stake,  
(Safe wager too,) for it is snow, and no mistake."

"Ah!" cried the Pope, "I have put my foot in it,  
But as I *must* do it, we won't lose a minute ;

Send for the architects, bid them prepare  
 A plan for a new church, and let them beware.  
     If they fail to fulfil  
     My pontifical will,  
 By my patron Liberius, they shall all grill;  
 Not on earth, to an iron stake fast bound before ye all,  
 No, I allude to a grill purgatorial.  
 Bid them sketch such a plan as was ne'er sketched before,  
     And ne'er will be more,  
     And when their task's o'er,  
 I've a recompense for them—my blessing—in store.  
 Shut 'em up in a chamber, and give each a sheet  
 Of paper, pens, ink, but mind, nothing to eat."

Now, why didn't the Pope, all this trouble to spare,  
 Michael Angelo summon, that architect rare,  
 So he would, but (though no man a good thought was smarter at,)  
 What says the song? Mike "was not born till arter that."

We'll suppose the plan chosen, and mortar and lime  
 And stone brought, until in due process of time,  
 The church stood upright on a solid foundation,  
 While the cardinals looked on in mute admiration;  
     And the Pope thought himself  
     A most fortunate elf,  
 When 'twas finished, and he, with small outlay of pelf,  
 (For he taxed all the nobles, whom Pat calls "the quality,")  
 Gave Rome a church, and achieved immortality.

Here, by the way,  
     Some reader may say,  
 I'll start off for Italy this very day,  
 Crossing over Mont Cenis this church to survey;  
     Stay, a word in your ear,  
     You'll repent it, I fear,  
 For alas! of the old church few traces appear  
 In the proud fane, which strangers long gaze at with fixed eye,  
 It has been so much altered by one of the Sixti.

Now briefly in few words to wind up the story,  
 How the church was called Santa Maria Maggiore,  
 Because the Pope knew not his visitor's name,  
     Who the year before came  
     This off'ring to claim,  
 So the calendar searching with laudable aim,  
 He chose for himself; and how once ev'ry summer  
 As you may be sure of, if hither you come, or  
     By proxy attend,  
     How the monks all ascend,  
 Such a posse, you'd think there was really "no end,"  
     A hundred or more,  
     Through a snug private door,  
 To a balcony where they appear, 'mid a roar  
 Of applause from the people, the square closely packed in,  
 Who clap on, and wonder what strange farce they're acting;  
 How they let fall (trust me, 'tis no vain guess o' mine,  
 Fact, honour bright,) for snow, showers of jessamine—  
 Are not these proofs certain, incontrovertible,  
 Clear as the face of a polished dessert table,  
 Sure proofs how true and undoubted a story  
 Is the Legend of Santa Maria Maggiore.

THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY AND DIARIO DI ROMA—MINOR POETS AND MODERN  
MIRACLES OF ROMANISM.

WE had once an old friend, more distinguished for the goodness of his heart than for his intellectual powers or literary attainments, who had a strong affection for almanacks. Indeed, they constituted the strength as well as the ornament of his very select library; and our friend used to recommend them earnestly to his wife and daughters for their especial study. "Good reading, excellent good reading," he used to say, "in the Almanack;" and then, in moments of good-humoured confidence he would sometimes turn to us, and looking with all the mystery of which his happy face was capable, he used to express with great complacency the monosyllable "safe." If at such times we happened to be for a moment left alone, he would become more explanatory. "Almanacks," he would say, "are good family books; they give young people employment, and they don't put any thoughts into their heads."

Alas! the days of safe reading are gone by; even almanacks have become contemplative. Until our fields and streets had become vocal with the eloquence of desultory preachers, the Church of Rome used to boast of her orators of the public places, and insist that she alone was the true church, because in her provinces alone "wisdom cried aloud in the streets, and" (we forget whether it was a part of her recommendation,) "no man regarded it." However this may be, she now betakes her to a new proclamation of her wisdom. The Catholic Directory and Almanack has become instinct with it, and the good easy gentleman of the old school, who in the expectation of "excellent safe reading" should give it harbourage, would soon find, like Croaker in the play, that he had been betrayed; would find all the horror of fire, water, sense, and nonsense, levelled at him, and would not know whether it was not a covert device to introduce into his house terrors worse than "lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder." However, bad as

the case is, and full of alarm, we have had the magnanimity to devote ourselves to the perils of a search. We have investigated the contents of this armoury of squibs, and undertake to promise that there is little harm in them. The intention may have been good enough, but it does not appear to have been seconded by the skill which could render it mischievous.

The first literary article in the Almanack is called the Scriptural Register, in which the first three pieces of intelligence are as follows.—

"First—the conception of the Blessed Virgin, the 8th of December, sixteen years before Christ.

"Second—the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, the 8th of September, fifteen years before Christ.

"Third—her presentation in the temple, in the third year of her age, twelve years before Christ."

From what Scripture this intelligence was gathered we were much at a loss to learn. We had indeed once heard a doughty controversialist, when pressed rather too unsparingly for an authority, cite in a tone of voice where anger disguised annoyance, the gospel of St. Thomas, and recommend it by the query—is not it as good as any other gospel? We looked long for any such reference in the Scriptural Register, and when we had failed to our heart's content, we learned wisdom, and began, where for the future we mean to begin all doubtful studies, at the beginning. We then found that the Scriptural Register was compiled "chiefly from Sandinus." This explained the mystery. Like Carleton's *Autobiography* of the Rev. Blackthorne M'Flail, which was "wrote by his cousin," the Catholic Almanack professes to give a Scriptural Register, but prepares it chiefly from Sandinus. It is no longer wonderful that it should commence so strangely. However, we would by no means take away from the merit, whatever it may be, of the writer whose works are thus constituted for the Bible. A I

Catholic bibliographer has said of him that he had the merit, as if it were confessedly a rare merit in his party, of generally giving good testimony to the truth of his statements. It is a matter of thankfulness, therefore, that the Catholic Almanack chooses so respectable a voucher for the Bible; and perhaps when its readers find it thus recommended, some of them may venture to look into it for themselves.

Pages 123 to 126 are occupied with lessons read at the mass of one of the lately-promoted saints, Liguori, who is said to have been an assiduous worshipper of the Mother of God, and to have upon one occasion been so successful in her praises, that from her image there was poured upon his countenance a flood of light—which we are to suppose was a manifest token at once of the saint's holiness, the Virgin's approbation, and the sensibility of her image. Certainly, whatever may be the light of an age which can have fellowship with such lights as these—the wooden gleams which glowed on the brow of St. Liguori,—there must be much of that darkness which is called “the light of other days,” and is far more favourable to Romanism than the light of heaven or truth could be. Pius VII. it appears, in the year 1816, inserted the name of Liguori in the *Fasti* of the blessed; Gregory the Sixteenth in the year 1839, advanced him, many new miracles having enhanced his reputation, to the catalogue of saints. Enough or “something too much of this.”

The Roman Register occupies from page 129 to 170 both inclusive. It contains accounts of the papal soirees, and receptions, and ceremonies; accounts from the court and the church, fashionable, pious, political—precisely as if Rome were the acknowledged metropolis of the British dominions, and the pope the prince in whom all the faithful must feel the deepest interest. This is perhaps no more than should be expected; but it is certainly not less than to be worthy of the attention of statesmen.

“July 21.—His holiness gave several private audiences.”

“December.—The illustrious and venerable archbishop of Cologne was in strict retirement in Munster. His holiness testified in the most marked

manner, his grateful and lasting recollection of his undaunted zeal and many sufferings for the faith. The pope wrote to him *with his own hand*, a letter full of hope and consolation.”

All, however, is not smooth sailing even at Rome. The Registry affirms that “the accounts of the insurrection in the states of the church were much exaggerated;” but it adds that “several persons were arrested for conspiracy, amongst whom were Count Bricci, the Chevalier Gherardi, and several students of the university of Bologna.” “Something wicked that way comes.”

There were troubles of another description in Rome.

“The Roman states, owing to a late banking arrangement, (with many wealthy Catholics in Rome and in England,) met with severe pecuniary losses, owing to the unexpected failure of a most influential banker in London.”

But here is an announcement which should awaken a lively interest even in Ireland.

“August.—A letter from his eminence Cardinal Franzoni, prefect of the College of Propaganda, to the Rev. Michael Doyle, of SS. Michael and John's, Dublin, presenting him with the thanks of the sacred congregation for his munificent grant of £500, for the support of another house in favour of the Irish mission. *This is, we believe, the third or fourth grant of the kind which this esteemed and venerable ecclesiastic has given for this truly noble purpose.*”—*Registry*, p. 158.

There is one admirable quality in the Roman Catholic system;—namely, that it takes the most it can from all whom it can influence to give, and that it gives the smallest return which it can influence the givers to accept. When England in her wisdom founded the Royal College of Maynooth, for the purpose of training up some millions of people in doctrines which she required of all her legislators to swear were damnable and idolatrous, and in principles which, it has been said, that if the docile scholars convert them into act, the government which pays for teaching them will punish as crimes when England made arrange-



ments, at a considerable expense for the perpetuation of a system, against which, at a still greater expense of money and of lives, she has long been ineffectually struggling, she designed to make sure of at least one thing, the co-operation of Roman Catholics in the maintenance of a college founded for their exclusive use, not benefit. She passed an act of parliament which enabled them legally to maintain a college for the education of their own priesthood, and she professed to anticipate that their benevolence would be conducted upon so popular an institution, and that she would have the honour and advantage of having founded it at no greater pecuniary loss than the cost of an outfit.

In such an expectation there was an abundant ignorance manifested of Ireland and the Roman Irish. The odour of law (not that they are not sufficiently litigious) is far more unsavoury to them than that of gain to the Roman emperor. The moment Maynooth became protected and encouraged by law, it forfeited the pecuniary support of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. So long as there was a college in existence of which England ought to entertain a salutary suspicion—so long as there was an institution to be supported which the spirit of the English law forbade the subjects of Great Britain to support—so long there was a successful rival to Maynooth; in a word, with the exception of one or two donations and legacies, so given that they only confirm the rule—the college which England most inconsistently and sinfully established and called upon Ireland to support, is altogether deserted by the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and while it is teaching doctrines and inculcating principles which may yet shake the British empire to its centre, they are taught and propagated at the cost of England; and the hundreds and the thousands of pounds which Ireland can afford to contribute, are properly and consistently transmitted to Rome.

The Roman Register, pages 135—156, contains an account of “the pontifical mass,” a work recently published by Dr. Baggs at Rome. The ceremonies of this mass are explained—one will appear sufficiently startling. Before his holiness tastes

the bread and wine which he is to change into God, they must be tasted by one of his attendants lest they might change him into a corpse. What a blessed and holy region Rome must be—what a goodly religion Romanism—and how thoroughly imbued with Christian affection the Romanist ministers at the altar. There stands an aged man, vicar of the Lord Jesus, his infallible representative on earth; and in order to satisfy him that there is not death in the bread and wine, an attendant, the *sagrista*, must put his own life in peril by eating the wafers and drinking of the cup. This ceremony is called the *proba*.

#### “PROBA.

“The cardinal deacon then places three hosts upon the paten, and the *pyx* near the chalice. He takes one of the three hosts, touches with it the other two, and gives it to M. *Sagrista*; he then takes another of the hosts and touches with it the paten, and the chalice inside and outside, and gives it also to the *sagrista* who eats the two hosts. He then takes the *cruets*, and pours from them some wine and water into the cup held by the *sagrista* who drinks from it. This ceremony is called the *proba*.”

Well might the ceremony be called the *proba*, or the opprobrium, rather, of the religion which is not ashamed to make such a parade of it. Where such a ceremony is found necessary, what satisfactory assurance can a Romanist have that the process of transubstantiation is ever accomplished in his church? He knows that if there is too much water in the wine—if there has been any distilled water used in making the bread—no consecration can take place. He sees that it is necessary to ascertain on certain solemn occasions that “the elements” have not been adulterated by mixtures still more deleterious. These latter may be detected—the former are undiscoverable. If there be poison in the bread or the wine it will be detected; its effects are tried upon an attendant—*experimentum in corpore rili fit*. If the cup or the host be drugged, the congregation will have the comfort of seeing the Signor *Sagrista* grow black in the face, stiffen, and so die. But suppose the ingre-

dient by which the symbols are adulterated be of a less deadly nature—too much of water—the bread not purely wheaten—a whole congregation is defrauded, their adoration is given to a morsel of unchanged bread. Why has Rome no proba for this? We would beg to suggest that the ceremony be altered. Let there be a chemist, instead of a sagrista, in attendance on his holiness; and let him have the double duty of pronouncing that the bread and the wine are such as may be safely eaten, and that they are also of the consistence out of which Romanism may be able to make her God. In the meantime, until our suggestion can be put into practice, we would entreat, for the sake of decency, if not humanity, that something less valuable than human life be exposed to the hazards of the proba. There is something less precious, surely, than the life of M. Sagrista. Cannot a dog be found to whom it would be gain to die; the guides at the Grotto del Cane are not very excessive in their prices: or if there must be the aspect of a man, will not the condemned cells of Rome supply a wretch who would more willingly risk the hazard of being poisoned, as the pope's taster of communion elements, than die by the executioner.

The Almanack, or the work of Dr. Baggs, has added a note in explanation of this most revolting and disgraceful experiment:—

“Meursius shows, that at regal banquets it was customary to have persons who tasted the meats, in order to remove the suspicion of poison. By the Romans they were called *prægustatores*, and the chief of them in the emperor's household was named *procurator prægustatorum*. Claudius is said to have been poisoned *per Halotum spadonem prægustatorem*. . . . As men have sometimes sacrilegiously mixed poison with the bread and wine used at mass, the *Ceremoniale Episcoporum* prescribes, that when a bishop sings mass, they should be tasted first by the *credentarii*, or butlers, and afterwards by the *sagristan*. Lambert, an old writer quoted by Fleury, says that a subdeacon attempted to poison pope Victor II. at mass. . . . Unhappily, even in our own time, this abominable sacrilege has been attempted.”

What a system! to take its prece-

dent for the supper of the Lord from the orgies of a sensual court—from the habits of a most flagitious society. Because a tyrant emperor had reason to suspect conspiracy among his guilty attendants, the pope should make similar suspicions manifest; because a taster was necessary at feasts which were spread for purposes of sin, a taster is necessary at that feast where the passion of Christ is commemorated. But the astounding fact is, that such hateful precautions are necessary. Romanism has children who will perpetrate, at the blessed eucharist, at the Lord's table, the crimes which pagan daring would only venture upon at the gross festivals of Claudius. Surely there is reason in the expression that pagan and papal Rome are one—that the modern is but the ghost of the ancient; and there is reason also to think that the process which has made her a ghost has added nothing to her improvement.

The Literary Register throws incidentally some valuable lights on the character of the Church of Rome. The second work of which it contains a notice is “Dodd's Church History.” The review concludes at pages 186, 187, with “A List of Catholics executed for religion during the reign of James I.” The number of executions recorded is twenty-four—seven of laymen, and seventeen of priests. It is wholly unnecessary now to attempt proving that all these Roman Catholics executed during the reign of James I. were put to death for treason. It is perfectly known that James I. would most willingly allow Romanists to pursue their course in peace, if they would only be satisfied to grant to England and him the same indulgence. The gunpowder plot startled the king and the realm from their security, and disclosed the fell purposes of those who were working out their treasons under religious pretences. According to Dodd, and to the Catholic Registry, this treason is Romanist religion. Garnet, who was found guilty of treason by evidence as plain and convincing as ever convicted a culprit,—Garnet, who avowed, and was not ashamed to attempt defending, his detestable doctrine of equivocation,—Garnet, who it is said, has been canonised among Jesuits for his treasons in England, figures here in Dodd's list as one of

those who was "executed for his religion." What does this mean? That treason is sanctified by Romanism, when wrought for the interests of the church. It is a bold avowal. May we hope that the age is not altogether so unobservant, as that it can be made without suggesting the necessity of vigilance and caution.

And yet the hope is faint. When such a list as has appeared in the Catholic Directory, of "Catholics executed for religion in the reign of James I." was made public, there must have been a strong reliance on the amount of ignorance and indifference which can allow such fabrications to pass current. And, unhappily, the confidence of Romanism, generally not ill-placed, has never a more enduring resting-place than when it is fixed on the persuasion that Protestants are unacquainted with those matters in history which ought to have for them, as Protestants and British subjects, the most prevailing interest. Were it not for a reliance upon ignorance and forgetfulness of these matters, a list like that in the Almanack would never have been permitted to see the light; Romanists would be thankful that Protestants were silent upon such a subject; and if any uninstructed or refractory champion of their party was daring enough to break the silence, he would soon be called to a sense of duty, and compelled to observe the discipline which was so creditably enforced in the instance of Puseyism.

In the whole history of Romanism, of its heresies, its persecutions, its crimes, there is not perhaps an incident which imprints upon papacy a brand of deeper guilt and dishonour than its concern in the case of these "Catholics executed for their religion." They *were* so executed—poor, betrayed slaves and victims of a merciless master. They *were* executed for religion—for what they thought religion—obedience to the tyrant pope. They would have been pardoned by the generous tolerance of England—they *sacrificed themselves to the flagitious policy of the papal court*. Hear the story.

James I. with all his eccentricities, was a wise and good man. His knowledge was considerable; and profiting by the lights acquired during the reign of his predecessor, and availing himself

of the wisdom of her grave counsellors, he saw how it seemed possible to deliver the realm of England from peril of Romish treasons, and, at the same time, assure to well-affected Romanists the privilege of dwelling in the land in peace. The great principle which set Romanism and England in an array of hostility against each other was involved in the Romish doctrine, that the pope could depose a monarch—could release subjects from their allegiance—annul their oaths of fealty, and excite them as enemies against their lawful sovereign. This principle had been practically exemplified in England during the long succession of popes who had dealt in treasons and stratagems from the rupture of Henry VIII. down to the accession of James. It was boldly avowed as a distinction and a prerogative of the Roman see, and as a principle to which equivocation, perjury, and murder might legitimately minister.

James I. had arrived at the conclusion that this foul principle belonged to the politics, not the religion, of Romanism, and reasoned with a wise and generous tolerance, that Roman Catholics who abhorred it, as some were said to do, ought to be distinguished from the classes by whom it was entertained—by whom it would be carried out into criminal acts. In his conclusion he was confirmed by the assent of many learned Roman Catholics, and for the mercy and wisdom of his proposed distinction he received their grateful acknowledgments. Thus encouraged, he had the principle upon which his distinction rested embodied in an oath of allegiance—an oath similar to that which is taken freely by Roman Catholics of the present day—renouncing the doctrine of the pope's right to depose princes, and those other offensive dogmas of which many Roman Catholics in modern times would hold it an affront to be suspected. Roman Catholics in the reign of James freely subscribed the oath; among them the arch-priest Blackwell,—head of the Romish religion in England. They subscribed the oath, because it contained nothing contrary to their religion, and because the vile politics and morals it condemned they condemned also. Blackwell not only took the oath, but wrote also in its defence, notwithstanding Bellarmine's invective

and the pope's bull against it.—Blackwell was removed from his office, and George Birket, a Jesuit, a more convenient instrument of papal tyranny, set up as arch-priest in his room!!

Now the cry of religion was raised throughout England and on the Continent with a frantic vehemence. The effects of the admirable apology of his oath by James,—the approbation of it by many Romish ecclesiastics, secular and regular, were overborne by fanaticism and faction. The base and malevolent, safe and sheltered, beyond the reach of English law, sent their instruments to dare the dangers they shunned; there was community of guilt between the conclaves at Rome and the traitors in England, but all the danger was for the dupes.

Among these miserable dupes of Romish artifice, were some whose names now figure in the Catholic Directory. They had sworn allegiance to Rome; they believed themselves bound in all things to obey the pope. They could have saved their lives, notwithstanding their treasons, if they would have taken an oath of allegiance to be true to the sovereign. Rome would not consent that the oath should be taken; and the wretched instruments whom she had disciplined to think more highly of her than of their own reason, or conscience, or of God, sacrificed themselves to her pride and cruelty.

The Rev. Charles O'Connor, a Roman Catholic of the moderate, rather than the Jesuit school, has given in one of his letters a list of priests who were offered life on condition of taking the oath of allegiance, and who refused it on the terms. *Many of the parties named in it are the same with the martyrs of The Catholic Directory.* For example:—Robert Drury, M. Flathers, N. Cadwallader, Napier, Almondor Lathom, Maxfield, Gervase, Atkinson, Garnet: all these Dr. O'Connor mentions as having refused to save their life by swearing allegiance to the king; and all these men, we are now gravely informed, died for their religion.—Inexorable, unchangeable Rome!!

But did these poor men die for conscience's sake? Did they refuse to save their life because they thought the means of safety iniquitous? Did they, in their own judgment, condemn the

oath? No. There is not on record in history a more affecting supplication than Roman Catholic priests imprisoned for capital offences addressed to their cruel pontiff, on the subject of the dreadful alternative proposed to them, between an expression of allegiance to the sovereign, or the forfeiture of their guilty lives to the law. Eleven priests confined in Newgate addressed this memorable document to pope Paul V. There had been thirteen of their company, and two had proved their obedience to Rome by the shedding their blood. The remaining eleven, worn down, as they say, by imprisonment, sufferings, sorrow,—with death before them,—with no voice of friend to cheer them,—no strong conviction of right in the particular instance to sustain them,—but willing to endure and encounter all for their sovereign lord the pope,—beseech this head of their church, by the deaths of the martyrs who had given life for him,—by their own miseries and constancy in suffering,—and, if these are light, by the eternal mercies of God,—beseech him—what? What do they supplicate by this prevailing conjuration? an interposition with the crown of England to obtain their pardon? a permission to take the oath which will deliver them from punishment and death? No; no such thing. They ask no more than this—that the pope of Rome will condescend to explain to eleven men, who are ready to die for him, what there is irreligious or objectionable in the oath which, to save them from a death of ignominy and pain, he will not permit them to swear. “*Ut veritas elucescat, dignetur sanctitas tua palam omnibus facere quænam illa sunt in hoc religionis sacramento quæ a parte fidei et salutis adversentur.*” What a see must that have been, where such an expostulation was powerless! How must Romanism be drunk with the blood of the saints, when she can parade as martyrs for the faith these blinded victims of her own ruthless and remorseless ambition!

The “Tracts for the Times,” as might naturally have been expected, furnish matter upon which the Almanack expatiates with much delight and triumph. The abstemiousness of Romanism, with respect to those tracts, their authors, and ends, was very cre-

ditably manifested, so long as it was held expedient to wait and watch, without making any very decided movement. "It was some time," observes the Almanack, p. 200, "before Catholics took a move on these tracts, particularly as it had been deemed more prudent to let the Protestants on both sides exhaust themselves upon the important subject. Finding, however, that even amongst those who approximated nearer to the truth, there were many inaccuracies or misrepresentations, and seeing a most curious letter to the *L'Univers*, on union, from one of the Oxford men; the Right Rev. Dr. Wiseman, in a letter to *The Tablet*, in the first instance, pointed out the evident move towards Rome on the part of the tractarians, gently remonstrated with them on their remaining in error, and conjured them to follow fully and fairly the truth."

Such discipline as was evinced in this general forbearance is commendable; but it is perhaps obtained at a sacrifice of free thought worth more than the good it has purchased. A letter is quoted from Dr. Wiseman, in which he holds out a prospect of union between the churches of Rome and England. The letter is judiciously contrived; such a one as might serve to persuade many who are not acquainted with the character of Romanism or her resources, and such a one as would leave its writer perfectly free to pursue after its publication the same line of policy which was open to him before. "Let the odious statutes of *præmunire*" be abolished; let English statesmen or English bishops enter into a diplomatic intercourse with the court of Rome; let the individual wisdom of the ablest men in Great Britain be brought into collision with the disciplined agents of the Vatican, on matters in which expediency and details are raised up to the importance of principle,—and principle slips out of view like some unthought of detail. Dr. Wiseman knows well what the result will be: England, by this time, ought to be not less sagacious. If she have any remains of wisdom, she will not lightly commit herself to the ha-

zards of a diplomatic relation with Rome.

Dr. Wiseman, it appears from the Almanack, has an ally in a Protestant minister—if he can be called an ally who far outstrips his superior in zeal, and whose uncharitableness is so very extreme as to assume somewhat of a malignant character. This person's hatred to what he calls the Orange party is little less than sublime. He is a Tory, he says, of the old school of 1688: he therefore very consistently speaks of the "Orange rebellion," and its lamentable consequences. He urges upon the Conservative premier the wisdom of becoming reconciled, or having the nation reconciled, to the pope; assuring him that if in the prosecution of so good a design he forfeit the support of the *Orange faction*, its loss will be far more than compensated by numerous recruits from the Roman Catholic members. "Nothing therefore stands in the way of your taking such a course as may enable us to return to the embrace of our holy and apostolic mother; for the long-pampered Orange party is but as a fatted calf, ready for sacrifice, to celebrate the return of the prodigal, and this would assuredly be an effective peace-offering for Ireland." Such is the charity of Mr. Francis Diedrich Wackerbath, of Lichfield—(his bishop, we trust, has by this time sent him to Coventry.)\* A return to Romanism of the Anglican church will be properly celebrated by a slaughter of the Orange faction—"an effective peace-offering to Ireland." One is at a loss to know which is the most enviable attribute in the composition of this "priest of the English church," as he styles himself—whether his political sagacity, or his original principles of morals, the judgment with which he selects the proper peace-offering for Ireland, or the liberality of soul with which he would let massacre loose upon a million of human beings, in order that Romanists should live for the future in the possession of abundant means of riot, and in the friendly faction fights which would constitute their "lovely, lasting peace."

---

\* The reverend gentleman, it is said, has gone farther. "Devouring charity," like his, could find congenial elements nowhere on earth, except in the bowels of Romanism.



How revolting Puseyism looks in such productions as this wretched priest! "If the sun breed maggots in a dead dog——." This scheme of the Rev. Mr. Wackerbath, the Almanack recommends as "well calculated to promote *that unity for which Dr. Wiseman contends*." Indeed! Amiable unity! *Faciunt solitudinem. Pacem appellant.*

It is a relief, no ordinary relief, to emerge from such sulphureous steams as reek out of Mr. Diedrich Wackerbath's epistle, and to enter upon the territories, over which the Almanack sets up the label of "Sacred Poetry." This department is opened by a very "promising" preface, in a communication sent by "a most talented priest from the south of Ireland," whom the conductors of the Almanack beg "to continue in their humble columns his pious labours," and whose "lines they feel pride and pleasure in introducing to their numerous readers." "These scraps," as their writer calls them, "engaged some of the few leisure moments a secular priest can call his own." They consist of "a few disjointed selections, from translations of about fifty of the ordinary hymns of the church," and they appear in the Almanack under the impression that the writer, by "often hearing an unconscious, and, therefore, unembarrassed censure of them," may be spared what he calls, "the folly of publishing his effusions *en masse*," rather a ponderous appellation for "aspirations after the sublime and beautiful." "Faithfulness in the translations" seems to be the author's especial aim. If he has attained it, he may have succeeded in lessening the regrets of some readers, that the "hymns of his church" are sung in a dead language.

The first hymn is a translation of "Jesu Corona Virginum." We do not think any reasonable reader will complain that our specimens from it are too scanty:—

"Many lilies lies thy path of light,  
Circled by choirs of virgins bright,  
Spouse, environed by glory's ray,  
Who, thy spouses with bliss repay.

"Where leads the pathway of thy feet,  
Virgins follow, and praises greet;  
Thy name of love the virgins sing,  
And heaven hails their pious ring."

We think it was Kant who refused to explain the meaning of a passage in his great work, to a deputation of learned men, who came to entreat his assistance in their endeavour to understand it. "The phrase," as older authority than Kant's had affirmed of another expression, was a good phrase—a good soldier's phrase—it had become public property—and its author had no more control over it than a legislator has over the meaning of an act of parliament. There is no use in meditating a deputation or address to "the talented priest of the south." He has washed his hands out of all elucidations. "As I am not a poet," he says, "I presume I am not bound to explain all the inconsistencies of genius, *or to lift my vigor*."\* We think not—his vigour on the contrary, has lifted the priest, and to a height where we have little hope to reach him. However, we are disposed to think the printers may have assisted him.

Among these "syllables that breathe of the sweet south," there is a translation of the "Dies Iræ," in which David and the sybills are brought so liberally together—

"'Tis David's and the sybills' warning."

The concluding stanza is curious. We do not well understand what was the precise office assigned in it to the grief of Mary—whether that of obtaining pardon for the crucified thief, or of the translator of the hymn—who certainly is not likely to suffer as a thief for his sybilline verses.

"Oh, Jesus—moved by Mary's grief,  
Who listened to the dying thief,  
I from thee, too, may hope relief."

With the exception of this passage, we have to commend the author for a creditable abstinence from saint-wor-

\* Query—Should not the *g* in vigor be *z*? All know how much more spiritedly an author will write when his vizor is down. Even the great Northern Minstrel confessed as much. In some confusion of mind, occasioned by the apprehension that when the vizor was down the vigour was up, the Southern Minstrel may have substituted a *g*; or the devils at the printing-office may have done so in their wantonness.

ship. Whatever be the merits of his poems, they are addressed chiefly to the Lord of life, and although we would not encourage him to publish hymns *en masse*, we think, that so far as the trammels of a servile religion permit, he exercises, in the composition of them, a piety which is better than the best poetry without it.

The second portion of sacred poetry reviewed is constructed on a different plan. The orphic hymns of "the priest from the south" are adapted to the old strains of their church—"to their own music chanted." They are followed by the efforts of a lady's muse, who has pitched her piety to a lighter key. "The poetry," we are assured by the reviewer, "is excellent, and although purely religious, is adapted to the popular airs of our standard Irish melodies. We must demur to the accuracy of this remark. For example, the first hymn selected, is entitled "Angel of Charity—Air, He was famed for deeds of arms." The last hymn, "Oh Mary, my mother—Air, Jessie of Dumblane." We respectfully contend that neither of these airs is Irish. But we must apologise. "Oh Mary, my mother—Air, Jessie of Dumblane," is not the last hymn in the selection. That place is reserved for a composition designed, we suppose, for Patrick's day. It is entitled, "The Patron of Erin," and is to be sung to the very appropriate air, "My lodging is on\* the cold ground." This at least would have been a very appropriate air before the days of Father Mathew, and the miraculous medal. There is much truth in one of the lines of this effusion—

"In thy days, blessed Patrick, no wrongs we'd to grieve us."

These selections contain a verse which seems out of its place among the specimens which are its companions:—

"Hope and her sister Faith were given  
But as our guides to yonder sky.  
Soon as they reach the verge of  
heaven,  
Lost in that blaze of light they die."

The fair minstrel soon makes the due amends for such an escape. Her muse is presently found toiling for Romanism, moaning heavily enough, "to the air—Jessie of Dumblane."

"Oh, Mary, my mother, most lovely,  
most mild,  
Look down upon me, your poor, weak,  
lowly child,  
Behold all my woes I disclose unto thee,  
Then, Mary, my mother, look kindly on  
me.

(Oh what could I do,  
If deserted by you," &c.

Again—

"Though unworthy, 'tis true,  
To be cherished by you,  
Yet 'tis to the mother of mercy I flee,  
In pity then, Mary, look kindly on me,  
OH REJECT NOT THE CHILD WHO RE-  
POSES IN THEE."

We would not indulge a tone of levity in treating of sacred subjects, however gross might be the misrepresentations of them which called for censure; but it is impossible to look at such flights of fancy as these, without feeling, that, wherever Romanism retains her character, and becomes intelligible, she becomes at the same time profane. Piety directed to forbidden objects is sure to be vitiated. Either offensive levity or repulsive gloom characterise it; and while we would mourn over the delusion which can be interested by such follies as we have been citing, and can respect the sensibilities which render illusion more mournful and more prevailing, we would, had we the power, tear up the follies themselves by the roots, though in doing so, we had to exercise our censorial office with the utmost severity that legitimate criticism will allow. A part of our duty is done by making the sacred poetry of Romanism public.

The third sample, the conductors of the Almanack offer as "splendid poetry," observing at the same time, with becoming modesty, "as our enchanting native bard has given his testimony in favour of the work, any praise from us would be uncalled for." So say we also. We will not be so daring as to praise the "splendid poetry,"

---

\* It would seem, from the public prints, that this year's festival is to be celebrated under ground in London.

written by the Rev. J. Fitzgerald, and recommended by Mr. Moore; but we may wish both gentlemen, the reverend and the un-reverend, a consolation prayed for by the sacerdotal poet, in lines in which we think we can guess at a meaning better than their poetry. They conclude thus:—

“And in dying, if conscience but whisper her sweetness,  
No matter how moulders our desolate urn.”

Thus ends the sacred poetry. Lord Shrewsbury's account of the *Estatica* and the *Addolorata* is not formally classed with it—but one meets it immediately on coming out of the poetical region—in the space which is properly occupied by such chimeras. Much attention as this strange document has attracted, it has not won more notice than it merits. When persons of the noble lord's rank, and of the reputation of some who lend him their support, can become instruments to send forth such monstrous fabrications to the world, the state of Romanism is shown to be worse than any who were accused as its calumniators have represented it. The noble lord is helping off its disguises. The imposture which he hawks about is not new. In that respect Romanism is no worse than she was. In every age she has had her *Estaticas* and *Addoloratas*. Her glory in 1842 is, to make noblemen of rank and gentlemen of literary reputation the vouchers for her “lying wonders.”

The *Estatica* is indeed a very old affair. We like much better the sentence passed upon it by Ignatius Loyola, than that which Lord Shrewsbury and Mr. Ambrose Philips seem to have concurred in pronouncing. The story of the original *Estatica* is told thus in the *Life of Ignatius*, one of the good books published in Paris by a society of ecclesiastics, and dedicated “to our sovereign lord, the pope.” The recital is found in book vi., chapter 21, which treats of “the prudence of Loyola in spiritual affairs:”—

“In the year 1553, a Dominican, the Father Renauld, a man, venerable for

years and virtue, visited the general of the order, and told him, in presence of Ribadeneyra, that there was at Boulogne, a religious female of his order, who was endowed with a wonderful gift of prayer. She was often, he said, wrapt in ecstasies—during the time their influence continued, she was insensible even to the action of fire applied to her person; but resumed her consciousness the moment the abbess commanded. She had, he added, stigmata on her feet, her hands, her side, and the blood trickled from her head, as if she had been crowned with thorns. He added, that not relying on general rumour, he had satisfied himself with his own eyes, and having seen, could doubt no longer. He then demanded of Father Ignatius, what he thought of a thing so wonderful. ‘Of all you have told me,’ said the saint, ‘there is nothing which I am so little disposed to doubt as that prompt obedience.’ He explained himself no further. When the Dominican had withdrawn, Ribadaneyra entreated Father Ignatius to give him his thoughts respecting the beata of Boulogne. The father told him that it was the property of God (*le propre de Dieu*,) to operate in the soul, and to shed abroad in it the unction of his Spirit—that he did this sometimes with such abundance that the fulness of his grace not only filled the soul but overflowed upon the body. This, however, was the lot of those only whose privileges were rare, and who were highly cherished. He added, that the devil, who could not act in the depths of the soul, had the habit of counterfeiting externally divine operations, to mislead mankind by false appearances. From this discourse, Ribadeneyra comprehended that the nun was deceived by her ecstasies and stigmas—it was in the end discovered that all this pretended sanctity was no more than a subtle illusion of an evil spirit.”\*

Thus, under the hand of the Jesuit Bouhours, in a work dedicated to the pope, published by a society of the most approved Romanism, Lord Shrewsbury may find a good ancient *estatica*, the same with the lady of Calderon, in every point except as touches the detection. But, indeed, the noble lord is not an Ignatius. That which he regards as the matter most marvellous, except the ecstasies, appears to be precisely the incident which unlocked the whole mystery to the sagacious enthusiast of Spain.

\* La vie de St. Ignace, tom. ii. p. 278, 279.

His answer, under the circumstances, addressed to a Dominican, was worthy of Talleyrand himself. We wish some Roman Catholic friend would read it for the noble lord and his counsellors. Time, we have no doubt, will read the Estatica's riddle, as it has expounded that of Bernard Cavanagh. In the meanwhile, we are much disposed to take the word of Ignatius as a surety that the result will be, in the present instance, the same that it was three centuries since.

We would venture to hope, too, that the Estatica and the Addolorata are sufficient for the purpose to which such subjects are put in this our evil day. We see that at "a reception and profession which took place in the neat little chapel attached to the elegant and admirable convent, truly called the House of Mercy, Upper Baggot-street, Dublin," at which "the celebrated Dr. Pusey, with two of his children, were at the lower end of the chapel witnessing the imposing ceremony," seven ladies took the veil. "One of these ladies," we are informed, "is designed for the Right Rev. Dr. Fleming, of Newfoundland—one for Dublin—and five for the district of the Right Rev. Doctors Walsh and Wiseman."\* Earnestly we hope that the services they are to render will not be those of the Estatica and the Addolorata.

The miracles of Romanism differ from ordinary or extraordinary marvels in this, that they seem to submit to some law by which the secret consistories which conduct religious affairs are enabled to guide them. They do not at all resemble "angels' visits—few, and far between"—they come, as it were, in clusters. Rome telegraphs a notice, that such commodities are in request, and, presently, wherever her influence is felt, an abundant supply is made ready. All her spirits are under command. She never breaks her wand, or buries her book, or lets her Ariels or her Calibans loose. No; the miracles of Romanism must acknowledge the law of the church, just as the vegetable productions of earth submit to the laws of nature. Rome has, of late days, betaken herself to the enacting of miracles in the "eter-

nal city;" and, therefore, it is, that they are in so great request in her more transitory dependencies.

But as in all other performance, so here, also, Rome makes her superiority manifest. The virtue of the Estatica or Addolorata, Rome can impart to unconscious metal. These two ladies have undergone long years of agony and ecstasy, and have little to show for it, except their stigmas, and Lord Shrewsbury's letter, and the pamphlet published by Coyne; while books have been written, and discourses pronounced, and miracles wrought, and conversions effected, in celebration of a morsel of stamped metal which Rome possesses among her treasures, and to which she gives the name of the "miraculous medal." England is a nation of science and shopkeeping; and, accordingly, she has her "Babages calculating machine;" Rome has her mint for "miraculous medals," and such other contrivances, because she is the worker of wonders.

Among the advantages which the medals possess over the "Beatas," it is not the least, that the former are spoken of only in reference to the results which they have brought to pass, while the living practitioners are regarded when they serve only as subjects for an affecting or rather an imposing tableau. While Bernard Cavanagh was exhibiting in Dublin, we overheard a sagacious apple-woman who seemed to undervalue his perfections, justifying her insensibility by the observation—"I did not hear of any miracles he *done* yet." So might she have said of Lord Shrewsbury's Estatica; but certainly not so of the medal. The Addolorata has suffered; the Estatica has looked charming, but the effects are yet to come.

"The pang is felt—but not the Spartan made."

Respecting the medal—its performances are far more wonderful than its aspect; it is like virtue or power travelling incog. But we must leave moralising and come to facts. Here is one related in the *Diario di Roma*,

for, we believe, February 15—showing how the medal mollified a Jew!

There lived in Strasburgh a Jew, named Alfonso Ratisbonne, (what an odd name for one of the tribe of Judah!) who had the felicity of being born on the first day of the month of May—it was the month of Maia in heathen times—is now styled among mortals, the month of May, and among Jesuits, and in the eternal city, is wrested from Maia, and dedicated to Mary. Born on the first day of her month, the Jew seemed to have an especial title to her mercy; but to render the interposition in his behalf more signal, he was permitted to grow up to man's estate with a heart filled with hatred towards the Christian religion, and especially towards the church which Romanists style "Catholic." This hatred was exasperated by the conversion of his brother to Romanism, and his admission to priestly orders; delinquencies which Alphonso mourned and resented, and which stimulated him to be more energetic in his efforts to improve the condition of the community to which he belonged.

Alphonso was wealthy, in good repute, and was contracted in marriage to a maiden of his tribe, whose rare endowments afforded the fairest prospect of a life, happy beyond the ordinary lot of mortals; under these circumstances, he visited Italy, and after having gratified his curiosity in other places, found himself, about the middle of the month of January last, in the eternal city.

It happened (or rather it was disposed, nothing *happens*) that Alphonso had a friend in Rome—the Baron Teodore de Bussieres, who was himself an escape from the heresy of Protestantism, and whose heart was set upon saving the Jew. At his earnest entreaty, Alphonso prolonged his stay beyond the day he had fixed for his departure. The consequences were momentous. On the 20th of January, the miraculous medal exercised its influence in his behalf; on the 30th of the same month, the Jew was baptized a Roman!

And here we must moralise for a paragraph, inasmuch as our moralizing shall be of an amiable and laudatory nature. When that other Jew of the old time was converted, the writer, who

relates his story, describes the embarrassment and alarm of his Christian friends, when he had resolved, before embracing their religion, to visit the city of the pope. Their distress, amounting almost to despair, is affectingly described, and is well contrasted with their amazement and relief, when the obstinate catechumen returned, fixed in the faith—convinced, as he said, that the religion which could stand up against the scandalous vices of pope, cardinal, and clergy, of Rome, must have God's especial favour to support it. Things are differently managed now. Instead of speeding the Jew's departure, the Baron Teodore de Bussieres entreats his stay. Certainly, pope and cardinals must be thought to lead more decent lives than their predecessors; or, if such a suggestion may be offered without disparagement to the papal court; in the olden time, it could not profit by the services of the "miraculous medal."

It is evident, from the story, that the baron's trust in this mighty talisman was strong. He seems to have disregarded the ordinary courtesies of life, in his urgency to make the Jew wear it. As to his arguments, he bears the setting them aside patiently enough; but, "as touching" the medal, he will take no denial. His excessive importunity prevails. The image of the Virgin is suspended upon the neck of the yielding, but scoffing, infidel, and then the baron becomes tranquil. The unbaptized son of the circumcision may now pass safely through the eternal city. Its vicious influence cannot hurt him.

"Safe through the unholy world may Kalyal go."

In due time, all was ready for the miracle. Alphonso retained the medal, but retained also, to the last, his heart of unbelief. Many reasoned with him, prayed for him, besought him, but none could move him. While he was thus obdurate, the Conte de Ferronars, one of those who desired his good, suddenly died; and it was at the celebration of his obsequies, in the church of St. Andrea della Fratte, the Jew became a convert. The baron, it appears, who incessantly laboured for his conversion, and



laboured in vain, having walked forth with him, on the 20th of January, for amusement, (we dare not say, under the circumstances, *for a lark*, "*escito seco a diporto*," ) entered with him into that church, and besought him to await there while he transacted some business in the convent. The Jew remained, cold and indifferent as usual, visiting the various objects of interest or beauty in the edifice, with looks of idle admiration: and in this ungenial mood of mind, was visited by the divine power, with the mightiest and sweetest of its mercies.

When the baron returned to the place where he had appointed to meet the Jew, (churches, and chapels within churches, many of our readers know, are usual places of assignation in Roman Catholic countries,) the Jew was gone. After some search, the baron found him before the chapel of the angel guardian, on his knees, absorbed in elevated contemplation. He was not sensible of his friend's approach, but when recalled to consciousness of surrounding things, his first words were—"O! how this Lord has prayed for me!—O! how good is God!" He then drew forth the medal of the Virgin, tenderly kissed it, exalted the benefit of being in the true faith, cried out with much earnestness for a priest, and sighed for baptism. "I remained," said he, in the presence of some priests, Jesuits, it would seem, into whose house he was conducted, "I remained alone in the church; suddenly the whole edifice disappeared from me. A flood of light filled the chapel, and in the midst, beautiful and majestic, the Virgin, as represented in the medal, stood erect upon the altar. She made me a sign to kneel; an irresistible influence drew me towards her; she said 'Bene,' not audibly, but my heart felt the words."

Such is one of the latest miracles of the "Miraculous Medal." We are vain enough to think that we could have improved upon it. At present it rests upon the uncorroborated assertion of the new convert. We could have managed the matter better;—but it is useless to boast;—we are not likely to get employment in shaping wonders for Romanism.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the Jew has been baptized. In the

course of the next summer, many a tourist may find a living impression of him selling miraculous medals, in towns where buyers most do congregate. If Christianity has its apostle Paul, Marianism and medalism may boast of their Alphonso; and it is no more than a proper carrying out of the miracle, that one Alphonso shall be multiplied into many. Did not the true cross prove itself true, by furnishing relics enough to build, if they were collected together, a seventy-four gun ship? Did not Faust and Kchama perform the miracle of multiplying their forms? Let not, therefore, any of our fair readers prove incredulous, if they find Alphonsoes of various form and feature, in Germany, in Italy, in Belgium, even in France, selling medals, and announcing themselves each as the real converted Jew, who has abandoned house, and home, and wife, and fortune, and has betaken himself to a pilgrim's life, and adopted, as his vocation, the sale of miraculous medals. We do not, however, advise any reader to purchase. The article may not be genuine; and, for our parts, we are disposed to ascribe far more virtue to Father Mathew's.

We have but little space left, but we are unwilling to conclude without expressing our acknowledgments for the account given in the almanack of the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith"—an association first formed at Lyons in the year 1822—placed under the protection of the pope, and favoured with his countenance—embracing, at this day, all Roman Catholic countries, and raising a revenue of (an acknowledged) one hundred thousand pounds per annum. Of this sum the Irish portion, in the year 1841, was more than six thousand—£6549—of which the diocese of Dublin, where it seems to be most highly favoured, contributed £3047, nearly one-half. For this Ireland has much praise in France.

It is impossible to deny that the conception of this society was a great idea. It is impossible to disregard all thought of the great consequences which may result from it. But such consequences are not matter for the concluding paragraphs of a desultory article. The directors of the association say that it contains "powerful means of moral good. The spirit of

religion," they say, "is revived by the restoration of *Catholic brotherhood*, henceforth to be maintained by a community of labour and success, by a monthly circulation of one hundred and twenty thousand copies of the *Annals*, and by the continual diffusion of the heroic traditions of the apostles. Thus might we not imagine that we have returned to those ages long past, when the countries of Europe, casting aside the jealousies of nation, mingled their genius and their arms, and rallied under the standard of Christ." As to the funds: "The mass of our receipts," it is said, "*are the savings of the poor*—the little sacrifice which infancy joyfully offers, the fruits of the privation which the old impose on themselves."

Is it likely that such an association confines itself to the activities of which it makes profession? Is it likely?—but no—we must not enter on such a

topic. We may, however, notice the generosity of the afflicted, impoverished, Irish. Never, certainly, was pauperism so munificent. They make the Roman Catholic clergy, dependant on them, the richest priesthood in the world—they make the *Liberator* the wealthiest, at least the best-paid, party leader of ancient times or modern—they contribute largely to the repeal rent—and they pay nearly seven thousand pounds per annum to a French or an Italian society for what is styled the propagation of the faith. And what does England and her legislature? It erects poor houses, in which Irish paupers can pauperise the gentry of their own country while enriching the clergy of their church at home and abroad—it raises up and maintains Maynooth, that the Irish poor may have seven thousand a-year to bestow on Lyons or Rome.

#### HELEN LOWE—THE PROPHECY OF BALAAM, AND OTHER POEMS.\*

If poetry represents, as we are told it does, the spirit of the age, what should the muses sing of now—in these degenerate days of abstract science and practical mechanics?—of the "*Loves of the Triangles*?" or, like Darwin, chant the eulogies of "*Adamantine Steel*?" Whatever be the subject of their song, never was it so hard for them to obtain a hearing. In vain will they tune their lyres even to such hopeful themes as *Sonnets to Steam—Railway Lyrics—*or *Dramatic Tales of Electricity*. Imagination is below the zero point, and base realities monopolise attention. There was never, perhaps, in the history of our literature—since it was worthy of being called one—so little encouragement for poetry or the drama as at the present day. Never was it so difficult for the votaries of either to acquire any thing

like celebrity—at no period have they experienced so painfully—

"how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple  
shines afar."

The taste for the acting drama is waning to extinction; and it appears to us that no power can revive it. Altogether independently of objections to play-going on religious grounds—which, however, exercise a most important influence—there are causes tending to the same effect. The people are happily becoming more home-loving, and their enjoyments are assuming a more strictly intellectual type. Their present tastes are, nevertheless, as little favourable to poetry. They are practical—mechanical—contrasting strongly with those of days

\* "*The Prophecy of Balaam*," "*The Queen's Choice*," and other Poems. By Helen Lowe, author of "*Cephalus and Procris*," &c. Hannaford, Exeter, and Murray, London. 1841.

but just gone by, when the many works of many writers—of Scott, Byron, Campbell, Rogers, Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth—were known by heart in almost every circle; and if a line of their poems escaped a lip, it was taken up and carried on by others, more surely than the Venetian Gondoliers repeat the stanzas of Tasso. The impulse thus given to poetry, its consequent diffusion, and present accessibility to all classes, through the means of “People’s Editions,” and cheap reprints, render the indisposition to encourage any new appearing genius, in itself a remarkable phenomenon. That there is among readers a more than usually predominating—a nearly universal preference of the practical to the poetical cannot be doubted. The statistics of booksellers—yea, of book-stalls declare it. They tell how easily any faded work on mechanics gets off, while a young duodecimo, draped in gold, and rich in all the beauties of poetry, can hardly woo a reading. But though the mental habits of the present day are adverse to the development of imagination, let no candidate for renown despair. The passion for poetry is a part of our nature—it rests in all hearts, and waits but the hand of power to wake it. This task, so arduous in inauspicious times, is now essayed by no experienced champion—but by one, who, being little known to the public, bears not a charmed name—by a lady, and a very young one—Miss Helen Lowe. Her first, and only preceding work, was published in the year 1840, and was received with so much of applause by the best judges of the day, that our wreath of bay can add but little to her honours. But we cannot deny ourselves the happiest privilege of our vocation—that of endeavouring to make real talents more generally known, and of awarding well-won praise. The volume alluded to was anonymous. It was ushered forth by the lady’s father, the Dean of Exeter, as editor; and was regarded as especially remarkable for its fulness of thought—for the intimacy it showed with the literature and mythology of Greece—and for its perfect resemblance, in some parts, to the style of Milton. One poem in particular, called “Cephalus and Procris,” having much the cast of *Comus*. The present volume wears

the same classic air, but indicates a more assured, a very firm reliance on her own powers. It contains “*The Prophecy of Balaam*,” a dramatic poem, and a tragic drama in five acts. This occupies nearly the half of a small but rather closely-printed volume. “*The Queen’s Choice*,” a drama, also in five acts, follows; and there are several lyrical pieces, and some hymns, translated from the German of Novalis. An examination of “*The Prophecy of Balaam*” will enable our readers to frame their own estimate of the dramatic powers of Miss Lowe. Ours is already made, and, as may have been anticipated, we rate them highly—so highly that, maugre a caution which is the badge of all our tribe, we are disposed to say that since the last great era in the history of our dramatic literature—the publication of the *Plays on the Passions*—now long years ago—but two dramas have appeared, of pretensions equal to Miss Lowe’s, and not one exhibiting higher powers.

The character of *Balaam* has been the thesis of numberless theological disquisitions—of perhaps the best metaphysical essay in our language—the sermon of Bishop Butler, and of many another sermon; but, as far as we know of, was never before the subject of a dramatic poem. Miss Lowe represents its lights and shadows strikingly—depicting it, as we believe, with truth, and the metrical versions of the separate parts of the prophecy are very admirably given; but it is not from her representation of the particular character of *Balaam* that we have taken our impression of her powers. Our interest has been more engaged by other persons of the drama, and we are much struck by the circumstance, that every member of it—however slight the part—is graphically given. The characters, indeed, partake somewhat more of the nature of sketches, than of finished portraits. The play, or poem, has the full allowance of five acts, but they are brief, and pass rapidly on. Miss Lowe may have sacrificed rather too much to what is usually a very desirable object—the making a story short. Her best characters might bear more development; but all of them, even as we have said, those of no importance, have this in common: of dramatic genius—they leave

mind distinct impressions—we remember them. The power of vigorous sketching is essentially dramatic—it was possessed in its highest degree by Shakspeare, and in a very high one by Scott.

The attribute alluded to is, in itself, a strong evidence of dramatic power.

We may further say that the structure of the plot is good, and it is skillfully developed—the language, though not without inversions, is generally simple, and free from the grandiloquence which haunts stage-verse—the imagery has all the freshness of being natural, and her own—and while there is abundant proof of vigour, the more prevailing traces of tenderness and sensibility to beauty betray, as we conceive, the writer's sex. No reader can fail to notice the exceeding beauty of the lyrical passages, which, recurring often, give grace and elevation to the work. With such elements for success, we cannot doubt of the high station which the name of Helen Lowe must at once take in the literature of our time.

We now turn to the drama. Our view of it must be rapid ; but such as it is, it will interest many readers, and lead them, we hope, to the work itself.

The scene opens at the city of the prophet—Pethor, on the banks of the Euphrates—Balaam soliloquises, and discloses the ambition of his heart, mingling with better feelings. A servant announces some lords, from distant lands, craving audience—Balaam feels that to be sought for by princes from afar savours of greatness, but represses these “mounting thoughts.” The messengers from Balak enter, and their address makes known to us the most interesting members of the drama—the tribes of Israel. The lords entreat the prophet to counteract, by divination, the enchantments of this new people, and invoking mightier powers to curse “their myriads with confusion.” He replies—

My power is not mine own ; I cannot speak  
But as the Lord shall prompt me ; nor go forth  
With ye, unless at his behest. Retire,  
And wait this night ; alone, beneath the sky,  
'Mid silence and o'er-shadowing gloom must I  
*Th' Almighty will require.*

They obey ; and, tempted by honours and by gain, he turns to address the Lord. The passage is one of considerable power :—

Truly is it said,  
A prophet hath no honour in his home ;  
Here am I mean, and made of small account,  
Yet fame hath found me out, and leadeth fortune  
To lay her glittering offerings at my feet.  
And what am I, in truth ?—a thing of clay,—  
The powerless organ of inscrutable  
Decrees I durst not look into.

O Thou,  
Most holy, most exalted, unseen Being,  
Dare I approach Thy throne with grovelling thought,  
Polluted by earth's taint ? with ears unhallowed  
Thy thunders hear ? yet, for Thy glory's sake,  
That I might spread Thy knowledge among men,  
Grant my request ; vouchsafe an answering voice.

He comes—He comes ! I feel thy near approach,  
Tremendous spirit ! rushing o'er my soul,  
Possessing and o'er-mastering every sense,  
Like torrent fires. My weak frame staggers—sinks—  
The dews of death are on my brow, its haze  
Bedims mine eye—ah me, unworthy !—spare.”

He falls into a trance, and a voice is heard from the Spirit of the Air :—

#### FIRST SPIRIT.

We must depart ; no more delay !  
Ere the Surpassing Presence  
Crusheth our frail essence,  
Hence, to our airy homes, away !  
To caves where the winds lie in slumber bound,  
Where the stores of the lightning and thunder are found,  
There let us hide ; our task is o'er ;  
Where holiness enters we rule no more.

#### SECOND SPIRIT.

Nay ; permitted here we dwell  
Since man from holiness first fell.  
Wait and watch awhile, O spirit !  
That heart our spirits shall long inherit,

Once bowed to sordid gain.  
 No, our power is not lost ;  
 Still his soul, by passion tost,  
 Shall struggle in our chain.  
 Though the Effluence divine  
 Absorbeth now his thoughts from  
 ill,  
 To earth again shall they incline,  
 And vain enchantments cherish still.  
 I'll paint the gorgeous clouds of eve  
 With pageants false his hopes to  
 grieve ;  
 And in the visions of the night  
 Bring pomp and wealth to charm his  
 sight.  
 The stars that watch him from above,  
 No higher his desires shall move  
 Than this vile sphere of dust and  
 strife ;  
 Till blotted from eternal life,  
 The tool of evil, slave of sin,  
 Our master's realms of darkness  
 win  
 This wisest son of man, this gifted  
 seer,  
 Whose love to earth belongs—to heaven  
 his fear.

The prophet rises :—

O earth, O placid sky, look down upon  
 me !  
 I am your child ; your meek communion  
 brings  
 Revival to my weary o'er-spent spirit.  
 Fresh gales, breathe on me ; cooling  
 dew's descend,  
 And bathe my languid brow ; mean in-  
 struments  
 Of your Creator's will, with ye, con-  
 tent,  
 The remnant of my days I spend in  
 calm,  
 Submissive to His word. How tedious  
 now,  
 How poor those glories and vain pomps  
 appear,  
 That filled my heart, my brain with  
 keen desire !  
 Farewell to all ! Balak, thy quest is  
 vain ;  
 The prophet turneth not for fear or  
 gain.

These extracts have been necessary  
 to show the frame-work of the drama  
 and the character of Balaam as repre-  
 sented in it ; but we are about to in-  
 troduce our readers to what, as we  
 think, forms the leading interest of the  
 poem—the characters of two Israelites,  
 a maiden and her lover, and the story  
 of their fate.

The period of the drama, as many  
 will remember, is that at which the  
 Israelites had again approached the

promised land, by a new route—and  
 after their journeying in the desert see  
 the green valleys and vine-clad hills in  
 the neighbourhood of Jordan. Scene  
 second is the Israelitish encampment on  
 the plains of Moab. Thirza—our fa-  
 vourite of the tale—and Milcah, her  
 younger sister, are seated under some  
 trees, near their tent. Miss Lowe  
 retains, with good effect, names and  
 persons of the time—Thirza and Mil-  
 cah, and Mahala are here as in Num-  
 bers, xxvii. 1—the daughters of Zelo-  
 phehad. She elects Thirza, the young-  
 est in the text, to be the eldest, and  
 leaves out others, Noah and Hoglah,  
 who would have made too many for  
 her purpose, and whose names, as of  
 the feminine gender, perhaps she did  
 not much affect.

The scene between the sisters ex-  
 plains their position. It is, through-  
 out, most beautiful :—

THIRZA (*sings*).

See, the cedar flinging  
 Her dark locks on the gale ;  
 Hark, the fountain singing  
 Down the flowery vale.

Dear to us their greeting,  
 From desert sands who come ;  
 But swiftly pass our meeting !  
 Not this the promised home.

O ! 'ere sweet spring-tide closes  
 Beneath warm summer's glow,  
 'Twill show us how the roses  
 On the banks of Jordan blow.

MILCAH.

Sing on, dear sister ; couldst thou sing  
 for ever  
 Methinks that I untired would listen  
 still ;  
 Thy voice is sweeter than the nightin-  
 gales'  
 That yester-eve, from yonder citron-  
 grove,  
 First welcome gave us wanderers. And  
 the while,  
 How richly spread beneath thy fingers  
 glow  
 These mimic flowers and leaves, as  
 beautiful  
 As Nature bids them spring her bowers  
 among.  
 O, when shall I with such rare skill  
 adorn  
 The sacred hangings of our Taber-  
 nacle,  
 And bring an offering worthy of the  
 Lord !



## THIRZA.

These also are thine offering, dearest ;  
 thou  
 Didst choose the garlands for my broi-  
 dery.  
 These purple-clustered spikes, this  
 golden cup,  
 Filled with pure sun-light, all these  
 blossoms fair  
 Are thy providing—art but vainly  
 strives  
 To imitate their bloom.

## MILCAH.

What joy it was,  
 When early morning dawned, to seek  
 them out,  
 Within their dewy, fragrant, green  
 recesses !  
 Their beauty seemed with smiles up-  
 turned to greet me,  
 Like new-found friends. Surely, there  
 cannot show  
 On all the earth a lovelier spot than  
 this.  
 And must we leave it, onward still to  
 fare ?

## THIRZA.

Some will remain, whose pleasant lot  
 is east  
 By Arnon, or in Sibmah's vine-clad  
 vale ;  
 But over Jordan's stream the promised  
 land,  
 Where our great patriarchs sleep in  
 Hebron's cave,  
 With Lebanon, and Salem's sacred  
 towers,  
 Await our heritage.

## MILCAH.

I have heard men say  
 That we are nameless orphans, and our  
 father  
 Left no one to preserve his race, or  
 claim  
 His portion in the soil.

## THIRZA.

Do they forget  
 Who is the Father of the fatherless ?—  
 Trust me, dear child, thy birthright  
 shall appear  
 Above the daughters of our tribes ; and  
 know,  
 Our names shall never die while earth  
 endures.

## MILCAH.

How gladness beameth from thy words,  
 thine eyes,  
 And fills mine heart as though an angel  
 spoke !

Mahala, another sister, enters, and  
 tells them to come and welcome, with  
 timbrel and with song, the warriors of  
 their tribes, who were returning from  
 battle, victorious. They also learn  
 that Zuriel, Thirza's lover, was the  
 hero of the fight. Miriam having  
 died while they were in the desert, the  
 task of leading the virgin choir de-  
 volves on Thirza, who "though young  
 in years," and, as the author some-  
 what archly adds—

"Of slight thought  
 As to her sex pertaineth,"

has received "the fullest measure of  
 inspired song." Thirza retires, and  
 before she sings of triumph, pours out  
 her thoughts in preluding verse. The  
 lines make known her character a little  
 more ; we therefore give them, and  
 shall leave out the *carmen triumphale* :

## THIRZA.

On lowliest vale the smile of heaven  
 resteth,  
 And fountains mid the wilderness  
 may spring ;  
 And even so, the ray divine investeth  
 Our souls in thralldom noblest theme  
 to sing ;  
 Touched with pure fire to tell Thy  
 wondrous ways,  
 And celebrate, O Lord of might ! Thy  
 praise.

O, glorious privilege ! and fraught  
 With joys surpassing mortal gain ;  
 Yet steeped in bitter tears, and bought  
 With price of more than human pain.  
 A heavy yoke, a grievous law  
 'Th' aspiring spirit still must earth-  
 ward draw ;  
 For ours is knowledge unendued  
 With power its purpose to fulfil ;  
 Ours, clear, aspiring thoughts, sub-  
 dued  
 To baser force and uncurbed will.  
 Bound to mean cares and servitude,  
 Unhonoured, unrewarded still,  
 We stand alone, the gifted, but in  
 vain,  
 And communing with heaven endure  
 man's chain.

O, happy were those infant years,  
 Tho' shadow'd by foreboding fears,  
 Ere yet its solitude my spirit knew ;  
 But day by day, more subtle strong  
 The dark threads round me closer  
 clung.  
 The intricate web of life about me  
 grew—

Till, like the prison'd bird, I  
 longed to try  
 My useless pinions thro' yon azure  
 sky,  
 And speed my free flight to some  
 regions new.  
 Ay, o'er those western bounds  
 aspire,  
 Where flows the mighty flood of  
 fire  
 That duly, when his bright orb  
 sinks,  
 The golden stream of sunset  
 drinks;  
 Far in the sullen north behold  
 Mountains, of whose heaped  
 gloom 'tis told  
 Stern winter's storms and  
 clouds have birth;  
 And soaring on and on, forget  
 What sorrows here our path  
 beset,  
 Nor captive stoop again to this  
 dull earth.

But never more, illusive dreams,  
 return;  
 Since here my portion is assigned,  
 Here let me strive with patient heart  
 to learn  
 All duties with affection inter-  
 twined,  
 To dry the tears of others, hide  
 mine own;  
 While, ever silent and unknown,  
 One only hope, immortal, unexpressed,  
 Dawns from beyond the grave within  
 my breast;  
 Soft peace diffusing o'er reluctant  
 gloom,  
 Whence wakes my voice in song, my  
 thoughts unfading bloom.

While Thirza is alone, and before  
 she has joined the procession of  
 maidens, Zuriel enters. The passages  
 which follow explain his character.  
 The gentleness and humble faith of  
 Thirza are well contrasted with the  
 wild fervour and free-thinking tone of  
 her lover:—

ZURIEL.

Thirza!

THIRZA.

O warrior! welcome,—ever welcome;  
 But now tenfold, from righteous battle  
 sped.

ZURIEL.

Ah! meet me ever thus, with beaming eye,  
 And smile more glad than day-break;  
 I'd outserve  
 The term our father Jacob waited; pour  
 My blood like water, and be well repaid,  
 At last, by this one moment's bliss.

THIRZA.

And thou,  
 Zuriel, didst never with such radiant  
 brow  
 And lofty step from idle wanderings  
 come.  
 Yea, victory is written on thy front,  
 With toils not fruitless, dangers rightly  
 dared.  
 Such is their meed who fight and serve  
 beneath  
 Jehovah's banner just.

ZURIEL.

My dearest meed  
 Is here—and having brought me to thy  
 feet,  
 I'll bless our victories. Since on Edrei's  
 plain  
 The giant king of Bashan and his hosts  
 In one red slaughter fell, on this side  
 Jordan  
 No foe to Israel remains. Beyond,  
 Ere long, must we pursue them and  
 raze out  
 Their being from earth's face.

THIRZA.

Alas! how dread  
 Their doom, thus trodden down and  
 extirpate,  
 That we, the desert children, homeless  
 race,  
 Might enter in and peacefully possess  
 Their native bowers of bliss and house-  
 hold joys.

ZURIEL.

Thirza! it is a fearful, cruel sight,  
 When, the fierce conflict done, the sword  
 that should  
 Be sheathed in mercy, must its work  
 complete  
 With indiscriminate carnage—streets  
 run blood,  
 And murdered mothers, infancy, old  
 age,  
 In horrid heaps choke up the ways  
 where late  
 Their peaceful thresholds stood. But  
 'tis ordained:  
 And why deplore? our chequered lot,  
 alike  
 With pain and joy alternate strown, but  
 leads  
 Or soon or late to nothingness and dust.

THIRZA.

Speak not so wildly. Is there then no  
 choice  
 'Twixt good and evil? Think how these  
 have perished,  
 Whose dark idolatries and sins cried  
 out  
 Against them to high heaven, that in  
 their place

The holy worship of our God might be  
Established evermore. Then wars shall  
cease,  
And trouble and distress—then quiet  
rest  
Our weary roamings crown.

ZURIEL.

The elements  
Of strife we bear within ; nor time, nor  
place,  
No outward circumstance can bring re-  
pose,  
Foreign to human life, since our first  
parents  
The tree of knowledge plucked ; but  
most restrained,  
Like pent-up fires they inwardly con-  
sume.  
I've seen in Kedar's tents, amid the  
wilds  
Where the free sons of Ishmael lawless  
range,  
A nobler nature, and not more of  
crime  
Than Israel's strict-ruled tribes can  
boast.

THIRZA.

Alas !  
Thou wilt not murmur at the law  
divine,  
O'ershadowing us from wrong

ZURIEL.

Not so, dear maid ;  
'Tis not my fault, the blood that in these  
veins  
With such impatience boileth. Who can  
tame  
The mountain orad's wind-outstripping  
speed,  
Or bend his proud neck to the yoke ?  
Our fathers,  
Brought up to servitude beneath that  
brood  
Of Ham, whom plagues consume ! they  
might have been  
Ignorant, slavish, most unfit to rule  
Themselves in freedom ; but must we  
remain  
For ever in this pupilage, shut out  
From reason's choice ?

THIRZA.

No mortal can be free,  
Since Sin her empire 'stablished upon  
earth.  
Some serve their passion, some the  
despot will  
Of fellow-man ; but we beneath the  
rule  
All-just, all-merciful, of God abide.  
And more His glorious covenant pro-  
vides—  
We are the thralls of better hope.

ZURIEL.

Say rather,  
Sold bond-slaves of futurity. We toil  
And sow what others are to reap here-  
after.  
Yet look not thou so sad—my curbless  
spirit  
Hath ever bowed to thee, and shall  
remain  
True to thy gentle guidance.

THIRZA.

I must grieve  
To see my kinsmen, and our elders frown  
On thee, and count thee as one way-  
ward—nay,  
Almost as rebel.

ZURIEL.

There they do me wrong.

The opening scene of the second  
act, is in a city of Moab. Balak pre-  
pares for the invocations, and the pro-  
phesy, as rendered in scene the second,  
and again in other scenes, is given  
with much power : yet like all other  
translations, it appears to us, in the  
finest parts, less effective than that of  
our Bible. The preliminary rites in  
the first scene, conclude with a chorus  
of Moabitish women. We must give  
parts of it, and are also compelled to  
do it the injustice of giving only parts :

Alas ! as outcasts now we roam  
Along each dear, familiar scene ;  
Where once arose some cherished  
home,  
Or long-deserted shrine has been.

O, flowery vale of Sibmah, still  
For thee my sorrows wake ;  
Thy fruitful bowers and vine-clad hill,  
Beside the glassy lake ;  
Whose purple clusters crushed and  
torn  
Beneath the spoiler's tread,  
The poisonous wolf-grape and sharp  
thorn  
Now flourish in their stead.  
Thy pleasant streams were filled with  
blood,  
Their blooming banks are pale ;  
O might my tears, a bitter flood,  
To water them avail.  
Ah ! banished far we take our stand,  
And gazing towards the lovely land,  
Our hearts with anguish fail.

Can we forget the fatal day  
When, rushing down like torrent's  
fall,  
The Amorite in fierce array,  
Strong as the oak, as cedar tall,

Swept on with resistless force,  
Destruction thundering in his course !  
From town to desert, hill to plain.  
Wild rumour fearful fled amain ;  
And fugitives, a trembling band,  
Wandered and wailed on Arnon's  
strand.

Daughters of Moab, wherefore flee,  
Like doves unto the hollow rock ?  
There must our joyless shelter be  
From victor's rage and cruel mock.  
But we have seen our mighty foes o'er-  
thrown ;  
The wrongs they heaped on us them-  
selves have known ;  
We weep no less, but now fate's equal  
measure own.

Zuriel (Scene III.) wandering from  
the encampment comes, unknowingly,  
within the border of the Prince of  
Midian. The chief and his attendants  
enter, and in the dialogue which fol-  
lows, the prince, struck by the bold-  
ness and noble bearing of Zuriel,  
frankly asks him to stay some days  
with him and his people. Zuriel as  
freely consents, and this becomes an  
important incident in the drama.

In Scene IV. the prophecy is, as we  
have said, continued. Balak having  
brought the prophet to Mount Peor,  
intreats him once more to curse the  
foreign host, and asks, if in all their  
wanderings they have done nothing to  
call down vengeance from their God ?

He answers not—his eyes are on the  
waste—  
How dreadful is their gaze ! his form  
dilates ;  
His locks stream upward. Is it the  
word divine  
Upheaves his labouring breast ?

BALAK.

He speaks !

BALAAM.

Thus sayeth Balaam, son of Beor ;  
Thus saith the man whose undimmed  
eye  
Hath looked into eternity ;  
He, who hath heard the Almighty's  
voice,  
And seen His visions dread,  
Though sunk in trance to mortal view,  
With spirit clear ; he saith :  
O tents of Jacob, how divine  
Thy tabernacles show !  
As verdant valleys they spread forth,  
As gardens by some river fair,  
Or cedars near the flood ;  
Like fragrant aloes, planted by the  
Lord  
In paradise, your goodly banners stand.

Like gathering torrents shall he  
sweep,  
And as ocean's many waters  
His seed shall be diffused afar.  
From Egypt hath Jehovah led him ;  
The wild bull's strength is in his  
limbs ;

He shall devour the nations in his might ;  
Their flesh with arrows pierce, and grind  
their bones to dust.

Lo, in his lair he lies,  
A lion fierce and strong ;  
And who shall dare arouse his sleeping  
rage ?

O Israel, blest are all who shall  
bless thee ;

And those accurst who curses on thee  
fling.

BALAK.

Magician, hold ! this third time dost  
thou mock me  
With adverse oracles ? Have I not sent  
for thee  
To curse mine enemies ? Dost thou set  
at nought  
The anger of a king ? But get thee  
hence !  
I would have heaped all wealth and  
greatness on thee—  
The God thou servest cuts thee off from  
honour ;  
Seek recompense from Him.

We have given this short extract to  
show in some degree the manner of  
the translation in the prophetic pas-  
sages as well as the spirit with which  
this section of the drama is sustained.

The third act brings us again to the  
Israelite encampment. Johanan, uncle  
to Thirza, charges Zuriel with idolatry,  
and adds that he is at that moment with  
the Midianites, joining in their festivals  
and rites. Mahala also tells how she  
dreads her sister's love for one of such  
wild and wayward passions. Thirza  
bids them "not wrong the absent with  
surmise," and believes him to be "all  
tenderness and truth." While she is  
defending her absent lover, he is look-  
ing towards another with an admiration  
which might have somewhat diminished  
such confidence in his truth. He is  
placed in circumstances which tempt  
his constancy. Balaam, in conference  
with the Prince of Midian, suggests  
the policy of intermarriages with the  
strangers, and names Zuriel as an  
object for their purpose—as one who  
had influence with Israel, and who  
might, through his affections, be for  
ever bound to their interests. The

observant seer avers that Zuriel's heart was already won by the rare beauty of the prince's daughter Meetabel. The prophet subsequently (Scene IV.) finds the young Israelite meditating by moonlight amidst the ruins of a temple. They discourse of philosophy, antiquities, and religion, when suddenly a band of maidens approach to worship their goddess, Ashtarothe. Philosophy, antiquity, religion, and almost plighted faith, are forgotten; while Zuriel, with the impetuosity of his character, exclaims—

Ha! Meetabel—  
Brightest perfection, sure, that ever  
    beamed  
On mortal view. How like the queen  
    of night!  
Her eyes in lustrous blackness far out-  
    shine  
Yon constellated orbs. Delightful vision,  
Whose unexpressive beauty doth inform  
The kindling atmosphere with love and  
    rapture!

BALAAM.

We must retire; but under the deep  
    shade  
Of this broad, time-worn pillar, let us  
    mark  
In no irreverent mood their ceremonies.  
    [*They retire.*]

Meetabel and her nurse come forward apart from the rest, and in a dialogue of much beauty which follows the princess shows a dangerous interest for Zuriel. She admits that his eyes were often fixed on her, but says—and he may need the benefit of the admission—that their absent gaze told he was thinking of another. The maidens and their attendants all disappear, and Zuriel coming forward closes the third act with a speech in *laudem Meetabel*—one which may appear to represent him as a little tainted with the heretic doctrine of Moore, that

“When we are far from those we love,  
We must only love those we're near.”

It must, however, be remembered that the language of Zuriel is consistent with the impulse and impetuosity of his character, and that admiration is not love.

Pestilence (Act IV—Scene I.) is raging in the camp of Israel, where the anger of the leaders is turned against those who have joined the

idolaters. Johanan tells Thirza that one, chiefly, is denounced—Zuriel—that he had bound himself to the idolaters, and was about to wed the daughter of the Prince of Midian—famed for her matchless beauty. Johanan continues:—

Now, then, choose  
Whether, forsaking home, thy God, thy  
    people,  
Thou with th' idolatress wilt crave to  
    share  
A traitor's lot; or else, root out all  
    trace  
Of this misplaced affection from thy  
    breast.

THIRZA.

Hear me, Johanan; I am calm—Behold  
The Lord hath made me free to will or  
    do;  
And thou, bear witness for me; hear  
    the vow  
By which I dedicate myself hereafter  
To His sole service. Henceforth from  
    the world  
Apart and severed do I dwell; no word  
Of marriage or of earthly ties be spoken  
To me for evermore.

JOHANAN.

What dost thou? ah!  
Too rash—thou know'st not what; by  
    this stern vow  
Cut off from every joy of life; thy name  
Must perish with thee—thou hast no  
    more part,  
Now, in the Hope of Israel.

THIRZA.

My Hope  
Shall never perish. But 'tis done. O  
    Lord,  
Refuse me not—O make me less un-  
    worthy:  
And sanctify my spirit to Thy cause!

JOHANAN.

This comes of liberty without discretion,  
Yet may it be amended. I will go  
Consult our elders—else, tho' rashly  
    done,  
May He accept the sacrifice.

[*Erit.*]

Thirza is alone, and pours out her sorrow in lyric verse. Its melody and deep feeling leave on the imagination an impression somewhat similar to that produced by the recitative in the higher grade of Italian opera—not the ordinary recitative, but those appeals to the senses and the heart, made by artists who, like Catalani and Pasta,



combined the highest powers of action and of song—and rarely before, and never since, made by any with equal influence.

THIRZA.

Now, now I am alone;—now let me mourn,  
And unreprieved my misery declare;  
Oh, that I might, to distant deserts borne,  
Shriek out mine anguish to the vacant air,  
And bid their rocks re-echo my despair;  
Or in some rifted mountain's sunless chasm  
Hide from un pitying eyes my frenzy's spasm!  
O, bursting heart, be still!  
I rave—and my rebellious sorrow cries  
Against th' Almighty will.  
O Holiest, pardon me! forsake not now;  
A broken and a contrite spirit Thou  
Wilt not despise.  
And art not Thou my Father? I have none  
In earth or heaven to aid, but Thou alone.  
Look down in mercy—take me to Thy rest;  
And calm the tumults of my tortured breast.  
But ah! for thee—false friend and cruel foe,  
May prayers or tears avail? Yet, art thou so?  
O ever generous, ever gentle, how  
Could treachery lurk beneath that lofty brow?  
Or did my heart the glorious idol frame—  
Its fond creation worship in thy name?  
But thou art gone! and never, never more,  
Thy voice, thy look, may lingering time restore.  
From memory's clasp thine image must be torn;  
No more permitted o'er thy doom to mourn—  
A loveless, joyless, hopeless path I tread,  
My bourne the grave—my rest among the quiet dead.

Zuriel—so slandered while away—enters. The scene is a fine one, but we must mar it grievously by giving only a part:—

ZURIEL.

My Thirza, how must I regret the fault  
That made me absent in this hour of sorrow!  
But thou art safe—O dearest, speak to me!  
Thou turn'st away—ah! why this mute despair?

THIRZA.

Zuriel, oh, come not near!—thou comest too late.  
There is a gulf between us.

ZURIEL.

How! my soul,  
What gulf can part me from thee? Wilt thou thus  
Torture me? Say—what hath befallen?

THIRZA.

Oh! thou hast not  
Bowed down to Baal?

ZURIEL.

I, to Baal bow?  
To senseless stocks? Thirza! and can it be  
Thou knowest so ill the heart that is thine own?

THIRZA.

If thou art true, I am indeed unworthy  
So dear a trust.—Forgive, forgive the wrong!  
I listened to the slanderous report  
That branded thee as false to heaven—to me.  
Nay, do not speak—the worst remains to tell—  
O hate me not! but pity and forget—  
For I with solemn vow irrefragable,  
Have pledged myself to God, and evermore  
Renounced discourse with man until I die.

ZURIEL.

Me miserable! I only am to blame,  
Who left thee in the toils of fools and slaves.  
Curse on their bigot hate! But O, my love,  
Thou shalt not be their victim. No; will God  
Accept what error offered? No; thy bond  
Was unallowed and void. The high priest shall—  
He must absolve such vow.

THIRZA.

Alas! he cannot.

ZURIEL.

Thirza, I never sought to bind thy soul  
With solemn compact, sealed by name divine,  
Or superstitious rite; but if the faith  
Of early love, sweet counsels shared together;  
If long devotion of each word, each thought  
To thy direction—still, with patient hope,

Brooking imposed delay ; if these may  
claim  
Remembrance or reward—then art thou  
mine,  
By ties beyond the reach of words to  
sever.  
Oh, listen—if not here, in other lands  
We may be happy ! Leave these tents  
and seek  
With me in blest Arabia's spicy bowers  
A home of liberty and love What needs  
Or priest, or ark, or visible sign of awe ?  
We'll worship there as our forefathers  
did,  
Beneath th' uncircumscribed vault of  
heaven.  
Thou wilt ?

THIRZA.

Ah ! urge me not—'tis madness, sin—  
I dare not hear thee—do not grieve my  
soul  
With unpermitted hopes, but let us part.

ZURIEL.

Part ! thou art cold, and wondrous calm,  
and I  
But mad to feel it thus. Detested folly,  
Most blinding fears—whence that once-  
matchless spirit  
Is tamed to frozen faithlessness ! but  
know,  
That I my right forego not ;—thou  
hadst none,  
Me, causeless, to bereave ; nor hast the  
power  
To evade the enforcement—this thy  
vaunted law  
Permitting, grants thy feebler sex re-  
dress,  
But in submission. Thirza ! pardon me !  
Wretch that I am ! What demon  
prompts such words ?  
Look not upon me with that speechless  
horror—  
I worship thee—my soul is in thine hand,  
Nor even in madness could one thought  
contrive  
Of injury to thee. Leave me not thus !—  
Without one parting word—

THIRZA.

Oh, most unhappy !  
Think on thy safety—even now the  
sword  
Of wrath trembleth above.

ZURIEL.

Let it descend.  
In full career of hope and exultation  
I never yet have shunned the stroke ;  
and now !—  
Betrayed by thee—to endless anguish  
left—  
The thunders of the Almighty arm were  
welcome,  
As my despair's sole term.

THIRZA.

Hear him not, Heaven !  
On me, alone, descend the pain ; and let  
The misery I have chosen all suffice.  
But thou art free—the universe of joy  
Before thee spreads, all excellence com-  
bining,  
As chief among earth's chieftest race, thy  
God  
Hath marked thee out for honour. O  
reconcile  
Thyself with Him, and crown thy father's  
house.

ZURIEL.

Never ; I here renounce my race, my  
home,  
Inheritance or birth-right ; and with  
these  
The covenant by whose enslaving curse  
The Deity hath stamped them for de-  
struction.

The third scene of this fourth act  
closes the main interest of the story.  
Zuriel is seen on the borders of the  
encampment. An Israelite flying from  
the slaughter of the doomed idolaters  
calls on Zuriel to fly too—saying that  
he had seen him at the feast of Peer.  
Zuriel admits that he was present, but  
denies that he was an idolater, or that  
he has cause for flight. Soon Johanan  
enters.

JOHANAN.

There stands the chief offender, him I  
seek.  
Despair and guilt have stamped their  
seal upon him,  
Unconscious yet of his approaching  
doom.  
A stronger arm, with sinews still un-  
shrunk  
By age, might pause to set unaided on  
The fiercest warrior of his tribe : but I,  
Invincible in righteousness, fear not.—  
Young man, I have a word with thee.

ZURIEL (*turning*).

Johanan !

JOHANAN.

Draw near ; it is a message of import.

ZURIEL.

For me ?—I knew not I had left within  
The camp one friend who would take  
thought on me.

JOHANAN.

Nearer ; 'tis secret—for thine heart.  
[*Stabs him.*]

ZURIEL.

Ah ! murderer—  
[*Falls.*]

JOHANAN.

Say, rather, executioner of the law,  
Divine and just. A rebel, art thou not?  
A foul idolater?

ZURIEL.

All-seeing God,  
Judge between thee and me;—Yet do I  
thank thee.  
The heavy band about my heart is  
loosened,  
And with life's ebbing tide flows fast  
and free.  
Now peace descends—and hope, like  
thine—O Thirza—— [Dies.

JOHANAN.

Have I done well? or doth this new  
compunction  
Reprove mine over-hasty zeal? I must  
Present myself before the tabernacle.  
If I have erred in deed, Thou knowest,  
O Lord,  
My will was faithful—make it not my  
crime.

The fifth act refers chiefly to the fate of Balaam. One scene between the sisters Thirza and Milcah paints their sorrow and affliction so affectingly that we would gladly give it, but we must forbear. In another—a moonlight scene of a battle-field—Satan appears rejoicing in his work; but the Archangel Phanuel descends, and we learn that Zuriel's soul has escaped the malice of the great destroyer. This scene, and the demonology of the poem, remind us of Anster's *Faustus*. We call it his, for he has made it his own and an English classic. The prophet, with characteristic indecision and infirmity of principle, is—against his own convictions—influenced by the Prince of Midian to join his host in battle, and his dying scene closes the drama.

We have sought to gratify our readers most and make known best the genius of the author by letting her tell her own story in extracts. We are not at all satisfied that in our narrative portions we have done her justice; but having indulged in extracts, we have hardly a line for another observation. The drama is ably conceived and well developed; yet we are disposed to think that Miss Lowe—sacrificing something to the grace of making it pass rapidly over—has brought about the *denouement* too hastily. There are strong and natural causes for Thirza's conviction of the faithlessness of her lover, and still it seems too suddenly established.

The death, too, of Zuriel reads as a summary proceeding, although its stage-effectiveness might be different. Johanan had doubtless good reasons for holding him to be an apostate and a traitor; but they are not sufficiently brought out, and a preliminary address of some half-dozen lines is too brief a notification of his fate—too short a preface to the stage direction, “*stabs him.*” These are but small matters in a dramatic poem of so much power—so brilliant, and yet so chaste. We are satisfied that no one who reads it—that no reader of our imperfect account of it, howsoever critical he be—can for a moment think that we have wronged the author with over-praise.

“The Queen's Choice” is a graceful and very beautiful drama in five acts. We can only observe that it has nothing to say to our Sovereign Lady and Prince Albert. Of the other poems we can quote but few, and of some only parts. The first is entitled “The Portrait.” No name is given, but all will recognise *the Duke*.

THE PORTRAIT.

And is that all? and know'st thou not  
Whose form is pictured there?  
Those traits once seen were ne'er forgot,  
But read them well—thou'lt soon allot  
The honoured name they bear.

‘That dauntless brow might best beseem  
‘A warrior's daring mood;  
‘The lip of pride, the eye's dark gleam  
‘Show firm resolve, command supreme,  
‘Danger and foes subdued.’

These mark, indeed, the conqueror tried  
On many a well-fought plain;  
But canst thou nought discern, beside  
High deeds and military pride?  
O turn, and look again.

‘Calm wisdom on that front sublime,  
‘Care on the faded cheek,  
‘A glance to pierce the depths of time,  
‘And rule men's hearts thro' every  
clime,  
‘The statesman's soul bespeak.’

Look yet once more—peruse aright,  
The mind charac'tered here:  
Greatness, above ambition's flight,  
Or faction's rage, or envy's blight;  
Justice and truth severe.

Still loftier praise his deeds afford,  
Might I such meed bestow,  
Blest hero! whose redeeming sword  
Peace, safety, liberty restored——  
‘Enough, I know him now!’

Our concluding extract shall be from the Hymns of Novalis. There are translations of several. We take the first especially, for the perfect beauty of the versification. In sentiment and experience these hymns are not equal to the favourites in our own language—to the Olney collection—to those of Montgomery—of Heber—of our own admirable Kelly, or of Keble; but the greatest poet of any time might

“deem it  
No loss of pride”

to avouch as his own such lines as the following:—

What might I not have been without  
Thee?

Without Thee what should I have  
done?

With nought but fear and grief about  
me,

In the wide world to stand alone?

With unassured affections thirsting,  
Darkness had o'er my future closed;  
And were my heart with anguish bursting,  
On whom its cares had I reposed?

Consumed by love and lonely yearning,  
Each day like dismal night had worn;  
Still had I trod, with tears deep burning,  
The path of human woes, forlorn.  
From crowds by sad unquiet driven,  
At home to sink beneath despair—  
Ah! who, without a friend in heaven,  
Who might earth's weary burden bear?

Hath Christ himself to me imparting,  
Accepted me, indeed his own,—  
How swift thro' shadowy horror darting,  
Rays of living splendour shone!  
With him I learnt mankind's true glory;  
His aspect brightened mortal doom;  
And India ev'n mid Iceland hoary  
For his beloved must laugh and bloom.

Then joy and love their power revealing,  
Bade the whole earth in gladness rest;  
For every wound sprang herbs of healing.  
Freely bounded every breast.  
For his unnumbered bounties ever  
His duteous child I still would be;  
When two or three are met together,  
Assured that in the midst is He.

Oh, then, go forth, all roads exploring,  
And bid the wanderer hither come!  
Stretch out your ready hand, restoring  
Each lost one to our happy home.  
Heaven is here with us residing,  
By faith its bliss do we behold;  
To all with us in one faith bidding  
The everlasting gates unfold.

Round our hearts, so sorely loaded,  
Closely twined sin's heavy curse;  
Darkling on we wandered, goaded  
Or by desire or remorse.  
Every deed appeared unlawful;  
Man was marked of God the foe;  
And if heaven spake, its accents awful  
Threatened judgment, death, and woe.

Slaves of sin, in fetters groaning,  
No refuge ours, ev'n in the grave;  
When a Redeemer came atoning,  
A Son of man, in might to save.  
His living fires our souls enlightened  
Above our father-land to see;  
Now, with hope, belief is heightened,  
Now reconciled with God are we.

In our observations on the work before us, we have dwelt more emphatically on the dramatic talents of Miss Helen Lowe. We are not at all sure that they are her best, but we are satisfied that they are of a high order, and must place her very near the throne of the great Joanna. The rule of the epic is over and gone, and the drama is now the highest department of poetry. We are disposed to think that it was always so, and hold the heresy that the poetry of Homer is of a less elevated order than that of Æschylus and Sophocles, and that the imagination and affections are more powerfully moved by Shakspeare than by Milton. The decline of the theatre tends further to the advancement of the poetic drama. Whatever be the objections to stage representations, or the causes of a growing repugnance to them, none can deny that fine acting offers a very delightful gratification. But it is one in which poetry has but small concern. The genius of the actor—the scenery—and the cumulated power of sympathy in large assemblies prepared for excitement, are main elements in stage effects. We are not so infatuated with our opinion as to exclude the importance of an author's talents. But we do aver that, amid the glare of other influences, that of poetry is but feeble. Her spells are for the solitary reader, and on such only have their perfect power. Miss Helen Lowe has, in her principal works, most happily chosen a form of composition enabling her to exhibit—say rather, to indulge—at once her dramatic and varied poetic powers; and we are much mistaken if—so gifted and so young—she does not materially assist in rendering the Dramatic Poem more truly popular than it has been for a considerable period

## GASPAR, THE PIRATE; A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.

## CHAPTER XI.

It was evening before Tata and her father returned from convoying Gaspar on his way out to sea. The former was in high spirits, and after addressing a few observations to Amanda, finding her very uncompanionable, for grief had rendered her gloomy, she set herself with alacrity to making various preparations for travelling, the object of which Amanda easily understood.

Her manner was withal kind, and her confidence and good-will perfectly restored. In the course of the evening she informed Amanda that she had arranged with her father to go the next morning with him, as if on a visit to his habitation, from whence they would, after a day or two, take their departure for Voulu Voulu.

Amanda heard the news with a mixture of pleasure and pain, such as we may suppose a prisoner to feel on quitting his dungeon: but fear and uncertainty with respect to the future, and anxiety about him whom she was to leave still in thralldom, caused the pain so to predominate that Tata discovered in her none of those signs of excessive joy at the communication that she would have willingly seen. This, however, only made her redouble her alacrity, and before noon on the following day, Amanda's moveables were safely and carefully packed up, and all was ready for beginning their journey.

Their route lay for some distance along the sea coast, and was consequently performed by water. Several canoes were in readiness to receive them and the rest of the chief's followers; and as Amanda took her place with Tata in one of them, and left the precincts of the pirate's hold behind her, she felt the contagious influence of their loathsome abode gradually dissipated. Hope began to revive within her, as the canoe, moving rapidly along, shoved by poles over the flats and through the shallow channels, opened to her a new landscape; and the lively song of the polemen keeping time in their movements, and the auspicious commencement of their journey seemed

to promise a happy termination to her perils. They soon reached the mouth of a considerable river, up which they shaped their course, and towards evening they arrived at the chief's habitation, situated on the banks of it.

Here they waited for some days, while the chief was collecting a drove of human cattle, that he was about to take to market. Tata employed herself during the interval in making every preparation for Amanda's comfort during her journey—and her care and foresight contributed to diminish materially the hardships that Amanda would otherwise have been destined to undergo. As their way lay still along the sea coast as far as the bay of Bembatouk, a distance of some twenty leagues or more, she caused a canopy of palm branches to be erected in one of the largest canoes, to screen Amanda from the scorching rays of the sun, that are rendered still more powerful by being reflected from the white sand and glassy surface of the seawater—and, not sparing her father's cattle, she also provided her with plenty of mats, in order to facilitate the construction of a litter, that she might be carried wherever there was a possibility of doing it, and in which she might sleep as secure as possible from the dews and cold of the nights on the heights of the mountains in the interior;—and she charged all her father's retainers, as they hoped for her future favour, to attend to Amanda's wants with all the assiduity in their power. In fact, poor Tata, once secure herself in the quarter where molestation can never be excused, was to the last so kind and affectionate a friend and benefactress to Amanda, that her parting from her was attended with as much sorrow, though not embittered by the same degree of anxiety as was her final farewell of François. She watched Tata's solicitude on her account with a mingled feeling of sorrow and gratitude, that as the time of their parting drew nearer, grew insupportably painful; the more so, as



she did not fail to perceive, that while on the one hand love for her husband impelled Tata to remove her out of his way, it was the sincerest affection for her personally, that prompted her care and attention—and that a bustling exterior covered a sad heart and real regret for the preparations that she was herself superintending.

These conflicting sensations had, by the morning on which Amanda and the old chief were to set out, rendered Tata thoroughly miserable; and long before the time arrived for her taking her last farewell of Amanda, her tears flowed plentifully. She accompanied her from her father's habitation as far as the mouth of the river on which it was situated.

But when they had arrived at the sea coast, and the sight of the broad expanse of ocean announced to Tata that the time for taking a final farewell of her friend was come, she wept aloud over Amanda, and embracing her again and again, she recommended her to her father's particular care. Presently the canoe in which she was to return came alongside, and, composing herself by a strong effort, she took a last embrace of Amanda, and, stepping into her canoe, seated herself calmly down, and ordered her boatmen to give way on their return.

The canoe, in which Amanda is reclining as much at her ease as the circumstances will permit, is now under weigh. The sail has been hoisted, and they are pursuing their course at a pleasant rate along the shore. Towards nightfall they put into a small cove, where they intended passing the night; and, by the chief's advice, she remained on board the canoe to avoid the inconvenience occasioned by the innumerable sand-flies and mosquitoes that infested the beach. A tolerably palatable supper, consisting of grilled fish and roasted yams, was soon brought to her, and even the delicacy of a cup of coffee had, thanks to Tata's care, been provided for her. After partaking of it, she composed herself to rest in the canoe; while the chief and his followers, both slaves and free, prepared to pass their night assembled round a blazing fire on the beach.

Early next morning they were again *en route*, and before evening they had arrived at the point near the bay of Bembatouk, where commenced their

journey over land—and here, too, may be said to have commenced the hardships of Amanda's journey.

Having quitted the canoe, the first night she passed with tolerable comfort in the hut of one of the natives. But with the morning came the fatigue and toil of walking (for Amanda could not be prevailed upon at first to take advantage of the litter that had been prepared for her) through swampy woods and over shingly paths, where her light shoes, of which she had still several pair remaining, formed but a poor protection against the sharp stones and projecting roots that crossed her way at almost every step. And before noon she was so fatigued and overpowered by her own exertions and the heat of the sun, that she was obliged to request of the chief to stop and allow her to rest. This, however, he would by no means hear of; as he intimated, to her great dismay, that while they had a good road they must take advantage of it; and a litter being quickly constructed, and swung on the shoulders of four of the before-mentioned cattle, Amanda was obliged to get into it, and they resumed their journey at a quickened pace.

Thus they went on for three days; at night the litter was secured to the lower branches of some large tree, while one or two of the chief's followers, mindful of their mistress's injunctions, kindled two or three small fires around and near it, in order that the smoke might repel the attacks of the mosquitoes; and during the day, Amanda was carried in it, except when her strength, and the nature of the road, would occasionally permit her to walk. But on the evening of the third day, they arrived at the foot of the Red Mountains, where the country assumed a more rugged aspect, and Amanda was given to understand the chief's meaning, in describing the road they had passed as a good one.

Hitherto their journey had been made over a tolerably level tract of country, gradually ascending from the sea; but now the character of the road, or rather path, began to change, and steep ascents, where the accommodation of the litter could no longer be enjoyed, and sharp declivities, intersected by mountain torrents, that it was necessary to ford, crossed their way continually. The chief, however,

did all in his power to smooth so rugged a road for Amanda, and spared neither himself nor his followers in the attempt, causing her to be carried wherever it was practicable, and lending her the aid of his own sturdy arm, where they were reduced to the necessity of clambering. The back of some stout Malagache was always in readiness, to carry her over the rivers; and they reached the Marmites pass, the only practicable road over the mountains, so called, without any serious interruption.

Here mountains seemed piled upon mountains before them interminably; and as, in ascending, they gradually attained a lower temperature, the cold of the night was most severely felt by Amanda, her clothing being all suited to a warmer climate. Her stock of shoes, too, better adapted to promenading in the Champ-de-Mars, or figuring in a ball-room, than exploring the rocky heights of the Red Mountains, was soon exhausted, as pair after pair, worn out by climbing up the steep paths, was thrown aside as unserviceable; and before they had attained the highest point in their ascent, Amanda's wounded feet had become so sore and swelled, that the party was obliged to halt, and wait for her to recruit her failing strength.

The chief's haste, however, and her own good will, urged her on; and with her feet wrapped up in mats taken from the litter, she resumed her journey as soon as there was a possibility of doing it. As they descended the eastern side of the mountains, looking towards Voulu Voulu, their pace was again gradually accelerated; and impelled by the ardent desire that she felt to see her parents, and put a termination to her sufferings, Amanda was enabled to make exertions that would, at any other time, have overpowered her. A considerable extent of level country now again lay before them, over which she was transported as fast as her conductor's haste could drive four bearers; and just within the time that Francois had told her, she arrived at Voulu Voulu; not, however, without experiencing the baneful effect of the noxious miasma that are exhaled from the swamps on this particularly unhealthy part of the coast.

On her arrival, she told her story

with the reserves that Francois had pointed out, to one of the Mauritius agents residing there, who was acquainted with her father's name and circumstances, and who, with becoming humanity, not to mention any interested motives that might have influenced him, furnished her with every thing that the place could afford, to one in her deplorable condition. He engaged her passage for her on board a vessel that was about to proceed to Mauritius with bullocks and slaves, and having settled all matters with him relative to the transmission of the chief's reward to him, and obtained from him, on her father's credit, a suitable present for Tata, and smaller ones for her bearers and attendants, Amanda took a grateful farewell of the old chief. To his care and discretion she also confided a small lock of hair for Francois, and this last important matter having been attended to, by the agent's advice, she went on board the vessel, in order to avoid the probability of the feverish symptoms that had manifested themselves in her, being confirmed. In a few days the vessel sailed, and she arrived at Mauritius, just thirteen months after she had left it in so different a plight, and with prospects that had been so sadly blasted.

The joy and astonishment of her parents, at seeing her, may be easily imagined. They had long given her up as lost: no account of the Lechimy having arrived, they had naturally concluded that she had foundered at sea. To them, and all interested in the concerns of that ill-fated vessel, she told her story as Francois had directed her. She did not, in fact, tell the whole truth; and few, I imagine, will be found so severely scrupulous, as to blame her for it.

As soon as she was sufficiently recruited, and had in some degree recovered her strength and equilibrium, her friends and relatives endeavoured to engage her in a round of gaiety and dissipation, in order to induce forgetfulness of her misfortunes. These, however, had been so calamitous, of a nature so particularly calculated to give the mind the turn for reflection, that they had imparted to a temper, intended to have been of the gayest, a tinge of melancholy, that prevented her from seeking after, and entering

into the spirit of those amusements, that charm and engage persons of her age. To gratify her parents, she suffered herself to be led into public, and even assumed an appearance of cheerfulness. But the ball-room had no longer any attraction for her; and as she threaded the mazes of the quadrille, or circled in the waltz, whirled on the arm of some gay, accomplished youth, that was basking in the sunshine of all that is most agreeable, her thoughts would, by painful comparison, recur to him, whose arm had been so often interposed between her and danger; and who might ere now, for aught she knew, have paid the penalty of the breach of faith, that his loyalty to her had engaged him in. The story, too, of her fearful adventures (for fearful even so much of them as she had related was) had spread, and had centred on her the gaze of every society where she appeared, and made her the subject of their conversation and speculation.

To all this, she was averse; and as weeks and months passed away without bringing any news of François, her anxiety on his account became so great, that she was unable to continue her exertions, and she soon retired from the town to her father's plantation, where she might enjoy, uninterrupted, the quiet that was better adapted to the state of her feelings. Even here, however, her mother's officiousness would every now and then break in on her repose; and (though kindly meant on her part) in the way, of all others, the most disagreeable to Amanda.

Pertinacious in the pursuit of the attainment of her object, namely, that of providing handsomely for her daughter, when she found Amanda so averse to entering into the society, and participating in the gaieties that the island afforded, she suggested to her the expediency of keeping India and her uncle still in view. And finding Amanda (for reasons that the reader will easily recognise) by no means averse to entertaining her proposal, she forthwith set about sounding Monsieur Rhenaudin on the subject. But Monsieur Rhenaudin's joy at Amanda's being so unexpectedly restored to him was so great, and the affection he bore her so strong, that

the proposal only elicited some expressions of indignation from him; and he declared, with many formidable asseverations, that nothing should ever tempt him to allow her to risk her invaluable life afloat again. Baffled thus in her Indian project for aggrandising her daughter, the good woman, with her wonted energy, set herself to devising means for putting Amanda forward in Mauritius; and with this view she from time to time provided a variety of aspirants to her hand.

Foremost amongst these an aged baron and *roué*, who, having dissipated his patrimony in France, had, through his interest, obtained a profitable sinecure in Mauritius, teased Amanda for a long time. Versed in fashionable chit-chat, and skilled in all foppish manoeuvres, to Madame Rhenaudin he seemed a finished gentleman; and he spent much time to no purpose in paying court to Amanda through her. Next came a Creole planter, rich, purse-proud, and abrupt, who, for Amanda's ease, took huff rather hastily at not being at once accepted; besides many more in turn, till poor Madame Rhenaudin was obliged to renounce her daughter as incorrigible.

But neither her mother's persuasion nor the tempting array of suitors that she provided for her, could effect any change in Amanda's affection; and she continued to lead a life of comparative seclusion, anxiously watching for François; but months accumulated to years, and year after year rolled on, and still no account of him arrived. But she continued, notwithstanding, faithful to her promise to him.

But to return to Gaspar.

On his return from his cruise, Tata was prepared with the story of Amanda's death. She had remained for a good while at her father's habitation, in order that, returning alone to the hold, her fiction might have a greater colouring of probability; and as Gaspar had no reason to doubt it on that account, no suspicion of what had really become of Amanda occurred to him.

But notwithstanding the secrecy and address with which Tata had managed matters, she had not been able to prevent a surmise as to the truth from reaching the other Malagache women

of the hold ; and amongst the rest, Songar's mother—her jealous competitor for Gaspar's favour, who laid hold of the opportunity thrown in her way, of raising herself in his esteem, and thereby increasing her own consequence at Tata's expense—and she accordingly communicated her suspicions to Gaspar.

Tata, however, resolutely persisted in her story, and produced many evidences—none of them, indeed, unimpeachable ones—of its truth ; and as none of the Malagache, who were acquainted with the real circumstances of Amanda's disappearance, dared to counteract Tata's account of it, Gaspar was obliged to rest satisfied with it ; and he did so the more readily, as, conscious of his own dereliction, he was inclined to think that Tata's jealousy had prompted her to make away with Amanda. Of the two crimes, however, that of being accessory to Amanda's escape, or murdering her, the latter was, in his eyes, much the more excusable one ; and the motive from which he supposed it to have been done—to wit, a wish to secure him to herself—acting as an additional palliative, his love for Amanda, which was never very intense, was soon forgotten, and his affections returned in due time to their legitimate channels.

In the meantime François found the difficulty of effecting his own escape much greater than, in his enthusiasm, he had stated to Amanda—not that any particular watch was kept on him : Gaspar had never suspected him of

being instrumental in any plot with respect to Amanda's escape, or it had, in all probability, cost him his life. But he found it impossible to elude Gaspar's vigilance for a sufficiently long time to enable him, in the language of sportsmen, to gain enough law of him to warrant his risking a chase in a country where he was wholly ignorant of the route, nay, even of the direction, that he should take at starting. A thousand bloodhounds, he knew, would have been let loose to track him ; and neither Tata nor her father had the powerful stimulants to assist him that they had had in Amanda's case. Once he tried his old device, and on the eve of Gaspar's departure on a cruise he feigned sickness. But then he had the misfortune to be a favourite ; and Gaspar immediately postponed his sailing, and attended him with such assiduity, that he found it vain to continue the dissimulation.

Thus, he continued an unwilling instrument in the hands of an expert workman—till habit, familiarizing him with an occupation to which he could never be reconciled, he became at length callous to the impressions arising from it. The difficulties, too, in the way of his union with Amanda, arrayed themselves in her absence in opposition to the fond hopes that he had entertained with respect to her while she was present with him ; and he learnt in time to think of them as of a dream of happiness, too enviable to be realized.

## CHAPTER XII.

At the western extremity of the town of Port Louis in Mauritius there stands a steep mountain, which rises abruptly to a considerable height, and immediately overlooks the harbour. It commands an extensive prospect of the surrounding ocean and great part of the island ; and a signal-staff and a house for the accommodation of the look-out have been in consequence erected on it, whence it has been given the name of the Signal Mountain.

Here, under a veranda, enjoying the fume of a cigar, the smoke of which he protruded in about equal quantities from his mouth and nostrils,

sat an old soldier ; a telescope rested on his knees, through which he now and then took a look at some distant object ; and from time to time he rose and paced the veranda, examining the horizon with the strictest scrutiny, in order to ascertain as early as possible the approach of any ship. The appearance of a sail to the north-eastward now for the first time caught his eye ; he raised the glass to it, but almost immediately lowered it with a countenance expressive of astonishment and indecision. He examined it with the naked eye ; then raised the glass again to his eye. There was something unusual in the vessel's appear-



ance, and being unable to come to any conclusion about her, he called to his companion who was within in the house, taking his turn of repose.

"Richard," said he, "here's a sail to the north-eastward, and blow me if I know what to say to her; there's something about her that I don't understand. Come out and see what you can make of her; for I don't want to get another blowing up from the harbour-master, after the double-shotted one he gave me for mistaking that hermaphrodite for a brig the other day."

Richard, an old sailor, soon made his appearance at this request; flattered by the tacit acknowledgment of his superior ability, implied in the soldier's consulting him on the vessel's appearance, but somewhat peevish at being disturbed, he received the glass from his comrade with a deportment indicative of a due sense of his own importance—sole arbiter in an important matter: and having had the direction of the sail indicated, and satisfied himself as to her appearance, &c. by a look at her first with the naked eye, as the more infallible, and then by a hasty one through the glass, as he lowered it, he delivered his opinion peremptorily, as one that should not be questioned and confidently as though it were incontrovertible.

"Why," said he, "it's as plain as the nose on your face; she's a dismasted vessel. Don't you see by her hull and the stick with a single shroud that she's rigged for a jury-mast?"

"Curious that," replied the other, "we've had no hard weather of late."

"Does it follow then that she's had the same weather as we have?" pettishly replied the man of tar and rope-yarns. "Signal a vessel in distress in the north-east quarter." And pronouncing the last sentence most authoritatively, he retreated within the house, condemning in strong terms the impolicy of appointing a soldier to a birth, to discharge the duties of which a sailor seemed to him so much better qualified by previous habit and experience. His companion having taken another look through the glass to assure himself of the correctness of his decision, proceeded to sort and arrange the flags necessary for making the signal to the port-officer below;

and in half an hour after, he had the satisfaction to see a small tender belonging to the port, put out to sea, and make sail in the direction that he had intimated. Towards evening she returned towing in her wake a still smaller vessel, the crew of which she had received on board; and who immediately on their arrival communicated to the captain of the port, in substance the following intelligence.

The ship *Voyageur*, belonging to Marseilles, left one of the French ports in India with an assorted cargo for Mauritius, intending to take in island produce there, and proceed home: and a day or two after losing sight of the continent of India, she fell in with a vessel, which from her suspicious appearance, the captain at first attempted to avoid; but finding that impossible, for she sailed like the wind, he hove to for her, thinking it best not to exasperate those on board her, in case his suspicions of her being a free-booter should prove well grounded.

As she hailed for a Portuguese ship-of-war from Goa, an officer and boat's crew belonging to her were admitted on board without opposition.

After examining the manifest and other papers, the officer called for the ship's articles, and ordered a muster of all hands, under the pretence of ascertaining if there were any deserters from the Portuguese service amongst them. But no sooner was his order obeyed than, on some private signal, his men took the most advantageous position for offence, and another boat shoving off from his vessel arrived quickly on board, when the pirate, for it was no other than Gaspar, deliberately commenced making the officers and crew walk the plank, despatching one or two who showed great reluctance to take this very unpleasant walk, by pistol shots; and sparing only the chief mate, a young Frenchman named Jouvart, for a reason that shall be presently explained, with the carpenter, likewise a native of France, and two more hands who volunteered to join him; which was done with as little delay as possible, and in the most orderly manner. Gaspar, on this occasion, was, even for him, particularly humane, for he had determined to carry off ship and cargo, and as every thing on board her was conse-



quently sure to fall into his hands, there was no occasion for practising any of the usual and approved methods of torture for the discovery of valuables supposed to be secreted, he proceeded to trans-ship some articles of ship's stores and provisions to his own vessel; and then taking the mate, Jouvart, aside, he informed him that he was going to commit a most important trust to him; no less a one than that of navigating the *Voyageur* to his hold in Madagascar; telling him plainly at the same time that his life would be the forfeit of the slightest appearance of treachery on his part, and assuring him of his favour and promotion in his service, in case he should conduct himself to his satisfaction. He then took his leave, taking the carpenter and the other two along with him, and telling Jouvart that he would send a crew on board sufficient to work the vessel, and an officer whom he should consider as his superior, and whose orders he would strictly obey if he knew what was good for himself.

On the officer and crew coming on board, the two vessels parted—the pirate going off in a south-west direction, while Jouvart was ordered to steer for Cape Amber, the northern point of Madagascar,

For several days nothing happened worthy of remark. Jouvart was treated with as much respect as was consistent with the strange predicament in which he was placed. All his movements were strictly watched, and he slept in a small round-house over the stern, where he was continually under the eye of the watch on deck. Every day his superior officer examined into and criticised his arithmetical calculations and the working of the observations with all the acuteness of an ignoramus, generally concluding his examination by some such remark, as that “he supposed that he (Jouvart) knew what would be the consequence of any mistake,” or some caution to that effect.

The man to whom Gaspar had committed the charge of the vessel, and of superintending Jouvart's movements, was a native of some Portuguese settlement in India; a half-cast, ignorant, treacherous, mean, spiteful, and vindictive—qualities inherent in all of his origin, and which, fostered and brought to perfection by education and ex-

ample, had rendered him a thorough adept in his profession: he was, in fact, to describe his character briefly, a ruffian even amongst robbers, and a cut-throat murderer. He had gained the confidence of Gaspar by obsequiousness to his will, and ready obedience to his commands, being at all times the willing and unflinching perpetrator of the most revolting cruelty.

Antonio—for that was our commander's name—was neither by nature nor education fitted for his post; and this he showed before he had been long from under the eye of his master. He had already had some difference with his mate, which was the more inexcusable, as it was dictated by a grudge he owed him on account of some former pique that existed between them, of which Gaspar was ignorant; and he took the opportunity their relative positions offered to annoy him on every feasible pretence. He had also indulged a disposition to assume an appearance of petty consequence, by giving vent to various terms of reproach against the cook, for not furnishing his table better. These had been borne with, in the hope that there would soon be an end of them; but it only encouraged him to proceed: for what would have propitiated a reasonable man, but increased the ruffian's presumption.

Human endurance will however bear but a certain amount of provocation, beyond which it is not safe to proceed. With different persons it varies, but like courage it has its sticking-place in all men; and as great cowards when sharply beset often become the most desperate assailants, so the most patient have generally in them the materials for rendering them the most stubborn and intractable. But Antonio was no moralist, and had in all probability never expended a thought on this or any other subject that did not involve the immediate gratification of some one of the animal propensities. So he proceeded with his plan of petty annoyance, regardless of what the consequence might be.

The cook had, one day, as usual, placed the dinner on the table and disappeared; but Antonio taking particular offence at the manner in which something had been served up, ordered him to be summoned into his presence, and on his appearing the of-

fended man of dignity addressed him as follows :—

“ A pretty forage, ‘ this,’ Mr. Cook, that you’ve given us. It’s been well said that ‘ God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.’ ”

The cook muttered something in reply to the effect that it was impossible to make ortolans from salt junk. But not at all mollified by the excuse the ephemeral commander continued—

“ I tell you what, you’re not fit to carry guts to a bear, or else you want your back well scored. There, be off with you, and take care I don’t do it for you.”

Provoked by this assumption of unmeaning airs, in one whom he knew to be no way his superior, the cook replied sarcastically—“ You should have provided yourself with another when you were last in port,” adding, as he turned to withdraw, “ I don’t think you’d be likely to find a better for the same wages.”

If the former answer had not been calculated to gratify vanity, this one was likely to ruffle the temper of one who had more command over himself than he to whom it was addressed. He grasped the knife he was using firmly in his hand, and rising impetuously from the table, made directly for the cook, who was beginning to ascend the companion-ladder.

To attack him at a disadvantage like this, would have been precisely what Antonio would have liked. But, “ honour amongst thieves,” who have not heard of such a thing or something very like it, would appear to exist.

The cook’s perilous position was seen by the mate already mentioned, a man named Bolger, who was seated at the foot of the table, and who now at the imminent risk of his own throat interposed between him and his pursuer. It is not improbable indeed that friendship may have had something to do in the matter ; for these two men having been the particular butts of Antonio’s sallies probably looked upon their cause as common.

The current of Antonio’s fury was now diverted to Bolger, of the two he disliked him most ; for *he* might be said in some degree to share his authority, and therefore had a claim on his consideration and respect, which the other had not, and this was of all

things what he could least brook. It was therefore likely that he would have experienced greater pleasure from jagging his flesh, than that of the cook, with whom he had had no difference previous to their coming on board the *Voyageur*.

He now made several attempts at the throat of Bolger, and inflicted one or two severe wounds on his hands as he endeavoured to wrest the knife from him. Bolger was the stronger man of the two, and would have been an over match for Antonio on a fair field, but the contest was unequal, and there was every appearance of his going to the wall.

While their superiors were thus engaged in mortal combat, the other pirates sat and looked on. A consciousness that Antonio was in the wrong withheld them from taking his part, and on the other hand, fear of incurring his displeasure, prevented them from assisting Bolger : and it is likely nothing less than Bolger’s life would have satisfied Antonio, had not Jouvert, who was sitting near, impelled by the desire to prevent mischief, and by admiration of Bolger’s manly and apparently disinterested interference, now risen to his assistance.

By their joint efforts the ruffian was disarmed and seated upon the locker : when after storming and raging a good deal, recollecting himself sufficiently to perceive the error that he had fallen into, he permitted himself to be pacified by the others, and was satisfied with pouring a torrent of abuse upon Bolger and Jouvert, threatening them both with his vengeance, and plainly telling Jouvert that he would ere long pay *him* off.

When fortune turns against a man she seldom rests content with giving him a single buffet. Jouvert’s affairs had not stood in need of a lift of this kind, and if his situation had been unpleasant before, it was now rendered doubly so. Not that Antonio pushed his active annoyance of him any farther for the time ; on the contrary, he became more reserved in his conduct towards him. But there was a sardonic expression of his features, not amounting to a grin, whenever he addressed him or fell in his way, that showed he felt an inward satisfaction at having him in his power ; whence it was sufficiently evident that

he intended to use that power to his disadvantage ; and notwithstanding his adoption of a reserved line of conduct towards him, he could not forbear throwing out occasional rude enigmatical hints of his purpose, that rendered Jouvvert's situation so miserable that it is more than probable he would have been driven to some desperate expedient had it not been for the following circumstance.

He had in his chest, which the pirates, in deference to Gaspar and consideration of his pro-tempore importance, had not rifled or meddled with, a pair of pocket-pistols ; and these he now put in requisition. Carefully loading them, and seeing to their priming and condition, he concealed one of them deep in the breast of his waistcoat, and carried the other in the right-hand pocket of his trowsers. Thus armed he stood prepared whenever the worst should arrive, and when all hope of escaping with his life from the hands of his tormentors should be over, at least to cry quits with Antonio before parting. Trifling as this circumstance may appear, it served to prevent him

from sinking under the weight of his misfortunes ; and it even inspired him with a degree of resolution that vexed Antonio beyond measure ; so that it seemed at length to become the chief business of his life to devise means of annoying Jouvvert.

They were by this time well advanced on their way to Madagascar, and the stock of firewood and water on board was nearly exhausted, so that it became necessary to think of replenishing it. Jouvvert was greatly delighted at this ; for he saw by the chart that the island of Dingo Garcia lay nearly in their route ; and he thought that if Antonio could only be induced to touch at it, he must be strictly watched indeed if he did not contrive to escape from him.

In reply, therefore, to Antonio's interrogations upon the subject he informed him of its situation and contiguity to them ; and as Antonio had visited it on a former occasion with Gaspar on a similar errand, and knew it to be a convenient place for his purpose, thither he desired Jouvvert to direct his course.

---

LETTERS FROM ITALY.—NO. IV.

Rome, April 14, 1838.

At length the hope of my whole life is realized—we are in Rome ; we arrived on the 12th, and two days have scarce sufficed to assure me, that all I have so long coveted is within my reach ; all the miracles of art which hitherto have seemed but the shadowy forms of a day-dream, are actually before my eyes. To the most indulgent of correspondents only, could I venture to send a letter so soon ; for, as yet, I have no power to analyse the mingled feelings of admiration, of awe, and solemn melancholy awakened by the proud monuments and vast relics of departed greatness everywhere around us. But I have promised you my earliest impressions, and though, hereafter, I may be obliged to correct or modify them, I give them to you in their first freshness, lest the innumerable objects

of interest, crowding upon my attention every moment, should become confused in my memory, and increase the difficulty of conveying to you even a faint idea of the inexhaustible wonders of this capital of the world. As you have reckoned so much on the emotions I should experience on approaching Rome, I shall fall immeasurably in your estimation when I confess I was too tired to feel the raptures with which travellers generally do homage to the first view of the dome of St. Peters. I shed no tear, felt no inclination to leap out of the carriage to kiss the sacred soil ; in short, did nothing to fulfil your predictions or make a pretty episode in my first letter ; and when I recollect the thrill of expectation, the fluttering of heart with which I awaited the opening of the Chatsworth Gallery, I am sur-

prised at finding myself such a miracle of insensibility on a so much greater occasion. Yet, I assure you, I began the day with a very promising stock of enthusiasm, unhappily it evaporated under the annoyances of Civita Vecchia and the dull monotony of the journey hither. Only listen to the vexatious delays which, by detaining us four hours and a half, prevented our profiting by the Lascia Passare, to which we had written, to beg the British consul, Mr. Freeborn, to send to await us at the Port di San Pancrazio—the gate by which we were to enter Rome; and if the description be half as wearisome as the reality, I may promise myself the satisfaction of taking you into Rome in the same languid spirit that deadened the lofty and reverential thoughts I was fully prepared to feel.

We had a smooth passage of sixteen hours from Leghorn, passed close to Elba in the night, arrived at Civita Vecchia at nine A.M.; and, unsuspecting of delay, hoped to reach Rome by six in the evening; but disappointment was preparing to cast her shadow on these pleasant expectations. First forbidden to land till the captain should return after carrying our passports to be examined, we lost one precious hour on the deck of the steamer, under a hot sun, and without our breakfast; another at the miserable osteria, while had coffee and sour milk were prepared for us; and two and a half more in landing the carriage, having the passports *re-visèd* by the respective consuls of *three* different nations, and getting rid of a host of shameless extortioners and importunate beggars.

There is no resting-place between Civita Vecchia and Rome; and excepting two or three military stations, not a human habitation, nor living creature, nor aught that looked like the work of men's hands, enlivened the flat and desolate road, which for eight hours lay stretched out before us in a long unbroken line. Though the fields were covered with asphodel, and the hedges white with hawthorn, the country looked dreary and deserted, and when at twenty-five miles' distance, our eyes at length rested on the dome of St. Peters; it appeared, perhaps from its low situation, so far from imposing—such a mere speck in the wide barren plain, I was but little struck

by its grandeur and immensity. No suburb, nor busy throng of people, nor vehicles of any description, announced our approach to a city. The deserted plain reaches to the very gates of Rome.

Having out-stayed the hour fixed in the Lascia Passare, we were constrained to go to the Dogana; and like culprits, with a soldier on each side of us, we slowly wended our way through the narrow ill-lighted streets, now filled with the crowds assembled for the ceremonies of the holy week. A passing torch, a gaily-lighted shop, gave us an occasional glimpse of a column, a portico, and as we would fain believe, a fine Roman face and figure. The Dogana, once the temple of one of the Antonines, (“To what base uses may we return, Horatio!”) was so shrouded in darkness, we could scarcely discern more than the faint outline of the fine columns of its portico, now built into the walls of this ugly building; but I question, if at the moment the finest temple in the world would have given us as much pleasure as the prospect of our beds, which we hastened to seek, as soon as our ten pauls had found their way to the hand and heart of the Doganiere. The examination of the luggage was merely nominal, and leaving a few boxes to be opened next day for form sake, we gladly turned to Hotel Serny only to be denied admittance, and after trying three other hotels, thought ourselves fortunate in finding a suite of rooms unoccupied in Hotel de Russie, though on the third floor. This being holy week, every lodging-house and hotel is full. It is the Roman harvest, and truly they know how to reap it.

I was somewhat reconciled to myself on awakening yesterday, to find that with a renewal of strength had returned all the delightful feelings and anticipations so long entwined with every thought of Rome. Soon after breakfast we began our day, intending to allay our eager longing by a general survey; and reserving to future days, when the excitement of novelty and curiosity is in some degree sobered, the quiet enjoyment of each separate object. On our way to the Forum, Colosseum, &c. the carriage stopped—we were told we stood in the Forum of Trajan. We looked round, then at each other in wonder, eagerly asking, where is

it? but in vain we looked and asked; its once magnificent edifices, and nearly all their remains lie buried under the mean houses and unsightly churches of the Piazza Trajana and the neighbouring streets. The noble triumphal column in the centre, some masses of shapeless marble, some broken columns of black granite ranged in long lines, alone tell that here stood one of the glories of the world, the work of Apollodorus, the noblest of all the noble designs of Trajan. The modern streets are considerably above the level of the ancient city, and we looked *down* into the area excavated by the French round the base of the column; and in this small space lies the whole of what is to be seen of the magnificent Basilica Ulpia, and the arcades which enclosed the pillar. We did not ascend to the top of the column: it is Doric. Its height, including the statue, one hundred and forty-three feet. It is composed of thirty-four blocks of white marble, within which are hewn a hundred and eighty-five steps: by these you ascend to the summit. The whole exterior is sculptured in relief, with subjects taken from the Dacian war; the number of the human figures is two thousand five hundred, which increase in size towards the top; they rank among the finest specimens of Roman art, and, though probably executed by Grecian artists, bear the stamp of the national character in their bold and animated style, more remarkable for its individuality than ideal beauty; but the distance at which we stood, and the spiral course of the bas-reliefs, prevented my seeing them as distinctly as I could wish. Here, for the first time, we saw one of those incongruities, the delight of successive popes, with which we shall soon be sufficiently familiar—a figure of St. Peter which has oddly enough superseded the colossal bronze statue of the emperor, which once appropriately crowned his column of triumph. Somewhat dispirited by this our first experience of the dilapidated state of the precious remains of ancient Rome, we continued our way through narrow dirty streets, now passing a row of columns, half built into a wall, now a dilapidated arch, a portion of a frieze, a broken capital, a sarcophagus lying unheeded on the ground, till

we found ourselves at the Forum. Prepared as we were by our guide-books, by the accounts of travellers, and more by the lesson we had learned at the Trajan forum, I yet cannot describe my consternation when I looked upon the scanty remains before us. In a small excavated space in the Campo Vaccino, the common cattle-market, we looked down about twenty feet to the base of the arch of Severus. On our right on the declivity from the capital, are three Corinthian columns of white marble, supporting part of a frieze, the remains of the temple of Saturn, formerly called Jupiter Tonans, which once contained the treasures of the world—and eight Ionic pillars of a portico which belonged to the temple of Vespasian; on our left the single Corinthian column of Phocas; and farther off, three exquisite fluted pillars, sometimes called the “disputed columns,” antiquarians not being agreed whether they are the relics of the temple of Jupiter Stator or of Castor and Pollux. The arch of Severus, consists of one large and two smaller arches, covered with bas-reliefs of rude execution, commemorating his triumphs over the Parthians—and this is all! In vain we asked for the temple of Concord—its remains are buried. Of the senate-house, part of a brick wall was shown to us. On its supposed site stands the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice. Of the Rostrum not a vestige, its site even doubtful, but supposed to lie under the barns and cart-houses, which shocked us on our first approach. Beautiful as are those relics in themselves, and interesting as are the associations connected with them as belonging to Rome’s greatest days, I confess, disappointment deep and melancholy was my strongest feeling, as we turned away to the Via Sacra. We passed a whole row of ugly churches, built on the sites, frequently of the materials of ancient temples. Within one fine Corinthian portico of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, has been built a frightful church—now closed up. What time himself has spared is thus desecrated by the economical taste of successive popes, for converting ancient monuments into modern churches. The remains, generally called the temple of Peace, are the ruins of a gigantic basilica built



on its site, by Maxentius, finished by Constantine, and called after him. Three gigantic fragments of the vaulting still remain, and are supposed to have been the earliest attempt to introduce the arched roof into this class of buildings in Rome. On the opposite side is the triumphal arch of Titus, erected after his death to commemorate the overthrow of Jerusalem. It is one large arch, very beautiful, but hastening to decay—two only of its eight marble columns are perfect, some have disappeared entirely. On the frieze is represented the triumphal procession of Titus. Within the arch are bas-reliefs also much defaced, but of excellent workmanship. On one side, Titus seated on his car of triumph; on the other, the spoils of the temple, copied from the originals, the seven-branched candlestick, the table of the show bread, &c. which were all transported to Rome. On the top of the arch the apotheosis of Titus. Not far distant, on a gentle eminence, stood the temples of Venus and Rome, built by Adrian, in 135, after his own plan, and under one roof—the largest, and perhaps the most splendid of the ancient city—and now we are at the Colosseum! the grandest of all ruins, the glory of Rome, the majestic Colosseum!

It is in vain I try to convey to you an adequate idea of the emotions excited by this mighty relic. Great and beautiful even in decay, it stands in lonely grandeur, speaking to the heart in a voice so touching, awakening feelings so powerful, so unutterable, so melancholy. In one small portion, the external elevation is preserved entire. It rises in lofty grandeur, arch over arch, simple, noble, and harmonious: within, the hand of time and violence is more apparent and impressive—the marble seats are broken down, the sloping walls and arches which supported them are overthrown, and thickly matted with weeds; the steps are torn away, but a wooden staircase, reaching to the highest accessible corridor, enabled us to look down on the vast arena, and on the scene of ruin around us.

In the midst of the decay of man's mightiest works, Nature, lovely and unchanged, has thrown her graceful drapery over these crumbling walls; the dark foliage of lofty trees waves

through the broken arches, wreaths of wild creepers cling to every projecting stone, "making that beautiful that is not," and covering every angle and crevice with their brilliant hues, contrasting strangely, in their luxuriance, with the devastation around. Through these arches we had glimpses too, of the scene beyond: innumerable ruins scattered around, broken lines of aqueducts, solitary tombs, the distant hills—every where silence and desolation—the silence that makes itself *felt*, as in the chamber of death—the desolation of a decaying world. It is long before one awakens from the effects of the solemn majesty around, to the painful associations connected with this spot—long before one feels the thrill of horror that fills the mind, on recalling the barbarous games to which it was dedicated: but when we recollect that here thousands of human hearts have beaten wildly in terror and despair—thousands have met a fearful and violent death—and worse, that thousands of their fellow-men looked upon their agonies, unmoved by any feeling save exultation and savage joy, we cannot but acknowledge that great and powerful as were the Romans, theirs was but the greatness and power of barbarians. And still more we feel it, when we think on the Christian martyrs, who here shed their blood for the faith that made them victorious over death; gave its strength to the feeble, the timid, the gentle, steadfastly to bear the most terrible of tortures. Blessed be their pure spirits, which seem to sanctify this proud monument of imperial greatness, and invest it with a holier grandeur than all its other and loftier pretensions! The victor and the vanquished, the master and the slave, the tyrant and the victim, are alike forgotten; but above shines the same unclouded sky; the same gentle breeze whispers through the vast pile; the same glorious sun lights up every object with its radiance, and shines upon the black cross, the humble symbol of Christianity, erected in the arena, as once he shone upon the assembled multitudes who knew not the one God, the common Father of all. Honour to Benedict XIV., who raised this symbol, and saved this noble ruin, though too late to prevent the removal of immense quantities of its precious materials. Popes them-

selves have not spared it; princes have despoiled it to build their huge palaces; but now it is consecrated ground; and one forgives the incongruous introduction of small altars, with wretchedly-painted representations of the fourteen stages of Christ's sufferings, and the unsightly cross in the centre, as an assurance that these now sacred precincts are safe from the unhallowed hands of the spoiler. You will *feel* by this time how difficult it is to leave the Colosseum.

On our return, we saw the arch of Constantine, more perfect, and, therefore, perhaps more imposing than any we had seen; but it is said to have been erected at a period when the arts had fallen into deep degradation, and is indebted to other and more noble buildings for its fluted columns of giallo antico, its fine medallions and bas-reliefs—works of Trajan's age, misapplied, and, with some paltry additions, dedicated to the honour of Constantine; but now, and always, I shall spare you the contending suppositions of the antiquaries, transmitted to us by our chattering cicerone, and simply tell you the names the monuments before us at the present moment bear. We retraced part of the Via Sacra, saw the ruins, I am told (for in truth my mind was full of the Colosseum, and I did not heed them) of Janus Quadrifrons, erected, it is supposed, by Constantine, for the purpose of affording shelter to the people assembled in the Forum Boarium, or ancient cattle-market. But I do recollect the Cloaca Maxima, "the most ancient of all the ruins of Rome;" and as I remembered that formerly the tunnel was so spacious that a waggon loaded with hay might pass under it, I was surprised to see only the top of an arch, built of immense blocks of gray-coloured stone. The artificial elevation of all parts of modern Rome might have prepared me for this—at all events you will not think it an object of much interest; but it has, like many others here, an interest of its own, realising to our minds that we are in contact as it were, with a people whose existence had never before seemed so real. In them the history of Rome and of her children is written and brought home to us with a life and distinctness we seek in vain in the dry and meagre accounts of the historians. We seem to feel

that Cicero and Brutus, Trajan and Titus, and other great men of old, actually lived and moved, and had their being in the very air we breathe, on the very soil we tread, unlike the shadowy beings we have read of in our Goldsmiths, who, in the minds of the young, stand pretty nearly in the same class with the gods and heroes of heathen mythology. We had now seen enough, and wisely determined to shut up our eyes and senses to all sights and temptations on our way home. Rash mortals we were: as we turned into the dirtiest of all the dirty streets we had yet traversed, we exclaimed with one accord—the Pantheon! We could not pass it unvisited, nor could we but admire its noble portico, its sixteen Corinthian columns of rich dark-red granite, and capitals of white marble, however inappropriate in its application—nor could we admire it in peace. Every variety of noise, every thing disgusting to every sense, seems to meet in the Piazza della Rotonda. Persons of every description, from the dark-eyed half-naked urchin of five or six, through all the gradations of age, of squalid poverty, of disease and infirmity, alike in unseemly nakedness and importunity, besieged us for *carità per l'amore di Dio*, or *per l'onore della Santa Madre*; nor even within were we safe from the outstretched hand, the whining voice, though less clamorous than without.

I looked with curiosity on the first live pilgrim I had ever seen—on the high-crowned hat and scallop shell in front—the pilgrim's cloak, oil-skin cape, the staff to support him on his weary pilgrimage; but visions of the crusades, of the holy sepulchre, &c. &c., all vanished before the sturdy beggar, whose hat was a plea for his clamorous demand for alms, and his staff a means to drive away others not more importunate than himself. I imagine we here saw the lowest and worst class of the Romans—those who will not dig, and to beg are not ashamed.

But the Pantheon! it is symmetry itself—simple, grand, and majestic. Faded and defaced it is, both within and without. Tasteless altars, with frippery ornaments—Madonnas in tinsel and finery, will sometimes disturb the eye, and take off the attention from

its noble circle ; but soon we forget all but its matchless form, its perfect proportions, and feel it to be a temple fit for the worship of the Eternal. The large aperture at the top has a beautiful effect—the light of heaven shines down unobscured on the lofty columns and marble pavement—the serene blue sky forming a fitting canopy to one of the noblest temples ever raised by the hand of man. On driving from it we observed how much it loses in grandeur of effect from its low situation. Originally seven steps led up to the portico, but the ground surrounding it has long since risen above them, and in consequence it has lost both in elegance and beauty. I have now told you of all we had time to examine ; but it would be vain to speak of the temples, pillars, fountains, churches, and ruins, with and without names, which we passed in our morning drive. In reviewing the day, I find, despite of the highest admiration, the prevailing feeling of my mind is melancholy—not of the soothing nature excited by objects to which decay seems natural, the effect of time, not violence—“Time hallows what he leaves”—but *these* beautiful remains want the harmonizing accessories of solitude and repose. The greater part are situated in the busiest haunts of men, amidst the lowest occupations of life. Every feeling is shocked, every association destroyed by the contact with what is painful and repulsive. The marks of violence and neglect are every where so apparent, we sadly feel how much more might have been spared to us, and turn away with the mournful conviction that not time but man has done his ruthless work.

After some hours' rest, we left the mouldering trophies of the past for the living glory of the present—St. Peters. For nearly a mile, how long it seemed ! we passed through narrow, poor streets, crossed the Ponte San Angelo, scarcely glancing at the row of marble saints in Berinni's most affected style occupying each side, or at the castle, once the mausoleum of Hadrian, but paused in admiration when the unrivalled colonnade opened before us. It encloses an immense area, in the centre of which stands the magnificent obelisk of red granite, transported from Heliopolis, in the reign of Caligula, and placed in its

present situation under Sixtus V. At each side are two beautiful fountains, always in play, and throwing up to a great height a sufficient body of water to fall in soft graceful showers, now glistening in a brilliant evening sun. But the noble dome is entirely lost to view as you approach, and the far-famed St. Peters resembles, in its exterior, a large and ugly dwelling-house, rather than a church. A noble flight of steps leads to the covered vestibule : it extends along the whole front of the building, and is terminated at each end by equestrian figures of Charlemagne and Constantine the Great. I do not know what I felt when first the heavy curtain of dingy cloth was held aside to admit us ; but I do know irrepressible astonishment fixed us to one spot when the magnificent interior burst upon us—astonishment increasing, when we did move, at every step, and communicated to each other only by a look or pressure of the hand—we could not speak.

Accustomed as we have been of late to churches gloomy, dirty, and neglected, I was more struck with the flood of light, the exquisite neatness, the fresh, undimmed polish of the marbles, the brilliant lustre of the gilding, the life and brightness of every part of this wondrous temple, than even with its grandeur and immensity. The painter introduces a pigmy figure into his landscape, to mark the height or size of his principal object ; and I, seeming to myself to shrink into nothing, began to *feel*, not see, how great and colossal was every thing around me : and I had an odd sensation when standing under the dome, that in height I scarcely rose more than a few inches from the pavement. That glorious dome ! it seemed to tower above us like the vault of heaven itself. I am sure I shall never experience such a feeling again. Astonishment seemed to grow by what it fed upon, and I *understood* the line often quoted, often deemed a mere figure of poetry “The mind has grown colossal with the place.” Some of our party went for an hour to the Sistine chapel to hear the *Miserere*. I dared not venture, but had compensation more than enough in wandering through the noble aisles and numerous chapels. Each chapel has its altar—each altar its copy, in mosaic,

of some fine picture of the ancient masters, all covered now, during the holy week: but we can wait with patience. We shall need many days more to become familiar with the prodigality of beauty to be studied here. Every moment I feel how vague and unsatisfactory must be all my descriptions of St. Peters. No words can bring it before you. What they can tell, I believe you already know. Every guide-book gives you its measurement: its length, six hundred and eight English feet—breadth of the nave, eighty—height, from the pavement to the extremity of the cross on the cupola, four hundred and thirty-two. Innumerable travellers have recorded their admiration or disappointment,—their opinions on the faults of the plan, and the defects of the architecture; but still you wish to know the impression it makes upon me, and, at the risk of wearying, I have obeyed you. On first entering the breadth of the nave, the massive proportions of the piers at each side, and still more the frightful Baldacchina, whose deformed-looking twisted pillars and canopy are formed of the bronze which once covered the roof of the Pantheon, take from the appearance of length. Indeed, the Baldacchina impedes the view of the high altar entirely: it is only under the dome and near the bronze figure of St. Peter that the whole majesty of this noble pile opens upon you. When I saw the crowd of visitors pour in from the Sistine chapel, I thought all the strangers in Rome must be congregated together; but when dispersed through the vast aisles, they scarce seemed to break the solitude around me. The pope came from the chapel first, seated himself for a short time at the head of one of the aisles, and gave his blessing by gently laying a long

white wand, with a cross at the end, on the heads of all who knelt before him. In general, the human beings who fill these sanctuaries soon attract my observation; but this evening I could see and feel nought but the silent majesty of the building itself. In the very height of my admiration I was suddenly struck with the different effect produced on my mind *here*, and in a Gothic cathedral. In St. Peters I was breathless with surprise and admiration,—its grandeur was almost overpowering; but it was as a work of art, with which was mingled no sentiment of devotion. I thought of man, of his capabilities, his grand creative power—of the greatness of his conceptions, the stability of his works—of his unconquerable perseverance, his glorious success. I felt myself insignificant, not humbled. But in the cathedral, with its lofty arches, its long narrow aisles, its graceful perspective, its dim religious light, which leaves so much to the imagination—how solemn and spiritual are its influences!—how hushed and stilled is every tumultuous thought!—how lightly we tread, as though we feared to break the deep repose, and awaken from their dreamless sleep the dead, whose sculptured effigies add, by their cold impassive forms, to the sense of solitude and silence around us! One leaves it with a mind sobered and subdued, as if the spirit of peace dwelt within—as if every breath we drew whispered prayer. Does this difference arise wholly from early associations and the prejudices of education, or has it not, as I imagine, some more solid foundation in reality?

I must conclude. This is the journal of one day only. Is it an exaggeration to say we live a day in every hour in Rome? Farewell.

## THE BOOKS UPON OUR TABLE.

IF the readers of a popular magazine knew the perplexities of its editor how would their sympathies be awakened! Think but on his library-table—covered and piled up with new books, all demanding his attentive perusal, and very many of them deserving it. Some fresh in the virgin-bloom of decorated cloth, with edges of unsunned snow: others still fair to gaze upon, although they may have lost the attraction of novelty—the fascination of their *première jeunesse*: others again in their *décadence*—dust-covered and despairing—wasting their sweetness on the desert air, and superannuated, though but a twelve-month old. Their numbers are fearful, and the cry is, “still they come!” Long puzzled, we have come to the resolution of selecting such as seem to be the most important or the most interesting, and then, after due examination, to point out their real merits as briefly as we may. In pursuance of this purpose we turn first to works connected with the law, dwelling especially on such as have an interest beyond the range of the profession.

---

Address of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, on the Intellectual and Moral Influences of the Professions. Delivered before the Society of the Dublin Law Institute.

LAW may be thought a forbidding class, but we are enabled to commence our observations on it with matter of so popular a nature, and made, by an able hand, so interesting and attractive, that we are pretty sure of carrying most of our readers with us. The address of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin is printed in the “Papers of the Dublin Law Institute,” and was delivered, as they tell us, at “the opening Soirée” of that society in January last. The address does not contemplate the influences of the professions on society in general, but the more practical and often exceedingly important effects which peculiar habits have a tendency to produce on the intellectual and moral character, as well as on the religious interests of the members of several professions. It is

further restricted to a “consideration of the *disadvantages* and dangers pertaining to each profession, without touching on the intellectual and moral *benefits* which may result from it.” This ought to be borne in mind, as otherwise some of the observations, separately stated, might appear cynical, while, in truth, they are purely Christian or benevolent. “A physician,” says his grace, with his usual felicity of illustration, “who had a friend about to settle in a hot climate, would be not so likely to dwell on the benefits he would derive spontaneously from breathing a warmer air, as to warn him of the dangers of sun-strokes, and of marsh exhalations.”

We could not, within our narrow limits, give any satisfactory account of the views put forward in this address; but a few extracts will show its style, and will, at the same time, interest and gratify our readers more than any thing we could say of it.

Having noticed a class of dangers common to all professions, and having dwelt at some length on those incidental to that of the church, his grace proceeds to consider what are likely to be the disadvantageous effects of the medical profession. It has been, he observes, a common remark that the members of this profession were especially prone to infidelity, and even to atheism. The prevalence of this opinion affords, as his grace remarks, a presumption that it has, at least, some foundation in truth; and the following passages, tracing the causes of this danger, show that it is, at all times, likely to be a real one:—

“The one which I conceive occurs the most readily to most men’s minds is, that a medical practitioner has no Sunday. The character of his profession does not admit of his regularly abandoning it for one day in the week, and regularly attending public worship along with Christians of all classes. Now, various as are the modes of observing the Lord’s day in different Christian countries, and diverse as are the modes of worship, there is, perhaps, no point in which Christians of all ages and countries



have been more agreed, than in assembling together for some kind of joint worship on the first day of the week. And no one I think can doubt, that, independently of any edification derived from the peculiar religious services which they respectively attend, the mere circumstance of doing *something* every week as a religious observance, must have some tendency to keep up in men's minds a degree of respect, rational or irrational, for the religion in whose outward observances they take a part.

"A physician in considerable practice must, we know, often be prevented from doing this. And the professional calls, it may be added, which make it often impossible for him to attend public worship, will naturally tend, by destroying the *habit*, to keep him away, even when attendance is possible. Any thing that a person is prevented from doing *habitually*, he is likely habitually to omit. There is nothing *peculiar* in the case of attendance on public worship. The same thing may be observed in many others equally. A man placed in circumstances which interfere with his forming or keeping up *domestic* habits, or *literary* habits, or habits of bodily *activity*, is likely to be *less* domestic, less literary, more sedentary, than his circumstances require.

"I have no doubt that the cause I have now been adverting to does operate. But there are others, less obvious perhaps, but I think not less important. A religion which represents man's whole existence as divided into two portions, of which his life on earth is every way incalculably the smaller, is forcibly brought before the mind in a way to excite serious reflections, by such an event as *death*, when occurring before our eyes, or within our particular knowledge. Now, a medical man is *familiar* with death, *i.e.* with the sight and the idea of it. And the indifference which is likely to result from such familiarity, I need not here dwell on, further than to refer you to the passage of Bishop Butler already cited.

"But, moreover, death is not only familiar to the physician, but it is also familiar to him as the final *termination* of that state of existence with which alone he has *professionally* any concern. As a Christian, he may regard it as preparatory to a new state of existence; but, as a *physician*, he is concerned only with life in this world, which it is his business to invigorate and to prolong; and with death, only as the final catastrophe which he is to keep off as long as possible, and in reference merely to the physical causes which have produced it.

VOL. XIX.—No. 112.

"Now, the habit of *thus* contemplating death must have a tendency to divert the mind from reflecting on it with reference to other and dissimilar considerations. For it may be laid down as a general maxim, that the habit of contemplating any class of objects in such and such a particular point of view, tends, so far, to render us the less qualified for contemplating them in any other point of view. And this maxim, I conceive, is capable of very extensive application in reference to *all* professional studies and pursuits; and goes far towards furnishing an explanation of their effects on the mind of the individual."

His grace having mentioned one other danger to which medical men are exposed, next touches on materialism—usually held to be their great stumbling-block:—

"The questions concerning materialism I do not mean to enter upon: I only hope to call your attention to the mistake common to both parties—that of supposing that these questions are vitally connected with Christianity; whereas, there is not one word relating to them in the Christian Scriptures. Indeed, even at this day, a large proportion of sincere Christians, among the humbler classes, are decidedly materialists; though, if we inquired of them, they would deny it, because they are accustomed to confine the word *matter* to things perceptible to the *touch*; but their belief in ghosts or *spirits* having been *seen* and *heard*, evidently implies the possession by these of what philosophers reckon attributes of matter. And the disciples of Jesus were terrified, we are told, when they saw Him after his resurrection, 'supposing that they saw a spirit.' He convinced them, we read, of his being real flesh and blood: but whatever may have been their error as to the visible—and consequently material—character of a Spirit, it does not appear that He thought it essential to instruct them on that head. He who believed that Jesus was truly risen from the dead, and that the same power would raise up his followers at the last day, had secured the foundation of the Christian faith."

These extracts are quite enough for the purpose of our notice—that is, to point out the interest and importance of his grace's views, as well as—though there was no need for that—to exhibit the power with which they are put forward.

Among the dangers peculiar to the

church and the bar, are some of great importance. In the former, the fearful one of indifference, arising from familiarity—in the latter, the danger of becoming indifferent and incompetent to the ascertainment of truth. Whatever be the amount of these dangers, it is consoling to think that each of these professions affords, if not a panoply, at least a strong defence against them.

The church offers better opportunities than any other calling for the cultivation of practical habits of religion. It would not else be distinguished, as we believe it confessedly is, above the others by the possession of them. As for the bar, the danger, we think, is not very alarming. Few, we believe we might say none, are exclusively engaged in the practical consideration of cases—all give opinions, and their preparatory studies are highly favourable to the cultivation of the judgment. There is, we are disposed to think, no other profession in the practice of which the judgment is so often and so directly tested, and where—as of consequence—it is more likely to be kept in a healthy state. But his grace undertook to speak of the *dangers* only, and the sanitary considerations were not within his province.

---

**Napier's Practice of the Civil Bill Courts of Appeal. Second Edition** By Robert Longfield, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1841.

MR. NAPIER'S Digest being out of print this new edition was entrusted to Mr. R. Longfield. Besides the obvious advantage of being recent, it is a great improvement on the first. It will be found greatly more convenient for reference. The cases published since the first edition are embodied in the text, and some original cases are given in the appendix. The appendix also contains, with the civil bill acts, some useful statutes, resolutions adopted by assistant barristers, queries on points of practice, bills of costs, schedule of stamps, &c. It is easy from this to estimate the usefulness of the present work. We need only add that it appears to us to have been carefully and judiciously done, and to include a very large *number of cases*.

**The Power and Duties of Justices of the Peace in Ireland, and of Constables, as connected therewith.** By Richard Nunn, Esq. Assistant Barrister for the County of Tyrone, and John Edward Walsh, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. Dublin: Hodges and Smith. 1841.

THIS is a most useful and important work. The best on the subject which has ever been brought out in this country, and, with one exception, the only work to which magistrates in Ireland at the present day can trust for assistance. Bolton and Bollingbroke are obsolete, and in the years that have passed since even M'Nally published, the alterations in this department of the law have been so numerous that his work is nearly useless. Mr. Hayes's work on the Criminal Statutes is well known to the profession as a very excellent one, but it is more immediately intended for professional readers, and only touches on the duties of justices of the peace, connected with the prosecution of indictable offences, and even these it treats of merely as subsidiary to the main object of the work.

Mr. O'Donohoe's Summary Jurisdiction of Magistrates professes to treat only of a limited branch of a magistrate's duties, being merely an abridgment of a few statutes connected with the summary jurisdiction of magistrates, and containing nothing on the general law of the subject, save what is contained in a single note. There are some smaller works on particular subjects within the jurisdiction of magistrates, and very good so far as they go, but they don't profess to be adapted for the general use of justices of the peace—such as Finlay's Game and Fishery Laws, and Townshend's Law of Salvage.

Mr. Hamilton Smythe's book on "The Office of Justice of the Peace in Ireland" is that alluded to as the only one, which previously to the present, the Irish magistrate had to assist him. It contains a copious collection of statutes investing justices of the peace with summary powers, and a correct sketch of the law on this branch of the subject. It also treats concisely of the general powers of justices connected with other subjects; but we are disposed to think that, considering the main object of a work of this kind, he has carried condensation too far, and that the information afforded to magistrates is often too mea-

gre to be practically useful. Books of this class are only used for reference, and to frame them to that purpose should be the object of the author. Mr. Smythe's book, however, is undoubtedly a good one, and, considering the number and variety of topics which it embraces, is correct. We at the same time don't hesitate to say that we regard Messrs. Nun and Walsh's work as far more valuable, and shall in the course of our observations give our reasons for thinking so. Mr. Smythe's book is exceedingly defective in a most important branch of a magistrate's duties—that relating to the prosecution of indictable offences. It treats but slightly of the duties of justices in bailing or committing prisoners, and contains hardly any thing to assist them in making out whether a given state of facts amounts to a crime or not. This must be their first inquiry, and there is not even a form to help them in describing a crime. Messrs. Nun and Walsh's book treats the whole subject of the duties of justices in relation to indictable offences practically and most fully. We refer, for example, to the subject of taking informations and examinations—pp. 163, &c. ; 169–233, &c. ; 308, 314, where, moreover, there is some matter not to be found elsewhere in print.

This book also contains (p. 402, *et seq.*) an alphabetical enumeration of all offences now punishable by indictment, with the punishment annexed to each, classified under the leading divisions of felonies and misdemeanors. Such offences as are of ordinary occurrence are described in the words of the statute under which they are punishable ; or where they are offences at common law, in the language of text books. Such as are of a less common character are noticed concisely, with references for further information. This table, well arranged and easy of reference, is of the greatest value to magistrates. Gentlemen who undertake the office of justice of the peace are required to be sufficiently acquainted with the law to know whether a given state of facts amount to an offence or not, and to describe the offence concisely in a warrant of commitment ; but it is not expected that they will devote themselves to the reading of works on criminal law, or even to the study of those long treatises

on the several classes of offences given in Burn. Besides the table to assist them there is in the appendix a copious collection of the usual skeleton forms, and numerous others for describing all offences of ordinary occurrence in commitments, &c. The right description of the offence in a commitment is constantly a matter of difficulty to magistrates, and errors there are the frequent grounds for application to bail or discharge persons on *habeas corpus*.

Another subject of importance and one altogether omitted in Mr. Smythe's book, is the duty of constables in bringing prisoners to trial. A knowledge of the lengths to which the officer may go, and the means by which he ought to proceed when any obstacle occurs in the ordinary discharge of his duty, is of the utmost consequence. That, which in one case, would be the faithful discharge of his duty, may, under circumstances seemingly but little different, render him liable to be hanged for murder. Constables must always look for information to others. The duties of the constable in suppressing breaches of the peace, and in the arrest and custody of offenders before trial, whether acting on his own responsibility or under the magistrate's warrant are fully treated of. This was the more called for because since the changes by the establishment of the constabulary very mistaken notions on these subjects have got abroad.

The law relating to summary proceedings before justices of the peace is fully treated. The statutes are given in the appendix, and the enactments relating to each subject are classified under one leading head. There is also a collection of forms, including, besides the general skeletons likely to be useful, a large number of notices, descriptions of offences, &c. suited to particular statutes, arranged in the same order as the acts in the appendix. To show how this part of the work has been attended to, we refer to the forms adapted to the Larceny and Malicious Injury Acts, pp. cccxvi. &c. as apparently embracing every proceeding that could arise under them.

Of the subjects treated in the fourth and concluding part some have been but slightly sketched by Mr. Smythe, others not touched upon. The treat-

ment of dangerous lunatics, the inspection of prisons and of charitable institutions are omitted by Mr. Smythe; and he leaves unnoticed many important provisions of the acts prescribing the duties of magistrates at special sessions.

Mr. Smythe is known to the profession as the author of several well-arranged and valuable works, and his *Justice of the Peace* is one of them. If we have been obliged to say that it is less valuable than the present, we have been careful to point to particulars.

The name of Mr. Nun prefixed to this work is, to his profession, a sufficient guarantee for its good execution. We infer from the preface that it was originally designed and in a great part written by him, and that it was completed and edited by his able and well-chosen assistant, Mr. Walsh.

The importance of the subject to country gentlemen has induced us to give it more space than we usually accord to law. It was formerly the generous usage of government to supply our magistrates with the statutes as they were printed. This practice has been a good while done away, and perhaps properly so; but when the onerous duties of a justice of the peace in Ireland are imposed on gentlemen, we think it would be well to give them at the same time such an *ægis* as the present work.

---

Modern Flirtations—a Novel. By Catherine Sinclair. 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1841.

HAVING disposed of law we come to something more engaging—flirtation. Flirtation first and law afterwards might have been the more natural sequence; but we are satisfied with our own arrangement, and, having relieved ourselves from all consideration of law, turn with *abandon* to the metal more attractive.

Miss Sinclair, the author of *Modern Accomplishments*, (eighth thousand,) needs no introduction. She is already so popular, so justly a favourite, that the characteristics of her style are thoroughly known. The present work has in undiminished strength the sparkling vivacity of dialogue, the unflinching wit, and useful tendency which mark its predecessors. The subject, for a tale of life as it is, could not be more happily chosen. Its title, "*Flirtation*," sufficiently explains it.

The evil principle of the tale is the lady-killer, Louis de Crespigny; the good genius, Richard Granville; and there is a sweet female character, young Marion.

De Crespigny, the real hero, is thus described:—

"The life of Louis de Crespigny, from the hour he entered the army was one continued steeple-chase after pleasure and amusement, in whatever form they could be courted, or at whatever expense they could be enjoyed. At a very early age he was already a veteran in the world and its ways; for he stood 'alone in his glory' the most admired, idolized, and courted of mankind; a perfect adept in all the arts of rendering himself agreeable in society, and possessing many pleasant qualities, but none that was valuable. During a gay career of dissipation and frivolity, he had entered with successive eagerness on a thousand flirtations, though he always forgot to marry in the end; while his heart, like a phoenix, was frequently consumed yet never destroyed, and always ready at the service of any young lady, with youth, beauty, and accomplishments enough to excite his temporary interest. Being of opinion that though not yet a peer he ought speedily to be one, young De Crespigny openly avowed the impossibility of marrying while Lord Doncaster survived; and jocularly remarked, that it would be a pity prematurely to cut off the hopes of his hundred-and-one Scotch cousins, who lived, like Ernest Anstruther, on the hope that if his neck were broken at Melton, his succession might yet be 'cut up' amongst them: and to the friendly inquiries of his many relatives, he frequently replied with a condoling look, that he and his uncle were both 'hopelessly well.'"—Vol. i. pp. 48, 49.

The author ascribes to Louis de Crespigny every attraction except money. He is the nephew and heir presumptive of the Marquis of Doncaster; has talents, wit, and all the advantages of appearance. This character however is not, to our mind, well made out, or at all so well supported as several others in the work. There are about half-a-dozen others more amusing or more interesting, and admirably supported. Such are Richard Granville, Henry de Lancey, who are lovers in earnest, and a gay, dashing, heartless spendthrift baronet, Sir Patrick Dunbar.

De Crespigny's flirtations are sys-

tematic, and are connected with such low and paltry motives as to appear unnatural and incredible in one who is described as not devoid of some sense of honour. His love-making wears the character of pure swindling; and it is hardly possible to conceive that he should not be early discovered and despised even in circles where right principles are deeply diluted. The effects of his attentions, as seen in the ruined health and disappointed hopes of his victims are powerfully described; and make us lament that Miss Sinclair should give him a quality which compels the reader to respect him—that is, high courage. This is not poetical justice.

Writers of fiction, and especially those best judges of men—the poets, have usually ascribed want of courage to the false-hearted; and we don't like a departure from the rule.

“L'infame est pareille, et suit également  
Le guerrier sans courage, et le perfide  
amant?”

We venture to translate the nervous language of Corneille:—

“Disgrace and infamy alike shall cover  
The craven coward and the faithless  
lover.”

We can't attempt an outline of the story, or stories; for there are several concatenated with the main one. Neither can we do justice to Miss Sinclair by giving any idea of the more serious and higher-toned parts of her volumes. She calls her fiction “an enlarged religious tract in high life.” We wish that all tracts were as sure of being so extensively, and half so well read. “Flirtation” is full of vivacity, especially in the dialogues, where Miss Sinclair is always happy; and besides the attraction of animated style it is a useful book.

Heber, *Records of the Poor, Lays from the Prophets, and other Poems.* By Thomas Ragg. Second Edition. London. 1811.

THE author of this volume is undoubtedly a true poet, and one of a class not yet as numerous as we should wish, whose works have a useful influence; combining piety with power and genius, and much thoughtfulness with great happiness of expression. We confidently describe his volumes

as, at the same time, edifying and delightful. A poet, whose slightest praise would be felt to affirm our verdict—James Montgomery—has said of one of Mr. Ragg's preceding works—“That no poem equal to it has been given to the public since ‘The Course of Time.’” We do not hesitate to avow our own conviction, and we have not a shadow of doubt about it, that Ragg's talents are in all particulars, of—by very far—a higher grade than those of Pollock. In piety and instructive tendency, they may be nearly equal, though we incline to think that there is a deeper religious experience in the works of Ragg. In every other view, in all the attributes of a poet, Mr. Ragg is, in our judgment, infinitely above the author of “The Course of Time.” Our limits don't allow us to enter into an examination of the leading poem in the present volume—“Heber, a Lay of the New Creation”—divided into five books, although that might vindicate our praise best. We must, however, gratify our readers with a single extract, and shall take it from one of the minor poems. We think that this alone sufficiently discloses the qualities we have noticed. It is from a collection of small poems, entitled the “Records of the Poor.” A poor and aged Christian, who had passed upwards of seventy years on earth, seeing her friends weeping around her death-bed, exclaimed—  
“Mourn not, I'm going home.”

“I'M GOING HOME.

“I'm coming home, prepare the bridal  
wreath!

My Saviour bids my happy spirit  
come.

Damp not with tears the Christian's bed  
of death;

Rejoice!—I'm going home!

“Earth hath its cares: for three score  
years and ten

My lot has been 'midst thorny paths  
to roam;

I would not track those desert scenes  
again—

'Tis past!—I'm going home!

“The dove hath found her rest—the  
storm-tossed,

A place of rest beyond the dashing  
foam

Of grief's wild willows; thither am I  
bound:

Joy, joy! I'm going home!



"Earth's flowers all fade,—there fadeless roses blow;  
 Earth's sunniest light is shaded by the tomb;  
 Earth's loves all slumber in the vault below—  
 Death dwells not in that home.

"I see the city of the blest on high,  
 With the freed spirit's ken, I come!  
 I come!  
 Ye calling voices, catch my heart's reply—  
 Home! home! I'm going home!"

The "Heber" affords the best example of Mr. Ragg's talents and ge-

nius; but some idea of the character of his muse may be gathered from the smaller poems. Southey has said of one of his little poems, entitled "Why does the Sun go down?" that "he thought he never saw a more beautiful little piece, and that it ought to find its way into all our popular selections." They are not all, like the extract we have given, of a serious cast. In conclusion, we again refer to the "Heber," as showing vigour of thought, much imagination, and, to a very remarkable degree in blank verse, gracefulness and simplicity of expression.

#### POLITICS AND THE PARLIAMENT.

THE English are undoubtedly, in the main, a sensible people, though they hold beef, bread, beer, and their own cool dignity, in somewhat higher respect than is perhaps consistent with a perfectly philosophical temperament. As touching politics, there are many of them in possession of sound notions; and, though error may prevail for a time, they are sure to come right in the end. Nevertheless, the busy-bodies in politics are, for the most part, utterly the dupes of party-spirit, and of all the little contrivances for keeping up a fuss and a ferment of which party-spirit is so prolific. Sensible people, who have read some books, and who employ themselves occasionally in observation and thought, all know very well that *the* grand object for the nation and for themselves which the present ministry had to achieve was the arrangement of our financial difficulties.

The mischief which the Whigs had done in respect to finance was perfectly monstrous. In respect to finance, they appear to have combined what is not usually found in combination, namely, the wild recklessness of madmen with the drivelling fatuity of mere idiots. First they let go the principle, or, at all events, the practice, of maintaining a surplus of revenue above expenditure; then they allowed a de-

ficiency to take place. Next they permitted one deficiency to follow another, year after year, till the defalcation became frightful. By way of episode to this yearly tale, they got up the romance of the penny-postage. They flung to the dogs—that is, to Rowland Hill, Robert Wallace, Henry Warburton, and a few others—the revenue of the post-office, amounting to a million and a-half in the year. This enabled them to make the discovery that to abandon a part of the revenue of the country did not tend to increase the amount of the whole. They determined to try an opposite course, and they prevailed on parliament to lay an additional five per cent. upon the whole existing revenue of both customs and excise; in other words, an additional five per cent. on a revenue of about thirty-eight millions of money. The product *should have been* about one million nine hundred thousand pounds, but the financial ill luck of Whigs prevailed, and the product *was* somewhat less than two hundred and seven thousand pounds! The much-astounded statesmen, finding that neither the *abandonment* of one tax nor the *increase* of an aggregate of taxes would obtain the revenue which they wanted, took (as they say) much thought upon the subject, and brought forth the most wondrous plan for re-

cruiting disorganized finances that ever was devised even by Whig ingenuity. They proposed to ruin the agricultural interest of the united kingdom, by admitting foreign corn at all times, subject to a low fixed duty. They proposed to ruin the West India interest totally, and the East India interest considerably, by admitting, at greatly reduced duties, the sugar of foreign nations, produced by slave-labour, after having, at an enormous sacrifice, abolished the use of slave-labour in our own colonies on account of its heinous wickedness. They proposed to ruin the Canadian interest by adding to the duty upon timber from our own colony, and by greatly reducing the duty upon foreign European timber; and to this was added, by way of supplement, a considerable portion of ruin to the shipping interest, which is so largely interested in the Canadian timber trade. From the aggregate of all this ruination the Whigs were pleased to indulge the anticipation of deriving so large a national benefit as to remedy all the financial disasters which up to that time had occurred!

This last and most surprising touch of Whig capacity for recruiting the finances of the nation *satisfied* the long-doubting people of England. The universal toe of that people was forthwith applied *ad sedem honoris* of the Whig administration, and with such vigour that by that one kick it was sent further away from office than most persons supposed it possible the Whigs could ever again be driven.

From this brief review of Whig exploits in the affairs of finance, it may readily be concluded that the really great point which the new government had, and yet has to manage, is the restoration of the finances of the country to a proper condition. Friday the eleventh March was fixed by Sir Robert Peel for laying his plan for the accomplishment of this great end before the House of Commons. The subject was infinitely more important than that of the corn laws; but, as it was far less of a party question, it produced very little apparent excitement compared with that which preceded the corn-law debate. There had been no leaguers nor lecturers to fan the flame of party controversy and inflate the weak brains of loquacious simpletons with prodigious conceptions of their own wonderful knowledge upon the

subject. Therefore, notwithstanding the mighty importance of the financial subject about to be opened by the prime minister in the House of Commons, I found on that occasion no more than the usual amount of loungers outside its walls, and within the house the same overwhelming anxiety did not seem to exist which was so obvious when the corn-law discussion was opened. There was none of that early rushing to secure seats which I observed on the corn-law night, although, before Sir Robert Peel rose to commence the disclosures of the financial plan, the house became very full.

The occasional visitor of the house cannot but be struck with the art and mystery of law-making as developed in what is called the "preliminary business." Last month I said something of the ceremony of presenting petitions, which has all the outward show and resemblance of mockery, though doubtless it has some innate virtue of which the initiated are aware. A few words now upon even more important business. When I entered the house on the eleventh March, I found Sir Howard Douglas, whom I saw admitted a member on the corn-law night, now in the centre of the throng of legislation. He stood at the bar with a pile of papers at his right hand, on a little table, of which there is one at each side as one passes through what is called the bar to the body of the house.

"Sir Howard Douglas," shouted the speaker from the chair.

"A bill, sir," answered Sir Howard.

"Please to bring it up," exclaimed the speaker.

Up walks Sir Howard, and places his bill in the hands of the clerk of the house, returning again himself as quickly as possible to his former station at the bar. Mumble, mumble went the clerk, making-believe to read the title, or a part of the title, of the bill, but no one, I suppose, could tell what he said. All this time the buzz of private talk was going on in the house, the speaker's voice predominating in such words as these:

"That this bill be read a *first* time;" buzz, buzz. "Contrary opinion, say no; the ayes have it."

"That this bill be read a *second* time"—buzz, buzz—"say aye; contrary opinion, say no. The ayes have it"—buzz, buzz.

"Sir Howard Douglas," again shouts the speaker.

"A bill, sir," again answers Sir Howard.

And so the whole ceremony was gone through three times, and I was aware that three bills (private bills no doubt) had passed through two of their stages; but though I had the honour of "assisting," as the French say, at their first and second reading, I can most truly aver that I know no more of the purport of the said bills than I do of the pope's opinion concerning the number of tumblers of whiskey punch which it is lawful for a man to drink on Saint Patrick's day when it happens to fall upon a Friday in Lent.

This preliminary matter of law-making having been settled, the house proceeded to more serious business, by a question on the part of Mr. Stuart Wortley, addressed to Sir Robert Peel, concerning the authenticity of the very disastrous news from India. Sir Robert answered with that remarkable care, which he always takes, that no expression of excited feeling shall carry him out of the line of perfect prudence and circumspection. In this particular his caution seems never to be at fault. As the disasters which had taken place in Cabul were owing to the policy adopted by his opponents, a less wary man than Sir Robert might have permitted himself to indulge in some expressions of poignant regret for what had happened, not unmingled with indignation against the stupid policy which sent our gallant troops into a situation where they might be overwhelmed by foes, and where they could not be assisted by friends. But Sir Robert did not allow himself to be thus moved; and I can bear witness, that there was quite as little emotion betrayed in his manner, as in his words. The assassination of Sir W. Macnaghten, he alluded to, as "a scandalous and perfidious murder;" as to what had further taken place, he feared it was "impossible to deny (an odd form of expression rather) "that our troops at Cabul had met with a great reverse. A capitulation appeared to have been signed with Akbar Khan; and by an act which was, at least, as perfidious as treacherous, and as gross as that by which Sir W. Macnaghten met his death, the insurgents attacked *our army about three days' march on*

their way from Cabul; and, no doubt remained, but that our forces had met with *a great misfortune*." The minister did not add any words of sorrow for the thousands reported to have been miserably destroyed in the mountain defile; nor of alarm at the piteous situation of the ladies who had been taken prisoners; nor of indignation against the mal-ambition, and fatuous policy which had given occasion for this "great misfortune;" but he proceeded at once to place himself, as it were, on the defensive, as if he, and not the late ministers, were responsible for that policy. The generosity of this was evidently felt on the other side of the speaker's chair, and, perhaps, it was intended that it should be; as it was of importance to secure the sympathy of all sides of the house for the grand financial statement which was about to be made. After mentioning the "great misfortune," the minister said—"I must add, however, that there is no reason for *discouragement*. Her Majesty's government will, of course, take every measure to repair a *partial disaster* of this kind, of which, under other circumstances, we have had examples; and, I have no doubt, but that the parliament will give every support to the demand it will be our duty to make, for the purpose of repairing this disaster, and to satisfy the people of this country, of India, and throughout the world, that we shall spare no exertion to maintain our eastern empire."

Thereupon up started Johnny Hobhouse, late President of the Indian Board; who, though a small man, might truly have said, concerning these Indian misfortunes, "*et quorum pars magna fui*." He rose to testify with, I have no doubt, much more than the usual sincerity of Whig speeches, his *great delight* at what had fallen from the prime minister. He felt all the joy of an escape, and he could not conceal it, notwithstanding the exceedingly disastrous circumstances which were under the notice of the house. Conceive the hard-hearted effrontery, and utter Whiggery of the man to get up, not for the purpose of acknowledging his deep sorrow, and humiliation of spirit, on account of what had happened in India, but to say—"that, in the whole course of his public life, which had not been a short one, he had never been so much

*gratified* as by the declaration he had just heard. He had not doubted for a moment that, under the circumstances of the case, her Majesty's government would do their duty; but he considered that the assurance which had just been given would tranquillize all unnecessary alarm, which, if it had before existed, *was, at least, now proved to have existed without any great cause.* The right honourable baronet was quite right in saying, that the house would stand by her Majesty's government in this emergency. 'This was no party question—and he was convinced that the only aim on all sides would be, to exert themselves to the utmost to repair the disaster, the extent of which, however, he must say, he thought, had been much exaggerated.'

Now this impudent, unfeeling man did not venture to say, that he did not believe in the unfortunate capitulation to the insurgents, which the last necessities of nature had compelled; nor that he doubted the fact of the slaughter of our troops in the fatal pass, nor of the captivity of the ladies of the officers. But he talks in general terms of "exaggeration," as if he thought it was presumption in any one to regard with grief and indignation that which had happened through the reckless impolicy of himself, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Auckland. I have reason to believe, the East India Company has all along been averse from the policy which has led to these most terrible reverses. It arose out of European faction and littleness. Lord Palmerston, at the time Lord Auckland went to India, was possessed with the idea of forming a western confederacy in Europe, in opposition to the great northern powers. Russia was the grand object of his suspicion and enmity; and Lord Auckland went to his government, possessed much more with the feeling of thwarting Russia, than of doing good to India. To this policy, also, Sir J. C. Hobhouse lent himself; and hence the operations beyond the Indus, in a territory to which Russian diplomacy had been advancing from the other side. If Russia had any such views as Lord Auckland has endeavoured to thwart, how she must triumph now in what has happened through the rashness and ignorance of the politicians who desired to mortify and circumvent her!

The short conversation on the deeply

important events in India having ended, and the statement of the whole financial affairs of the empire being about to commence, Sir Benjamin Hall, M.P. for the parish of Marylebone, with that modesty and sense of propriety which so eminently distinguish the class of legislators to which he belongs, proposed to interject between the two, a discussion upon the vestry affairs of the parish which he represents. This zeal on the part of the honourable member not meeting with the approbation of the house, Sir Robert Peel was suffered to proceed.

He set out with an exordium which reads more like oratory than it seemed to be in the delivery. The manner of this distinguished minister is so anti-oratorical, that I believe, were he to deliver one of Grattan or of Canning's speeches, it would seem to be a discourse rather than an oration. There is a want of that earnestness and precision—that apparent girding up of the loins of the mind for an intellectual effort, of which those who have seen and heard real orators, must be conscious. The following were his opening sentences:—

"Sir, as the house has now sanctioned the votes that her Majesty's government considered it their duty to propose for the maintenance of the chief military establishments of the country, I rise to redeem the pledge I gave some time back, that I would avail myself of the earliest opportunity, consistent with parliamentary usage and the public interest, to develop the views of the government with reference to the financial and commercial policy of the country. No one can feel more than I do the importance and the extent of the duty that devolves upon me. No one can be more conscious than I am how disproportionate are my intellectual powers to the proper performance of the task; but, sir, I should be unworthy of the trust committed to me—I should be unfit to stand here in my place as the minister of the British crown, if I could feel disheartened or discouraged—if I could entertain any thing but composure and contentedness of mind—any thing, I may say, but that buoyancy and alacrity of spirit which ought to sustain every public man, when entering upon the discharge of a great public duty, conscious that he is actuated by no motives that are not honourable and just, and feeling a deep and an intimate conviction that, according to the best conclusion of his imperfect and fallible judgment, that

which he intends to propose will be conducive to the welfare, I may say, to the essential prosperity of the country."

I think that Brougham or Canning would have omitted the preliminary reference to the army and navy estimates, and to parliamentary usage, and have opened at once with the sentence—"No one can feel more than I do the importance and extent of the duty that now devolves on me." This, it seems to me, would have been more striking and effective—in short, more oratorical. But the opening is really fine, as far as the words go. The *elocution*, however, though not actually to be found fault with, was deficient in that impressiveness, and that variety of tone and manner, which gives to oratory its charm.

Upon the whole, the speech of the 11th March was a very great effort. I will not call it a great speech, but it was a statement exhibiting an immense range of statistical knowledge, most ably brought together, and most clearly expounded to the house. It bore upon it the stamp of great knowledge and great candour, and of a calm purpose to rectify and re-establish the great edifice of British finance, which the late ministers had suffered to fall into a state of most dangerous decay. The statement was of immense length, occupying nearly four hours in the delivery. To go closely into it would be "a dry job, yer honour," as Paddy said to the gentleman, out of whose cellar he had been hailing water, till he was half dead with fatigue, yet still I must endeavour to give some of the main points, hoping that, in consideration of the importance of the facts, their unimaginative and business-like character will be excused. I wish it were in my power to describe the tone of scornful indignation which, though spared when the unfortunate policy of the Whigs in India was concerned, Sir Robert applied to his repudiation of the thought of supplying the deficiency of the revenue "by the miserable device of fresh loans, or an issue of exchequer bills." His manner, too, was really earnest, when he exclaimed, as if speaking of some high moral catastrophe, "I do not think any man can resist the conclusion which I draw, that to lay ten per cent. additional on customs and excise would end in nothing but failure and

disappointment." Nor was he, in my opinion, far short of the deeply pathetic, in tone and manner, when he referred to certain grievous errors which had been made touching the tax upon leather. These were his words—"With respect to *leather*, for instance; I do not know that the reduction took place with *perfect wisdom*. I am *very much afraid* that the full amount of the reduction was not carried to the account of the consumer." (At this there were loud cries of "hear, hear," and many members looked down at their boots.) "I believe you omitted to take a step which you ought to have adopted concurrently with the reduction of the duty on leather—namely, to reduce the duty on the import of foreign hides."

But let me proceed to take the information communicated in the speech in its due order, first noticing that nothing could be more genuine in manner than the frank declaration of the minister, that he was about to communicate the exact truth to the house, and to conceal nothing upon the great subject which he had undertaken to develop. As to our actual financial condition:—in the year 1838, that is, the year ending 5th April, 1838, the deficiency of the public revenue was £1,428,534. In 1839, it was £430,325. In 1840, it was £1,457,223. In 1841, it was £1,851,997. In 1842, it is estimated at £2,334,559. The aggregate of Whig management, in the finance department, is a deficiency of £7,502,638. According to present resources, it is estimated that the deficiency for the year ending 5th April, 1843, would be £2,570,000, which would make the aggregate deficiency £10,072,000. This is so formidable a sum, and the deficiency has been of such long continuance, under the present system of taxation, that the minister infers the absolute necessity of providing something else in aid of existing resources. From these resources the minister calculates that the receipt will be, in the year ending 5th April, 1843—

Customs .....	£22,500,000
Excise .....	13,450,000
Stamps .....	7,100,000
Taxes .....	4,400,000
Post Office .....	500,000
Crown Lands .....	150,000
Miscellaneous .....	250,000

Making in all.....48,350,000



The expenditure is estimated at £50,819,000. The difference is £2,469,000, which Sir R. Peel called £2,569,000, and all the printed documents contain the error.

The facts as to the actual state of our finances being stated, the minister then proceeded with what seemed the favourite part of his address with himself, namely, "to exhaust in consideration the modes by which the deficiency can be supplied." He went through all the plans which had been attempted or suggested for the restoration of our national finance, and, after tracing them to their consequences, asked could such plans be looked to as effectual? As soon as it became apparent that he was determined to adopt none of these plans, the reiterated question became rather tiresome, and I confess put me in the mind of the old story of an auld wife in a Scotch kirk, who sat immediately beneath the minister, and once signified her impatience in the following manner:—The good man was preaching of the miracle of Jonah, and having fairly plunged the prophet in the sea, began the "exhausting process" in order to show, eventually, what fish it was that swallowed him up. "Was it a cod?" said he; "na, it was na a cod. Was it a muckle haddie?—na, it was na a muckle haddie. Was it a dolphin?—na, it was na a dolphin." The old woman thought she would assist the minister, so looking up, she screamed out—"aiblins, sir, it was a whaal!" Whereupon the legend runs, that the minister, not being over pleased, to be thus cut short in his eloquence, leaned over the pulpit, and, clenching his teeth, muttered between them with fearful vehemence, "aiblins, wummon, ye're a betch!" When Sir Robert asked, would this tax do, and would that tax do, I was tempted to exclaim, "aiblins, Sir Robert, an *income* tax would do." However, I contrived to wait in silence; and at last the declaration came out, that an income tax *was* the thing he intended. Not one word did he say in vindication of the principle of this kind of tax, or in refutation of the objections so generally entertained against it. Satisfied with his process of "exhaustion"—satisfied with having shown that any other kind of taxation was not likely to "answer the helm," nor to take the direction of extra-production which was required,

he took up the income tax as the expedient necessary to be resorted to, and proceeded to show what was to be expected from it. He proposed a tax of sevenpence in the pound, or £2 18s. 4d. per cent. on all incomes except those under £150 a-year. He calculated upon a revenue from the income derived from the property of lands, houses, tithes, mines, &c., of £1,600,000 a-year—from *occupiers* of land a revenue of £150,000—from funded property a revenue of £646,000—from the income of trades and professions, a revenue of £1,220,000—from the incomes of persons in public departments, a revenue of £155,000—making a grand total of £3,771,000 a-year.

The minister trusts that in the case of continued necessity, parliament will consent to the continuance of this income tax for five years, yet in the first instance he proposes to limit the experiment to three years, in order to give parliament the opportunity of taking the operation of the tax into consideration, at the expiration of that period, and then to continue it if found necessary. He proposed that it should commence on the 5th of April, so as to make the first half-year's tax payable on the 10th of October in the present year.

Next there followed an intimation, in which a great many of the readers of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE will, no doubt, take a particular interest; namely, that Ireland was not to have the honour of contributing any part of the intended income tax, except in respect of the Irish incomes enjoyed by persons resident in Great Britain. Whether this will hereafter be held up as one of the slights shown to the green isle of the west, by the haughty Saxon, and therefore an additional reason for a repeal of the union, must be left to the consideration of those who can best appreciate the ingenuity of Mr. Daniel O'Connell. The apology of the minister for not including Ireland was three-fold—probably in compliment to the shamrock. First, that Ireland was not made subject to the income-tax during the war; secondly, that there was no machinery in Ireland for collecting the income tax; thirdly, that a reasonable proportion of additional taxation might be more easily levied in another way. He therefore proposes to obtain £250,000 a-year by an additional

tax of 1s. a gallon on whiskey, and £160,000 from raising the stamp duties in Ireland to the same rate as in England. The minister noticed the important fact, that for some months past the consumption of whiskey in Ireland has been increasing, and this he alluded to as if he were sorry for it, though he thinks it a justification for raising an additional £250,000 a-year on that interesting commodity. His words were—

“The consumption of spirits in Ireland in the last year was 6,500,000 gallons. It decreased very rapidly from the 5th of January, 1839, to the 5th of July, 1841, and with a surprising and most laudable constancy, the people of that country, in the fulfilment of their engagement, abstained from the consumption of that article. I am sorry to see, however, that in the force of the temperance obligation there appears to be a relaxation in that country. It may have arisen from some other causes; but there has been an increase in the consumption of spirits from the 5th of July, 1841, to the present time.”

After this short excursion on revenue business to Ireland, the minister again returned to Great Britain, and proposed a tax on coals exported to foreign countries of four shillings per ton. This duty now exists, but only applies to foreign vessels belonging to kingdoms with which we have not “reciprocity” treaties. In 1840 the quantity exported was £1,307,000 tons, and the duty received was only £6,300. By taxing all coal exported, in whatever vessels it may be carried, the minister expects to gain £200,000 a-year.

The total amount, then, of new revenue anticipated from the ministerial plan is—of income tax, £3,700,000; of additional whiskey-tax and stamp-tax, in Ireland, £410,000; of tax on export of coal from Great Britain, £200,000, making altogether, £4,310,000. Now the estimated excess of expenditure over the estimated income from existing taxes, is £2,570,000, leaving a balance of £1,740,000. But it is proposed to reduce the duties on various articles of raw material, seeds, &c., £270,000, to reduce the duty on imported coffee, £170,000; to reduce the duty on imported timber, £600,000; to repeal export duties £100,000, and certain

duties on stage coaches, £70,000, making a total sum of £1,210,000, which deducted from the £1,740,000 of surplus, aforesaid, will leave £530,000, applicable to the extraordinary expenses of the war with China.

This is the briefest summary I can make of the new financial plan—a plan admitted on all hands to be a bold, a grand, and a comprehensive one; but still very much murmured against by the British trading classes, who think it a most enormous atrocity that the incomes derived, as they say, from their industry, should be taxed. For my part, considering how generally well off they are, and that they enjoy far more comforts and luxuries than any other people of the same rank and attainments under the sun, I think it ill becomes them to grumble at being asked to contribute sevenpence in the pound out of their revenues to augment the revenues of the state, at a time when a great national exertion is unquestionably necessary.

The above was written on Saint Patrick's eve. Since then we have had the annual dinner of the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, which, somehow or another, went off but flatly, although that highly meritorious, *lively*, and interesting individual, the late lord lieutenant of Ireland, was in the chair; and the meeting was graced also by the presence of Tom Moore, the poet, and Dan O'Connell, the Irish lord mayor. The latter most exemplary functionary appeared to be rather out of spirits, which they who should know him best, seemed to think was attributable to the intended increase of stamp duty in Ireland, upon bills of exchange, and notes of hand. How it happens, that a gentleman who is said to collect his “rent,” for the most part, in the splendid copper currency of this realm, should be so deeply interested in the stamp-duty aforesaid, I did not think it necessary to imagine. I repeat only what was said by his “d——d good-natured friends.”

For the last two or three days very active exertions seem to be making in London to “get up the steam,” as the phrase is, against the new financial plan of the government. Scores of ragged vagabonds are parading about Whitehall and the parts adjacent, bearing placards, on which are printed in large letters, such words as these—

"no war taxes," "no income tax," "no inquisition." Unquestionably this income tax appears to give prodigious vexation to the shop-keeping and smaller mercantile class. The other day I asked a very shrewd man who has been dealing in money-matters in this "demoralized metropolis" for the last forty years and upwards, what was the meaning of all this mighty dissatisfaction—for it appeared to me, that as the rich were to pay according to their riches, it was a tax likely to bear less hard upon shop-keepers and the like, than a heavy house tax, which the occupier would have to pay, all the same, whether he made very little income or a great deal.

"Ay, ay," said the senior; "but such has been the extravagance, and the speculation, and the expense of outside show to the shopkeepers of late years, that I believe, if you were to walk from Knight's bridge to the end of Whitechapel, (a small walk of seven miles, in a direct line through London,) and look into the accounts of shopkeepers, you would find one half of them actually to be bankrupt, and living only on appearances. They are afraid of the inquiry which an income tax would set on foot."

Lord Brougham has made a grand oration about the proposed tax, in the House of Lords. He showed, with his accustomed spirit and vehemence, that all sorts and conditions of men, high and low, rich and poor, Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, were nothing better than a huge congregation of asses in respect to their notions upon taxation. Some, he demonstrated, were "mistaken," others "very much mistaken;" one large portion were "unprincipled and stupid" in their views; another were "utterly and profoundly ignorant" of the facts upon which they founded their opinions. Lastly—there was a great number to be classed among the "revoltingly absurd."

All this is highly consolatory to such as believe in the great imperfection and habitual erroneousness of mankind; but it seems rather odd to have such a demonstration from Lord Brougham, when one remembers that twice seven years have elapsed since

he undertook, with all his mighty energies, the "promotion of useful knowledge;" and wrote an infinity of treatises himself on hydrostatics, moral philosophy, and other curiosities, for the purpose of enlightening the people.

On Friday evening, the 18th, the opposition finding that there was a popular feeling against the proposed income tax, threw aside all the affectation of patience and calm consideration, which they practised when the plan was first proposed. They declared for the most strenuous and harassing obstruction of the new measure. Of this I am right glad. There is nothing in English politics which I more hate to see, than a coquetting between the ministerial side of the house and the opposition. I like to see fair fighting, and hard blows on either side. Then the truth comes out. I like sincerity. The debate of the 18th was nauseating enough, (especially while that poor, conceited creature, Lord Howick, was speaking his long tirade of trash,) until Sir Robert got up towards the end of the evening, thoroughly roused, and administered a scourging to the "gentlemen opposite," which they well deserved. I hope they will have more of it, and very often. Lord Stanley and Sir J. Graham have yet to open upon them. All the people (Peel included) said too much on Friday night. If Sir Robert had said nothing beyond these noble passages, in which he lashed the blundering factious band who had brought the country into its present difficulties, and vindicated the necessity of a bold, financial course, in order to rescue the country from these difficulties, it would have been (*me jussu*) much better. Some of the force was lost by the detail of argumentation with which these passages were accompanied.

But the political fray has now begun in good earnest. The blood of both parties is up for the struggle, and that the honesty and vigour of the Tories will achieve a complete victory over the trickery and spite of the Whig opposition, I do most potently believe.

London, 21st March, 1842.

## THE LATE REV. CÆSAR OTWAY.

WHEN just going to press, we learned the removal, by death, of our friend and correspondent, the Rev. Cæsar Otway. Our time and space would not allow us, if we had the inclination, to dilate on such an event; but in truth we have no spirits to act the author on this occasion; and it is needless. Few in the rank of life in which Providence had placed him, were better known, or more universally beloved. As a man, a clergyman, and an author, his character was generally appreciated; and his friends and family know that the meed of approbation bestowed upon his public conduct and character, was equally claimed by the kindness of his heart, the gentleness of his temper, and the liberality of his sentiments. The life and light of the domestic circle, he was beloved by all who were admitted to his intimacy; and the regard in which his near relations held him, is evinced by the deep affliction in which they are plunged, by a bereavement which has every softening circumstance attached to it, that a conviction of his blissful change could confer.

His benevolence was unbounded, and we know that the liberality with which he gave, had even impaired his income and deranged his finances. During the time in which he took an active part in the Roman Catholic controversy, his home, his table, his purse, were open to the victims of persecution; and many a Protestant has to bless him not only for having been instrumental in turning him from darkness to light, but for enabling him to sustain the frowns of one party and the neglect of the other, in consequence of his practically following out his convictions.

Mr. Otway was an energetic and useful preacher. He felt strongly, and declared with vigour the all-important truths of the Gospel; and while the originality of the preacher might occasionally give the appearance of singularity to his style, there were few better calculated to arouse the indolent, to excite the careless, or to warn the unholy world of the danger of their course. He was eminently a practical preacher; and though well versed in controversy, as his publications on the Roman Catholic question evince, it was the application of the truths of the Gospel for which he was fitted, and in which he excelled.

As an author, our readers, and those of "*The Christian Examiner*," are well acquainted with "*C. O.*" Though commencing authorship at comparatively a late period of life, he evinced no inadequacy to the task he had undertaken; and the mass of information he had collected on very many subjects, he presented to the public with an ease and a brilliancy that few have equalled. We regret that the form he selected for exhibiting his stores, may to the superficial reader diminish their value; and could wish that he had found health and leisure to finish a work we know he had planned, and which he was by his peculiar studies eminently qualified to execute—a new and an improved edition of our Irish antiquarian, Ware.

One honourable trait of Cæsar Otway as a man and a writer ought not to be forgotten. He had a fund of wit and humour, and a readiness of sarcasm, beyond most men; but so chastened and corrected by his amiable feelings were both, that while he amused, delighted, and instructed many, he never made an enemy, or excited an unkind feeling in any individual's breast.

The remarks which we shall now insert supersede the necessity of further observations. We extract them from the columns of a Dublin paper, as we really think that such a tribute deserves a more permanent location than the pages of a newspaper.

"The following impressive and touching tribute to the memory of this distinguished man was on Sunday delivered by the Rev. Professor BUTLER, from the pulpit of the Leeson-street Asylum, of which Mr. OTWAY had so long acted as chaplain.

"The preacher had been discussing, with great power the animating text—Rom. viii. 18—'For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us;' and, after considering the grounds of this conclusion, and the nature of the superiority it proclaims, proceeded thus:—

"'Engaged upon such a subject, it would be impossible for my thoughts not to pass to an application of it, which, I am sure, is not far from the heart of every one in this place to-day. Some allusion to an event of so deep an interest to this

congregation is demanded equally by your feelings and by my own : though I am well aware how feebly I can do justice to either.

“ Among those for whom those bright and cheering hopes of future glory, of which I have been so largely speaking, are peculiarly and prominently intended, stands, as you well know, the appointed minister of Christ. The Master who has charged him with special responsibilities, has not left him without special promises; placed in the forefront of the warfare against evil, he is exhorted to rejoice in a peril that prepares a more exceeding weight of glory. To be “ruler over all the goods” of his Lord’s household, to “shine as the stars for ever and ever,” such are the mighty hopes that are permitted to animate his heart, and to brighten the trials of this world with the anticipated glories of another. It is fitting that it should be so. He whose function it is to console, must himself be peculiarly “the son of consolation;” “that he may comfort them which are in trouble by the comfort wherewith he himself is comforted of God.” To be the instrument for diffusing the joy of the Holy Ghost, he must himself possess that joy. Motives, that to men engaged in the turmoil of worldly labour, even to the best of them, are too seldom more than occasional, to him must be every thing; his habitual abode must be the Mount of Moses, that he may descend, when he does descend among his fellow-believers, with a countenance that radiates the light of a present God. He trains other men for eternity; he must himself live in it.

“ And the hope that brightened his own pilgrimage becomes the comfort of his people when that pilgrimage is over. In spirit they follow him where he has so often pointed the way, and rejoice to think that the husbandman, included in his own work—for our own hearts must we cultivate no less than the hearts of others—has, doubtless, himself become the first fruits of the harvest he died preparing. And thus the death of the minister becomes the awful but glorious consummation of his teaching; it is the great practical reality of that which his life was devoted to impressing. Why, indeed, should *he* live, the whole object of whose labours was to teach us to rise above and beyond life? Why deplore that *he* should die, whose ministry was the perpetual lesson and preparation of death?

“ That hopes and impressions such as these were the support of our dear friend—that they may now be undoubtingly yours who loved and revered him—I cannot hesitate in affirming. How he discharged his office as a preacher of righteousness in this place, I need not remind you. How deeply he felt the truth of Christ’s gospel, and how faithfully he declared his convictions, you do not require to be told. With what evident and convincing sincerity he “believed, and therefore spoke;” how superior he was to all affectation, assumption, or pretence; how plain to the youngest child, yet impressive to the oldest reasoner,—every member of this congregation, and many beyond it, can attest. Oratory, in the usual sense of the term, he seldom attempted; he sought a higher aim, and he succeeded. Men who would despise or negligently admire brilliant declamation, were roused and fixed by the directness of his appeals. The originality, yet simplicity of his mind, made old truths interesting as the new, and new thoughts familiar as the old. The idly curious who came to hear a sermon, found themselves arrested as in a personal conference; they forgot their criticism, and began to remember themselves. His style is not to be tested by ordinary rules—it was his own. In the warfare of righteous argument he seized every weapon that came to his hand; if the edge was sharp, he little recked the plainness of the finish; he had a work to accomplish, and, if homely words would best achieve it, he was not to be deterred by the fastidiousness of fashionable criticism. And if eloquence is to be judged by its effects, the hearts and lives of hundreds can attest that he was eloquent.

“ Of the affectionate kindness of his peculiar ministrations in this Institution, it is still less incumbent on me to speak. Other and fitter witnesses abound for that. He had often a difficult task to discharge; but he understood how to apply to the special constitution of the spiritual patient the universal remedies of the Gospel. He knew human nature well; and, like all who really possess that knowledge, he found it tend to toleration, sympathy, and indulgence.

“ The same large and comprehensive spirit influenced his views of Christian truth. I will not assign him to any “school” of theology by name; nor help to gratify, by party designations, that odious appetite for petty warfare that distracts and embitters the church of Christ. Of all men, indeed, he ought least to be labelled and catalogued under these artificial distinctions; for he was one who, in all things, honestly and earnestly exercised his reason, and loved to call no man master. But were I to characterise generally his habitual views, I would say, that he seemed chiefly to belong to that class of divines who delight in contemplating and illustrating the infinite mercy of God in the free pardon of man; and who love to draw all the motives of the Christian life from the consciousness of this gratuitous pardon. On this delightful theme he was never weary of expatiating, either,



as you know, in this pulpit, or in private, as opportunity offered. He was impatient, and justly impatient, of any theories which appeared to interfere with the fulness of those views of divine love that are given to us in the work of the Redeemer; and he rightly felt that, from the moment when the pardoned sinner is brought into the family of God, to the last hour of life, no failure, however lamentable, should be permitted to remove from the disciple's heart the sense of His paternal willingness to forgive the real penitent, covenanted, as it is, to every human soul that by regeneration is constituted in Jesus Christ, and in Him, thenceforth, seen and acknowledged by the Father. He felt that as this blessed truth may be abused to evil, so without it there can be no Gospel holiness; that though it may be perverted to spiritual death, without it there can be no spiritual life. He knew that there are practical difficulties in preaching to the slothful and the sensual the forgivingness of God, just as there are dangers in allowing the rebellious child of an earthly family to understand the tender-heartedness of his offended father; but he knew that if our object be to move the *affections* of the wanderer, in both cases equally must we unveil to him that paternal heart which alone can attract them. So your deceased minister thought, and so he spoke. I do not say but many further principles are of the highest value to guard and illustrate these, of which his mind, perhaps, took less habitual note; the importance of the visible Kingdom of Christ as the outward and practical embodiment of these mighty truths, may not have been as present to his mind as the truths themselves; I can only bless the mercy of God which gave him so deeply to feel and to enforce these; for I am well persuaded that, though others may, indeed, be most precious and animating, none can be true, and not essentially harmonize with *them*.

“ ‘I would not speak of the other gifts of this eminent man from this place, were it not that their exercise was so constantly subservient to religious truth. No one felt a deeper sympathy with our country; none ever saw more clearly the true and only real remedy for its evils. These evils he never disguised or overlooked; but he loved his native land with a power and truth which all its perversities and follies could not diminish. You felt, as he spoke, that its humblest peasant was nearer to his heart than all the accumulated wonders of other and happier lands; his own nature was intensely Irish, and found in Ireland a whole world for its affections. Its antiquities, its living population, its scenery, were as familiar to his thoughts and his heart as his own home—they *were* the true home of his imagination. In the last of these departments his excellence was characteristic and unrivalled. Among all the panegyrists of Irish natural beauty, none has even approached him. You are not, indeed, to expect much of method or system in his sketches. But he had a higher and rarer gift. He was possessed by what he saw and felt. His imagination seemed to revel in the sublimities he described; his sentences became breathing pictures, better, because more suggestive, than painting itself. It was, indeed, wonderful how he could make language do these wonders, for he began to write at an age when other men think of giving up the pen. Perhaps it was better thus. He was a mature thinker before his thoughts sought expression, and his style bears manifest indications of it. With him it is not (as so often with trained essayists) words striving to look like thoughts, but thoughts impatient for words, and rushing upon bold and picturesque metaphors to give themselves utterance. And all through, you could not forget that he who thus gloried in nature saw in it more than nature! He rejoiced in it as the refreshment that a Father kindly permits to his wearied child—a refreshment the more soothing, that it still speaks of Him. The Work, though a fainter image than the Word, is still, in its own measure, an image. And thus, he loved to find in it a type and symbol of the truths where lay his real and enduring peace.

“ ‘But I am, unawares, carried beyond my purpose. The owner of these singular gifts might well have occupied a wider sphere than this; it was the will of God that they should all be devoted to you. It was a favour, and you should feel it such. Be it yours to fulfil his purpose, by following in the path he trod to the home where you trust he now abides. Enable your ministers to feel that their deaths may teach you no less than their lives. Such hopes had the great Apostle when he found in the sufferings—the death itself, of the shepherd, the spiritual blessing of the flock; when he gloried that “death worketh in us, but life in you”—that “all things are yours, whether Paul or Apollos, or life or *death*”—all are but the means and instruments of your discipline to glory. Ours is an arduous and responsible calling. The ministers of Christ have many and peculiar trials. Comfort us, then, with the visible proof that these trials are not in vain. Let us feel that when we do depart, it is but to lead the way for those to whom the labours of our life have been dedicated; let our hope be no dream—our joy no baseless vision; for ‘what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not *EVEN YE* in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy.’ ”

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

---

No. CXIII.

MAY, 1842.

Vol. XIX.

---

### CONTENTS.

	Page
OUR MESS.—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—No. I.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. CHAP. XIII.—A NIGHT OF TROUBLE. CHAP. XIV.—THE PARTING. CHAP. XV.— THE LETTER FROM HOME. CHAP. XVI.—A MORNING IN TOWN. CHAP. XVII.— AN EVENING IN TOWN. CHAP. XVIII.—A CONFIDENCE . . . . .	549
THE LAND OF BURNS. BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY. . . . .	578
LAING'S NOTES OF A TRAVELLER . . . . .	579
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. XXX.—REV WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER, <i>with an Etching</i> . . . . .	588
NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—No. IV. A NUT ON THE NUTCRACKER—AN UNPAID PUFF FOR THE LAWYERS—"THE INCOME TAX"—AN IRISH ENCORE—VICEREGAL PRIVILEGES—RICH AND POOR— <i>pour et contre</i> —ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT . . . .	593
THE PLACE DES TERREAUX, AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION . . . .	606
FRAGMENTS OF A DREAMER'S NOTE-BOOK. BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR . . . .	612
SONG. BY G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. . . . .	625
MAXWELL'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON.—SECOND ARTICLE . . . . .	626
AFFGHANISTAN, <i>with a Map of the Seat of War</i> . . . . .	645
GASPAR, THE PIRATE; A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.—CONCLUDED . . . .	661
POLITICS AND THE PARLIAMENT. A SPEECH WHICH MIGHT, COULD, AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN SPOKEN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. WAKLEY ON WORDSWORTH . .	683

---

DUBLIN:  
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.  
W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.  
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.



# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXIII.

MAY, 1842.

Vol. XIX.

OUR MESS.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.—A NIGHT OF TROUBLE.

UNTIL the moment when I reached the room and threw myself into a chair, my course respecting Lord Dudley de Vere seemed to present not a single difficulty. The appeal so unconsciously made to me by Miss Bellew, not less than my own ardent inclination, decided me on calling him out. No sooner, however, did calm reflection succeed to the passionate excitement of the moment, than at once I perceived the nicety of my position. Under what possible pretext could I avow myself as her champion, not as of her own choosing? for I knew perfectly well that the words she uttered were merely intended as a menace without the slightest idea of being acted on. To suffer her name, therefore, to transpire in the affair, would be to compromise her in the face of the world. Again, the confusion and terror she evinced when she beheld me at the door proved to me that, perhaps of all others, I was the last person she would have wished to have been a witness to the interview. What was to be done? The very difficulty of the affair only made my determination to go through with it the stronger. I have already said my inclination also prompted me to this course. Lord Dudley's manner to me, without being such as I could make a plea for resenting, had ever been of a supercilious and almost offensive character. If there be any thing which more deeply than another wounds

our self-esteem it is the assumed superiority of those whom we heartily despise. More than once he ventured upon hinting at the plans of the Rooneys respecting me, suggesting that their civilities only concealed a deeper object; and all this he did with a tone of half insolence that irritated me ten times more than an open affront.

Often and often had I promised myself that a day of retribution must come. Again and again did I lay this comfort to my heart—that one time or other, his habitual prudence would desert him; that his transgression would exceed the narrow line that separates an impertinent freedom from an insult, and then——. Now, this time had come at last. Such a chance might not again present itself, and must not be thrown away.

My reasonings had come to this point, when a tremendous knocking at my door, and a loud shout of "Jack! Jack Hinton!" announced O'Grady. This was fortunate. He was the only man whom I knew well enough to consult in such a matter; and of all others, he was the one on whose advice and counsel I could place implicit reliance.

"What the deuce is all this, my dear Hinton?" said he, as he grasped my hand in both of his. "I was playing whist with the tabbies when it occurred, and saw nothing of the whole matter. She fainted, didn't she?"

What the deuce could you have said or done?"

"Could I have said or done! What do you mean, O'Grady?"

"Come, come, be frank with me; what was it? If you are in a scrape, I am not the man to leave you in it."

"First of all," said I, assuming with all my might a forced and simulated composure—"first of all, tell me what you heard in the drawing-room."

"What I heard? Egad, it was plain enough. In the beginning, a young lady came souse down upon the floor; screams and smelling-bottles followed; a general running hither and thither, in which confusion, by-the-bye, our adversaries contrived to manage a new deal, though I had four by honours in my hand.—Old Miss Macan upset my markers, drank my negus, and then fainted off herself with a face like an apothecary's rose."

"Yes, yes; but," said I impatiently, "what of Miss Bellew?"

"What of her! that you must know best. You know, of course, what occurred between you."

"My dear O'Grady," said I, with passionate eagerness, "do be explicit. What did they say in the drawing-room? What turn has been given to this affair?"

"Faith, I can't tell you; I am as much in the dark as my neighbours. After the lady was carried out and you ran away, they all began talking it over. Some said you had been proposing an elopement; others said you hadn't. The Rileys swore you had asked to have your picture back again; and old Mrs. Ham, who had planted herself behind a curtain to overhear all, forgot, it seems, that the window was open, and caught such a cold in her head, and such a deafness, that she heard nothing. She says, however, that your conduct was abominable; and in fact, my dear Hinton, the whole thing is a puzzle to us all."

"And Lord Dudley de Vere," said I, "did he offer no explanation?"

"Oh yes, something pretty much in his usual style—pulled up his stock, ran his fingers through his hair, and muttered some indistinct phrases about lovers' quarrels."

"Capital!" exclaimed I with delight; "nothing could be better, nothing more fortunate than this! Now, O'Grady, listen to my version of the

matter, and then tell me how to proceed in it." I here detailed to my friend every circumstance that occurred from the moment of my entering to my departure from the drawing-room.

"As to the wager," said I, "it was, when made, and with what you know not."

"Yes, yes; I know all that," interrupted O'Grady; "I have the thing perfectly before me. Now, let us see what is to be done; and first of all, allow me to ring the bell for sherry and water—that's the best front of a consultation."

When O'Grady had mixed himself a glass, sipped, corrected, and sipped again, he beat the bars of the grate a few moments contemplatively with the stick, and then turning to me, gravely said, "We must parade him, Jack, I am certain. Now for the how. My friend Dudley is not much given to fighting, and it will be rather difficult to obtain his consent. Indeed, had not been for the insinuation I threw out, after you had left the room, I don't well see how you could have got him to it."

"Why, my dear O'Grady, what there quite cause enough?"

"Plenty, no doubt, my dear Hinton, as far as feeling goes; but there are innumerable cases in the life, of like breaches of trust in law, or with slight punishment. Not but when you owe a man a grudge, have it always in your power to make him sensible of it; and among gentlemen there is the same intuitive perception of a contemplated insult, as we see at a dinner-party, when one puts his hand on a decanter; his friend at the end of the table smiles, and cries 'with pleasure, my boy.'—There is one thing, however, in your favour."

"What is that?" said I, eagerly.

"Why, he has lost his wager; that's pretty clear; and, as that won't prove his temper, it's possible—I don't say more—but it's possible you may feel better disposed to turn irritation into valour; a much common process in metaphysical mystery than the world wots of. Under these circumstances, the best thing to do, as it strikes me, is to try the case, as our friend Paul would say, on the general issue—that is, to wait on



bert; tell him we wish to have a meeting; that, after what has passed,—that's a sweet phrase, isn't it? and has got more gentleman carried home on a door than any other I know,—that after what has passed, the thing is unavoidable, and the sooner it comes off the better. He can't help referring me to a friend, and he can scarcely find any one that won't see the thing with our eyes. It's quite clear Miss Bellew's name must be kept out of the matter; and now, my boy, if you agree with me, leave the whole affair in my hands, tumble into bed, and go to sleep as fast as you can."

"I leave it all to you, Phil," said I, shaking his hand warmly; "and, to prove my obedience, I'll be in bed in ten minutes."

O'Grady finished the decanter of sherry, buttoned up his coat, and, slapping his boot with his cane, sauntered down stairs, whistling an Irish quick step as he went.

When I had half accomplished my undressing, I sat down before the fire, and, unconsciously to myself, fell into a train of musing about my present condition. I was very young; knew little of the world: the very character of my education had been so much under the eye and direction of my mother, that my knowledge was even less than that of the generality of young men of my own time of life. It is not surprising, then, if the events which my new career hurried so rapidly one upon another, in some measure confused me. Of duelling I had, of course, heard repeatedly, and had learnt to look upon the necessity of it as more or less imperative upon every man in the outset of his career. Such was, in a great measure, the tone of the day; and the man who attained a certain period of life, without having had at least one affair of honour, was rather suspected of using a degree of prudent caution in his conduct with the world, than of following the popular maxim of the period which said, "Be always ready with the pistol."

The affair with Lord George, therefore, I looked upon rather as a lucky hit; I might as well make my *débüt* with him as with any other. So much, then, for the prejudice of the period. Now for my private feelings on the subject—they were, I confess, any thing but satisfactory: without at all entering

into any anticipation I might have felt as to the final result, I could not avoid feeling ashamed of myself for my total ignorance about the whole matter; not only, as I have said, had I never seen a duel, but I never had fired a pistol twice in my life. I was naturally a nervous fellow, and the very idea of firing at a word, would, I knew, render me more so. My dread that the peculiarity of my constitution might be construed into want of courage, increased my irritability; while I felt that my endeavour to acquit myself with all the etiquette and punctilio of the occasion, would inevitably lead me to the commission of some mistake or blunder.

And then, as to my friends at home, what would my father say? His notions on the subject I knew were very rigid, and only admitted the necessity of an appeal to arms as the very last resort: what account could I give him sufficiently satisfactory of my reasons for going out? How would my mother feel, with all her aristocratic prejudices, when she heard of the society where the affair originated; when some glowing description of the Rooneys should reach her? and this some kind friend or other was certain to undertake; and worse than all, Lady Julia, my high-born cousin, whose beauty and sarcasm had inspired me with a mixture of admiration and dread. How should I ever bear the satirical turn she would give the whole affair? her malice increased, as it would be by the fact that a young and pretty girl was mixed up in it; for, somehow, I must confess, a kind of half-flirtation had always subsisted between my cousin and me. Her beauty, her wit, her fascinating manner, rendering me at times over head and ears in love with her: while, at others, the indifference of her manner towards me, or, still worse, the ridicule to which she exposed me, would break the spell and dissipate the enchantment. Thoughts like these were far from assuring me, and contributed but little towards that confidence in myself I stood so much in need of; and, again, what if I were to fall? As this thought settled on my mind, I resolved to write home—not to my father, however: I felt a kind of constraint about unburthening myself to him at such a moment. My mother was equally out of the question: in fact, a letter to her

could only be an apologetic narrative of my life in Ireland; softening down what she would call the atrocities of my associates, and giving a kind of Rembrandt tint to the Roaners, which might conceal the more vivid colouring of their vulgarity. At such a moment I had no heart for this: such trifling would ill suit me now. To Lady Julia, then, I determined to write: she knew me well. Besides, I felt that, when I was no more, the kindness of her nature would prevail, and she would remember me but as the little lover that brought her *bouquets* from the conservatory; that wrote letters to her from Eton; that wore her picture round his neck at Sandhurst, and, by-the-bye, that picture I had still in my possession: this was the time to restore it. I opened my writing-desk and took it out. It was a strange love-gift, painted when she was barely ten years old. It represented a very lovely child, with blue eyes, and a straight regularity of feature, like a Grecian statue. The intensity of look that after-years developed more fully, and the slight curl of the lip, that betrayed the incipient spirit of mockery, were both there: still she was very beautiful. I placed the miniature before me, and fixed my eyes upon it, while, carried away by the illusion of the moment, I burst into a rhapsody of proffered affection, while I vindicated myself against any imputation my intimacy with Miss Bellew might give rise to. As I proceeded, however, I discovered that my pleading scarcely established my innocence even to myself: so I turned away, and once more sat down moodily before the fire.

The Castle clock struck two; I started up, somewhat ashamed of myself at not having complied with O'Grady's advice, and at once threw myself on my bed, and fell sound asleep. Some confused impression upon my mind, of a threatened calamity, gave a gloomy character to all my dreams; and more than once I awoke with a sudden start, and looked about me. The flickering and uncertain glare of the dying embers threw strange and goblin shapes upon the wall, and on the old oak floor. The window curtains waved mournfully to and fro, as the sighing night wind pierced the openings of the worn casements, adding, by some unknown

sympathy, to my gloom as I lay there. At length, although I quivered and shivered from the cold, I sank into slumber, it was dark when I awoke with the same impressions and with the same sounds about me. Towards morning at length I fell into a deeper sleep, from which I was awakened by the noise of some one pulling back my curtains. I looked up, and my eyes met those of a man, who held a mahogany box under his arm, and a little bag in his hand, stood before me with a look, in which his habitual temper was dashed with a night's tincture of scorn and pity.

"So you are awake at last!" said he; "faith, and you sleep well, and——" This he muttered between his teeth;—"and maybe it's scarce you'll sleep to-morrow night! The captain bid me call you at seven o'clock, and it's near eight now. That blaggard of a servant of yours would not get up to open the door, till I made a good fire outside, and puffed up a few mouthfuls of smoke through the key-hole!"

"Well done, Corny!" but where's the captain?"

"Where is he! sorrow one of us knows! Maybe at the watch house, maybe in George's street barrack, maybe in the streets, maybe—— truth! there's many a place he may be, and good enough for him any of them. Them's the tools, well used: I put flints in them."

"And what have you got in the bag, Corny?"

"Maybe you'll see time enough. It's the lint, the sticking-plaster, and the bandages, and the turn an' twist." This, he it known, was the Delany fur "torn-niquet." "And faith it's a queer use to put the same bag to; his honour the judge had it made to carry his notes in. Ugh, ugh, ugh; a bloody little bag it always was! Many's the time I seen the poor cratures in the dock have to hold on by the spikes, when they'd see him put his hands out! It's not to-day, the same bag! Will you have some brandy and water, and a bit of dry toast? It's what the captain always gives them the first time they go out. When they're used to it, a cup of chocolate with a spoonful of whiskey is a fine thing for the hand."

I could scarce restrain a smile at

the notion of dieting a man for a duel, though, I confess, there seemed something excessively bloodthirsty about it. However, resolved to give Corny a favourable impression of my coolness, I said, "Let me have the chocolate and a couple of eggs."

He gave a grin a demon might have envied, as he muttered to himself, "He wants to try and die game, ugh, ugh." With these words he waddled out of the room to prepare my breakfast; his alacrity certainly increased by the circumstance in which he was employed.

No sooner was I alone than I opened the pistol-case to examine the weapons: they were, doubtless, good ones; but a ruder, more ill-fashioned, clumsy pair it would be impossible to conceive. The stock, which extended nearly to the end of the barrel, was notched with grooves for the fingers to fit in: the whole terminating in an uncouth knob, inlaid with small pieces of silver, which at first I imagined were purely ornamental. On looking closer, however, I perceived that each of them contained a name and a date, with an ominous phrase beneath, which ran thus: "Killed!" or thus: "Wounded!"

"Egad," thought I, "they are certainly the coolest people in the world in this island, and have the strangest notions withal of cheering a man's courage!" It was growing late, meanwhile; so that without further loss of time I sprang out of bed, and set about dressing, huddling my papers and Julia's portrait into my writing-desk. I threw into the fire a few letters, and was looking about my room lest any thing should have escaped me, when suddenly the quick movement of horse's feet on the pavement beneath drew me to the window. As I looked out, I could just catch a glimpse of O'Grady's figure as he sprang from a high tandem; I then heard his foot as he mounted the stairs, and the next moment he was knocking at my door.

"Holloa!" cried he, "by Jove, I have had a night of it! Help me off with the coat, Jack, and order breakfast, with any number of mutton chops you please; I never felt so voracious in my life. Early rising must be a bad thing for the health, if it makes a man's appetite so painful."

While I was giving my necessary directions, O'Grady stirred up the

fire, drew his chair close to it, and planting his feet upon the fenders, and expanding his hands before the blaze, called out—

"Yes, yes, quite right, cold ham and a devilled drumstick by all means; the mulled claret must have nothing but cloves and a slice of pine apple in it; and, mind, don't let them fry the kidneys in champagne; they are fifty times better in moselle: we'll have the champagne *en naturel*: there now, shut the door, there's a confounded current of air comes up that cold staircase. So, come over, my boy; let me give you all the news, and to begin: After I parted with you, I went over to De Vere's quarters, and heard that he had just changed his clothes and driven over to Clare-street; I followed immediately; but, as ill-luck would have it, he left that just five minutes before, with Watson of the Fifth, who lives in one of the hotels near; this, you know, looked like business, and, as they told me they were to be back in half-an-hour, I cut into a rubber of whist with Darcy and the rest of them, where, what between losing heavily, and waiting for those fellows, I never got up till half-past four: when I did, minus Paul's check, all the loose cash about me, and a bill for one hundred and thirty to Vaughan. Pleasant, all that, wasn't it? Monk, who took my place, told me that Herbert and Watson were gone out together to the park, where I should certainly find them. Off then I set for the Phoenix, and, just as I was entering the gate of the lodge, a chaise covered with port-manteaus and hat-boxes drove past me; I had just time to catch a glimpse of De Vere's face as the light fell suddenly upon it; I turned as quickly as possible, and gave chase down Barrack-street; we flew, he leading, and I endeavouring to keep up; but my poor hack was so done up, between waiting at the club and the sharp drive, that I found we couldn't keep up the pace: fortunately, however, a string of coal cars blocked up Essex-bridge, upon which my friend came to a check, and I also. I jumped out immediately, and running forward, just got up in the nick, as they were once more about to move forward. 'Ah, Dudley,' cried I, 'I've had a sharp run for it, but by good fortune have found you at last.' I wish you had seen his face as I said

these words; he leaned forward in the carriage, so as completely to prevent Watson, who was with him, overhearing what passed.

"May I ask," said he, endeavouring to get up a little of his habitual coolness; "may I ask, what so very pressing has sent you in pursuit of me?"

"Nothing which should cause your present uneasiness," replied I, in a tone and look he could not mistake.

"Eh—aw! don't take you exactly; any thing gone wrong?"

"You've a capital memory, my lord, when it suits you: pray call it to your aid for a few moments, and it will save us both a deal of trouble: my business with you is on the part of Mr. Hinton, and I have to request you will, at once, refer me to a friend."

"Eh! you want to fight? is that it? I say, Watson, they want to make a quarrel out of that foolish affair I told you of."

"Is Major Watson your friend on this occasion, my lord?"

"No; oh no; that is, I didn't say—I told Watson how they walked into me for three hundred at Rooney's—must confess I deserved it richly for dining among such a set of fellows, and, as I've paid the money and cut the whole concern, I don't see what more's expected of me."

"We have very little expectation, my lord, but a slight hope, that you'll not disgrace the cloth you wear, and the profession you follow."

"I say, Watson, do you think I ought to take notice of these words?"

"Would your lordship like them stronger?"

"One moment if you please, Captain O'Grady," said Major Watson, as opening the door of the chaise, he sprang out. Lord Dudley de Vere has detailed to me, and of course correctly, the whole of his last night's proceedings. He has expressed himself as ready and anxious to apologize to your friend for any offence he may have given him, in fact, that their families are in some way connected, and any falling out would be a very unhappy thing between them; and, last of all, Lord Dudley has resigned his appointment as *aide-de-camp*, and resolved on leaving Ireland; in two hours more he will sail from this—so I trust, that under every circumstance,

you will see the propriety of not pressing the affair any further."

"With the apology——"

"That of course," said Watson.

"I say," cried Herbert, "we shall be late at the Pigeon-house if we wait past seven."

"Watson whispered a few words into his ear; he was silent for a moment, and a slight crimson flush settled on his cheek."

"It won't do for me if they talk of this afterwards; but tell him—I am Hinton—that I am sorry, that is, I ask him to forgive——"

"There, there," said I, impatiently, "drive on, that is quite enough."

The next moment the chaise was out of sight, and I leaned against the balustrade of the bridge, with a sick feeling at my heart I never felt before. Vaughan came by at the moment with his tandem; so I made him turn about and set me down; and here I am, my boy—now that my qualms have passed off—ready to eat you out of house and home, if the means would only present themselves."

Here ended O'Grady's narrative, and, as breakfast very shortly afterwards made its appearance, our conversation dropped into broken desultory sentences; the burden of which, on his part, was that, although no man would deserve more gratitude from the household and the garrison generally than myself, for being the means of expelling Lord George, yet that under every view of the case, all effort should be made to prevent publicity, and stop the current of scandal such an event was calculated to give rise to in the city.

"No fear of that I hope," said I.

"Every fear, my dear boy. We live in a village here—every man hears his friend's watch tick, and every lady knows what her neighbour paid for her paste diamonds. However, be comforted, your reputation will scarcely stretch across the channel; and one's notoriety must have strong claims before it pass the custom-house at Liverpool."

"Well, that is something; but hang it, O'Grady, I wish I had had a shot at him."

"Of course you do—nothing more natural, and at the same time, if you care for the lady, nothing more unpropitious. Do what you will, her name will be mixed up in the matter; but

had it gone further she must have been deeply compromised between you. You are too young, Jack, to understand much of this; but take my word for it—Fight about your sister, your aunt, your maternal grand-mother, if you like, but never for the girl you are about to marry. It involves a false position to both her and yourself: and now that I am giving advice, just give me another cutlet. I say, Corny, any hot potatoes?"

"Thim was hot awhile ago," said Corny, without taking his hands from his pockets.

"Well, it is pleasant to know even that. Put that pistol-case back again. Ah! there goes Vaughan; I want a word with him."

So saying, he sprang up and hastened down stairs.

"What did he say I was to do with the pistols?" said Corny, as he polished the case with the ample cuff of his coat.

"You are to put them by: we shan't want them this morning."

"And there is to be no dewil after all," said he with a most fiendish grin. "Ugh, ugh, didn't I know it. Ye's come from the wrong side of the water for that. It's little powder ye blaze, for all your talking."

Taking out one of the pistols as he spoke, he examined the lock for a few minutes patiently, and then muttered to himself—"Wasn't I right to put in the ould flints? The devil a more ye'd be doing I guessed nor making a flash in the pan!"

It was rather difficult even with every allowance for Mr. Delany's tem-

per, to submit to his insolence patiently. After all there was nothing better to be done; for Corny was even greater in reply than attack, and any rejoinder on my part would unquestionably have made me fare the worse. Endeavouring, therefore, to hum a tune, I strolled to the window and looked out; while the imperturbable Corny, opening the opposite sash, squibbed off both pistols previous to replacing them in the box.

I cannot say what it was in the gesture and the action of this little fiend; but somehow the air of absurdity thus thrown over our quarrel by this ludicrous termination, hurt me deeply; and Corny's face, as he snapped the trigger, was a direct insult. All my self-respect, all my self-approval gave way in a moment, and I could think of nothing but cross Corny's commentary on my courage.

"Yes," said I half aloud, "it is a confounded country! If for nothing else, that every class and condition of man thinks himself capable to pronounce upon his neighbour. Hard drink and duelling are the national penates; and heaven help him who does not adopt the religion of the land! My English servant would as soon have thought of criticising a chorus of Euripides as my conduct; and yet this little wretch not only does so, but does it to my face, superadding a sneer upon my country."

This like many other of my early reflections on Ireland, had its grain of truth and its bushel of fallacy; and before I quitted the land I learned to make the distinction.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—THE PARTING.

FROM motives of delicacy towards Miss Bellew I did not call that day at the Rooneys. For many months such an omission on my part had never occurred. Accordingly when O'Grady returned at night to the Castle, he laughingly told me that the house was in half mourning. Paul sat moodily over his wine, scarce lifting his head, and looking what he himself called, non-suited. Mrs. Paul, whose grief was always in the active mood, sobbed, hiccupped, gulped, and waved her arms as if she had lost a near relative. Miss Bellew did not appear at all, and Phil discovered

that she had written home that morning, requesting her father to send for her without loss of time. "The affair, as you see," continued O'Grady, "has turned out ill for all parties. Dudley has lost his post, you your mistress, and I my money: a pretty good illustration how much mischief a mere fool can at any moment make in society."

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I mounted my horse to ride over to Stephen's Green. As I passed slowly along Dame-street my attention was called to a large placard which, in front of a house opposite the lower



Castle gate, had attracted a considerable crowd around it. I was spared the necessity of stopping to read by the hoarse shout of a ragged ruffian who elbowed his way through the mob, carrying on one arm a mass of printed handbills, the other hand he held beside his mouth to aid the energy of his declamation. "Here's the full and true account," cried he, "of the bloody and me-lan-cho-ly duel that tuk place yesterday morning in the Phaynix Park between Lord Dudley de Vere and Mr. Hinton, two edge-du-congs to his Grace the Lord Liftinint, wid all the particulars, for one ha'penny."

"Here's the whole correspondence between the Castle bucks," shouted a rival publisher,—the Colburn to this Bentley,—“wid a beautiful new song to an old tune:

"Bang it up, bang it up to the lady in the Green."

"Give me one, if you please," said a motherly-looking woman in a gray cloak.

"No, ma'am, a penny," responded the vender. "The bloody fight for a halfpenny!"

"What!" said he; "would you have an Irish melody and the picture of an illigant female for a copper?"

"Sing us the song, Peter," called out another.

"This is too bad!" said I, passionately, as driving the spurs into my horse, I dashed through the ragged mob, upsetting and overturning all before me. Not, however, before I was recognised, and, as I cantered down the street, a shout of derision, and a hail-storm of offensive epithets followed me as I went.

It was, I confess, some time before I recovered my equanimity enough to think of my visit. For myself, individually, I cared little or nothing; but who could tell in what form these things might reach my friends in England? How garbled! how exaggerated! how totally perverted!—and then, too, Miss Bellew! It was evident that she was alluded to. I trembled to think that her name, polluted by the lips of such wretches as these, should be cried through the dark alleys and purlieus of the capital; a scoff and a mockery among the very outcasts of vice!

As I turned the corner of Grafton-

street, a showy carriage with four gray horses passed me by. I knew it was the Rooney equipage, and, although for a moment I was chagrined that the object of my visit was defeated, on second thoughts I satisfied myself, that, perhaps, it was quite as well; so I rode on to leave my card. On reaching the door, from which already some visitors were turning away, I discovered that I had forgotten my ticket-case: so I dismounted to write my name in the visiting-book; for this observance among great people, Mrs. Rooney had borrowed, to the manifest horror and dismay of many respectable citizens.

"A note for you, sir," said the butler, in his most silvery accent, as he placed a small sealed billet in my hand. I opened it hastily. It contained but two lines: "Miss Bellew requests Mr. Hinton will kindly favour her with a few moments' conversation at an early opportunity."

"Is Miss Bellew at home?"

"Yes, sir," said the servant, who stood waiting to precede me up stairs, and announce me.

"Mr. Hinton," said the man; and the words echoed in the empty drawing-room, as he closed the door behind me: the next moment I heard the rustle of a silk dress, and Miss Bellew came out of the boudoir and walked towards me. Contrary to her usual habit,—which was to hold out her hand to me,—she now came timidly, hesitatingly forward; her eyes downcast, and her whole air and appearance indicating, not only the traces of sorrow, but of physical suffering.

"Mr. Hinton," said she, in a voice every accent of which vibrated on my heart, "I have taken the liberty to ask a few moments' interview with you; for, although it is not only probable, but almost certain, we shall not meet again, yet I wish to explain certain portions of my conduct, and, indeed, to make them the reason of a favour I have to ask at your hands."

"Permit me to interrupt you for a moment," said I. "It is evident how painful the matter you would speak of is to you: you have no need of explanation, least of all to me. By accident I overheard that which, however high my esteem for Miss Bellew before, could but elevate her in my eyes. Pass then at once, I beseech you, to what

you call a favour: there is no service you can seek for——"

"I thank you," replied she, in a voice scarcely articulate: "you have, indeed, spared me much in not asking me to speak of what it is misery enough to remember; but it is not the first time my unprotected position in this house has exposed me to outrage: though assuredly it shall be the last." The tone of indignation she spoke in supplied her with energy, as she hurriedly continued: "Already, Mr. Hinton, persons have dared to build a scandal upon the frail foundation of this insolent wager.—Your name has been mixed up with it in such a way that no possible intercourse could exist between us without being construed into evidence of a falsehood: therefore, I have made up my mind, to ask you to discontinue your visits here, for the few days I may yet remain. I have already written home, the answer may arrive the day after to-morrow; and, while I feel that I but ill repay the hospitality and kindness I have received, and have met with, in closing the door to a most valued guest, I am assured, you will understand and approve my motives, and not refuse me my request."

Delighted at the prospect of being in some way engaged in a service, I had listened with a throbbing heart, up to the moment she concluded. Nothing could so completely overthrow all my hopes, as these last few words. Seeing my silence and my confusion—for I knew not what to say—she added, in a slightly tremulous voice:

"I am sorry, Mr. Hinton, that my little knowledge of the world should have led me into this indiscretion: I perceive from your manner that I have asked a sacrifice you are unwilling to make: I ought to have known that habits have their influence, as well as inclinations; and that this house, being the resort of your friends——"

"Oh, how much, how cruelly you have mistaken me! Not on this ac-

count, not for such reasons as you suppose did I hesitate in my reply; far from it: indeed, the very cause which made me a frequent visitor of this house, is that which now renders me unable to answer you." A slight flush upon her cheek and a tremulous motion of her lip, prevented my adding more. "Fear not, Miss Bellew," said I, "fear not from me; however different the feeling that would prompt it, no speech of mine shall cause you pain to listen to, however the buried thought may rack my own bosom. You shall have your request: good-bye."

"Nay, nay, not so," said she, as she raised her handkerchief to her eyes, and gave a soft but sickly smile; "you mustn't go without my thanking you for all your kindness. It may so chance that one day or other you will visit the wild west: if so, pray don't forget that my father, of whom you have heard me speak so much, would be but too happy to thank one, who has been so kind to his daughter; and, if that day should come,"—here a slight gleam of animation shot across her features,— "I beseech you not to think from what you will see of me there, that I have forgotten all your good teaching, and all your lessons about London manner, though I sadly fear that neither my dress nor deportment will testify in my favour; and so good-bye." She drew her glove from her hand, as she spoke. I raised the taper fingers, respectfully, to my lips, and, without venturing another look, muttered "good-bye," and left the room.

As step by step I loitered on the stairs, I struggled with myself against the rising temptation to hurry back to her presence, and tell her that, although hitherto the fancied security of meeting her every day had made me a stranger to my own emotions, the hour of parting had dispelled the illusion: the thought of separation had unveiled the depths of my heart, and told me that I loved her. Was this true? It was.

#### CHAPTER XV.—THE LETTER FROM HOME.

FIXING illness to O'Grady as the reason of my not going to the Rooneys, I kept my quarters for several days, during which time it required all my resolution to enable me to keep my promise; and scarcely an hour of the

day went over without my feeling tempted to mount my horse and try if, perchance, I could not catch even a passing look at her once more. Miss Bellew was the first woman who had ever treated me as a man: this, in itself,

had a strong hold on my feelings ; for after all, what flattery is there so artful as that which invests us with a character to which we feel in our hearts our pretension is doubtful ? Why has college life, why has the army, such a claim upon our gratitude at our outset in the world ? Is it not the acknowledgment of our manhood ? and for the same reason the man who first accepts our bill, and the woman who first receives our addresses, have an unqualified right to our regard for evermore.

It is the sense of what we seem to others, that moulds and fashions us through life ; and how many a character that seems graven in letters of adamant, took its type, after all, from some chance or casual circumstance, some passing remark, some hazarded expression. We begin by simulating a part, and we end by dovetailing it into our nature ; thence the change which a first passion works in every young mind. The ambition to be loved, the desire to win affection, teach us those ways of pleasing, which, whether real or affected, become part and parcel of ourselves. Little know we that in the passion we believe to be the most disinterested, how much, of pure egotism is mixed up ; and well is it for us such is the case. The imaginary standard we set up before ourselves, is a goal to strive for, an object of high hope before us ; and few, if any, of our bolder enterprises in after life, have not their birth in the cradle of first love.

The acolade, that in olden days by its magic touch converted the humble squire into the spurred and belted knight, had no such charm as the first beam from a bright eye when falling upon the hidden depths of our heart, it has shown us a mine of rich thoughts, of dazzling hopes, of bright desires : this indeed is a change ; and who is there, having felt it, has not walked forth a prouder and a nobler spirit ?

Thoughts like these came rushing on my mind as I reflected on my passion for Louisa Bellew ; and as I walked my room my heart bounded with elation, and my step grew firm in its tread ; for I felt that already a new influence was beaming on me, a new light was shining upon my path in life. Musing thus, I paid but little attention to my servant who had just left a letter upon my table ; my eye, at length

glanced at the address, which I perceived was in my mother's handwriting ; I opened it somewhat carelessly, for somehow my dear mother's letters had gradually decreased in their interest as my anti-Irish prejudices grew weaker by time ; her exclusively English notions I could no longer respond to so freely as before ; and as I knew the injustice of some of her opinions, I felt proportionably disposed to mistrust the truth of many others. The letter, as usual, was crossed and recrossed ; for nothing, after all, was so thorough a criterion of fashion as a penurious avoidance of postage, and in consequence scarcely a portion of of the paper was uncovered by ink. The detail of balls and dinners, the "on dits" of the town, the rumoured changes in the ministry, who was to come in and who to go out, whether Lord Arthur got a regiment, or Lady Mary a son, had all become comparatively uninteresting to me. What we know and what we live in, is the world to us ; and the arrival of a new bear is as much a matter of interest in the prairies of the far west as the first night of a new ballet in the circles of Paris. In all probability, therefore, after satisfying myself that my friends were well, I should have been undutiful enough to put my mother's letter to bed in a card rack without any very immediate intention of disturbing its slumbers, when suddenly the word Rooney attracted my eye, and at once awakened my curiosity. How the name of these people should have come to my mother's aristocratic ears I could not conceive ; for, although I had myself begun a letter about them, yet, on second thoughts, I deemed it better to consign it to the fire than risk a discovery, by no means necessary.

I now sat patiently down before the fire, resolved to spell over the letter from beginning to end, and suffer nothing to escape me. All her letters, like the preamble of a deed, began with a certain formula—a species of lamentation over her wretched health ; the difficulty of her case which, consisting in the absence of all systems, had puzzled the faculty for years long—the inclemency of the weather, which by some fatality of fortune was sure to be rainy when Dr. Y—— said it ought to be fine, and oppressively hot when he assured her she required a bracing

element; besides, it was evident the medical men mistook her case, and what chance had she with Providence and the college of physicians against her! Then every one was unkind—nobody believed her sick, or thought her valuable life in danger, although from four o'clock in the afternoon to the same hour the next morning, she was continually before their eyes, driving in the park, visiting, dining, and even dancing, too; in fact, exerting herself in every imaginable shape and form for the sake of an ungrateful world that had nothing but hollow civilities to show her, instead of tears for her sufferings. Skimming my eye rapidly over this, I came at length to the well-known paragraph which always concluded this exordium, and which I could have repeated by heart, the purport of it being simply a prophetic menace, of what would be the state, and what the feelings, of various persons unknown, when at her demise they discovered how unjustly, how ungenerously, how cruelly, they had once or twice complimented her upon her health and looks, during her lifetime. The undying remorse of those unfeeling wretches, among whom it was very plain my father was numbered, was expatiated upon with much force, and Christian charity; for as certain joint-stock companies contrive in their advertisements, to give an apparent stability to their firm, by quoting some well-known Coutts or Drummond as their banker; so my poor mother, by simply introducing the word "Providence" into all her worldly transactions, thought she was discharging the most rigid of Christian duties, and securing a happy retreat for her when that day should arrive, when neither rouge nor false hair would supply the deficiencies of youth, and death should unlock the jaw the dentist had furnished.

After this came the column of court gossip, the last pun of the prince, and a "mot" of Mr. Canning. "We hope," continued she, "poor Somerset will go to Madrid as ambassador: to refuse him would be a great cruelty, as he has been ordered by his medical men to try a southerly climate—hum—ah—Lady Jane to replace Miss Barclay with the Landgravine." Very stupid all this; but come, here we have it, the writing too changes as if a different spirit had dictated it. "Two o'clock. I've just

returned from the Grevilles, seriously ill from the effect of the news that has reached me. Wretched boy! what have you done? What frightful career of imprudence have you entered upon? Write to me at once; for although I shall take immediate steps for your recall I shall be in a fever of impatience till you tell me all about it. Poor dear Lord Dudley de Vere, how I love him for the way he speaks of you; for although, evidently, your conduct to him has been something very gross, yet his language respecting you, is marked, not only by forbearance, but by kindness. Indeed, he attributes the spirit you have manifested, to the instigation of another member of the staff, whose name, with his habitual delicacy, we could not prevail upon him to disclose. His account of that wretched country is distressing indeed; the frightful state of society, the barbarism of the natives, and the frequency of bloodshed. I shall not close my eyes to-night thinking of you; though he has endeavoured to re-assure me, by telling us, that as the Castle is a strong place, and a considerable military force always there, you are in comparative safety. But, my dear child, who are these frightful Rooneys, with the odious house where all this gambling and ruin goes forward? How feelingly poor Lord Dudley spoke of the trials young men are exposed to? His parents have indeed a treasure in him. Rooney appears to be a money-lender, a usurer—most probably a Jew. His wretched wife, what can she be? and that designing minx, niece, daughter, or whatever this Miss Belloo—what a shocking name—may be! To think you should have fallen among such people! Lord George's debts are, they say, very considerable, all owing, as he assures me, to his unfortunate acquaintance with this Rooney, with whom he appears to have had bill transactions for some time past. If your difficulties were only on the score of money, I should think little of it; but a quarrelsome rancorous spirit, a taste for low company and vulgar associates, and a tendency to drink: these, indeed, are very shocking features, and calculated to inflict much misery on your parents.

"However, let us, as far as possible endeavour to repair the mishap. I write by this post to this Mr. Rooney, requesting him to send in his account to your father, and that in future any dis-

ners or wine you may have at his house, will not be paid for, as you are under age. I shall also let him know that the obscurity of his rank in life, and the benighted state of the country he lives in, shall prove no safeguard to him from our vigilance; and as the chancellor dines with us to-morrow, I think of asking him if he couldn't be punished some way. Transportation they tell me, has already nearly got rid of the gipsies. As for yourself, make your arrangements to return immediately; for, although your father knows nothing about it, I intend to ask Sir Henry Gordon to call on the Duke of York, and contrive an exchange for you. How I hate this secret adviser of yours—how I detest the Rooneys—how I abhor the Irish. You have only to come back with long hair, and the frightful accent, to break the heart of your affectionate, but afflicted mother.

"Your cousin Julia desires her regards—I must say, she has not shown a due respect to my feelings since the arrival of this sad intelligence, it is only this minute she has finished a caricature of you, making love to a wild Irish girl with wings: this is not only cruel towards me, but an unbecoming sarcasm towards a wretched people, to whom the visitations of Providence should not be made matters of reproach."

Thus concluded this famous epistle, at which, notwithstanding that every line offended me deeply, I could not refrain from bursting into laughter. My opinion of Lord Dudley had certainly not been of the highest; but yet I was totally unprepared for the apparent depth of villainy his character possessed; but I knew not, then, how strong an alloy of cunning exists in every fool; and how, almost invariably, a narrow intellect, and a malevolent disposition, are associated in the same individual.

There is no prejudice more popular, nor is there any which is better worth refuting, than that which attributes to fully certain good qualities of heart, as

a kind of compensation for the deficiency in those of the head. It is, to the contrary, yet will be found generally true, that men of mind has its influence to produce a mischievous disposition. Unable to carry on any lengthened train of reasoning, the man of narrow mind looks for some immediate result, and his anxiety to attain his object, forgetful of the value of both character and credit, he is prepared to sacrifice the whole game of life, provided he secure but the odd trick. But the very insufficiency of his reason lead him out of himself for his moments and his occupations. Wanting therefore, the game of life, he craves acquires a certain low and unbecoming cunning, which, being mistaken by self for ability, he omits no opportunity to display it; and hence begins the warfare of malice he wages against the world with all the spiteful impetuosity and malevolence of a monkey.

I could trace through all my mother's letter the dexterity with which Lord Dudley avoided committing himself respecting me, while his delicacy regarding O'Grady's name was equally conspicuous to a certain extent. It might have been excused if he had done good will to one or other of us; what could palliate his ingratitude to the Rooneys? what could gloss the base return he made them, for their hospitalities and attention? nothing was more clear than the manner in which he represented them to my mother, made them appear as low, intriguing adventurers.

This was all bad enough; but what should I say of the threatened letter to them. In what a position would it place me before those who had been uniformly kind and good-natured towards me; the very thought of it nearly drove me to distraction, and I confess it was in no doubtful mood I crushed up the epistle in my hand, and walked my room in an agony of rage and vexation.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—A MORNING IN TOWN.

THE morning after the receipt of the letter, the contents of which I have in part made known to the reader, O'Grady called on me to accompany him into the city.

"I am on a borrowing expedition, Jack," cried he; "and there's nothing like having a new face with O'Connell, Hopton, and the rest of them, are so well known, it is of no



having them. But you, my boy, you're fresh, your smooth chin does not look like a protested bill, and you have got a *degagé* careless manner, a kind of unsuspicious look about you, a man never has, after a bailiff has given him an epaulette of five dirty fingers."

"But Phil," said I, "if you really want money——"

"My very excellent young friend," interrupted he, in a kind of sermon voice, "don't finish it, I beseech you; that is the very last thing in the way of exchequer, a gentleman is ever driven to—borrowing from a friend. Heaven forbid! but even supposing the case that one's friend has money, why the presumption is, that he must have borrowed it himself; so that you are spunging upon his ingenuity, not his income: besides, why riddle one's own own ships, while there is an enemy before us to fight. Please to remember the money-lenders, the usurers, the stock-broking knaves at fifty per cent. that the world is glutted with; these are the true game for a sporting gentleman, who would rather harpoon a shark any day, than spear a salmon."

"But what's become of Paul? Is he not available?"

"Don't you know what has happened there? But I was forgetting you've kept the house this week past. In the first place, La Belle Louise has gone home; Paul has taken his departure for the circuit, and Mrs. Paul, after three days' sharp hysterics, has left town for her villa, near Bray—old Harvey, finding it doubtless more convenient to visit her there, with twenty guineas for his fee, than to receive one for his call at Stephen's-green."

"And what is supposed to be the cause of all this?" said I, scarce able to conceal my agitation.

"The report goes," replied he, "that some bank has broke in Calcutta, or the Caucasus, or somewhere, or that some gold-mine in Peru, in which Paul had a share, has all turned out to be only plated goods; for it was on the receipt of a letter, on the very morning of Paul's departure, that she took so dangerously ill: and as Paul, in his confusion, brought the attorney instead of the surgeon-general, the case became alarming, and they gave her so much ether and sal volatile, that it required the united strength of the family, to keep her from ascending like a balloon.

However, the worst of it all is, the house is shut, the windows closed, and where lately on the door-steps a pair of yellow plush breeches figured bright and splendid as the glorious sun, a dusky-looking planet in threadbare black, now informs you that the family are from home, and not expected back for the summer."

"Perhaps I can explain the mystery," said I, as a blush of shame burnt on my cheek: "read this." So saying, I handed O'Grady the letter, doubled down at the part where Lord Dudley's mention of the Rooneys began. Grieved as I felt thus to expose the absurd folly of my mother's conduct, yet I felt the necessity of having at least one friend to advise with, and that, to render his counsel of any value, a perfect candour on my part was equally imperative.

While his eye glanced over the lines I walked towards the window, expecting at each moment some open burst of indignation would escape him—some outbreak of passionate warmth, at the cold-blooded ingratitude and malevolence of one, whom previously we had regarded but as a fool. Not so: on the contrary, he read the letter to the end with an unchanged countenance, folded it up with great composure, and then, turning his back to the fire, he burst out into a fit of the most immoderate laughter.

"Look ye, Jack," cried he, in a voice almost suffocated with the emotion, "I am a poor man, have scarcely a guinea I can call my own, yet I'd have given the best hack in my stable to have seen the Rooneys reading that letter. There, there; don't talk to me, boy, about villainy, ingratitude, and so forth. The fun of it, man, covers all the rest. Only to think of Mr. Paul Rooney, the Amphytrion of viceroys, chancellors, bishops, major-generals, and lord mayors, asked for his bill—to score up all your champagne and your curacoa; your turtle, your devilled kidneys; all the heavy brigade of your grand dinners, and all the light infantry of luncheons, breakfasts, grilled bones, and sandwiches! The Lord forgive your mother for putting it in his head! My chalk would be a fearful one, not to speak of the ugly item of 'cash advanced.' "Oh! it'll kill me, I know that. Don't look so serious, man; you may live fifty years, and never have so good a joke to laugh at.

Tell me, Jack, do you think your mother has kept a copy of the letter? I would give my right eye for it. What a fearful temper Paul will be in on circuit! and as to Mrs. Rooney, it will go hard with her, but she cuts the whole aristocracy, for at least a week. There never was any thing like it. To hint at transporting the Princess O'Toole, whose ancestor was here in the time of Moses. Ah, Jack, how little respect your mother appears to have for an old family! She evidently has no classical associations to hallow her memory withal."

"I confess," said I, somewhat tartly, "had I anticipated the spirit with which you have taken up this matter, I doubt whether I should have shown you the letter."

"And if you had not," replied he, "I'd not have forgiven you till the day of my death. Next to a legacy, a good laugh is the best thing I know: indeed, sometimes it is better; for you can't be choused out of it by your lawyer."

"Laughing is a very excellent practice no doubt, but I looked for some advice——"

"Advice! to be sure, my boy; and so you shall have it. Only give me a good training canter of a hearty laugh, and you'll see what running I'll make, when it comes to sound discretion afterwards. The fun of a man's temperament is like the froth on your champagne; while it gives a zest to the liquor of life by its lightness and its sparkle, it neither detracts from the flavour nor the strength of the beverage. At the same time, when I begin to froth up, don't expect me to be sober down before twenty-four hours. So take your hat, come along into town, and thank your stars that you have been able to delight the heart of a man who's trying to get a bill discounted. Now hear me, Jack," said he, as we descended the stairs; "if you expect me to conduct myself with becoming gravity and decorum, you had better avoid any mention of the Rooneys for the rest of the day; and now, *à l'ouvrage*."

As we proceeded down Dame-street, my friend scientifically explained to me the various modes there were of obtaining money on loan.

"I don't speak," said he, "of those cases where a man has landed security,

or property of one kind or another, even expectations, because all that is easy—the mere rule of three is a special arithmetic. What I mean is, decimal fractions of a man's life; when, with as many wrinkles as there are as would make a carpet for his room, he can still go out with an empty pocket in the morning, and come back with it furnished at night. Now to begin. The maxims of the sporting world are singularly applicable to the practice before us. I'd tell you that, before you enter a preserve, your first duty is to see that your gun is properly loaded—all the better if it is a double-barrelled one. Now, here," as he spoke, he drew from his sabretasche five bills for one hundred pounds each; "you see I am amply prepared. The game may get scarce any moment, and not find me at the cock; and although I only get one, a single bird, that is, but one hundred yet, if by good luck I flush a covey, see I am ready for them all. The doctrine of chances shows us that to one is better than an even bet; by scattering these five bills in different directions, the odds are exactly in my favour that I raise a hare somewhere."

"And now," said I, "where does the game lie?"

"I'm coming to that, Jack. The rich preserves are all about the neighbourhood of Clare-street, Park-street, Merrion-street, and that direction. With them, alas! I have nothing to do. My broad acres have long since taken wings to themselves; and I have a mortgage upon Mount O'Grady; it at present exists, would be a good remedy for an empty pocket. The rich money-lenders despise poor devils like me—they love not contingencies, and, as Macbeth says, 'They have speculation in their eyes.' For the my dear Jack, you must have meadows and tenements, and out-houses, town-lands, and turbaries; corn, cattle, cottages; pigs, potatoes, and pease. They love to let their eye range over a rich and swelling scene of wood-land and prairie; for they are the landscape gardeners of wury—they are the Hobbinus and Herghem of the law."

"Others again, of smaller range, of humbler practice—there are, to whom upon occasion, you assign your ground."

father's plate and the pictures of your grand-aunts for certain monied conveniences you stand in need of. These are a kind of Brobdignag pawnbrokers, who have fine houses, the furniture of which is everlastingly changing, each creditor sending his representative, like a minister to a foreign court: with them, also, I have nothing to do. The family have had so little to eat for the last two generations that they troubled themselves but slightly, on the score of silver dishes; and as to pictures, I possess but one in the world—a portrait of my father in his wig and robes. This, independent of other reasons, I couldn't part with, as it is one of the only means I possess of controlling Corny, when his temper becomes more than usually untractable. Upon these occasions I hang up the 'jidge' over the chimney-piece, and the talisman has never failed yet.

"Now, Jack, my constituency live about Fleet-street, and those small, obscure, dingy-looking passages that branch from it on either side. Here live a class of men who, having begun life as our servants or valets, are in perfect possession of all our habits of life, our wants, and our necessities. Having amassed enough by retail robbery of us while in our service, to establish some petty tavern, or some low livery stable, they end by cheating us wholesale, for the loan of our own money, at their rate of interest. Well aware that, however deferred, we must pay eventually, they are satisfied, good, easy souls, to renew and renew bills, whose current per centage varies from five-and-twenty to forty. And even, notwithstanding all this, Jack, they are difficult devils to deal with; any appearance of being hard up, any show of being out-at-elbows, rendering a negotiation as difficult as the assurance of a condemned ship for a China voyage. No, my boy; though your house be besieged by duns, though in every passenger you see a bailiff, and never nap after dinner without dreaming of the Marshalsea, yet still, the very moment you cross the precincts of their dwelling, you must put your care where your cash ought to be—in your pocket. You must wear the easy smile of a happy conscience, and talk of your want of a few hundreds, as though it were a question of a pinch of snuff, or a glass of brandy and water,

Vol. XIX.—No. 113.

while you agree to the exorbitant demands they exact, with the careless indifference of one, to whom money is no object, rather than with the despair of a wretch, who looks for no benefit in life, save in the act for insolvent debtors. This, you'll say is a great bore, and so I once thought too; now, however, I have got somewhat used to it, and sometimes don't actually dislike the fun. Why, man, I have been at it for three months at a time. I remember when I never blew my nose without pulling out a writ along with my pocket handkerchief, and I never was in better spirits in all my life. But here we are. This is Billy Fagan's, a well-known drysalter: you'll have to wait for me in the front parlour for a moment while I negotiate with Billy."

Elbowing our way through a squalid, miserable-looking throng of people that filled the narrow hall of a house in Fleet-street, we forced on till we reached an inner door, in which a sliding panel permitted those within to communicate with others on the outside. Tapping at this with his cane, O'Grady called out something which I could not catch; the panel at once flew back, a red carbuncled face appeared at the opening, the owner of which, with a grin of very peculiar signification, exclaimed—

"Ah, is't yourself, captain —? Walk in, sir."

With these words the door was opened, and we were admitted into the inner hall. This was also crowded, but with a different class from what I had seen without. These were apparently men in business, shopkeepers, and traders who, reduced by some momentary pressure, to effect a loan were content to prop up their tottering credit by sapping the very core of their prosperity; unlike the others, on whom habitual poverty and daily misery had stamped its heavy impress, and whose faces too, inured to suffering, betrayed no shame at being seen. These, on the contrary, looked downward or aside; seemed impatient, fretful, and peevish, and indicated in a hundred ways, how unused they were to exigencies of this nature, muttering to themselves in angry mood at being detained, and feigning a resolution to depart at every moment. O'Grady, after a conference of a few moments with the rubicund Cerberus I have mentioned, beckoned to me to follow

him. We proceeded accordingly up a narrow creaking stair, into a kind of front drawing-room, in which about a dozen persons were seated, or listlessly lounging in every imaginable attitude—some on chairs, some on the window sills, some on the tables, and one even on the mantel-piece, with his legs gracefully dangling in front of the fire. Perfectly distinct from the other two classes I have mentioned, these were all young men whose dress, look, and bearing bespoke them of rank and condition. Chatting away gaily, laughing, joking, and telling good stories, they seemed but little to care for the circumstances which brought them there; and, while they quizzed each other about their various debts and difficulties, seemed to think want of money as about the very best joke a gentleman could laugh at. By all of these O'Grady was welcomed with a burst of applause, as they eagerly pressed forward to shake hands with him.

"I say, O'Grady," cried one, "we muster strong this morning. I hope Fagan's bank will stand the run on it. What's your figure?"

"Oh, a couple of hundreds," said Phil, carelessly: "I have got rather a heavy book on the steeple-chase."

"So I hear," said another; "and they say Ulick Burke won't ride for you; he knows no one can sit the horse but himself; and Maher, the story goes, has given him a hundred and fifty to leave you in the lurch!"

"How good!" said Phil, smiling; for although this intelligence came upon him thus suddenly, he never evinced the slightest surprise, nor the most trifling irritation.

"You'll pay forfeit, of course, Phil?" said the gentleman on the chimney.

"I fancy not."

"Then will you take two fifties to one, against your horse?"

"Will you give it?" was the cool reply.

"Yes."

"And I—and I also," said different voices round the room.

"Agreed, gentlemen, with all of you. So if you please we'll book this. Jack, have you got a pencil?"

As I drew forth my pocket-book, I could not help whispering to O'Grady that there seemed to be something like a coalition among his opponents. Before I could conclude, the red face ap-

peared at the door. O'Grady hastily muttered, "wait for me here," and left the room.

During his absence, I had abundant time to study those about me; indeed, a perfect sameness in their characters as in their pursuits, rendered it an easy process, for as with unguarded frankness they spoke of their several difficulties, their stories presented one uniform feature—reckless expenditure and wasteful extravagance, with limited means and encumbered fortunes; they had passed through every phase of borrowing, every mode of raising money, and were now reduced to the last rung of the ladder of expediency—to become the prey of the usurer, who meted out to them a few more months of extravagance at the cost of many a future year of sorrow and repining.

I was beginning to grow impatient, as the door gently opened and I saw my friend, as he emerged from the back drawing-room. Without losing a moment's time I joined him. We descended the stairs together, and walked out into the street.

"Are you fond of pickled herrings, Jack?" said O'Grady, as he took my arm.

"Pickled herrings! Why, what do you mean?"

"Probably," resumed he, in the same dry tone of voice, "you prefer ash bark, or assafoetida?"

"Why, I can't say."

"Ah, my boy! you're difficult to please, then. What do you say to whale oil and Welch wigs?"

"Confound me if I understand you."

"Nothing more easy after all, for of each of these commodities I'm now a possessor to the amount of some two hundred and twenty pounds. You look surprised, but such is the nature of our transactions here; and for my bill of five hundred, payable in six months, I have become a general merchant to the extent I've told you, not to mention paying eighty more for a certain gig and horse, popularly known in this city as the discount dennet. This," continued he with a sigh, "is about the tenth time I've been the owner of that vile conveyance; for you must know whenever Fagan advances a good round sum, he always insists upon something of this kind forming part of it, and thus, accord-

ing to the figure of your loan, you may drive from his door in any thing, from a wheel-barrow to a stage-coach. As for the discount dennet, it is as well known as the black-cart that conveys the prisoners to Newgate, and the reputation of him who travels in either, is pretty much on a par. From the crank of the rusty springs, to the limping amble of the malicious old black beast in the shafts, the whole thing has a look of beggary about it. Every jingle of the ragged harness seems to whisper in your ear, fifty per cent.; and drive which way you will, it is impossible to get free of the notion, that you're not trotting along the road to ruin. To have been seen in it once, is as though you had figured in the pillory, and the very fact of its being in your possession, is a blow of a battering-ram to your credit for ever!"

"But why venture into it?—if you must have it, let it be like the pickled herrings and the paving stones—so much of pure loss."

"The fact is, Jack, it is generally passed off on a young hand, the first time he raises money;—he knows little of the town, less of its secret practices, and not until he has furnished a hearty laugh to all his acquaintances does he discover the blunder he has committed;—besides, sometimes you're hard up for something to bring you about. I remember once keeping it an entire winter, and as I painted Latitat a good piebald, and had his legs whitewashed every morning, few recognised him, except such as had paid for their acquaintance. After this account, probably, you'll not like to drive with me; but as I am going to Loughrea for the race, I've determined to take the dennet down, and try if I can't find a purchaser among the country gentlemen; and now let's think of dinner. What do you say to a cutlet at the Club, and perhaps we shall strike out something there to finish our evening?"

#### CHAPTER XVII.—AN EVENING IN TOWN.

WE dined at the club-house, and sat chatting over our wine till near ten o'clock: the events of the morning were our principal topics; for although I longed myself to turn the conversation to the Rooneys, I was deterred from doing so by the fear of another outbreak of O'Grady's mirth. Meanwhile, the time rolled on, and rapidly too, for my companion with an earnestness of manner, and a force of expression I little knew he possessed, detailed to me many anecdotes of his own early career; from these I could glean, that while O'Grady suffered himself to be borne along the current of dissipation and excess, yet, in his heart he repudiated the life he led, and, when a moment of reflection came, felt sorrow for the past, and but little hope for the future.

"Yes, Jack," said he, on concluding a narrative of continual family misfortune, "there would seem a destiny in these things; and if we look about us in the world, we cannot fail to see, that families, like individuals, have their budding spring of youth and hope, their manhood of pride and power, and their old age of feebleness and decay. As for myself, I am about the last branch

of an old tree, and all my endeavour has been, to seem green and cheerful to the last.

"My debts have hung about my neck all through life; the extravagances of my early years have sat like a mill-stone upon me, and I who began the world with a heart brimful of hope, and a soul bounding with ambition, have lingered on my path like a truant school-boy, and here I am, at the age of three-and-thirty, without having realized a single promise of my boyhood, the poorest of all imaginable things—a gentleman, without fortune—a soldier, without service—a man of energy, without hope."

"But why, Phil," said I: "how comes it that you never went out to the Peninsula?"

"Alas, my boy! from year to year I have gone on expecting my gazette to a regiment on service—too poor to purchase, too proud to solicit, I have waited in anxious expectancy, from some of those, with whom high as was their station, I've lived on terms of intimacy and friendship—that notice they extended to others less known than I was; but somehow the temperament that would seem to constitute my hap-



pininess, has proved my bane, and those qualities which have made me a boon companion, have left me a beggar. Handed over from one viceroy to another, like a state trumpeter or a butt of sherry, I have been left to linger out my best years a kind of court jester; my only reward being, the hour of merriment over, that they who laughed with, should laugh at me."

There was a tone of almost ferocity in the way he spoke these words; while the trembling lip, the flashing eye, and the swollen veins of his temple, betrayed that the very bitterest of all human emotions—self scorn—was racking his heart within him.

For some time we were both silent; had I even known what to say at such a moment, there was that comfortless expression about his face, that look of rivetted despair, which would have rendered any effort, on my part, to console him, a vain and presumptuous folly.

"But come, Jack," said he, filling his glass and pushing over the decanter to me, "I have learned to put little faith in patrons; and although the information has been long in acquiring, still it has come at last, and I am determined to profit by it. I am now endeavouring to raise a little money to pay off the most pressing of my creditors, and have made an application to the Horse-Guards to be appointed to any regiment on service, wherever it may be. If both these succeed, and it is necessary both should, then, Jack, I'll try a new path, and even though it lead to nothing, yet, at least, it will be a more manly one to follow; and if I am to linger on to that period of life, when to look back is nearly all that's left us—why then, the retrospect will be less dashed with shame, than with such a career as this is. Meanwhile, my boy, the decanter is with you, so fill your glass, I'll join you presently."

As he spoke he sprang up and walked to the other end of the room, where a party of some half-dozen persons were engaged in putting on great coats, and buttoning up previous to departure. In an instant I could hear his voice high above the rest, that cheerful ringing tone that seemed the very tocsin of a happy heart, while at some observation he made, the whole party around him were convulsed with laughter. In

the midst of all this, he drew me and them aside, and, conversing eagerly with him for a few seconds, pointed me as he spoke.

"Thank you, my lord, thank you," said he, as he turned away. "I'm answerable for my friend. Now, Hinton," whispered he, as he leaned his hand upon my shoulder and leaned to me, "we're in luck to-night, at all events, for I have just got permission to bring you with me where I am to spend the evening—it's no small favour if you knew but all; so finish your wine, for my friends there are moving already."

All my endeavours to ascertain where we were going, or to what house, were in vain; the only thing I could learn was, that my admission was a prodigious favour—while to allay my scruples about dress, he informed me, that no change of costume was necessary.

"I perceive," said O'Grady, as he drew the curtain and looked out into the street, "the night is fine and still light; so what say you if we walk? I must tell you, however, our place of rendezvous is somewhat distant."

Agreeing to the proposition with pleasure, I took his arm, and we walked forth together. Our way led first through a most crowded and frequented part of the capital. We traversed Dame-street, passed by the Castle, and ascended a steep street beyond it; after this we took a turning to the left, and entered a part of the city, to me at least utterly unknown. For about half-an-hour we continued to wander on, now to the right, now to the left; the streets becoming gradually narrower, less frequented, and better lighted; the shops were all closed and few persons stirred in the remote thoroughfares.

"I fear I must have made a mistake," said O'Grady, "endeavouring to take a short cut; but here comes a watchman. I say, is this Kevin-street?"

"No, sir; the second turning to your right brings you into it."

"Kevin-street!" said I, repeating the name half aloud to myself.

"Yes, Jack, so it is called; but your ingenuity will prove too little, discovering whither you are going; come along—leave time to tell you what guessing never will."

By this time we arrived at the street

in question, when very soon after O'Grady called out—

“All right—here we are!”

With these words, he knocked three times in a peculiar manner at the door of a large and gloomy-looking house. An ill-trimmed lamp threw a faint and flickering light upon the old and ruined building, and I could trace here and there, through all the wreck of time, some remnants of a better day. The windows now, however, were broken in several places, those on the lower story being defended on the outside by a strong iron railing: not a gleam of light shone through any one of them; but a darkness unrelieved, save by the yellow gleam of the street lamp, enveloped the entire building. O'Grady's summons was twice repeated ere there seemed any chance of its being replied to, when, at last, the step of a heavy foot descending the stairs, announced the approach of some one. While I continued my survey of the house O'Grady never spoke, and, perceiving that he made a mystery of our visit, I resolved to ask no further questions, but patiently await the result; my impression, however, was, that the place was the resort either of thieves or of some illegal association, of which more than one, at that time, were known to have their meetings in the capital. While I was thus occupied in my conjectures, and wondering within myself how O'Grady had become acquainted with his friends, the door opened and a diminutive, mean-looking old man, shading the candle with his hand, stood at the entrance.

“Good evening, Mickey,” cried O'Grady, as he brushed by him into the hall. “Are they come?”

“Yes, captain,” said the little man, as snuffing the long wick with his fingers, he held the light up to O'Grady's face. “Yes, captain, about fifteen.”

“This gentleman's with me—come along, Jack—he is my friend, Mickey.”

“Oh, I can't do it by no means, Mister Phil,” said the dwarf, opposing himself as a barrier to my entrance—“you know what they said the last night;” here he strained himself on his toes, and, as O'Grady stooped down, whispered some words I couldn't catch, while he continued aloud, “and you know after that, captain, I daren't do it.”

“I tell you, you old fool, I've ar-

ranged it all; so get along there, and show us the light up these confounded stairs. I suppose they never mended the hole on the lobby?”

“Troth they didn't,” growled the dwarf; “and it would be chaper for them nor breaking their shins every night.”

I followed O'Grady up the stairs, which creaked and bent beneath us at every step; the hand-rail, broken in many places, swung to and fro with every motion of the stair, and the walls covered with green and damp mould, looked the very picture of misery and decay. Still grumbling at the breach of order incurred by my admission, the old man shuffled along wheezing, coughing, and cursing between times, till at length we reached the landing-place, where the hole of which I heard them speak, permitted a view of the hall beneath; stepping across this, we entered a large room lighted by a lamp upon the chimney-piece; around the walls were hung a variety of what appeared to be cloaks of a lightish drab colour, while over each hung a small skull-cap of yellow leather.

“Don't you hear the knocking below, Mickey? there's some one at the door,” said O'Grady.

The little man left the room, and as we were now alone, I expected some explanation from my friend as to the place we were in, and the people who frequented it. Not so, however: Phil merely detached one of the cloaks from its peg, and proceeded to invest himself in its folds; he placed the skull-cap on his head, after which, covering the whole with a hood, he fastened the garment around his waist with a girdle of rope, and stood before me the perfect picture of a monk of St. Benedict, as we see them represented in old pictures; the only irregularity of costume being, that instead of a rosary, the string from his girdle supported a cork-screw and a horn spoon of most portentous proportions.

“Come, my son,” said he reverently, “indue thy garment;” so saying, he proceeded to clothe me in a similar manner, after which he took a patient survey of me for a few seconds. “You'll do very well: wear the hood well forward; and mark me, Jack, I've but one direction to give you—never speak a word, not a syllable, so long as you remain in the house; if spoken to,

cross your arms thus upon your breast, and bow your head in this manner. Try that—perfectly—you have your lesson; now don't forget it."

O'Grady now, with his arms crossed upon his bosom, and his head bent slightly forward, walked slowly forth, with a solemn gravity, well befitting his costume. Imitating him as well as I was able, I followed him up the stairs. On reaching the second landing, he tapped twice with his knuckles at a low door, whose pointed arch and iron grating, were made to represent the postern of a convent.

"*Benedicite*," said Phil, in a low tone.

"*Et tu quoque, frater*," responded some one from within, and the door was opened. Saluting a venerable-looking figure, who, with a long grey beard, bowed devoutly as we passed, we entered an apartment, where, so sudden was the change from what I had hitherto seen, I could scarcely trust my eyes. A comfortable, well-carpetted room, with curtained windows, cushioned chairs, and, not least inviting of all, a blazing fire of wood upon the hearth, were objects I was little prepared for; but I had little time to note them, my attention being directed with more curiosity to the living occupants of this strange dwelling. Some fifteen or sixteen persons, costumed like ourselves, either walked up and down engaged in conversation, or sat in little groups around the fire. Card tables there were in different parts of the room, but one only was occupied. At this a party of reverend fathers were busily occupied at whist.

In the corner next the fire, seated in a large chair of carved oak, was a figure, whose air and bearing bespoke authority; the only difference in his costume from the others being a large embroidered cork-screw, which he wore on his left shoulder.

"Holy prior, your blessing," said Phil, bowing obsequiously before him.

"You have it, my son: much good may it do you," responded the superior, in a voice which, somehow or other, seemed not perfectly new to me. While O'Grady engaged in a whispered conversation with the prior, I turned my eyes towards a large-framed paper which hung above the chimney. It ran thus:—"Rules and regulations to be observed in the monastery of the

venerable and pious brothers, the Monks of the Screw." Conceiving it scarcely delicate in a stranger to read over the regulations of a society of which he was not a member, I was turning away, when O'Grady, seizing me by the arm, whispered, "Remember your lesson;" then added aloud, "holy father, this is the lay brother of whom I spoke." The prior bowed formally, and extended his hands towards me with a gesture of benediction.

"*Accipe benedictionem*——"

"Supper, by the Lord Harry!" cried a jolly voice behind me, and at the same moment a general movement was made by the whole party.

The prior now didn't wait to conclude his oration, but tucking up his garments, put himself at the head of the procession which had formed, two and two, in order of march. At the same moment, two fiddles from the supper-room, after a slight prelude, struck up the anthem of the order, which was the popular melody of, "The night before Larry was stretched!"

Marching in measured tread, we entered the supper-room, when, once having made the circuit of the table, at a flourish of the fiddles we assumed our places, the superior seating himself at the head in a chair of state, slightly elevated above the rest. A short Latin grace, which I was unfortunate enough not to catch, being said, the work of eating began; and, certainly, whatever might have been the feats of the friars of old, when the bell summoned them to the refectory, their humble followers, the Monks of the Screw, did them no discredit. A profusion of dishes covered the table; and although the entire service was of wood, and the whole "equipage" of the most plain and simple description, yet the cookery was admirable, and the wines perfection itself. While the supper proceeded, scarcely a word was spoken. By the skilful exercise of signs, with which they all seemed familiar, roast ducks, lobsters, veal-pies, and jellies flew from hand to hand: the decanters also paraded up and down the table with an alacrity and despatch I had seldom seen equalled. Still, the pious brethren maintained a taciturn demeanour that would have done credit to La Trappe itself. As for me, my astonishment and curiosity increased every moment. What could

they be? What could they mean? There was something too farcical about it all to suppose that any political society, or any dangerous association, could be concealed under such a garb; and if mere conviviality and good fellowship were meant, their unbroken silence and grave demeanour struck me as a most singular mode of promoting either.

Supper at length concluded, the dishes were removed by two humble brethren of the order, dressed in a species of gray serge; after which, marching to a solemn tune, another monk appeared, bearing a huge earthenware bowl, brimful of steaming punch—at least, so the odour and the floating lemons bespoke it. Each brother was now provided with a small quaint-looking pipkin, after which the domestics withdrew, leaving us in silence as before. For about a second or two this continued, when suddenly the fiddles gave a loud twang, and each monk, springing to his legs, threw back his cowl, and, bowing to the superior, reseated himself. So sudden was the action, so unexpected the effect, for a moment or two I believed it a dream. What was my surprise, what my amazement, that this den of thieves, this horde of burglars, this secret council of rebels, was nothing more nor less than an assemblage of nearly all the first men of the day in Ireland! and as my eye ran rapidly over the party, here I could see the Chief Baron, with a venerable dignitary of St. Patrick's on his right; there was the Attorney-General; there the Provost of Trinity College: lower down, with his skull-cap set jauntily on one side, was Wellesley Pole, the secretary of state; Yelverton, Day, Plunket, Parsons, Toler; in a word, all those whose names were a guaran-

tee for every thing that was brilliant, witty, and amusing, were there; while, conspicuous among the rest, the prior himself was no other than John Philpot Curran! Scarcely was my rapid survey of the party completed, when the superior, filling his pipkin from the ample bowl before him, rose to give the health of the order. Alas me! that time should have so sapped my memory: I can but give my impression of what I heard.

The speech, which lasted about ten minutes, was a kind of burlesque on speeches from the throne, describing in formal phrase, the prosperous state of their institution, its amicable foreign relations, the flourishing condition of its finances—brother Yelverton having paid in the two-and-sixpence he owed for above two years—concluding all with the hope that by a rigid economy, part of which consisted in limiting John Toler to ten pipkins, they would soon be enabled to carry into effect the proposed works on the frontier, and expend the sum of four shillings and ninepence in the repair of the lobby: winding up all with a glowing eulogium on monastic institutions in general, he concluded with recommending to their special devotion and unanimous cheers, “the Monks of the Screw.” Never, certainly, did men compensate for their previous silence better than the worthy brethren in question. Cheering with an energy I never heard the like of, each man finished his pipkin with just voice enough left to call for the song of the order.

Motioning with his hand to the fiddlers to begin, the prior cleared his throat, and, to the same simple but touching melody they had marched in to supper, sang the following chant:—

“GOOD LUCK TO THE FRIARS OF OLD.

“Of all trades that flourished of old,  
Before men knew reading and writing,  
The friars' was best I am told,  
If one wasn't much given to fighting;  
For, rent free, you lived at your ease—  
You had neither to work nor to labour—  
You might eat of whatever you please,  
For the prog was supplied by your neighbour.  
Oh, good luck to the friars of old!

“ Your dress was convenient and cheap—  
 A loose robe like this I am wearing :  
 It was pleasant to eat in or sleep,  
 And never much given to tearing.  
 Not tightened nor squeezed in the least—  
 How of modern days you might shame us !  
 With a small bit of cord round your waist—  
 With what vigour you'd chant the *oremus* !  
 Oh, good luck to the friars of old !

“ What miracles then, too, you made !  
 The fame to this hour is lasting ;  
 But the strangest of all, it is said,  
 You grew mighty fat upon fasting !  
 And though strictly forbid to touch wine,  
 How the fact all your glory enhances !  
 You well knew the taste of the vine—  
 Some miraculous gift of Saint Francis !  
 Oh, good luck to the friars of old !

“ To trace an example so meek,  
 And repress all our carnal desires,  
 We mount two pair stairs every week,  
 And put on the garment of friars ;  
 And our order itself it is old—  
 The oldest between me and you, sir ;  
 For King David, they say, was enrolled,  
 And a capital Monk of the Screw, sir.  
 So, good luck to the friars of old !”

The song over, and another cheer given to the brethren of the Screw, the pipkins were replenished, and the conversation, so long pent up, burst forth in all its plenitude. Nothing but fun, nothing but wit, nothing but merriment, was heard on either side. Here were not only all the bright spirits of the day, but they were met by appointment: they came prepared for the combat, armed for the fight; and, certainly, never was such a joust of wit and brilliancy. Good stories rained around; jests, repartees, and epigrams flew like lightning; and one had but time to catch some sparkling gem as it glittered, ere another and another succeeded.

But even already I grow impatient with myself while I speak of these things. How poor, how vapid, and how meagre, is the effort to recall the wit that set the table in a roar! Not only is memory wanting, but how can one convey the incessant roll of fun, the hail-storm of pleasantry, that rattled about our ears; each good thing that was uttered ever suggesting something still better; the brightest fancy and the most glowing imagination stimulated to their utmost exercise—while powers of voice, of look, and of

mimicry unequalled, lent all their aid to the scene.

While I sat entranced and delighted with all I saw and all I heard, I had not remarked that O'Grady had been addressing the chair for some time previous.

“ Reverend brother,” replied the prior, “ the prayer of thy petition is inadmissible. The fourth rule of our faith says *de confessione*. No subject, mirthful, witty, or jocose, known to or by any member of the order, shall be withheld from the brotherhood, under a penalty of the heaviest kind. And it goes on to say, that whether the jest involve your father or your mother, your wife, your sister, or the aunt from whom you expect a legacy, no exception can be made. What you then look for is clearly impossible: make a clean breast of it, and begin.”

This being a question of order, a silence was soon established, when, what was my horror to find that Phil O'Grady began the whole narrative of my mother's letter on the subject of the Rooneys—not limiting himself, however, to the meagre document in question, but colouring the story with all the force of his imagination, he



displayed to the brethren the ludicrous extremes of character personated by the London fine lady, and the Dublin attorney's wife! Shocked as I was at first, he had not proceeded far when I was forced to join the laughter: the whole table pounced upon the story—the Rooneys were well known to them all; and the idea of poor Paul, who dispensed his hospitalities with a princely hand, having his mansion degraded to the character of a chop-house, almost convulsed them with laughter.

"I am going over to London next week," said Parsons, "with old Lambert; and if I thought I should meet this Lady Charlotte Hinton, I'd certainly contrive to have him presented to her as Mr. Paul Rooney."

This observation created a diversion in favour of my lady mother, to which I had the satisfaction of listening, without the power to check.

"She has," said Dawson, "most admirable and original views about Ireland; and, were it only for the fact of calling on the Rooneys for their bill, deserves our gratitude. I humbly move, therefore, that we drink to the health of our worthy sister, Lady Charlotte Hinton."

The next moment found me hip, hippping, in derision, to my mother's health, the only consolation being, that I was escaping unnoticed and unknown.

"Well, Barrington, the duke was delighted with the corps; nothing could be more soldier-like than their appearance as they marched past."

"Ah, the attorneys', isn't it? the Devil's Own, as Curran calls them."

"Yes, and remarkably well they looked. I say, Parsons, you heard what poor Rooney said, when Sir Charles Asgill read aloud the general order, complimenting them—'May I beg, Sir Charles,' said he, 'to ask if the document in your hand be an attested copy?'"

"Capital, faith! By-the-by, what's the reason, can any one tell me, Paul

has never invited me to dine for the last two years?"

"Indeed!" said Curran; "then your chance is a bad one, for the statute of limitations is clearly against you."

"Ah, Kellar, the Rooneys have cut all their low acquaintances, and your prospects look very gloomy. You know what took place between Paul and Lord Manners?"

"No, Barrington; let's hear it, by all means."

"Paul had met him at Kinnegad, where both had stopped to change horses—'A glass of sherry, my lord?' quoth Paul, with a most insinuating look.

"'No, sir, thank you,' was the distant reply.

"'A bowl of gravy, then, my lord?' rejoined he.

"'Pray, excuse me,' more coldly than before.

"'Maybe a chop and a crisped potato would tempt your lordship?'"

"'Neither, sir, I assure you.'

"'Nor a glass of egg-flip?' repeated Paul, in an accent bordering on despair.

"'Nor even the egg-flip,' rejoined his lordship, in the most pompous manner.

"'Then, my lord,' said Paul, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking him firmly in the face, 'I've only to say the "onus" is now on you.' With which he stalked out of the room, leaving the chancellor to his own reflections."

"Brethren, the saint!" cried out the prior, as he rose from the chair.

"The saint! the saint!" re-echoed from lip to lip; and at the same moment the door opened, and a monk appeared, bearing a silver image of St. Patrick, about a foot and a half high, which he deposited in the middle of the table with the utmost reverence. All the monks rose, filling their pipkins, while the junior of the order, a fat little monk with spectacles, began the following ditty, in which all the rest joined, with every energy of voice and manner:—

I.

"When St. Patrick our order created,  
And called us the Monks of the Screw,  
Good rules he revealed to our abbot  
To guide us in what we should do.

## II.

" But first he replenished his fountain  
With liquor the best in the sky,  
And he swore by the word of his saintship  
That fountain should never run dry.

## III.

" My children, be chaste, till you're tempted ;  
While sober, be wise and discreet ;  
And humble your bodies with fasting  
Whene'er you've nothing to eat.

## IV.

" Then be not a glass in the convent,  
Except on a festival, found ;  
And this rule to enforce, I ordain it  
A festival all the year round."

A hip, hip, hurrah ! that made the very saint totter on his legs, shook the room ; and once more the reverend fathers re-seated themselves to resume their labours.

Again the conversation flowed on in its broader channel, and scarcely was the laughter caused by one anecdote at an end when another succeeded ; the strangest feature of all this being, that he who related the story, was, in almost every instance, less the source of amusement to the party, than they who, listening to the recital, threw a hundred varied lights upon it, making even the tamest imaginable adventure the origin of innumerable ludicrous situations and absurd fancies. Besides all this, there were characteristic differences in the powers of the party, which deprived the display of any trace or appearance of sameness : the epigrammatic terseness and nicety of Curran—the jovial good humour, and mellow raciness of Lawrence Parsons—the happy facility of converting all before him into a pun or a repartee, so eminently possessed by Toler—and, perhaps, more striking than all, the caustic irony and piercing sarcasm of Plunket's wit, relieved and displayed each other ; each man's talent having only so much of rivalry as to excite opposition, and give interest to the combat, yet never by any accident originating a particle of animosity, or even eliciting a shade of passing irritation.

With what pleasure could I continue to recount the stories, the songs, the sayings, I listened to. With what satisfaction do I yet look back upon that brilliant scene, nearly all the actors in which, have since risen to high

rank and eminence in the country. How often too, in their bright career, when I have heard the warm praise of the world bestowed upon their triumphs and their successes, has my memory carried me back to that glorious night, when, with hearts untrammelled by care, high in hope, and higher in ambition, these bright spirits sported in all the wanton exuberance of their genius, scattering with profusion the rich ore of their talent, careless of the depths to which the mine should be shafted hereafter. Yes, it is true, there were giants in those days ! However much one may be disposed to look upon the eulogist of the past, as one whose fancy is more ardent, than his memory is tenacious, yet with respect to this, there is no denial of the fact, that great convivial gifts, great conversational power, no longer exist as they did some thirty or forty years ago. I speak more particularly of the country where I passed my youth—of Ireland : and who that remembers those names I have mentioned—who that can recall the fascination and charm, which almost every dinner-party of the day could boast—who that can bring to mind the brilliancy of Curran, the impetuous power of Plunket, or the elegance of manner and classical perfection of wit, that made Burke the Cicero of his nation—who, I say, with all these things before his memory, can venture to compare the society of that period with the present ? No, no ; the grey hairs that mingle with our brown, may convict us of being a prejudiced witness, but we would call into court every one whose testimony is available, and confidently await the verdict.

"And so they ran away!" said the prior, turning towards a tall, gaunt-looking monk, who, with a hollow voice and solemn manner, was recording the singular disappearance of the militia regiment he commanded, on the morning they were to embark for England. "The story we heard," resumed the prior, "was, that when drawn up in the Fifteen Acres, one of the light company caught sight of a hare, and flung his musket at it. The grenadiers followed the example, and that then the whole battalion broke loose, with a loud yell, and set off in pursuit——"

"No, sir," said the gaunt man, waving his hand to suppress the laughter around him. "They were assembled on the light-house wall, as it might be here, and we told them off by tallies as they marched on board, not perceiving, however, that as fast as they entered the packet on one side, they left it on the opposite, there being two jolly-boats in waiting to receive them; and as it was dusk at the time, the scheme was undetected until the corporal of a flank company shouted out for them to wait for him, that being his boat. At this time we had fifty men of our four hundred and eighty."

"Ay, ay, holy father," cried the prior, as he helped himself to a devilled bone, "your fellows were like the grilled bone before me; when they were mustered, they would not wait to be peppered."

This sally produced a roar of laughter, not the less hearty that the grim-visaged hero it was addressed to, never relaxed a muscle of his face. It was now late, and what between the noise, the wine, and the laughter, my faculties were none of the clearest. Without having drunk much, I felt all the intoxication of liquor, and a whirlwind of confusion in my ideas, that almost resembled madness. To this state one part of their proceedings in a great measure contributed; for every now and then, on some signal from the prior, the whole party would take hands and dance round the table to the measure of an Irish jig, wilder, and even more eccentric, than their own orgies. Indeed, I think this religious exercise finished me; for, after the third time of its performance, the whole scene became a confused and disturbed mass, and, amid the crash of voices, the ringing of laughter, the tramping of feet, I sank into something which, if not sleep, was at least unconsciousness; and thus is a wet sponge drawn over the immediately succeeding portion of my history.

Some faint recollection I have of terrifying old Corny by my costume; but what the circumstances, or how they happened, I cannot remember. I can only call to mind one act in vindication of my wisdom—I went to bed.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—A CONFIDENCE.

I SLEPT late on the morning after my introduction to the Monks of the Screw, and probably should have continued to indulge still longer, had not O'Grady awoke me.

"Come, Jack," he cried, "this is the third time I have been here to-day. I can't have mercy on you any longer; so rub your eyes, and try if you can't wake sufficiently to listen to me. I have just received my appointment as captain in the 41st, with an order to repair immediately to Chatham to join the regiment, which is under orders for foreign service."

"And when do you go, Phil?"

"To-night at eight o'clock. A private note from a friend at the Horse Guards tells me not to lose a moment;

and as I shall have to wait on the duke to thank him for his great kindness to me, I have no time to spare."

This news so stunned me that for a moment or two I couldn't reply. O'Grady perceived it; and, patting me gaily on the shoulder, said—

"Yes, Jack, I am sorry we are to separate: but, as for me, no other course was open; and as to you, with all your independence from fortune, and with all your family influence to push your promotion, the time is not very distant when you will begin to feel the life you are leading vapid and tiresome. You will long for an excitement more vigorous and more healthy in its character; and then, my boy, my dearest hope is, that

we may be thrown once more together."

Had my friend been able at the moment to have looked into the secret recesses of my heart, and read there my inmost thoughts, he could not more perfectly have depicted my feelings, nor pictured the impressions, that at the very moment he spoke, were agitating my mind. The time he alluded to had indeed arrived. The hour had come, when I wished to be a soldier in more than the mere garb: but with that wish came linked another even stronger still; and this was, that before I went on service, I should once more see Louisa Bellew, explain to her the nature and extent of my attachment to her, and obtain, if possible, some pledge on her part that, with the distinction I hoped to acquire, I should look to the possession of her love, as my reward and my recompense. Young as I was, I felt ashamed at avowing to O'Grady the rapid progress of my passion. I had not courage to confess upon what slight encouragement I built my hopes, and, at the same time, was abashed at being compelled to listen tamely to his prophecy, when the very thoughts that flashed across me, would have indicated my resolve.

While I thus maintained an awkward silence, he once more resumed.

"Meanwhile, Jack, you can serve me, and I shall make no apologies for enlisting you. You've heard me speak of this great Loughrea steeple-chase: now, somehow or other, with my usual prudence, I have gone on adding wager to wager, until, at last, I find myself with a book of some eight hundred pounds—to lose which, at a moment like this, I need not say, would almost ruin all my plans. To be free of the transaction, I this morning offered to pay half forfeit, and they refused me. Yes, Hinton, they knew, every man of them, the position I stood in. They saw that not only my prospects, but my honour, were engaged; that before a week I should be far away, without any power to control, without any means to observe them; they knew well that, thus circumstanced, I must lose; and if I lost, I must sell my commission, and leave the army beggared in character and in fortune."

"And now, my dear friend," said

I, interrupting, "how happens it that you bet with men of this stamp? I understood from you it was a friendly match got up at a dinner-party."

"Even so, Jack. The dinner was in my own rooms, the claret mine, the men my *friends*. You may smile, but so the world is pleased to call those with whom from day to day we associate, with no other bond of union than the similarity of a pursuit which has nothing more reprehensible in it than the character of the intimacies it engenders. Yes, Hinton, these are my sporting friends, sipping my wine while they plot my wretchedness. Conviviality with them is not the happy abandonment to good fellowship and enjoyment, but the season of cold and studied calculation—the hour when, unexcited themselves, they trade upon the unguarded, and unwary feelings of others. They know how imperative is the code of honour as regards a bet, and they make a virtue to themselves in the unflinching firmness of their exaction, as a cruel judge would seek applause for the stern justice with which he condemns a felon. It is usual, however, to accept half forfeit in circumstances like these of mine; the condition did not happen to be inserted, and they rejected my offer."

"Is this possible," said I, "and that these men call themselves your friends?"

"Yes, Jack; a betting-book is like Shylock's bond, and the holder of one, pretty much about as merciful as the worthy Israelite. But come, come; it is but boyish weakness in one like me to complain of these things: nor, indeed, would I speak of them now, but with the hope that my words may prove a warning to you, while they serve to explain the service I look for from you, and give you some insight into the character of those with whom you'll have to deal."

"Only tell me," said I, "only explain, my dear O'Grady, what I can do, and how: it is needless for me to say I'm ready."

"I thought as much. now listen to me. When I made this unlucky match, it was, as I have said, over a dinner party, when, excited by wine, and carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, I made a proposition which, with a calmer head, I should never have ventured. For a second

or two it was not accepted, and Mr. Burke, of whom you've heard me speak, called out from the end of the table, 'A sporting offer, by Jove! and I'll ride for you myself.' This I knew was to give me one of the first horsemen in Ireland; so, while filling my glass, I nodded to him, and accepted his offer, I cried out, 'Two to one against any horse named at this moment.' The words were not spoken when I was taken up, at both sides of the table; and, as I leaned across to borrow a pencil from a friend, I saw that a smile was curling every lip, and that Burke himself endeavoured with his wine glass to conceal the expression of his face. I needed no stronger proof that the whole match had been a preconcerted scheme between the parties, and that I had fallen into a snare laid purposely to entrap me. It was too late, however, to retract—I booked my bets, drank my wine, conged my friends, went to bed, and woke the next morning to feel myself a dupe. But come, Jack; at this rate I shall never have done. The match was booked, the ground chosen, Mr. Burke to be my jockey, and, in fact, every thing arranged, when, what was my surprise, my indignation, to find that the horse I destined for the race (at that time in the possession of a friend) was bought up for five hundred, and sent off to England. This disclosed to me how completely I was entrapped. Nothing remained for me then but to purchase one which offered at the moment, and this one, I've told you already, has the pleasant reputation of being the most wicked devil and the hardest to ride in the whole west: in fact, except Burke himself, nobody would mount him on a road, and as to crossing a country with him, even *he*, they say, has no fancy for it. In any case, he made it the ground of a demand which I could not refuse—that in the event of my winning, he was to claim a third of the stakes. At length the horse is put in training, improves every hour, and matters seem to be taking a favourable turn. In the midst of this, however, the report reaches me, as you heard yourself yesterday morning, that Burke will not ride: however I affected to discredit it at the moment, I had great difficulty to preserve the appearance of calm. This morn-

ing settles the question by this letter:—

" 'DEAR SIR—A friendly hint has just reached me that I am to be arrested on the morning of the Loughrea race for a trifle of a hundred and eighteen pounds and some odd shillings. If it suits your convenience to pay the money, or enter into bail for the amount, I'll be very happy to ride your horse; for, although I don't care for a double ditch, I've no fancy to take the wall of the county gaol, even on the back of as good a horse as Moddidediroo.—Yours truly,

" 'ULICK BURKE.

" 'Wednesday morning, Red House.'

" Well," said I, as, after some difficulty, I spelled through this ill-written and dirty epistle, "and what do you mean to do here?"

" If you ask me," said Phil, "what I'd like to do, I tell you fairly it would be to horsewhip my friend Mr. Burke as a preliminary, pay the stakes, withdraw my horse, and cut the whole concern; but my present position is, unhappily, opposed to each of these steps. In the first place, a rencontre with Burke would do me infinite disservice at the Horse Guards, and as to the payment of eight hundred pounds, I don't think I could raise the money, without some one would advance five hundred of it for a mortgage on Corny Delany. But to be serious, Jack, and, as time passes, I must be serious, I believe the best way on this occasion is to give Burke the money (for as to the bill, that's an invention); but, as I must start to-night for England, and the affair will require some management, I must put the whole matter into your hands, with full instructions how to act."

" I am quite ready and willing," said I, "only give me the '*carte du payes*.'"

" Well, then, my boy, you'll go down to Loughrea for me, the day before the race, establish yourself as quietly as you can in the hotel, and, as the riders must be named on the day before the running, contrive to see Mr. Burke, and inform him that his demand will be complied with. Have no delicacy with him, it is a mere money question; and although, by the courtesy of the turf, he is a gentleman, yet there is no occasion to treat him with more of cere-



mony than is due to yourself in your negotiation. This letter contains the sum he mentions. In addition to that, I have enclosed a blank check for whatever you like to give him; only remember one thing, Hinton—he must ride, and I must win."

All the calmness with which O'Grady had hitherto spoken, deserted him at this moment; his face became scarlet, his brow was bent, and his lip quivered with passion, while, as he walked the room with hurried steps, he muttered between his teeth—

"Yes, though it cost my last shilling, I'll win the race. They thought to ruin me; the scheme was deeply laid and well planned too, but they shall fail. No, Hinton," resumed he in a louder tone; "no, Hinton; believe me, poor man that I am, this is not with me a question of so many pounds: it is the wounded '*amour propre*' of a man who, all through his life, held out the right hand of fellowship to those very men who now conspire to be his ruin. And such, my dear boy, such, for the most part, are the dealings of the turf. I do not mean to say that men of high honour and unblemished integrity are not foremost in the encouragement of a sport which, from its bold and manly character, is essentially an English one; but this I would assert, that probity, truth, and honour, are the gifts of but a very small number of those who make a traffic of the turf, and are, what the world calls, 'racing men:' and oh! how very hard the struggle, how nice the difficulty of him who makes these men his daily companions, to avoid the many artifices which the etiquette of the race-course permits, but which the feelings of a gentleman would reject as unfair and unworthy! How contaminating that laxity of principle that admits of every stratagem, every trick, as legitimate, with the sole proviso that it be successful! and what a position is it that admits of no alternative save, being the dupe or the black-leg! How hard for the young fellow entering upon life with all the ardour, all the unsuspecting freshness of youth about him, to stop short at one, without passing on to the other stage! How difficult, with offended pride and wounded self-love, to find himself the mere tool of sharpers! How very difficult to check the indignant spirit,

that whispers retaliation by the very arts by which he has been cheated! Is not such a trial as this too much for any boy of twenty? and is it not to be feared, that, in the estimation he sees those held in whose black-guardism is their pre-eminence, a perverted ambition to be what is called a sharp fellow, may sap and undermine every honourable feeling of the heart, break down the barriers of rigid truth and scrupulous fidelity, teaching him to exult at what formerly he had blushed, and to recognise no folly so contemptible, as that of him who believes the word of another? Such a career as this, has many a one pursued, abandoning bit by bit every grace, every virtue, and every charm of his character, that at the end, he should come forth a 'sporting gentleman.'" He paused for a few seconds, and then turning towards me, added, in a voice tremulous from emotion, "and yet, my boy, to men like this I would now expose you! No, no, Jack; I'll not do it. I care not what turn the thing may take; I'll not embitter my life with this reflection." He seized the letter, and crushing it in his hand, walked towards the window.

"Come, come, O'Grady," said I, "this is not fair; you first draw a strong picture of these men, and then you deem me weak enough to fall into their snares; that would hardly say much for my judgment and good sense; besides you have stimulated my curiosity, and I shall be sadly disappointed if I'm not to see them."

"Be it so, Jack!" said he with a sigh; "I shall give you a couple of letters to some friends of mine down there, and I know but one recompense you'll have for all the trouble and annoyance of this business—your pretty friend, Miss Bellew, is on a visit in the neighbourhood, and is certain to be at the race."

Had O'Grady looked at me while he spoke, he would have seen how deeply this intelligence affected me, while I, myself, could with difficulty restrain the increased interest I now felt in all about the matter, questioning him on every particular, inquiring into a hundred minute points, and, in fact, displaying an ardour on the subject, that nothing short of my friend's pre-occupation could have failed in detecting the source of. My mind now fixed on

one subject, I could scarcely follow him in his directions as to travelling down, secrecy, &c.

I heard something about the canal boat, and some confused impression was on my mind about a cross-road and a jaunting-car ; but the prospect of meeting Louisa, the hope of again being in her society, rendered me indifferent to all else ; and as I thrust the letters he gave me into my coat pocket, and promised an implicit observance of all his directions, I should have been sorely puzzled had he asked me to repeat them.

"Now," continued O'Grady, at the end of about half-an-hour's rapid speaking, "I believe I've put you in possession of all the bearings of this case. You understand, I hope, the kind of men you have to deal with, and I trust Mr. Ulick Burke is thoroughly known to you by this time?"

"Oh, perfectly," said I, half mechanically.

"Well, then, my boy, I believe I had better say, good-bye ; something tells me we shall meet ere long ; meanwhile, Jack, you have my best wishes." He paused for a moment and turned away his head, evidently affected, then added, "you'll write to me soon, of course, and as that old fool, Corny, follows me in a week——"

"And is Corny going abroad?"

"Ay! confound him, like the old man in Sinbad, there's no getting him off one's shoulders ; besides, he has a kind of superstition that he ought to close the eyes of the last of the family ; and as he has frankly confessed to me this morning, he knows I am in that predicament, he esteems it a point of duty to accompany me. Poor fellow, with all his faults, I can't help feeling attached to him, and were I to leave him behind me, what would become of him? No, Jack, I am fully sensible of all the inconvenience, all the ridi-

cule of this step, but, faith, I prefer both to the embittering reflection I should have, did I desert him."

"Why does he remain after you, Phil?—he'll never find his way to London."

"Oh, trust him! What! with scolding, cursing, and abusing every one he meets, he'll attract notice enough on the road never to be forgotten or left behind ; but the fact is, it is his own proposition, and Corny has asked for a few days' leave of absence, for the first time for seven-and-twenty years!"

"And what the deuce can that be for?"

"You'd never guess if you tried until to-morrow—to see his mother."

"Corny's mother!—Corny Delany's mother!"

"Just so—his mother. Ah, Hinton! you still have much to learn about us all here, and now, before we part, let me instruct you on this point ; not that I pretend to have a reason for it, nor do I know that there is any, but somehow I'll venture to say, that whenever you meet with a little cross-grained, ill-conditioned, ill-thriven old fellow, with a face as if carved in the knot of a crab-tree, the odds are about fifteen to one that the little wretch has a mother alive ; whether it is that the tenacity of life among such people is greater, or whether nature has any peculiar objects of her own in view in the matter, I can't say, but trust me for the fact ; and now, I believe, I have run myself close to time, so once more, Jack, good-bye, and God bless you."

He hurried from the room as he spoke, but as the door was closing I saw that his lip trembled and his cheek was pale ; while I leaned against the window-shutter and looked after him with a heavy and oppressed heart ; for he was my first friend in the world !

---

## THE LAND OF BURNS.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

Land of the Bard! In memory once again  
 Thy trackless heaths I tread;  
 And from the mountain's topmost round,  
 Behold fair Coila's classic ground  
 Below me spread.  
*His* lowly birth-place rears its head,  
 Swells high the fane\* that speaks *him* dead,  
 Who died too soon:  
 Carrick's brown heaths, Kyle's bowery glades,  
 Ayr's pebbled shore, Montgomery's shades,  
 And bonnie Doon.

Land of the Bard! When wandering late I trod  
 Thy song-remembered shore,  
 Winter's stern blast swept thy lone hills,  
 Adown thy vales the whelming rills  
 Dashed with wild roar:  
 Remembering *him*, the leafless woods  
 Their summer livery wear,  
 And musical the rushing floods  
 Swell on mine ear.

Land of the Bard! To nature not alone,  
 All beauty dost thou owe:  
 Thy poet lives, the scenes among,  
 Breathing the music of his song,  
 O'er earth below.  
 With shapes poetic fills thy groves,  
 Peoples thy glades with human loves,  
 And hopes and fears.  
 To music sweeter than their own,  
 Teaches thy streams to murmur on  
 To endless years.

Land of the Bard! From thee the poet drew  
 High thoughts and fancies wild:  
 Thy changeful face his raptured soul informs;  
 Dearest are ever Nature's shows and forms  
 To Nature's child:  
 Enriching, beautifying as it flows,  
 Like thine own river;  
 On thee thy grateful son his song bestows  
 Deathless for ever.

Land of the Bard! What though another land  
 My first affections claim?  
 Not thine own partial sons can pray  
 A prouder homage than I pay  
 Thy poet's name.  
 Scenes that he sung I love: from foreign strand  
 My footstep turns  
 Proudly to tread, as 'twere my fatherland,  
 THE LAND OF BURNS.

---

\* Burns's monument on the banks of Doon.

## LAING'S NOTES OF A TRAVELLER.\*

"TRAVELLERS complain that travel-writing is overdone, that the Continent is exhausted of all its interests. Is it not possible that they themselves are blind to the great interests and influences which would attract the public mind?" &c.

These few words may serve to convey an impression to our readers of what is Mr. Laing's object in the work whose unpretending title bears but little relation to the vast fund of information to be found within its pages. It is quite true, as he observes somewhat further, that "diaries, journals, narratives, feelings and wisdom of the first quality, from every quarter of the globe, have so satiated the omnivorous reader, that results only—the concentrated essences of the traveller's observations—are in demand, not the detail of petty incidents by which they have been obtained." Had this just remark been only present to the mind of that large class who annually visit the shores of Belgium, steam up the Rhine, and post through Switzerland, what tiresome tomes of foreign travel might we not have been spared? what "Winters Abroad" and "Summers in Germany?" what twaddling tourists and Trollopping voyagers, anxiously eager to narrate some *fa-dâise* of Boulogne scandal, or some new exploit of Baden swindling? what a happy truce we should have enjoyed from the sickening narratives of cheating landlords and uncivil waiters, from the blundering confusion of names, places, and people, every where so conspicuous; and better than all, from those maudlin attempts to parallel English and foreign habits by people who know little of their own country and absolutely nothing of the Continent. The tours on the Continent have, with the exception of "Russel's Germany," now something more than twenty years published, been a perfect disgrace to our literature. Most laudably accurate in the measurement of a cathedral, or the size of a pic-

ture—the sign of a hotel, or the name of its landlord: upon every question of real interest, their ignorance has been deplorable; and it is wonderful, that among the tens of thousands annually poured forth from England, to range the Continent from north to south, so few are fitted by education, habits of observation, leisure and social position, to bring back any thing worth recording, from countries so teeming with subjects of interest, and abounding in matter for deep reflection and improvement.

Our readers will perhaps start at the assertion, and ask, what in heaven's name do we look for? Are there not lordly travellers, like the Marquis of Londonderry, who makes a kind of royal progress through the earth—telling us what kings he dined, what archduchesses he danced with—how he supped with the sultan, and took pot-luck with the pope? Are there not diletanti travellers, with canting criticisms on the fine arts, and eloquent lamentations on the lost triumphs of sculpture?—are there not statistical travellers, with calculations long as the table of longitude, on the exports and imports, with admirable reflections on tallow, raw hides, and cream of tartar?—And have we not the great Trollope school, with its tawdry trumpery of third-rate society; its low gossip, its vulgar smartness, and its slavering worship for aught that deigned to notice it; and with all this, what would we more? Our plain answer is, if not actually the very book we have introduced to their notice, something of the same class—the fruit of deep thought and long experience—the result of patient habits of inquiry, assisted by great knowledge of the social condition of the continental nations.

Mr. Laing is a traveller in the widest sense of the term—and as distinct from the tourist as the lordly abode of some proud baron of the Tudor dynasty is from the gimcrack

\* Notes of a Traveller, on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, &c. By Samuel Laing, Esq. London: Longman & Co. 1842.

finery of an alderman's villa. Abounding in information—stored with text for thought, his book is one that cannot be skimmed, but must be read through. Yet, while the "habit of his soul" evidently leans towards grave reflection and philosophical deduction, he is never insensible to the finer shades which distinguish national character; nor is he indifferent to scenery, which on more than one occasion he describes with all the power of an artist. Hear how he speaks of Holland, a country the scoff of every pretender to the picturesque; but whose quiet landscapes have been immortalized by Rysdael, Both, Baakhuyzen, and a hundred others:—

"Flat it is; but it is so geometrically only, and in no other sense. Spires, church towers, bright farm-houses—their windows glancing in the sun; long rows of willow trees—their bluish foliage rustling up white in the breeze; grassy embankments of a tender vivid green, partly hiding the meadows behind, and crowded with glittering gaily-painted gigs, and stool waggons, loaded with rosy-checked laughing country girls, decked out in ribbons of many more colours than the rainbow, all streaming in the wind;—these are the objects which strike the eye of the traveller from seaward, and form a gay front view of Holland, as he sails or steams along its coast and up its rivers."

It is in the tranquil character of Dutch scenery that lies its chief beauty. The rich foregrounds of bright meadow-land, through which the dull stream is scarcely seen to move—the pollard willow, that stirs not in the breeze—the spotted cattle, the perfection of their kind, that stand half-hidden in the deep verdure—the red-tiled cottage, before whose door the brass vessels of the dairy lie brightening in the sun—while the buxom *fron* herself, in cap and *jupon*, exactly as Tenier left her, bustles among her ruddy children—as the distance is lost in the long expanse of cultivated soil, teeming with plenty, and glowing in fruit and blossom. Such are the objects that catch the eye of the traveller in Holland, and whose vivid colouring cannot fail to strike and please him.

"The objects, or scenes painted, are neither graceful, beautiful, nor sublime, they are Dutch. They have a

and character  
every accom-  
has the same,  
around it."

"It is well and gracefully ex-  
ed; and perfectly explains the  
et charm of the lasting impression  
in scenery makes upon the mind.  
After discussing at some length the  
condition of Holland, our author  
comes on to the subject of its pauper-  
lation, and enters minutely into  
causes of, and the remedy for, their  
condition. Among the latter, the culti-  
on of the waste lands stands fore-

"A stunted heath, growing from a  
thin covering of peat earth, which  
hides only in patches the rough sand  
and gravel, is the principal natural  
ation. In some spots, the pine  
rather than flourishes, and shallow  
pools are found in the hollows which  
have any soil in the bottom sufficiently  
lous to retain the rain-water. Un-  
sing as this land may appear for  
ultural purposes, there is good  
for supposing that some of the  
tracts of Flanders, and which now  
the most fertile in the north of  
the, have originally been of the  
quality. About Breda, and in  
other districts, spots of the ori-  
land, untouched as yet by cultiva-  
remain visible as an encouragement  
stry. But it is not an individual,  
generation, that can reclaim a  
waste with advantage. Yet it  
be done by the labour of many  
successive generations, applied without  
cession to the same spot. Such  
recruit carries no profit with it,  
it is thrown away, and labour is  
paid for many generations, without  
any subsistence from the soil be-  
ment for the labour of cultivating  
it, if the land be the labourer's  
he will put up with that recom-  
Each succeeding generation is  
off, by the gradual improvement  
and from continued cultivation.  
that of man itself leaves fertility  
it; and the poorest inhabited  
always superior to the waste  
it, and always in proportion to  
length of time it has been used. The  
of this improvement of the uncultivated  
land of a country is undoubtedly  
the greatest of its importance, and

like portions  
tion. Large  
hospital, and  
sum of large  
is reclaiming  
afford a real



profit, even when attempted on single fields adjoining a cultivated large farm. The first operation in reclaiming land from a state of nature, is certainly to plant it with men."

What a lesson to ourselves might we draw from the passages I have here quoted. It is a well-known, an admitted fact that many thousand acres of reclaimable land exist at this moment in Ireland: that while this immense tract is barren and unproductive, our labouring classes are starving—our poor-law as ineffectual as its support is onerous, and the costly expenditure of a government plan of emigration, under consideration.

"The Dutch began, in 1818, to plant poor colonies in the barren tract behind the Zuyder Zee. A society of subscribers to a fund for the diminution of pauperism, aided by assistance from government, purchased an estate near Steenwyk, a small town in that tract of country, and commenced a poor colony, called Frederics-oort, with fifty-two families, sent from different parishes, which had subscribed to the fund. The whole cost 56,000 florins, or about £4650 sterling, and its extent was about 1200 acres, of which about 200 had been cultivated, or at least laid into the shape of fields. The poor quality of the land may be imagined from its price. Each family, consisting on an average of six persons of all ages, and settled on an allotment of seven acres, was found to cost in outfit, including the expense of their house, furniture, food, and seed for one year, clothing, flax, and wool for their spinning, land for their cultivating, and two cows, about 1700 florins, or £141, 10s. sterling; and in sixteen years the colonist was expected to repay this advance by the surplus production of his labour, besides maintaining his family. A strict system of co-operative and coercive labour, under discipline, as in a penal workhouse, was established. The colonist worked by the piece, under inspection of overseers, was paid by a ticket, according to fixed rates for the different kinds of work, and the ticket was good for rations of food or stores, at the shop or magazine of the society delivered at fixed and moderate prices. The allotment of land was to become ultimately the colonist's own property, when he had cleared the 1700 florins of advance; and, by good conduct and industry, he could obtain various indulgences and encouragements during the sixteen years which were required to clear that sum according to the calculations of the society. The founder of this establishment

was a Dutch officer, General Van der Bosh, who had seen in the East Indies among the Chinese settlers in Java, the great agricultural results from the co-operative labour of small proprietors of land. With the people he had to deal—the paupers of town populations, with vice and idleness, as well as want and misery in their social composition—he had to establish the arrangements and discipline, both as to rewards and punishments, of a penal colony. Constant employment under overseers was the fundamental law. The free proprietorship of the land at the end of sixteen years, was the ultimate reward; and medals for good conduct, and indulgences in the liberty of going about, were minor intermediate rewards. The punishments were confinement and hard labour in a small town called Omme Schantz. The parishes which subscribed to the funds of the society 5100 guilders, or £425, had the privilege of sending three families or housekeepings, two of them consisting of six grown persons each, and the third of six orphans or foundlings, not under six years of age, and a married couple with them, to manage for the children. For the maintenance of each child, 160 guilders, or £5, was to be paid yearly. It appears that, in 1826, the poor colony at Wortel, near Antwerp, established on the same plan, contained 125 farms, and the managers of it had contracted to take 1000 paupers for sixteen years, at 35 guilders, or 58s. 4d. sterling, per head yearly. In all, 20,000 persons were reckoned in 1826 in these poor colonies of Frederics-oort and Wortel."

The relative positions of Holland and Belgium are well and clearly stated, and the misfortunes of their unhappy separation boldly put forward.

"The total separation of Holland and Belgium was a false step for the welfare of both. They should have divorced each other, the two little countries, from bed and board only. The one country is necessary to the other, and neither has the means to support a distinct housekeeping. Holland has capital, commerce, and magnificent colonies, but has nothing of her own manufacturing to send to her colonies, no productions of her own industry to exchange with their industry, no commerce in any products of her own. Belgium has manufacturing industry, and the raw materials on which it works, coal-fields, iron-works, and many productive capabilities, but has no colonies, no outlets, no markets, no ships, no commerce. With the Prussian manufacturing provinces on the land

side, England on the sea-side, and no shipping or sea-ports, but two, Antwerp and Ostend, and no free river trade even to the consumers on the Continent behind her, Belgium is like the rich man in the fable, shut up with his treasures in his own secret closet, and starving to death in the midst of his gold, because he cannot unlock the door. These two little states will come together again before a hundred years go over their heads—not as one monarchy, for both want the foundation in their social structure for monarchical government to stand upon—but as two independent states federally united under one general government, like the United States of America, or the Swiss cantons."

What ground he may have for the latter conclusion, our author does not state, nor can we in any wise concur with him in it. That certain portions of Belgium would desire an alliance with Holland is perfectly clear. The sole outlet for their manufactures must arise in that quarter, and that Antwerp, Ghent, and Liège, should once more wish for their hour of prosperity, is natural enough. But still, the great mass of the population have been so worked upon—their minds so warped by the influence of the Romish priesthood, they are decidedly inimical to Dutch rule.

To understand aright the condition of Belgium, we must take into account, a population which, with different objects of interest and occupation, have had from time immemorial, certain strong, invincible prejudices against each other. The Liégeois detests the Fleming, with a hate second not even to a Pole's dislike of a Russian. The Wallon and the Anversois have a rooted antipathy to each other. The country is not only divided by the interest of its inhabitants, but the opposing views of the manufacturer and the agriculturist, are strengthened by domestic prejudices, and even difference of language. How all these shades of dislike are to give way for the common object of coalition with a country which they all dislike, and by which they themselves are abhorred, it may be safe to prophecy, but it is certainly hard to explain.

Mr. Laing's Whiggery may lead him to laugh at us for attributing the original separation of these two countries to religious causes. But it is, nevertheless perfectly true that such was the case, and the same power that pre-

dom, strength, and, will ever with a land, Protestantism forward. To in more fully his meaning, our author launches forth into a rather rude *exposé* of the superiority of a government, to which, he presumes, Holland and Belgium are ultimately destined.

It is much more likely to be the progress of society, that Europe, in the course of time, civilization, and the increasing influence of public opinion, on all public affairs, will resolve itself into one great federal union of many states, of without suitable to their moral and political peculiarities, like the union of American states will, in the course of time and civilization, fall back into a state, unconnected, and hostile monarchies and aristocracies, which some of our travellers in America assure us is their inevitable doom. With all respect for their gifts of prophecy, the history of human affairs is not to be traced towards the old, but to advance towards the new towards a higher physical, moral, and religious condition; towards forms of government in which the interests of the people shall be directed by the people, and for the people, and intellectual power is becoming the property of the whole mass, and not merely the prerogative of European society."

Mr. Laing is rather given to the habit of wandering out of the record; really, on the present occasion we do not help following him, even to see the battle on a ground of his own making.

It does, we confess, surprise us somewhat to find that any amount of democratic prejudices—any extent of republican ardour, could have induced him to have ascribed to "America a more physical, moral, and religious condition than is enjoyed by the nations of the government of a monarchy."

It is not necessary to carry a long story with us, to make the assertion a thing hard of belief. The memorable trial of M'Leod is too recent to be forgotten. Does Mr. Laing regret the conduct of his benighted ancestors on that question?

On that question, it is to me an indelible effort of the American Congress on a subject of

international law?—the way that information was received?—the conduct of the government of the state? Where was the boasted power of republican institutions then, when the question of peace and war was deliberated, not by the collective wisdom of the nation, but hung trembling in the balance of every gin-twist orator's power of persuasion, as he vented his hatred against the land, from which, perhaps, his father came forth a felon?

But Mr. Laing's admiration of democratic institutions has no bounds, and he gives up several pages to rejoicing over the downfall of the law of primogeniture in France, to which circumstance he attributes all the prosperity of that country since the revolution. One might, however, pause for a moment, and inquire whether a country which has now enjoyed a period of nearly eight-and-twenty years of peace, for the first time in her history for an immense length of time, might not be expected to have made great progress in all the arts of commerce, when the happy hour arrived that left her energies free, and her exertions unshackled; and, secondly, we might ask whether France has really succeeded to the extent expectation might seem to warrant. Indeed, for our own part, we think not. The abortive efforts to establish railroads through the kingdom, is a tolerably strong evidence in question. The petty state of Belgium, on the very frontier, is traversed in every direction by a perfect network of railroad: from eight to nine hundred miles are already in full operation; and, before the year comes to a close, the Scheldt and the Rhine will be united by a chain of communication, that covering a space of near two hundred English miles, is a perfect triumph of successful enterprise, overcoming every difficulty of ground, and opening the ocean to the very heart of Germany.

A few miserable miles of pleasure excursion is all that France has accomplished; and while their neighbours have advanced as far as Courtrai, with their portion of the Brussels and Paris line, not an embankment has been formed, not a rail has been placed, not even a survey of the line has been made by the French. Now, nothing is more clear, than that in the present age, steam communication

forms the very bone and sinews of commerce. The rapid transmission of merchandize from place to place, introducing into hitherto remote districts, wants and necessities of life, formerly rarely, if ever, attained to, forms a new stimulus to productive industry, by opening new markets for supply, and yet, in all this, France is miserably, deplorably backward.

There is, it is true, a very general diffusion of the comforts and enjoyments of life among the humbler classes in France, but these may, in great measure, be ascribed to the circumstances of soil and climate, and have little or nothing to do with the great political changes that have convulsed the country.

Our author's democratic fervour, however, stops not here; and he hesitates not to display the open banner of his party, by an assault upon "established forms of belief."

"Society left to itself will, probably, always work itself up to its moral wants. The moral condition of France, from 1794 to 1816, had certainly no aid from the clerical, educational, civil, or military establishments of its government, or from the wars and tumults in which the country was engaged; yet, countries blessed, during all that period, with the fullest, most powerful, and best endowed church establishments, as part of their government, may envy the moral condition of the great mass of the French people."

Now, really, it appears to us, that a very cursory glance at the two countries he has quoted, will by no means afford so satisfactory a result as he anticipates for his argument. As to France, it is perfectly clear that the Roman Catholic religion is rapidly resuming its old ground of ascendancy, lost by the first revolution. The high tone latterly assumed by the clergy is conspicuous on every occasion, and it only needs the continuance of the present dynasty to place that body in the full enjoyment of all their ancient privileges: how much more certainly would their victory be established, if a restoration of the "*branche aîné*" could be effected? The Faubourg is essentially popish; and, in fact, nothing but a return to the principles of the first revolution—abolishing all creeds and councils, can now check the growing ascendancy of

popery in France. As to America, you have only to open any book of travels in that country, to learn how deplorably the want of some connexion between church and state has influenced the spread of every possible species of dissent and schism. The "voluntary system" has certainly made "society provide according to its wants," and to its recipient capabilities for education, morals, and religion: in other words, instead of raising all men to the standard of a true and perfect faith, it has accommodated itself to the existing state, providing Shakers for Ohio, Jumpers for Kentucky, and love feasts for Missouri. It has opened a traffic—a free trade in religion, to the designing and the uneducated, who, possessed of certain common-place gifts of volubility, and mock zeal, traverse the land in every direction, substituting cant and puritanical observances for the pure word of the Bible; and yet, Mr. Laing tells us, "that a people will no more fall into barbarism, or retrograde in civilization, from the want of establishments suitable to their social condition, than a family will turn cannibals from wanting a butcher's shop or an oven."

Unhappily, the comparison has nothing but its flippancy to recommend it. The contrivances suggested by necessity to support life, and supply the want of its comforts, have no analogy with the discrepant, and unsound doctrines, which spread over a land deprived of an educated priesthood.

To this evil does the voluntary system expose a nation. Men will choose their pastor, not according to their religious wants, but their own wishes; and so far from finding him the stern censor of their morals and mode of life, his dependent position will make him their flatterer and their slave—his every opinion being but the reflex of their own thoughts. Men, so placed, may possess influence; they will never gain respect. Uncontrolled by any spiritual superior, unattached to any church, they feel but a life interest in the form of doctrine they profess, and are left to their own ingenuity and adroitness for any position they may acquire in society. That such a system as this should be preferred to the church as by law established in these realms, demands a

the favour of  
or, what we  
sitting to our  
indifference  
belief what-

We willingly pass on from these upon which we essentially to a very instructive and well- account of the military organ- on of Prussia.

Of all the European powers, Prussia supports the greatest military establishment in proportion to her extent, population, and finances. The infantry of the line is reckoned 132,013 men. The cavalry of the line and of the g, 25,200 men. The artillery of the line and of the guards, 22,365 men. The engineers, miners, and other bodies of the engineer corps, 13,500 men. The army of the landwehr, exercised for four weeks, 124,737 men. The cavalry of the landwehr, exercised for four weeks, 19,650 mounted men. The artillery of the landwehr, 17,202 men. The amount, including 8118 officers, is 211 fighting men. Two-thirds of the landwehr, first for service, is sufficient to complete the landwehr regiment to their war establishment, so that one-third (above 60,000 men) of the division of the force remains disposable, and the whole of the division of the landwehr second for service, is as strong as the first division. The whole available exercised force of the landwehr is reckoned by military writers at 2,000 men. The artillery is said to be 2,000 men. The course no exact information on such a point can be obtained or sought by a traveller—to consist, in pieces of 648 six-pounders etc and useful, of 216 six-pounders, of 216 twelve pounders, and of 216 light field-pieces for horse artillery, besides an unknown amount of heavy guns in the fortresses and in the garrison towns. The funds required in time of profound peace and movement of troops, to keep up this enormous military force, appears to be 22,700,000 thalers, out of a total of 51,267,000 thalers.

would afford some useful reflection to that large class who are so of declaiming against the exclusive privileges of the aristocracy, to mention in the British service, in the following:—

not construc-  
—of that  
—that the  
—himself  
—commissioned  
—thereover of

attaining to the rank of an officer. The class of non-commissioned officers is, in fact, expressly excluded from any higher military promotion by the distinction kept up, in most services, between nobility, from whom alone officers can be appointed, and the non-noble, citizen, or burgherliche class. In France and Prussia this distinction is kept up by appointing officers only from the cadets, or military schools, and requiring scientific examinations for a commission. The sons of functionaries, civil or military, who are educated carefully, and at some expense to the state, as well as to their parents, are thus exclusively entitled to become officers; and as functionarism breeds up to its own supply, there is, especially in the healthy services of those powers who have no colonies or unwholesome climes to wear out human life in, always a surplus of those who have a right by education, promises, and long expectation, to vacancies as they occur in the regiments in which they are doing duty as expectants or cadets. The meritorious private soldier or non-commissioned officer is thus entirely excluded from any chance of promotion. Now this is a defect upon which a civilian is entitled to form an opinion as well as a military man; because it is a defect in the application of principles of social economy common to all institutions in society, as well as to an army. To exclude merit or capability from the highest point to be attained, can never be a good arrangement in any social institution. Education is the plea upon which this exclusion of the whole class of non-commissioned officers from promotion in the Prussian service is justified. Education is certainly not to be undervalued, especially for the officer; but, if we consider what the duties of a commissioned officer are, as ensign, lieutenant, or captain, and that in an army of a hundred thousand men, not two hundred are required to apply science or high education to their military duties, it appears obviously to be only a cover for the monopoly of the rank of commissioned officers by a particular class, to require that every subaltern should be educated to take the command of the movement of armies, and should pass through scientific examinations which would probably puzzle a Wellington. A sergeant-major with his sergeants, manœuvres his company, troop, or regiment, without the aid of the officers. He does the daily duties which they superintend, and in reality learn practically to do from him. To shut the door totally upon this class, is evidently a faulty arrangement of the military system of a country. The efficiency of the French armies, so long as this door

was thrown wide open—that is, during the whole of the republican period, and until the Emperor Napoleon shut it upon them, and upon his own success—proves that no military force is well constituted under the exclusion of the common soldier from the hope of attaining the higher military situations. The moral principle is too powerful for the aristocratic, in modern times, even in military arrangement. The French and Prussian governments, without acknowledging the exclusion in favour of a noblesse, introduce it practically, by requiring the education which their noblesse, or functionary class, can alone afford to give. I could not hear of a single instance in Prussia of a man, not entered as a cadet, and entitled by his examinations in science to a commission, who had risen from the ranks, since the peace, to the station of an officer. The government, indeed, has expressly declared, that the ultimate reward of long service and merit in this class is to be the appointment to such civil offices in the departments under government, as the non-commissioned officer or private soldier may be qualified to fill. In France, it is this defect in her military system which, in time of peace, seems inseparable from her civil arrangements, from her functionary system, that keeps alive the discontented republican spirit in the great body of the youth who supply the ranks, yet are excluded from promotion in the army. The reigning family never can obtain military popularity, as this exclusion is naturally ascribed to their system of government, and is not upheld by any distinction in civil society between those within and those without the pale of military promotion. The “*petit caporal*,” applied to Napoleon, is not merely a term of endearment in the recollections of the French soldiery—it has a political meaning. In England, this defect in the old military arrangements has been perceived by the late liberal ministry; and the non-commissioned class has been raised to a higher respectability than in any service in Europe. The chances are small, no doubt, in the British army, of the private soldier or non-commissioned officer attaining the rank of officer; yet more such promotions of men, originally from the ranks, take place in one year in the British service, than have taken place since the peace in all the continental services put together.”

Here we have a distinct statement, supported by undeniable facts, that the chances, to the common soldier, of promotion, are greater in our own than in any foreign service. Few subjects appertaining to military matters have, of late years, occupied so large



a share of public attention as the question of purchase in the army.

While all are willing to acknowledge the hardship of the case where old and meritorious services are passed over, for the mere claim of money unsupported by qualification; yet, on the other hand, no one can under-rate the value of connecting the higher and wealthier classes with a service whose whole tone they have tended to elevate, and who, under the system of progressive promotion, might not be found within its ranks. Would it not be possible, however, to effect some compromise between the two systems? that, while securing to the officer of merit, the certainty of his promotion, would yet present sufficient advantages to the man of fortune, to induce him to adopt a career, where his wealth might contribute to his rank in the service.

To begin, for instance, let no officer be eligible for promotion, by purchase, who had not served a certain number of years in the service; and on the occurrence of any vacancy in the superior grades, let the next in seniority be promoted. Thus the ensign of three years' standing, with money to purchase, should stand on the same ground for promotion as his fellow of six years, without. Service in certain climates, such as the tropics, &c., to be accounted as equivalent to a longer term at home, or in better quarters.

Whenever, therefore, the ensign had accomplished his six years, he should take up the same position as a passed midshipman—that is, be at once eligible for the next step in rank—the lieutenantancy, which, in the next vacancy, should descend to him, according to the date of his commission. This plan, modified according to the circumstances of the army, would combine the due reward of the old officer, with the advantages of including men of rank, fortune, and position, in the service. To this suggestion we shall take a more fitting occasion to return—let us now resume our author.

Our space will not permit us to dwell as we would wish upon the many interesting topics of this work, nor can we follow our author through his clever account of the Prussian monarchy, the education question, and the poor-laws in that country: suffice

it to say, that whenever unoccupied by the prevailing prejudices of his party, his remarks are characterized by shrewd good sense, justice, and acuteness. His account of Leipzig, and the book-trade, is sufficiently amusing to warrant our extracting it.

\* Leipzig, remarkable in contrast with Berlin, is a city of the middle ages—balconies projecting into the streets, old forms and fashions about the people and their dwellings—nothing of the Parisian air, nothing of Frenchified German air about them. Every thing is downright German, and plain, unsophisticated German bourgeois style. This is the capital of the middle class of Germany—of the class which has nothing to do with nobility, or with military, or civil service as a way of living, which has not its great money merchants, bankers, contractors of loans, millionaires, like Frankfurt; but has its very substantial, and some very wealthy, quiet living bourgeois. The traveller who could get into the domestic society of this town—which even native Germans cannot easily do—would see, it is said, more of old Germany, more of the houses, habits, and modes of living two centuries ago, than any other place. A very respectable people these Leipzigers are, and precisely because they affect to be nothing more. Their book-trade is of such importance, that the booksellers, of whom there are reckoned at the fairs about five hundred and sixty, and many of them settled in Leipzig, have a large exchange of their own to transact their business in. It is not, however, the printing and publishing in Leipzig itself, that is the basis of these book fairs, but the barter of publications between book-sellers meeting there from different points. The bookseller, perhaps, from Kiel on the Baltic, meets and exchanges publications with the bookseller, perhaps, from Zurich, gives so many copies of his publication—a dull volume possibly—for so many of the other's—an entertaining novel. Each gets an assortment of goods by this traffic, such as he knows will suit his customers, out of a publication of which he could not, perhaps, sell a score of copies within his own circle, but a score sold in every book-selling circle in Germany gets rid of an edition. Suppose the work out-and-out stupid and unsaleable, still it has its value; it is exchangeable, should it be only at the value of wrapping-paper, for works less unsaleable, and put the publisher in possession of a saleable stock and of a variety of works. His profit also not depending altogether upon the merit of the one work he publishes, but upon the assortment for sale

he can make out of it by barter, he can afford to publish works of a much lower class as to merit, or saleable properties, than English publishers. The risk is divided, and also the loss, and not merely divided among all the booksellers who take a part of an edition in exchange for part of their own publications, but in effect is divided among the publications. The standard work, or the new publication of an author of celebrity, pays the risk or loss of the publisher of the bad, unsaleable work, as by it he is put in possession of the former, of the more saleable goods. The loss, also, compared to that of an English publisher, is trifling; because, although the German press can deliver magnificent books, yet the general taste of the public for neat, fine, well-finished productions in printing, as in all the useful arts, is not by any means so fully developed as with us, and is satisfied with very inferior paper, made of much cheaper materials. The publisher also is saved the very important expense of stitching, boarding, or binding all he publishes, by his own capital; the private buyer generally taking his books in sheets. The bound or made-up books in booksellers' shops are but few, and generally only those of periodical or light literature. The advantage to literature of this system into which the book-trade has settled, is that hundreds of works see the light which, with us, would never get to the printing-house at all. The disadvantage is, that it encourages a prolixity of style, both in thinking and expression—two or three ideas are spun out into a volume, and literature is actually overwhelmed and buried under its own fertility and fruits. No human powers could wade through the flood of publication poured out every half year upon every conceivable subject. Selection even, in such an overwhelming mass is out of the question, unless the catalogue-selection of judging from the reputation of the author, that the book may be worth reading."

The following comparison, between the Scotch and Germans, is admirably done, and may be taken as a specimen of our author's happiest manner:—

"There is, also, in the mind of the common man of Scotland an imaginative thread interwoven somehow, and often very queerly, with his hard, dry, precise way of thinking and acting in ordinary affairs, which makes the whole

labouring class in Scotland of higher intellectuality than the same class in other countries. We often hear, what country but Scotland ever produced a Burns among her peasantry? But the real question of the social economist is, what country but Scotland ever produced a peasantry for whom a Burns could write? Burns had a public of his own in his own station in life, who could feel and appreciate his poetry, long before he was known to the upper class of Scotch people; and, in fact, he was never known or appreciated by the upper class. In other countries it is the poetry of the higher educated class that works down to the people; as the poetry of Ariosto or Tasso, among the Italians; of the Niebelung, of the Saga, of the lays of the Troubadours, among the German, Scandinavian, and French people; or as ballads of Burger Goethe, and Schiller are said to be now working downwards in Germany, and becoming folkslieder—the songs and poetry of the people. But where have been poets belonging to the labouring class called into song by their own class? This is more extraordinary than the genius of the individual himself, this genius of the class for whom he composed. Is there any spark of this intellectual spirit among the common labouring people in the finer soils and climates of Europe? or does the little exertion of mind with which all physical wants may be supplied, and many physical enjoyments obtained in abundance, tend to form a heavy, material, unintellectual character, among the labouring class in Germany, which is confirmed by the state of pupillage and non-exertion of mind in which they are educated and kept by their governments; while the mind of the Scotch labouring man is stirred up and in perpetual exercise by the self-dependence, exertion, privation, forethought, moral restraint, and consideration required in his social position, in which neither climate nor poor-rate, neither natural nor artificial facilities of living without thinking, allow him to sink into apathy or mental indolence?"

We now close this volume, with the less regret, that if our limits allow not of a larger and more careful discussion, we are enabled to recommend its perusal to our readers as one replete with instruction, and abounding in striking and original views of the most important nations of the Continent.

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—NO. XXI.

REV. WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER,

Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin.

Among the many great benefits which our University owes to her late provost, Doctor Lloyd, not the least important, or enduring in its effects, was the introduction, or, at least, the more complete development, of the professorial system. Few in number, and perpetually engaged in the drudgery of tuition, or the preservation of internal discipline, the Fellows of Dublin College, equal in abilities and acquirements to the members of any other collegiate institution, were unequal in the actual amount of intellectual products realised by their exertions. The powers, that might have enriched the stores of literature with works of permanent excellence, were wasted in a miserable round of petty cares and duties, amid whose harassing distraction little time was left for that studious and solitary reflection, whereby alone any thing worthy to live can be achieved. The attractions, too, of a metropolis proverbially hospitable, rendered doubly engaging as a recreation and restorative from the wearisome occupations of the day, still further tended to diminish their literary industry; and, for the indolent among them, presented sufficient to fill up the interspaces of leisure allowed by academic engagements. The active-minded and energetic generally plunged into the busy world of Irish politics, and more than one great mind has sacrificed, for the rapid return of power, popularity, and influence, which this unhappy country so readily accords to any distinction in that department, the true fame won in the pure service of truth and knowledge. There are some of these hindrances to intellectual exertion which, it is evident, cannot be reached by any laws or regulations of the University itself, or any means within the power of its governors; but for those which, resulting from her peculiar system, were rather excrescences upon, than component parts of her institutions, it seems to us that, in establishing professorships of each of the abstract sciences, and selecting for them men who, adequate to the office, should have no other pressing engagement, Dr. Lloyd applied the best and only available remedy. To this, assuredly the most wise and able ruler our university ever possessed, we are indebted for the brilliant reputation which has, for some years, illuminated the chairs of mathematics, theology, physics, and moral philosophy: and which, in the names of Hamilton, Lloyd, McCulagh, O'Brien, and Butler, presents the surest promise that, at least, the present period of our collegiate annals is not likely to pass away, and "make no sign" on the page of Irish history.

Of all these institutions, we confess, however, that we are peculiarly grateful—and we know we speak the universal feeling of the public—for the establishment of the professorship of Moral Philosophy. That in the university of Berkeley, metaphysical studies should ever have fallen into disuse and neglect—that the whole encouragement and favour of her rulers should have been directed to foster the physical and mathematical sciences, in preference, and to the exclusion of all others, would scarcely be believed by any one not personally acquainted with this strange fact. The successes of many distinguished cultivators of mathematical science, are, indeed, quite sufficient to refute the assertion of a very eminent writer,\* that the Irish genius is unsuited for such pursuits: but we have no hesitation in saying, that it is incomparably more fitted to attain eminence in the science of mind, or in the cultivation of general literature; and that it was a most mistaken arrangement to substitute, as the principal subject, by which to discipline and instruct the youthful powers of our

\* CROLY—Life of Burke.



*Wm. Arthur Butler*





countrymen, that which is suited only to the few, instead of studies that would have met universal sympathy. Unfortunate as, we cannot but think, this tendency was, on these grounds, we think it was rendered still more so by the peculiar state of this country. Every thing should be encouraged that is calculated to stimulate inquiry, and every exertion made to guide aright that inquiry when awakened. The knowledge of their duties as men and citizens, the free examination of opinions, and a perception of the position they occupy as beings endowed with thought and reason, are of infinitely more moment to the students of a country, so many of whose people are in error on topics which must ever be intimately connected with these, than all the facts and phenomena and discoveries of physical and mathematical science. Indeed, no matter what the age or what the country, we never can be brought to think that the mind of man, greater in its nature, more wonderful in its structure, and in value exceeding the whole material universe, is not a subject more imperatively demanding investigation, and more truly ennobling, than any other. But on these topics we do not delay. The University may, but the countrymen of Burke and Berkeley never can, forget or neglect these truths; and we need no time or labour to prove what we believe every reader of our Magazine admits.

The interval which has elapsed since the appointment of Professor Butler to the chair of moral philosophy, has been, we presume, too brief to allow of the publication of his opinions in any definite and permanent form. The imperfect information, therefore, which we are able to give our readers as to his peculiar views and style, is acquired altogether from occasional attendance at his lectures; and we really must acknowledge, that though a rather enthusiastic cultivation of these studies, and a tolerably tenacious memory, are some help, we can hope to present a very faint transcript of either. The first term of the Professor's labours was occupied with a course introductory to the entire subject. There were some points in these preliminary essays to which—whether from our old-fashioned insular prejudices, or from what other cause it is not for us to acknowledge—not all the force, originality, and attractive eloquence of the lecturer could quite reconcile us: and through all, as it struck us, there ran a tendency to remote and abstract speculation, that, perhaps, lessened somewhat their utility for a practical audience. But, making due abatement for these (in our opinion) defects, we have no hesitation in saying, that we have seldom heard any compositions of greater real depth and power of thought. Rejecting, it would seem, the limitations of the Scotch school of metaphysics—and here to a certain extent we go along with our lecturer—he appeared to insist on a department of investigation, altogether transcending that “inductive philosophy of the human mind,” which has been so long cultivated in these countries as the chief and only end of metaphysical inquiry. Advantageous and important, no doubt, that department of philosophy is; but we are ourselves strongly inclined to admit, that it is not adequate to embrace the whole of this great field of thought. Two principal divisions of it, we understood the Professor to lay down—and here we really must entreat his indulgence, if we at all misconceive his views on a subject so trying to the attention of a listener;—these were the Induction of Psychological Facts, and the Science of Real Existence; comprehending, in the latter, those dark and mysterious questions which concern the theory of objective or absolute truth, whether in moral or speculative beliefs. Principles exist in man, forms of our intellectual consciousness, which, though as a portion of our consciousness, they be relative and personal; yet considered in themselves, are the all-sufficing proofs of independent irrelative existences; the Reason, as we are taught by our new Instructor, asserting its own incommunicable privileges as a revelation from the reason of the universe to man, and not as a projection of man upon the universe. On these views, it is easy to see that all the vocabulary of the popular philosophy of the day, with its “states of mind,” and “modifications of thought,” and such other phrases, fails altogether to exhaust the mighty mysteries of absolute truth which the mind directly contemplates, when it recognises the necessity of Causes and Substances, and a first Cause, and a first Substance. But this whole matter is, in fact, so profound, and opens views so little known to the mass even of thinkers in these countries, that we shall not hazard any minute exposition. We trust the Profes-

sor will, in some systematical treatise, unfold his views upon his "Substantial," as distinguished from "Formal" Logic; and among other points we do not know that he could confer a greater benefit on his science, than by the publication of his very acute criticisms on the defects inherent in the system of Kant.

After all, there was nothing that pleased us more in this whole course than the very lecture with which he commenced it, and in which he illustrated the *nature and formation* of the Philosophy of Mind; or, as he called it, "the Science of Principles;" how it may be contemplated as the beginning and the end of all human studies; that from which, we may conceive, all the variety of sciences evolved, or that into which they all ultimately resolve themselves. Let us venture to recall this. In the former aspect, the Mind, he told us, is considered as a simple nature which, while preserving a perpetual identity with itself, evolves from its own depths all the varieties of scientific truth and voluntary action. Operating on external nature, it assimilates it to itself, and brings forth, as the composite result, the systems of the various sciences. From generation to generation this varied activity goes on unabated; but still the power that embraces all nature cannot transcend itself, and it remains true, that all which in books has been registered, or in thought conjectured—science, with its affirmations; poetry, with its visions; nay, the very narrative of historic facts—are but different attitudes—varying manifestations—of this one unchanged, yet ever-changing essence. Thus, then, in this first aspect, the philosophy of mind was, in our lecturer's view, regarded as the *first* step of science; because, it is the observation and theory of that without which science cannot exist. In the other point of view, (a train of reflection, infinitely too deep and extended for our present limits,) he exhibited to us, if we remember aright, the investigator of the external world, gradually learning the modifying influence and agency of his own mind, and at *last* discovering that every separate species of rational inquiry resolves itself, and attenuated as it were to its elements disappears, into this one first, last, and all-comprehending science. No matter what may be the particular subject of his analysis, he is at last led out of and beyond it, and comes finally, in the progress of his examination, to learn that there is (if we might attempt a very inaccurate recollection of his expressions) "a philosophy which is to every specific philosophy what that specific philosophy is to the individual subjects of its classifications; that the sciences which theorize the world, may themselves be theorized; that the subjects of their inquiry, and the relations whose endless varieties they detect, may be resolved into classes of subjects and classes of relations; that these classes of subjects and relations are, themselves, further reducible as the perceptions of distinct faculties; that these faculties are subject to one grand, final classification, as the attributes of a single permanent substance; that Substance the mind of man, and that Philosophy the philosophy of the human mind."

Viewing then the subject with these contrasted lights, we behold in it at once "the science of which all others are *cases*;" and "the *residual* science" which remains when all others are subtracted: nor can we, in the vast territory of human knowledge, pitch on any spot, either public or secluded, at which, as he said, "we shall not find ourselves, at the same moment, moving *to*, and moving *from*, this philosophy—while in the very process of the motion we are practically developing its truths."

This very imperfect notice of some of these introductory views will, we suspect, suffice to show our scientific readers, that there is about Mr. Butler's conceptions a breadth and fulness not very likely to fit into the popular "philosophy of the mind:" but we must be excused from pretending to give even the slightest idea of the singular felicity of illustration with which all these earlier speculations were developed. The Professor appears to us to possess that singular faculty of rapidly assimilating all varieties of intellectual aliment, which gives to some men the power of mastering books and systems, by seizing at once their fundamental ideas, while others are losing their way among the details. Hence there is little within the province of any other department of science or literature, that can bear on his immediate theme, which he leaves unapplied. His amplificatory mode of exposition, which we have heard some severe critics condemn, appears to us indispensable in an oral

teacher. Lectures, unless they derive some warmth and colouring from the speaker's style, are both tedious and useless: tedious, because no one can attend for any length of time to a dry discussion of abstract science unrelieved by any thing to interest the feelings; and useless, because no memory can carry it away without the helps of something illustrative and attractive. Should, however, these delightful expositions be given to the press, we would desire some restraint on a fancy which occasionally conceals the subject in the haze of beautiful imagery it flings around it, and less of that copiousness and prodigality of diction, whose splendour would, in a scientific treatise, ill compensate for the force and precision attainable by a more compressed style. This richness of phraseology, however, we suppose, cannot very easily be altogether abandoned by one, who devoted so much of his earlier exertions to those poetical pursuits, of which our own Magazine, Blackwood, and similar periodicals afford so many graceful specimens. By the way—why not collect *these* beautiful fragments? if, as his later effusions tell us, the Professor is so sternly resolute to resign the muse for ever. Assuredly so much deep and tender feeling, expressed with so very rare a command of poetical expression, the world—at least the few that love poetry for its own sake—"would not willingly let die."

Mr. Butler's subsequent courses of lectures were, for a considerable period, occupied with "the History and Fortunes of Philosophical Inquiry." Their object, as it seemed to us, was to exhibit in prominent relief the chief questions contested in the Philosophy of Man; and that in the order in which, through the successive ages of the world, they arose. The first course of this series we had, unfortunately, no opportunity of hearing. On resuming our attendance, we found him sketching the earlier Grecian schools, a subject to which he contrived to impart an interest we confess we did not think could be attached to it in any hands. He afterwards proceeded regularly to the Socratic revolution, and so to Plato, to whom three or four laborious courses were devoted. Here he was evidently on congenial ground. We thought his refutation of the common mistakes about Plato, especially his explanation of the "Idea," in its various applications as the fundamental point of the Platonic philosophy, peculiarly impressive and convincing. It is curious enough, and perhaps characteristic of the times, that this ancient system seems at present to be attracting such very general attention in various countries. At the same time when Mr. Butler was minutely unfolding its mysteries in Dublin, his able brother professor at Oxford was, we believe, performing the same task there; and in France and Germany a similar interest is perhaps even more deeply felt. Aristotle, also, received a large measure of consideration; but we confess it did not appear to us (whether from the lecturer's want of sympathy with the subject, or from its own inferiority of interest) that this topic was at all made as attractive as his disquisitions on Plato. Be this as it may—the entire of these courses struck us as characterised by a large-minded appreciation of every variety of excellence, a catholic spirit that sought to detect good in every thing, and never forgot in its defence of truth the indulgence due to any errors that could find an apology in the intellectual and moral elevation of those who held them. In every instance we observed that which is, after all, the true characteristic of the genuine philosophic spirit, a disposition to separate the germ of truth from any errors that had gathered around it, and—following out the advice we once heard him ably enforce, "refute incomplete or partial views, not by rejecting but *completing* them." We are more anxious for the publication of these historical lectures, than of any other part of the Professor's labours. We possess scarcely any thing of this description complete or satisfactory in the language; and we certainly cannot conceive any performances more calculated to stimulate the general taste for this beautiful, though neglected department of inquiry. The work of Cousin, though of unquestionable merit, is so completely moulded to suit a system, as to require to be read with great caution: and the far more learned labours of Ritter are, (at least in their English form, in which alone we know them,) to us very impracticable reading. The popular eloquence of our Professor, his generous sympathy with merit of every kind, his felicity of illustration, and,—not least in comparison with his foreign con-

temporaries,—his unwavering Christianity, would, in our opinion, make his labours a most valuable manual for the student of ancient literature.

We have occupied so much time with these courses that we have no room to consider the Ethical lectures on which the professor is now engaged, and of which we shall only say, that more practical in their bearing, and more simple in their style, they form an admirable introduction for the Divinity students to the higher departments of their studies. We think we could perceive in them how much the experience of his labours in his clerical character had sobered his tendency to theory and abstraction; and how much more anxious he felt while on this ground, to do general good than to dazzle his audience with either subtle refinements or brilliant conceptions. He seems to have abandoned the custom of reading his discourses; and his style, which, while engaged on the History of Philosophy, "that wondrous Epic of ages," as we remember he once termed it, "in which the Human Intellect is the sole and majestic Hero"—was solemn and methodical, has, since his entrance on this subject assumed a familiarity and practical earnestness suited to a theme so immediately coming home to men's business and bosoms.

This consideration of his ethical teaching brings us to Mr. Butler's position as a minister of our church. In these days of thorny controversy and minute distinction we confess ourselves unwilling to hazard an exposition of any man's peculiar opinions. Suffice it then, that we believe the Professor is very well-known to be an earnest and strenuous defender of the truth in Christ, as embodied in the authentic formularies of the Church of England—and of the Church of England, as the purest living guardian and expounder of that truth. We suspect that his views of the great theological questions which more peculiarly occupy the public mind, would be found not exactly represented by any of the contending parties. A high sense of the importance of the visible Church, as an express creation of her Master, and the ordinary revealed instrument of his blessings to man—seems to bring him near to one party while in his discourses we have always observed him to maintain that his chief impulse in cherishing these convictions was his belief that they were calculated to realise all that is best in the religious systems mistakenly contrasted with them. Into this topic we do not venture further. It is more in our province, as literary and not theological critics, to say, without any discussion of doctrinal points, that he is unquestionably one of the most powerful and eloquent preachers of whom our Church, fertile as she is in such men, can boast. Nor should we close this sketch without adding, what from adequate testimony we personally know, and what is in truth a source of more valuable praise than all the fame or glory literature and science can confer, that the Professor of Moral Philosophy is the laborious pastor of some fifteen or sixteen hundred poor Protestants in the wildest mountain-district of Donegal, and has contrived to make his excursions into the mysteries of Platonism consistent with an almost incessant course of solitary ministerial exertion.

Our readers must excuse us if we have omitted including in our brief sketch, many of the usual details, genealogical and historical. We are really not in a position to furnish any very minute information upon these momentous points. The Professor springs, we are given to understand, from a county, hitherto more famous for fighting than philosophy—the far-famed County of Tipperary: over whose turbulent fortunes his worthy sire, "a prosperous gentleman," more than once presided in the capacity of High Sheriff, before the rule of Normanby and Whiggery had rendered that post of honour a somewhat doubtful distinction. But enough of this. We believe he can put forward some better claims to notoriety, and so we shall not invade our friend Sir William Betham's province, or undertake to deduce the Professor from the Conquest.

## NUTS AND NUTCRACKERS.—NO. IV.

"The world's my filbert which with my crackers I will open."  
*Shakspeare.*

"Hard texts are *nuts* (I will not call them cheaters,) Whose shells do keep their kernels from the eaters ; Open the shells, and you shall have the meat : They here are brought for you to crack and eat."  
*John Bunyan.*

"The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
 And the lawyer beknaves the divine ;  
 And the statesman, because he's so great,  
 Thinks his trade's as honest as mine."  
*Beggar's Opera.*

A Nut on the Nutcracker—An Unpaid Puff for the Lawyers—The Income Tax—An Irish Encore—Viceregal Privileges—Rich and Poor, *pour et contre*—St. Patrick's Night.

## A NUT ON THE NUTCRACKER.

THERE was once upon a time, in this our good city of Dublin, a certain worker in fire—a man of catherine wheels, rockets, and Bengal lights,—who, whenever he announced an evening for the representation of his powers, the weather, however fine and prosperous previously, at once became overcast : clouds got together like evil spirits brooding over some project of mischief, and then down came a thunder storm of such rain, as if heaven's own flood gates had given way ; the fires paled before their watery enemy ; transparencies vanished ; and all the brilliant devices of patriotism that figured in little blue lamps around, went out one by one, leaving the gardens dark and dismal, as a Highland moor at midnight. With such pertinacious certainty did this occur, night after night, that in a fit of mingled blundering and blasphemy, the wretched man broke forth with the exclamation, "I verily believe, if I had been a hatter, people would begin to come into the world without heads." Laugh if you will, but sympathise you must with the luckless wight : there is nothing so trying to temper in this world, as, at the very moment you have begun to congratulate yourself on having struck out something peculiarly happy and effective, to discover, that from some cause unforeseen—unheard

of—and unavoidable—all your efforts are vain, and no chance of success remains for your enterprise. In this very predicament I am standing at this moment. When I first thought of these "Nuts and Nutcrackers," I imagined to myself a series of brilliant and witty papers on every thing and every body, — politics — punch — periodicals — duns — dandies — and the new police. No society was to be too high—no lot too humble to illustrate and exhibit : from royal Windsor itself, to the mansion-house of King Dan ; from the coronet to the coal-heaver. Lush, literature, loo, and the ladies ; Parisian fashions, and Irish antiquities ; Greek dramas, and short whist ; in short, to try a "*tour de force*" in matters literary ; taking in every thing, from the ace of spades to whitsuntide—my Lord Brougham inclusive—contribute, to furnish food for thought, and ready-made "notions" for dull gentlemen who dine out : Alphonse Karr, to be sure, was doing the very thing at the same moment in Paris ; the only difference being, that *he* was filling his pockets with gold, while *I* had nothing but my hands to put into mine. As for originality, therefore, I was not about to make any boastful announcement—the more honest on my part—sincerely believing that of the eight millions who are abusing each other in this island, perhaps not eight individuals ever heard



or read one word of the *Guêpes*: so in I went; but *corpo di Baccà*, what a plunge was mine! Scarcely had my opening chapter appeared, when down came the critics on me,—on me—who had established myself the censor upon them,—I who had built myself a little observatory, from which to look out upon the follies and vices of men and newspapers, was at once made a mark for all their malevolence; a cock-shot for their poor jokes, which happily were too old to be cutting; for like the polite gods in a French theatre, they only pelted with "*poèmes cuites*." One found me pert; another prosy; one was astonished at my hollow casuistry, good lack! and another, God bless and keep him! suspected me of a turn for satire. What has he to say to politics? quoth one; let him eschew books, said another; art he has nothing to do with, writes a third; in fact, had I only conformed my costume to the dictates of my advisers, I should stand before my readers without a rag to cover me. No matter, thought I, they'll learn better in time, we'll understand each other yet, and so I persevered. At last, then, I saw my sanguine predictions about to be verified; they took up my views; and I found I was, to use the French phrase, "*making my public*," when suddenly out comes a rival, a confounded fellow, with a whole shilling's worth of droll observations and acute wit, illustrated by Phiz, and calling himself the "*Commissioner*"—did any one ever hear the like. Here was a novel, a powerful one I confess, going on its course, introducing its characters, and gradually developing its proportions, without the slightest thought of tramping on my toes, when slap there appears a totally new feature in the whole; and we find, that however interesting the narrative, the real bone and sinew of it lay in the mass, the enormous mass of reflective and worldly wisdom that teemed through every page: deep views of life, that evidenced not only the most cultivated habits of thought, but highly-wrought, ay, and by the mass, long practised habits of expression. Who is he? that is the question: I have heard Bulwer, James, Dickens, Wilson, and even our worthy editor hinted at; but I see no just reason for any of the former, and as for the last mentioned, here in his

[May,

very nose, I do it." No, send me back as I have seen you ~~very many times~~ labelled—"far ~~bad—rank~~ nonsense—downright ~~ardity~~," or any other editorial poem you are daily in the habit of. You may leave a message at the publishers, that further contributions from you will be declined: I don't care the of a share in a Galway railroad, speak out. you never wrote the "*Commissioner*," nor what's more, you couldn't do it.

Unlike the writing of any other man to day, the author, whoever he be, is to condense, to maximize, if I so speak, the result of long experience of the world and its ways; so cunningly, so artfully, is this aged, that frequently, in the midst of the interest of the narrative, is the reader betrayed into reflections and thoughts, that will lead him far from the topic before him, to as he has never visited, to sym-ies of which before he knew any-thing. Were this the whole merit of the book, high as it unquestionably is, it might, perhaps, hit upon the author; but then there are other difficulties, not the hope of discovery; for we find that in the lighter part, there is a touch of graceful and sportive humour, that shows the writer, however tired at his pen, to be no hackneyed time-worn veteran. Here we find a passage, sharp, biting, and more- like one in Byron's Letters; I come a bit of sentiment, like of Bulwer's best robberies from *Jack*: then we chance upon a chapter of stirring dialogue, and melo-dramatic effect, like what we find in one of James's novels, with and there that ground swell of humour and quaint drollery Dickens eminently possesses. Who is it done all this? Is he four single women rolled into one? Not so; while he excels in each and all of several styles, he has broken a with our worthy editor himself road humour, and made Maister tremble, to think that there a "*rival came the throat*." Con-

he stick to his and leave me Heaven I had talent for my

invention, and I might now be enjoying a glorious monopoly. No surrender, however, shall be my watchword; I'll not give in, and in order to make a fair fight of it, I'll start with illustrations too. An Irish Phiz—if one could be found—might surely have a chance of amusing the world.

#### AN UNPAID PUFF FOR THE LAWYERS.

AUTHORS have long got the credit of being the most accomplished persons going—thoroughly conversant not only with the features of every walk and class in life, but also with their intimate sentiments, habits of thought, and modes of expression. Now, I have long been of opinion, that in all these respects, lawyers are infinitely their superiors. The author chooses his characters as you choose your dish or your wine at dinner—he takes what suits, and leaves what is not available to his purpose. He then fashions them to his hand—finishing off this portrait, sketching that one—now bringing certain figures into strong light, anon throwing them into shadow: they are his creatures, who must obey him while living, and even die at his command. Now the lawyer is called on for all the narrative and descriptive powers of his art, at a moment's notice, without time for reading or preparation; and worse than all, his business frequently lies among the very arts and callings, his taste is most repugnant to. One day he is to be found creeping, with a tortoise slowness, through all the wearisome intricacy of an equity case—the next he is borne along in a torrent of indignant eloquence, in defence of some Orange processionist or some Ribbon associate: now he describes, with the gravity of a landscape gardener, the tortuous windings of a mill-stream; now expatiating in Lytton Bulwerisms over the desolate hearth and broken fortunes of some deserted husband. In one court he attempts to prove that the elderly gentleman whose life was insured for a thousand at the Phoenix, was instrumental to his own decease, for not eating Cayenne with his oysters; in another, he shows, with palpable clearness, that being stabbed in the body, and having the head fractured is a venial offence, and merely the result

of “political excitement” in a high-spirited and warm-hearted people.

These are all clever efforts, and demand consummate powers, at the hand of him who makes them; but what are they, to that deep and critical research with which he seems, instinctively, to sound the depths of every scientific walk in life, and every learned profession. Hear him in a lunacy case—listen to the deep and subtle distinctions he draws between the symptoms of mere eccentricity and erring intellect—remark how insignificant the physician appears in the case, who has made these things the study of a life long—hear how the barrister confounds him with a hail-storm of technicals—talking of the pineal gland as if it was an officer of the court, and of atrophy of the cerebral lobes, as if he was speaking of an attorney's clerk. Listen to him in a trial of supposed death by poison, what a triumph he has there, particularly if he be a junior barrister—how he walks undismayed among all the tests for arsenic—how little he cares for Marsh's apparatus and Scheele's discoveries—hydro-sulphates, peroxydes, iodurates, and proto-chlorides are familiar to him as household words. You would swear that he was nursed at a glass resort, and sipped his first milk through a blow-pipe. Like a child who thumps the keys of a pianoforte, and imagines himself a Listz or Moschelles, so does your barrister revel amid the phraseology of a difficult science—pelting the witnesses with his insane blunders, and assuring the jury that their astonishment means ignorance. Nothing in anatomy is too deep—nothing in chemistry too subtle—no fact in botany too obscure—no point in metaphysics too difficult. Like Dogberry, these things are to him but the gift of God; and he knows them at his birth. Truly, the chancellor is a powerful magician; and the mystic words by which he calls a gentleman to the bar, must have some potent spell within them. The youth you remember as if it were yesterday, the loungee at evening parties, or the chaperon of riding damsels to the Phoenix, comes forth now a man of deep and consummate acquirement—he whose chemistry went no further than the composition of a “tumbler of punch,” can now perform the most difficult experiments of Orfila or

Davy, or explain the causes of failure in a test that has puzzled the scientific world for half a century. He knows the precise monetary value of a deserted maiden's affections—he can tell you the exact sum, in bank notes, that a widow will be knocked down for, when her heart has been subject to but a feint attack of Cupid. With what consummate skill, too, he can show that an indictment is invalid, when stabbing is inserted for cutting; and when the crown prosecutor has been deficient in his descriptive anatomy, what a glorious field for display is opened to him. Then, to be sure, what droll fellows they are!—how they do quiz the witness as he sits trembling on the table—what funny allusions to his habits of life—his age—his station—turning the whole battery of their powers of ridicule against him—ready, if he venture to retort, to throw themselves on the protection of the court. And truly, if a little Latin suffice for a priest, a little wit goes very far in a law court. A joke is a universal blessing: the judge, who, after all, is only “an old lawyer,” loves it from habit; the jury, generally speaking, are seldom in such good company, and they laugh from complaisance; and the bar joins in the mirth, on that great reciprocity principle, which enables them to bear each other's dulness, and dine together afterwards. People are insane enough to talk of absenteeism as one of the evils of Ireland, and regret that we have no resident aristocracy among us—rather let us rejoice that we have them not, so long as the lawyers prove their legitimate successors.

How delightful in a land where civilization has still some little progress before it, and where the state of crime is not quite satisfactory—to know that we have those amongst us who know all things, feel all things, explain all things, and reconcile all things—who can throw such a Claude Lorraine light over right and wrong, that they are both mellowed into a sweet and hallowed softness, delightful to gaze on. How the secret of this universal acquirement is accomplished I know not. Perhaps it is the wig—if so, I wish we had one for the use of our sub-editor.

What set me first on this train of thought, was a trial I lately read,

where a cross action was sustained for damage at sea—the owners of the brig Durham against the Aurora, a foreign vessel, and *vice versa*, for the result of a collision at noon, on the 14th of November. It appeared that both vessels had taken shelter in the Humber from stress of weather, nearly at the same time—that the Durham, which preceded the Prussian vessel, “clewed up her top-sails, and dropped her anchor *rather* suddenly; and the Aurora being in the rear, the vessels came in collision.” The question, therefore, was, whether the Durham came to anchor too precipitately, and in an unseamanlike manner; or in other words, whether when the “Durham clewed up topsails and let go her anchor, the Aurora should not have luffed up or got sternway on her,” &c. Nothing could possibly be more instructive, nor any thing scarcely more amusing, than the lucid arguments employed by the counsel on both sides. The learned Thebans, that would have been sick in a ferry-boat, spoke as if they had circumnavigated the globe. Stay-sails, braces, top-gallants, clews, and capstans they hurled at each other like *bon bons* at a carnival; and this naval engagement lasted from day-light to dark. Once only, when the judge “made it noon,” for a little refection, did they cease conflict, to renew the strife afterwards with more deadly daring, till at last so confused were the witnesses—the plaintiff, defendant, and all, that they half wished they had both gone to the bottom, before they thought of settling the differences in the Admiralty Court. This was no common occasion for the display of these powers so peculiarly the instinctive gift of the bar, and certainly they used it with all the enthusiasm of a *bonne bouche*.

How I trembled for the Aurora, when an elderly gentleman with a wart on his nose, assured the court that the Durham had her top-sail backed ten minutes before the anchor fell; and then how I feared again for the Durham, as a thin man in spectacles worked the Prussian about in a double-reefed mainsail, and stood round in stays so beautifully. I thought myself at sea, so graphic was the whole description—the waves splashed and foamed around the bulwarks, and broke in spray upon the deck—the wind

rattled amid the rigging—the bulk heads creaked, and the good ship heaved heavily in the trough of the sea, like a mighty monster in his agony. But my heart quailed not—I knew that Dr. Lushington was at the helm, and Dr. Haggard had the look-out a-head—I felt that Dr. Robinson stood by the lee braces, and Dr. Addison waited hatchet in hand to cut away the mainmast. These were comforting reflections, till I was once more enabled to believe myself in her majesty's high court of admiralty.

Alas! ye Coopers—ye Marryatts—ye Chamiers—ye historians of storm and sea-fight, how inferior are your triumphs compared with the descriptive eloquence of a law court. Who can pourtray the broken heart of blighted affection, like Charles Philips in a breach of promise? What was Scott compared to Scarlett?—how inferior is Dickens to Counsellor O'Driscoll?—here are the men, who, without the trickery of trade, ungilt, unlettered, and unillustrated, can move the world to laughter and to tears. They ask no aid from Colburn, nor from Cruikshank—they need not "Brown" nor Longman. Heaven-born warriors, doctors, chemists, and anatomists—deep in every art, learned in every science—mankind is to them an open book, which they read at will, and con over at leisure—happy country, where we have you in abundance, and where your talents are so available, that they can be had for asking.

#### "THE INCOME TAX."

AMONG the many singular objections the opposition members are making to the new property tax, I find Mr. C. Buller stating in the house, that his greatest dislike to the project lay in the exceedingly small amount of the impost.

"My wound is great, because it is so small,"

might have been the text of the honourable and learned gentleman's oration. After setting forth most eloquently the varied distresses of the country—its accumulating debt and heavy taxation, he turns the whole weight of his honest indignation against the new imposition, because,

forsooth, it is so "little burdensome, and will inflict so slight an additional load upon the tax-payer. There is an attempt at argument, however, on the subject, which is somewhat amusing—for he continues not only to lament the smallness of the new tax, but the "slight necessity that exists" even for that. Had we some great national loss to make up the deficiency of which a call on the united people was necessary, then, quoth he, how happily we should stand forward in support of the constitution. In fact, he deplores in the most moving terms, that ill off as the country is, yet it is not half so bad as it might be, or as he should like to see it. Ah! had we only some disastrous continental war, devastating our commerce—ruining our colonies—and eating into the very heart of our national resources, how gladly I should pay this income tax—but to remedy a curable evil—to restore, by prompt and energetic measures, the growing disease of the state, is a poor, pettifogging practice, that has neither heroism nor fame to recommend it. I remember hearing that at one of these excellent institutions, so appropriately denominated Magdalen Asylums, a poor but innocent girl presented herself for admission, pleading her lonely and deserted condition as a plea for her reception. The patroness, an amiable and excellent person, but somewhat of the complexion of the honourable and learned member for Liskeard, asked at once whether she had resolved on a total reformation of her mode of life? The other replied that her habits had been always chaste and virtuous—and that her character had been invariably above reproach. "Ah, in that case," rejoined the lady, "we can't admit you; this institution is expressly for the reception of penitents—if you could only qualify for a week or so, there is no objection to your admission."

Is not this exactly Mr. Buller's proposition: leave the Whigs where they were for a few years longer; let us go on with our admirable foreign policy, and when we have successfully embroiled ourselves with America, lost Canada, been beaten in China, driven out of our eastern possessions, and provoked a war with France, then I'm your man for an income tax—lay it on only heavily—let the nation,

already bowed down under the heavy burden of its calamities, receive in addition the gracious boon of enormous taxation. Homœopathy teaches us that nothing is so curative in its agency as the very cause of our present suffering, or something as analogous to it as possible; and, like Hahnemann, Mr. Buller administers what the vulgar call "a hair of the dog that bit us," as the most sovereign remedy for all our evils.

The country is like a sick man with a whitlow, for the cure of which his physician prescribes a slight but clearly necessary operation. Another medical Dr. Buller is, however, standing by—he at once insinuates his veto—remarks upon the trivial nature of the disease, the unpainful character of the remedy; "but wait," adds he—"wait till the inflammation extends higher—have patience till the hand becomes swollen and the arm affected, and then, when your agony is beyond endurance, and your life endangered, then we'll amputate the limb high up, and mayhap you may recover after all."

As for me, it is the only occasion I'm aware of, where a successful comparison can be instituted between honour and the Whigs, for assuredly neither have "any skill in surgery."

#### AN IRISH ENCORE.

We certainly are a very original people, and contrive to do every thing after a way of our own! Not content with cementing our friendships by fighting, and making the death of a relative the occasion of a merry evening, we even convert the habits we borrow from other lands into something essentially different from their original intention, and infuse into them a spirit quite national.

The echo which, when asked "How d'ye do, Paddy Blake?" replied, "Mighty well, thank you," could only have been an Irish echo. Any other country would have sulkily responded, "Blake—ake—ake—ake," in *diminuendo* to the end of the chapter. But there is a courtesy, an attention, a native politeness on our side of the channel, it is in vain to seek elsewhere. A very strong instance in point occurs in a morning paper before me, and one so delightfully characteristic of our habits and customs, it would be un-

pardonable to pass it without commemoration. At an evening concert at the Rotundo, we are informed that Mr. Knight—I believe his name is—enchanted his audience by the charming manner he sung "Molly Astore." Three distinct rounds of applause followed, and an encore that actually shook the building, and may—though we are not informed of the circumstance—have produced very remarkable effects in the adjacent institution; upon which Mr. Knight, with his habitual courtesy, came forward and sang—what, think ye, good reader? Of course you will say, "Molly Astore," the song he was encored for. Alas! for your ignorance;—that might do very well in Liverpool or Manchester, at Bath, Bristol, or Birmingham—the poor benighted Saxons there might like to get what they asked so eagerly for; but we are men of very different mould, and not accustomed to the jog-trot subserviency of such common-sense notions; and accordingly, Mr. Knight sang "The Soldier Tired"—a piece of politeness on his part that actually convulsed the house with acclamations; and so on to the end of the entertainment, "the gentleman, when encored, invariably sang a new song"—I quote the paper *verbatim*—"which testimony of his anxiety to meet the wishes of the audience afforded universal satisfaction."

Now, I ask—and I ask it in all the tranquillity of triumph—show me the country on a map where such a studied piece of courteous civility could have been practised, or which, if attempted, could have been so thoroughly, so instantaneously appreciated. And what an insight does it give us into some of the most difficult features of our national character. May not this Irish encore explain the success with which Mr. O'Connell consoles our "poverty" by attacks on the clergy, and relieves our years of scarcity by creating forty-shilling freeholders. We ask for bread, and he tells us we are a great people—we beg for work, and he replies, that we must have repeal of the union—we complain of our poverty, and his remedy is—subscribe to the rent. Your heavy-headed Englishman—your clod-hopper from Yorkshire—or your boor from Northumberland, would never understand this, if you gave him a                   ag to con over



it. Norfolk pudding to his gross and sensual nature would seem better than the new registration bill; and he'd rather hear the simmering music of the boiled beef for his dinner, than all the rabid ruffianism of a repeal meeting.

But to come back to ourselves. What bold and ample views of life do our free-and-easy habits disclose to us, not to speak of the very servant at table, who will often help you to soup, when you ask for sherry, and give you preserves, when you beg for pepper. What amiable cross-purposes are we always playing at—not bigotedly adhering to our own narrow notions, and following out our own petty views of life, but eagerly doing what we have no concern in, and meritoriously performing for our friends, what they'd be delighted we'd have let alone.

This amiable waywardness—this pleasing uncertainty of purpose—characterises our very climate; and the day that breaks in sunshine becomes stormy at noon, calm towards evening, and blows a hurricane all night. So the Irishman that quits his home brimfull of philanthropy is not unlikely to rob a church before his return. But so it is, there is nobody like us in any respect. We commemorate the advent of a sovereign by erecting a testimonial to the last spot he stood on at his departure; and we are enthusiastic in our gratitude when, having asked for one favour, we receive something as unlike it as possible.

Our friends at the other side are beginning to legislate for us in the true spirit of our prejudices; and when we have complained of “a beggared proprietary and a ruined gentry,” they have bolstered up our weakness with the new poor law. So much for an Irish encore.

#### VICEREGAL PRIVILEGES.

“THE sixth of Anne, chap. seventeen, makes it unlawful to keep gaming-houses in any part of the city except the “Castle,” and prohibits any game being played even there except during the residence of the Lord Lieutenant. This act is still on the statute book.”  
—*Dublin Paper*.

One might puzzle himself for a very long time for an explanation of this

strange *morceau* of legislation, without any hope of arriving at a shadow of a reason for it.

That gaming should be suppressed by a government is in nowise unnatural; nor should we feel any surprise at our legislature having been a century in advance of France, in the due restriction of this demoralizing practice. But that the exercise of a vice should be limited to the highest offices of the state is, indeed, singular, and demands no little reflection on our part to investigate the cause.

Had the functions of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland been of that drowsy, tiresome, uninteresting nature, that it was only deemed fair by the legislature to afford him some amusing pastime to distract his “*caus*” and dispel his melancholy, there might seem to have been then some reason for this extraordinary enactment. On the contrary, however, every one knows that from the remotest times to the present, every viceroy of Ireland has had quite enough on his hands. Some have been saving money to pay off old mortgages, others were farming the Phoenix; some took to the King Cambyzes’ vein, like poor dear Lord Normanby—raked up all the old properties and faded finery of the Castle, and, with such material as they could collect, made a kind of Drury-lane representation of a court. And very lately, and with an originality so truly characteristic of true genius, Lord Ebrington struck out a line of his own, and slept away his time with such a persevering intensity of purpose, that “the least wide-awake” persons of his government became actually ashamed of themselves. It is only now, indeed, that we have really lighted on better times. But to go back. What, I would ask, was the intention of this act? I know you give it up. Well, now, I have made the matter the subject of long and serious thought, and I think I have discovered it.

Have you ever read, in the laws of the smaller German states, the singular rules and regulations regarding the gaming-table? If so, you will have found how the entire property of the “*rouge et noir*” and “*roulette*” is vested in certain individuals in return for very considerable sums of money, paid by them to the government, for the privilege of robbing the public.

These honourable and estimable people farm out iniquity as you would do your demesne, selling the cheatlike features of mankind, like the new corn law, on the principle of "a general average." The government of these states, finding—no uncommon thing in Germany—a deficiency in their exchequer, have hit upon this ready method of supplying the gap, by a system which has all the regularity of a tax, with the advantage of a voluntary contribution. These little kingdoms, therefore, of some half-dozen miles in circumference, are nothing more than *rouges et noires*, where the grand duke performs the part of croupier, and gathers in the gold. Now, I am convinced that something of this kind was intended by our law-givers in the act of parliament to which I have alluded, and that its programme might run thus—that "as the office of Lord Lieutenant in Ireland is one of great responsibility, high trust, and necessarily demanding profuse expenditure; and that, as it may so happen that the same should, in the course of events, be filled by some Whig-Radical viceroy of great pretension and little property; and that as the ordinary sum for maintaining his dignity may be deemed insufficient, we hereby give him the exclusive liberty and privilege of all games of chance, skill, or address, in the kingdom of Ireland, whether the same may be chicken-hazard, blind hockey, head and tail, &c.—thimble-rigging was only known later—to be enjoyed by himself only, or by persons deputed by him; such privilege in nowise to extend to the lords justices, but only to exist during the actual residence and presence of the Lord Lieutenant himself."—See the act.

I cannot but admire the admirable tact that dictated this portion of legislation; at the same time, it does seem a little hard that the chancellor, the archbishop, and the other high functionaries, who administer the law in the absence of the viceroy, should not have been permitted the small privilege of a little unlimited loo, or even, beggar-my-neighbour, particularly as the latter game is the popular one in Ireland.

There would seem, too, something like an appreciation of our national character in the spirit of this law, which, unhappily for England, and Ireland, too, has not always dictated

ing us. It is  
and altho  
a legal debt  
to you the loan  
of ~~re-pounding~~ lower can per-  
themselves to pay five hundred  
kingdom of Galway has long been  
rated for its enlightened notions  
its subject, showing how much  
conducive it is to personal inde-  
pendence and domestic economy, to  
pay five hundred pounds in resisting  
it, than to satisfy it by the pay-  
of twenty. Accordingly, had  
direct taxation of considerable  
not been proposed for the sup-  
port of viceregal dignity, the chances  
—much as we like slow and glitter-  
ingly as we admire all that gives us  
semblance of a state—we should  
buttoned up our pockets, and  
the principle of these economical  
tricks, that teach us to do as  
for ourselves, every man would  
be resolved to be, "his own lord  
lieutenant;" coming, however, in the  
case of an indirect taxation, a volun-  
tary contribution to be withheld at  
all, the thing was unobjection-  
able.

You might not like cards, still less  
the company—a very possible circum-  
stance, the latter, in some times we  
were of not long since—Well, then,  
you saved your cash and your char-  
acter by staying at home; on the  
other hand, it was a comfort to know  
you could have your rubber of  
"arts" or your game at *dear*, while  
at the same time you were contributing  
to the maintenance of the crown, and  
wringing the drovins of a loyal sub-  
ject.

It is useless, however, to speculate  
upon an obsolete institution; the  
has fallen into disuse, and the more  
a pity. How one would like to  
see Lord Normanby, with that  
curl of infantine simplicity that  
rested upon his forehead, with that  
air of self-satisfied loveliness  
that rested on his features, playing  
at *rouge et noir*, or calling the  
cards at hazard. I am not quite so  
certain that the concern would have been  
so profitable as picturesque. The prin-  
cipal frequenters of his court were "York  
town" and "Dorchester" was a "downy  
cove" and "box."

ing us. It is  
and altho  
a legal debt  
to you the loan  
of ~~re-pounding~~ lower can per-  
themselves to pay five hundred  
kingdom of Galway has long been  
rated for its enlightened notions  
its subject, showing how much  
conducive it is to personal inde-  
pendence and domestic economy, to  
pay five hundred pounds in resisting  
it, than to satisfy it by the pay-  
of twenty. Accordingly, had  
direct taxation of considerable  
not been proposed for the sup-  
port of viceregal dignity, the chances  
—much as we like slow and glitter-  
ingly as we admire all that gives us  
semblance of a state—we should  
buttoned up our pockets, and  
the principle of these economical  
tricks, that teach us to do as  
for ourselves, every man would  
be resolved to be, "his own lord  
lieutenant;" coming, however, in the  
case of an indirect taxation, a volun-  
tary contribution to be withheld at  
all, the thing was unobjection-  
able.

of "wet Tory"—used to be found at that court; just as one sees some respectable matronly woman at Fins or Baden, seated in a happy unconsciousness that all the company about her are rogues and swindlers, so *he* might afford some good sport, and assist to replenish the furnished exchequer. Generally speaking, however, the play would not have kept the tables; and his lordship would have been in for the wax-lights, without the slightest chance of return.

As for his successor, "patience" would have been his only game; and indeed it was one he had to practise, whilst he remained amongst us. Better days have now come; let us, therefore, inquire if a slight modification of the act might not be effected with benefit, and an amendment somewhat thus be introduced into the bill—"That the words 'Lord Mayor' be substituted for the words 'Lord Lieutenant'; and that all the privileges, rights, immunities, &c., aforesaid, be used by him, to his sole use and benefit; and also that, in place of the word 'Castle,' the word 'Mansion-house' stand part of this bill"—thus reserving to his lordship all monopoly in games of chance and address, without in anywise interfering with such practices of the like nature exercised by him elsewhere, and always permitted and conceded by whatever government in power."

Here, my dear countrymen, is no common suggestion. I am no prophet, like Sir Harcourt Lees; but still I venture to predict, that this system once legalized at the Merakdry, the tribute is totally unnecessary. The little town of Spa, with scarce 10,000 inhabitants, pays the Belgian government 200,000 francs per annum for the liberty; what would Dublin—a city so populous and so idle, only think of the tail?—how admirably they could employ their little talent as "bonnets," and the various other functionaries so essential to the well-being of a gambling-house; and lastly, think of great Dan himself, with his burly look, seated in civic dignity at the green cloth, with a rake instead of a mace before him, calling out, "Make your game, gentlemen, make your game"—"Never venture, never win"—"Faint heart," &c. &c.

How suitable would the eloquence that has now grown tiresome, even at the Corn Exchange, be at the head of a gaming-table; and how well would his worship conduct a business whose motto is so admirably expressed by the phrase "Heads I win, tails you lose;" besides, after all, nothing could form so efficient a bond of union between the two contending parties in the country as some little mutual territory of wickedness, where both might forget their virtues and their grievances together. Here you'd soon have the violent party-man of either side, oblivious of every thing but his chance of gain; and what an energy would it give to the great Daniel to think that while filling his pockets he was also spoiling the Egyptians! Instead, therefore, of making the poor man contribute his penny, and the ragged man, twopence, you'd have the rent supplied without the trouble of collection, and all from the affluent and the easy, or at least the idle, portion of the community.

This is the second time I have thrown out a suggestion—and all for nothing, remember—on the subject of finance; and a little reflection will show, that both my schemes are undeniable in their benefits. Here you have one of the most expensive pleasures a poor country has ever ventured to afford itself—a hired agitator, pensioned without any burden on the productive industry of the land, and he himself, so far from having any thing to complain of, will find that his revenue is more than quadrupled.

Look at the question, besides, in another point of view, and see what possible advantages may arise from it. Nothing is so admirable an antidote to all political excitement as gambling: where it flourishes, men become so inextricably involved in its fascinations and attractions that they forget every thing else. Now, was ever a country so urgently in want of a little repose as ours? and would it not be well to purchase it, and pension off our great disturbers at any price whatever? Cards are better than carding any day; short whist is an admirable substitute for insurrection; and the rattle of a dice-box is surely as pleasant music as the ruffian shout for repeal.

## RICH AND POOR—POUR ET CONTRE.

"If I was a king upon a throne this minute, an' I wanted to have a smoke for myself by the fire-side—why if I was to do my best what could I smoke but one pen'orth of tobacco, in the night, after all?—but can't I have that just as easy?"

"If I was to have a bed with down feathers, what could I do but sleep there?—and sure I can do that in the settle-bed above."

SUCH is the very just and philosophical reflection of one of Griffin's most amusing characters, in his inimitable story of "The Collegians"—a reflection that naturally sets us a thinking, that if riches and wealth cannot really increase a man's capacity for enjoyment, with the enjoyments themselves, their pursuit is, after all, but a poor and barren object of even worldly happiness.

As it is perfectly evident, that so far as mere sensual gratifications are concerned, the peer and the peasant stand pretty much on a level, let us inquire for a moment in what the great superiority consists which exalts and elevates one above the other. Now, without entering upon that wild field for speculation that power (and what power equals that conferred by wealth) confers, and the train of ennobling sentiment, suggested by extended views of philanthropy and benevolence—for, in this respect, it is perfectly possible the poor man has as amiable a thrill at his heart in sharing his potato with a wandering beggar, as the rich one has in contributing his thousand pounds' donation to some great national charity—let us turn rather to the consideration of those more tangible differences that leave their impress upon character, and mould mens' minds into a fashion so perfectly and thoroughly distinct.

To our thinking then, the great superiority wealth confers, lies in the seclusion the rich man lives in from all the grosser agency of every-day life—its make-shifts, its contrivances, its continued warfare of petty provision and continual care, its unceasing effort to seem what it is not, and to appear to the world in a garb, and after a manner, to which it has no just pretension. The rich man knows nothing of all

this; life, to him, rolls on in measured tread, and the world, albeit the changes of season and politics, may affect him—has nothing to call forth any unusual effort of his temper or his intellect; his life, like his drawing-room, is arranged for him; he never sees it otherwise than in trim order, with an internal consciousness that people must be engaged in providing for his comforts, at seasons, when he is in bed, or asleep, or otherwise occupied, he gives himself no farther trouble about them, and in the monotony of his pleasures, attains to a tranquillity of mind the most enviable and most happy.

Hence that perfect composure so conspicuous in the higher ranks, among whom wealth is so generally diffused—hence that delightful simplicity of manner, so captivating from its total absence of pretension and affectation—hence that unbroken serenity that no chances or disappointments would seem to interfere with; the knowledge that he is of far too much consequence to be neglected or forgotten, supports him on every occasion, and teaches, that when any thing happens to his inconvenience or discomfort, that it could not but be unavoidable.

Not so the poor man: his poverty is a shoe that pinches every hour of the twenty-four; he may bear up from habit, from philosophy, against his restricted means of enjoyment; he may accustom himself to limited and narrow bounds of pleasure; he may teach himself that when wetting his lips with the cup of happiness, that he is not to drink to his liking of it; but what he cannot acquire, is that total absence of all forethought for the minor cares of life, its provisions for the future, its changes and contingencies—hence he does not possess that easy and tranquil temperament so captivating to all within its influence; he has none of the careless *abandon* of happiness; because even when happy he feels how short-lived must be his pleasure, and what a price he must pay for it. The thought of the future poisons the present, just as the dark cloud that gathers round the mountain-top, makes the sun-light upon the plain seem cold and sickly.

All the poor man's pleasures have taken such time and in their pre-

paration that they have lost their freshness ere they're tasted. The cook has sipped so frequently at the pottage, he will not eat of it when at table. The poor man sees life "*en papillote*" before he sees it "dressed." The rich man sees it only in the resplendent blaze of its beauty, glowing with all the attraction that art can lend it, and wearing smiles put on for his own enjoyment. But if such be the case, and if the rich man—from the very circumstance of his position—imbibe habits, and acquire a temperament possessing such charm and fascination, does he surrender nothing for all this? Alas! and alas! how many of the charities of life lie buried in the still waters of his apathetic nature. How many of the warm feelings of his heart are chilled for ever, for want of ground for their exercise. How can he sympathise who has never suffered; how can he console who has never grieved. There is nothing healthy in the placid mirror of that glassy lake—uncurled by a breeze, unruffled by a breath of passion, it wants the wholesome agitation of the breaking wave, the health-giving, bracing power of the conflicting element that stirs the heart within, and nerves it for a noble effort.

All that he has of good within him is cramped by *convenience* and fashion; for he who never feared the chance of fortune, trembles, with a coward's dread, before the sneer of the world. The poor man, however, only appeals to this test on a very different score. The "world" may prescribe to him the fashion of his hat, or the colour of his coat—it may dictate the *locale* of his residence, and the style of his household, and he may, so far as in him lies, comply with a tyranny so absurd; but with the free sentiments of his nature—his honest pride, his feeling sympathy—with the open current of his warm affection he suffers no interference; of this no man shall be the arbiter. If, then, the shoals and quicksands of the world deprive him of that tranquil guise and placid look—the enviable gift of richer men—he has, in requital, the unrestricted use of those greater gifts that God has given him, untrammelled by man's opinion, uncurbed by the control of "the world."

Each supports a tyranny after his own kind:—

The rich man—above the dictates of fashion—subjects the thoughts of his mind and the meditations of his heart to the world's rule.

The poor man—below it—keeps these for his prerogative, and has no slavery save in form.

Happy the man who, amid all the seductions of wealth and all the blandishments of fortune, can keep his heart and mind in the healthy exercise of its warm affections and its generous impulses. But still happier he, whose wealth—the native purity of his heart—can limit his desires to his means, untrammelled by ambition, undeterred by fear of failure, treads the lowly but peaceful path in life, neither aspiring to be great, nor fearing to be humble.

#### ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT.

THERE is no cant offends me more than the oft-repeated criticisms on the changed condition of Ireland. How very much worse or how very much better we have become since this ministry, or that measure—what a deplorable falling off!—what a gratifying prospect! how poor! how prosperous! &c. &c. Now, we are exactly what and where we used to be: not a whit wiser nor better, poorer nor prouder. The union, the relief bill, the reform and corporation acts, have passed over us, like the summer breeze upon the calm water of a lake, ruffling the surface for a moment, but leaving all still and stagnant as before. Making new laws for the use of a people who won't obey the old ones, is much like the policy of altering the collar or the cuffs of a coat for a savage, who insists all the while on going naked. However, it amuses the gentlemen of St. Stephen's; and, I'm sure I'm not the man to quarrel with innocent pleasures.

To me, looking back, as my Lord Brougham would say, from the period of a long life, I cannot perceive even the slightest difference in the appearance of the land, or the looks of its inhabitants. Dublin is the same dirty, ill-cared, broken-windowed, tumble-down concern it used to be—the country the same untilled, weed-grown, unfenced thing I remember it fifty



years ago—the society pretty much—the same mixture of shrewd lawyers, suave doctors, raw subalterns, and fat, old, greasy country gentlemen, waiting in town for remittances to carry them on to Cheltenham—that paradise of Paddies, and elysium of Galway *belles*. Our table-talk the old story, of who was killed last in Tipperary or Limerick, with the accustomed seasoning of the oft-repeated alibi that figures at every assizes, and is successful with every jury. These pleasant topics, tinted with the party colour of the speaker's politics, form the staple of conversation; and, "barring the wit," we are pretty much what our fathers were some half century earlier. Father Mathew, to be sure, has innovated somewhat on our ancient prejudices; but I find that what are called "the upper classes" are far too cultivated and too well-informed to follow a priest. A few weeks ago, I had a striking illustration of this fact brought before me, which I am disposed to quote the more willingly, as it also serves to display the admirable constancy with which we adhere to our old and time-honoured habits. The morning of St. Patrick's Day was celebrated in Dublin by an immense procession of teetotallers, who, with white banners, and whiter cheeks, paraded the city, evidencing in their cleanly, but care-worn countenances, the benefits of temperance. On the same evening a gentleman—so speak the morning papers—got immoderately drunk at the ball in the Castle, and was carried out in a state of insensibility. Now, it is not for the sake of contrast I have mentioned this fact—my present speculation has another and very different object, and is simply this:—How comes it, that since time out of mind the same event has recurred on the anniversary of St. Patrick at the Irish court? When I was a boy I remember well "the gentleman who became so awfully drunk," &c. Every administration, from the Duke of Rutland downwards, has had its drunken gentleman on "Patrick's night." Where do they keep him all the year long?—what do they do with him?—are questions I continually am asking myself. Under what name and designation does he figure in the pension list? for of course I am not silly enough to suppose that a well-ordered

government would depend on chance for functions like these. One might as well suppose they would calculate on some one improvising Sir William Betham, or extemporaneously performing "God save the Queen" on the state trumpet, in lieu of that amiable individual who distends his loyal cheeks on our great anniversaries. No, no. I am well aware he is a member of the household, or at least in the pay of the government. When the pope converts his Jew on Holy Thursday, the Catholic church have had ample time for preparation: the cardinals are on the look-out for weeks before, to catch one for his holiness—a good respectable hirsute Israelite, with a strong Judas expression to magnify the miracle. But then the Jew is passive in the affair, and has only to be converted patiently—whereas "the gentleman" has an active duty to discharge; he must imbibe sherry, iced punch, and champagne, at such a rate that he can be able to shock the company, before the rooms thin, with his intemperate excess. Besides, to give the devil—the pope, I mean—his Jew, they snare a fresh one every Easter. Now, I am fully persuaded that, at our Irish court, the same gentleman has performed the part for upwards of fifty years.

At the ancient banquets it was always looked upon as a triumph of Amphitryonism when a guest or two died the day after of indigestion, from over eating. Now, is it not possible that our classic origin may have imparted to us the trait I am speaking of, and that "the gentleman" is retained as typical of our exceeding hilarity and consummate conviviality—an evidence to the "great unasked" that the festivities within doors are conducted on a scale of boundless profusion and extravagance—that the fountains from which honour flows, run also with champagne, and that punch and the peerage are to be seen bubbling from the same source.

It is a sad thing to think that the gifted man, who has served his country so faithfully in this capacity for so long a period, must now be stricken in years. Time and rum must be telling upon him; and yet, what should we do were we to lose him?

In the chapel of Maria Zell, in Styria, there is a porous figure of St.

Somebody, with more consonants than I find prudent to venture on from mere memory; the priest is rolling his eyes very benignly on the frequenters of the chapel, as they pass by the shrine he resides in. The story goes, that when the saint ceases winking, some great calamity will occur to the commune and its inhabitants. Now, the last time I saw him, he was in great vigour, ogled away with his accustomed energy, and even, I thought—perhaps it was a suspicion on my part—had actually strained his eyeballs into something like a squint, from actual eagerness to oblige his votaries—a circumstance happily of the less moment in our days, as a gifted countryman of ours could have remedied the defect in

no time. But to return; my theory is, that when we lose our tipsy friend it's all up with us; "Birnam wood will then have come to Dunsinane;" and what misfortunes may befall us, Sir Harcourt Lees may foresee, but I confess myself totally unable to predicate.

Were I the viceroy, I'd not sleep another evening in the island. I'd pack up the regalia, send for Anthony Blake to take charge of the country, and start for Liverpool in the mail-packet.

Happily, however, such an event may be still distant; and although the Austrians have but one Metternich, we may find a successor to our "Knight of St. Patrick."

O.

#### THE PLACE DES TERREAUX.

##### AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No greater nor more startling evidence of the increase of democratic feeling in France can be adduced, than in the altered tone of all these writers, who, of late years, have treated of the great revolution of '89.

The atrocities of that frightful period are no longer remembered, or if accidentally called to mind, are quoted as the excesses which mistaken notions of liberty so naturally suggest. The guillotine is spoken of as the episode, not the whole epic of the day, and the very names of those before whom the nation shuddered, and over whose graves trembling France scarce ventured to rejoice, have already found their apologists, and the opinion of Robespierre, the blood-stained and the murderous, has been actually adduced as an argument in support of the suppression of capital punishment.

The following little sketch, for the truth of which I can vouch, glances at a few of the many incidents that marked the darkest hour in the destinies of any land. I give it in the simple tones in which I heard it. Why cannot I impart the venerable figure of him who was the narrator?—

the "*vieux grognard*," who, with white moustache and wrinkled brow, brought up a thousand memories of the changing fortunes of his favoured but unhappy country.

It is right to apprise the reader that there is not in the following recital, any thing whatever imaginative, nor even the least particular which is not most scrupulously true. The account was given me by Colonel Brissac, a sedate, single-minded, unprejudiced man, as an occurrence of his private life. I shall endeavour (perhaps unsuccessfully) to preserve in the relation, those deep impressions, and the same unvarnished simplicity of truth, which made me shudder as I listened to the story at my fireside. In reading the bloody episodes of the revolution, we are always somewhat under the persuasion of the dominant influence of type and literary composition. We are not struck with them; we do not yield them implicit credit; it would appear as if we were reading some horrible romance: but when a man with white hairs, with the aid of gesture, and the resources of conversational manner, describes to you the

place, the scene, the persons, to the minutest circumstances which lay hold of the mind, and calmly tells you, "*I was there, I saw it,*" reason becomes astounded at the revolting reality.

"You were at the siege of Lyons, then?" said I to M. Brissac, with the view of drawing him out.

"Yes, we were called there from the mountains of Savoy, where we had been placed in observation. I was a captain at that time."

"So soon a captain?"

"Yes; I had previously been an officer, or nearly one, under the old government. I was named *sous-lieutenant* in 1790, on quitting the military school of Condom; I have my brevet still, with the *fleurs-de-lis* of Louis XVI. The course of events brought me back to Chalons. At the time of the general enlistment, claims of preference were allowed to the citizens who had already served; and I was appointed at once to the command of a company. The elections took place in the old church of the Cordeliers, where, if you recollect, they afterwards established the forage stores: it was precisely in the friars' refectory.—But you are too young to have seen all that. We were marched into Savoy, where we remained a long time, amidst the cold and snows of that country, without provisions, without shoes, and without occupation. We descended at length to Lyons, from the elevation of the Alps, and found a force just arrived from Paris, called the *revolutionary army*. You can form no idea of these troops. They were a horde of plunderers and cut-throats, picked up in the bloody puddles of the metropolis—but their cavalry was superb. It was composed, I imagine, for the most part, of grooms and lackeys of families of rank, who had denounced their masters, and then robbed their stables. Our fellows hated them. There were from twenty to thirty of them picked up every morning, sabred in duels with our grenadiers; for I must tell you one thing, not by any means generally known, having remained buried in the chaos of iniquities of all kinds which were perpetrated at that period. Our men were paid in paper, in assignats, (as they were called,) for their arduous and loyal services, whilst these wretches, without courage and

without discipline, were paid in good hard cash. I believe they even had the high pay of thirty sols; you may guess for what work. The city once taken, imagine to yourself this pack let loose in Lyons, and Collot d'Herbois at its head—the mitrillades and the guillotine established, and the inhabitants massacred by roll-call. We led out fifty of them every day to shoot."

"You, colonel!"

"We, as well as others. Alas! we dared not show any pity: we were obliged to steel our hearts, and obey under pain of death. You are astonished. But for the slightest, even involuntary infringement, of this horrible service, we were transferred, officers as well as soldiers, from the ranks of the executioners to those of the victims. I'll just mention to you what happened me on one occasion. The prisons were emptied every day at noon. The condemned were led to the *Place des Terreaux*. They were ranged in a circle round the standard of the Hotel de Ville, strongly guarded by troops on every side. The municipal officers came forward on the steps, read their sentence, and they were then led to execution. One day I was on duty; the sentence having been read, I gave the command to march, but my progress was arrested: a female had broken through the line, and cast herself on one of the condemned, (her husband, mayhap, or her father,) whom she would not let go. There was the greatest difficulty to disengage her from the embrace, and she was borne away almost dead. There was certainly nothing imputable to me here. What think you? I was put under close arrest for three days. It fared worse with my lieutenant. He led twelve of the inhabitants to death with rather a weak escort. One of them broke his bonds, upset two of the guard, and disappeared in the entry of a house. Five or six shots were fired after him, but without effect.—It requires a native of Lyons to reconnoitre in certain quarters, they are so pierced with lanes and obscure passages.—The fugitive was saved; the lieutenant was shut up in the common prison. The prison, as I have mentioned, was emptied every day at noon for the *fusillade*; we had the great

est difficulty in the world to obtain the release of the lieutenant, at three-quarters past eleven o'clock; twenty minutes later, and he was dead. This man was so struck with the circumstance, that he fled two months afterwards into Piedmont; yet, notwithstanding every thing, we saved many of the condemned by secret enlistments. All our officers had taken some of them amongst their men, at the risk of their heads. I had twenty-two of them in my company; but they deserted, like the lieutenant, when we were recalled to the frontier.

"Weary of these horrors," resumed the colonel, after a pause, "as well as of the trade of a soldier, which was then nothing less than that of an assassin, I applied for leave, and returned home to pass some days with my family. I had, on a former occasion been sent into Vivarais, to watch a rumoured assembling of the emigrants, which was without foundation, and I had the happiness to prevent, in that country, the pillage of some respectable chateaux. This became known at Chalons, and I already passed for an *aristocrat*: besides, I did not frequent the club, and the orator cobblers were pleased to take offence when one didn't go hear them. A revolution is not alone the reign of the wicked, it is a perfect triumph to brutal violence; and imagine, if you can, the ruffianism of the lowest, goaded on to guilt by the exciting harangues and encouraging bravoos of the foul-mouthed orators of blood. I was denounced. My father-in-law informed me one evening, there was no course left me but to rejoin my regiment, to avoid becoming the object of marked attention. I returned to Lyons, concluding that all was at an end there. But I arrived quite *à propos*, as you will perceive. The day after I was ordered to attend a military execution: two hundred were to be shot. The following is the way they conducted matters at the Brotteaux. The plain of the Brotteaux——"

"I know Lyons, colonel; and the plain is, as it were, before me."

"Ah!—you know it.—The condemned had their hands strongly tied behind their backs with a rope. They were led one after another in file, each between two *gendarmes*. The

troops charged with the execution formed in line on either side. I commanded a detachment of four hundred men. One hundred victims were delivered to me; and an officer, at the head of four hundred recruits, (townsmen and peasants newly raised) was joined with me as a colleague for the other hundred. There was in the plain a row of old trees, along which a strong rope was strained, about the height of a man's middle. The *gendarmes*, upon arriving, drew up the condemned in line, in front, beside each other, and fastened the ropes by which their hands were bound to the rope extended along the trees; at the same time, the troops were drawn up in array, in a parallel line, fifteen paces distant, each detachment in front of its own condemned.

"On this occasion, the preparations completed, the subaltern of the *gendarmes* made a sign to me. I raised my sword—the drums beat—I gave the word to fire—my men were disciplined—every shot took effect—all were dead. The recruits fired at the same instant; you have never seen—never heard—never imagined any thing more horrible. Not one of their wretched victims was shot dead, they hung writhing along the rope, and screamed in tones of piercing agony—'*Ah, my God! my God!—my head!—my throat!—put an end to me!—mercy!—help!*' All this time, ten pieces of artillery thundered around us, to drown the cries, for the crowd scarcely two hundred paces off, was already exhibiting signs of horror and excitement. In this exigency, I ordered my four hundred men to re-load, file off on the right flank, and mask the poor recruits, whose legs tottered under them; at my second command to fire, the cries ceased, all the bodies sprang upon the rope, and became stiff and motionless."

The colonel regarded me with a fixed look.

"Another time," he continued, "a new mode of extermination was adopted. They conducted the prisoners to this same plain of the Brotteaux, to the number of two or three hundred, and closing them in upon each other, gathered them into a heap, and the *gendarmes* retired. We were in line at twenty paces' distance; our rank, opened, and filing to the right and

left, unmasked a battery of cannon charged with canister-shot. The condemned, seeing the match put to, cast themselves on their faces to the ground; the shot passed over them; they then rose up, shrieking and distracted, taking to flight as best they might, in all directions. The revolutionary cavalry, which I mentioned to you, were let loose upon them. They were sabred, cut, and hacked up and down upon the plain. Oh, what horrid scenes! you would shudder if I recorded them. But I grow confused. Some things would seem actually incredible. Stay, there is one affair I may narrate from amongst a thousand."

This was what I was desirous of arriving at. I squared myself in my *fauteuil*—to listen attentively.

"One night," said the colonel, "I had hardly lain down, after the severest duty, patrols—rounds which never terminate in a city overwhelmed with such a civil and military government—when I was called up, and received an order to hold myself under the directions of a man who was introduced to me. He was a member of the revolutionary commission. The order was formal. This man forthwith enjoined me to bring three hundred soldiers and follow him. I accoutred myself hastily, issued my orders to my subalterns, and the detachment was immediately in motion. We filed silently along the streets, and passed through the gates of Lyons. The dawn began to break by the time we were in the country. I was as yet ignorant of our destination. We had proceeded nearly three leagues, when we arrived at a town between Lyons and Belley, about equidistant from these two cities. This town is called Cremieux, and is of sufficient consequence to be noted on the map. All appeared peaceful within. We halted a hundred paces from the dwellings. The commissary ordered me to make the men load their pieces, and surround the village, with express commands to fire upon all who should attempt to quit it. These measures taken, I headed the grenadiers, and we entered the town with fixed bayonets, the commissary at our head, and I keeping close to him. The serenity and beauty of the scene remain impressed upon me: the country is beautiful—you have seen it?"

"I must have passed very near it, having been to Geneva, by Bellegarde and Nantua."

"You know, then, those pretty white dwellings—those long and flat red-tiled roofs, the little stair creeping along the wall—those furtive shutters, and those umbrageous vines, trelliced on pillars, *à l'Italienne*. The sun had just risen, the sky was clear, the air still fresh, and the green summits of the mountains, glowing in its first beams, were half hid by the mist that now rose from the plain. The villagers were scarcely stirring. We met on our way an odd barefooted maiden, driving her cow to pasture, who would stop to look at us passing, putting aside her hair with her hand. The commissary had a sheep killed, and a butt broached, at the first houses we came to, to refresh the men. Up to that moment," ingenuously added the colonel, "no great mischief was done; but our business soon began. Drum-roll restored order, and we enfiladed the principal streets of the town. Some motion was immediately perceptible. Windows were opened; some ventured out of their doors, but returned again. Surprise and doubt held back those poor villagers: meanwhile, ominous reports spread about. We stopped at each house: the commissary entered, and I followed him, with four or five grenadiers. He advanced in a gruff and shuffling manner, and rolled about his large, terrible eyes; but those first houses were so poor, the walls so naked, the truckles so miserable, that his mouth was stopped. In one of those ruins, however, he perceived, upon a smoky mantel, I know not what image of devotion, in an old wooden frame: he unhooked the frame, and broke it, representing to these honest people that the good G—d existed no longer; and, uttering a fine patriotic harangue upon what he termed miserable superstition, laid down a twenty-franc assignat, by way of paying for the damage."

"And, doubtless, to prejudice you in favour of his partiality, and manner of dealing with the people."

"There was great need of it, I promise you. We approached the centre of the town, where houses of a better appearance told of small proprietors, comfortable farmers, and the good townsfolk of the place. At sight of us consternation spread visibly, and terror



was pictured in the countenances of those poor families, suddenly thunder-struck. What was passing at Lyons was known to them. The trembling women let fall their arms listlessly on their seats—the servants wept—children were carried about crying violently, and the men approached colourless, and with a smile that cut to the soul.

“‘Come, citizen,’ said the commissary, with an air of unconcern, ‘I am very sorry to incommode you, but you must follow us. I have strict orders, and duty takes place of every thing. You must come with us to Lyons.’”

“The frightful transition from accusation to punishment was, as I have mentioned to you, well known: it was notorious that every individual arrested was imprisoned, and that every prisoner might be regarded as a dead man. You may therefore imagine the stupefaction, into which these Lyons butcheries had cast the surrounding country. The women began, some to weep, others to cast themselves on their knees, and many fainted. The men stammered in an inarticulate voice, unintelligible protestations of citizenship. The commissary gave time for his first words to produce their full effect: then he added—

“‘I can well imagine this disturbs you. But, deuce take it, we are not made of stone. Hark ye, I perceive you are honest people, good citizens; some way, perhaps, may be found (between ourselves) of coming to an understanding.’”

“A ray of hope, a kind of forced laugh appeared on their countenances: they made a general movement, and listened with gaping mouths.

“‘Have you any money, any savings? If you are desirous to devote it to your country, and reimburse me somewhat, it is possible I might consent to shut my eyes, and leave you undisturbed.’”

“What!” I exclaimed, “did he speak as plainly as this?”

“Just so,” said the colonel; “and I believe I even modify somewhat the coarse bluntness of the proposition.”

“Why, it was nothing but an expedition of highwaymen.”

“Most truly so, indeed.”

“Before an officer—before you?”

“In my presence, and I uttered not a word, but even constrained myself

to wear an air of indifference. If I had but nodded my head, it would have fallen. You foresee that the unhappy country people instantly opened their little store, and surrendered all their money and valuables: they ruinmaged even for old watches, or some poor or solitary trinket, descending from their progenitors; and it was piteous to see them despoiling themselves of these family relics, so piously preserved for many a generation. The commissary was never satisfied: he had the effrontery to take a wretched medallion portrait from an old woman, who wept on seeing him carry it off. A similar visit was paid, with similar details, and pretty nearly similar results, to the principal dwellings throughout the village, which was leisurely and quietly pillaged in this way. The church, upon which was hoisted a large tricoloured flag, stood at the extremity of the village, and beside it the humble dwelling of the *curé*. The commissary informed me he was desirous of visiting the *curé*. I observed, it was very improbable he would be met with under existing circumstances: he replied, hastening his pace, ‘*we must have nothing to reproach ourselves with.*’

“The manse was a small dwelling, half-concealed with ivy and the vine. I think I see it still. We crossed a few feet of ground nearly waste, where hollyhocks, turnsoles, and the standards of an arbour in ruins, reared their heads confusedly amidst the grass; the whole surrounded with thorn fagots by way of hedge, where a broken wicker-fence, painted green, still held its place. A child in tatters was playing in the sunshine at the door, with a goat tied to a plane tree. The commissary craftily asked him if there was any one in the house. He raised his head, and quickly held it down again, with that wild timidity of the children of the south, pointing with his finger to the house. A female servant appeared at the hall entrance, who had neither the courage to move, nor to answer our questions. We made our way into a parlour. The *curé* was seated in a large arm-chair near the window, a book in his hands; he was an old man, tall and thin, a little bent, with long white hair: he raised his head, and looked at us through his large spectacles.

“‘Ah! as for thee,’ said the com-

missary, without ceremony on perceiving him—‘as for thee, my good friend, I must positively bring thee with me. The commission finds it necessary to examine thee—thou must follow me to Lyons, and without delay.’

“The *curé* took off his spectacles, placed them in his book, laid it down, and endeavoured to stammer out a question, without power to finish a word.

“‘Come,’ said the commissary—‘come, we have no time to lose; we must set out instantly.’

“The good man at length rose and said, ‘I think they have nothing to lay to my charge.’

“‘Thou wilt explain thyself down there; but there is no other course but to come with me.’

“The *curé* cast bewildered looks at us, and around him, and again spoke—‘Sir, I am tolerably well liked in this country, and have been assured that, in conforming to the laws—’

“‘Don’t be alarmed,’ interrupted the commissary, ‘the law is just. Besides,’ added he, in a self-sufficient tone, ‘I will take thee under my protection—once at Lyons, I will not forsake thee.’

“‘Well, sir, I am satisfied; I shall follow you.’

“‘But now.’

“‘Be it so, sir: as you will.’

“‘Thou wilt have need of money, yonder; one cannot carry one’s comforts to prison: thou wilt find it necessary to bring what thou hast. I will take charge of it.’

“The *curé* shrugged his shoulders, opened a large press, and brought forth a small paper in the palm of his hand, which contained two six livre crowns.

“‘Come; thou art jesting; thou hast money in thy church, in thy sacristy. Let us see.’

“At the same time the commissary made signs for us to follow him towards a corridor which led to the interior of the church. The *curé*, who had approached his housekeeper to leave her his instructions, hastened to precede us; observing, there was nothing there but the ornaments of the church.

“‘Oh, very well, we shall see,’ said the commissary.

“At the end of the corridor, we found ourselves in the sacristy.

“‘Open thy shop for us,’ said the commissary, striking with the flat of

his sabre a pannel, which returned a hollow sound.

“The *curé* drew a small key from his pocket, and opened a press with large folding doors, where the sacred vessels of the church lay carefully ranged.

“‘Ah! ah!—very good!’ said the commissary: ‘here is money, actually sleeping—what use in leaving it here?’

“He unrolled stoles, chasubles, copes; tore off the lace, rent it down the middle, and cutting it across into pieces of about a foot long, distributed them to each of the grenadiers present. He then seized the chalice, bent it on his knee, and flattened it for more convenient carriage. He did the same with the other vessels; took whatever was most valuable, and kicked back the stuffs into the press. I was so absorbed in the proceedings of this man, that I never thought of observing the countenance of the old *curé*, who kept at my side rolling his handkerchief in his clasped hands. When all this was ended the commissary resumed—

“‘Come, let’s away!’

“The *curé* made a movement, as if to return for a moment to the house, but the commissary stopped him, saying—

“‘Don’t be in the least uneasy; if thy imprisonment should happen to be lengthened, I shall be there to procure for thee some little comforts; and besides, I shall also see and arrange this affair, in order the sooner to effect thy release.’

“And he drew him away directly by another door, slapping him on the shoulder with his hand. But when we crossed the garden, his housekeeper ran after him with his hat and snuff-box. I am not quite sure that this garden was not the burial ground, it bordered upon it, at least. I have something like a confused recollection of the remains of black crosses in the grass, along a low wall. We were scarcely outside when a child came running after us, crying, in the patois of the country—

“‘*Monsieur le curé! Monsieur le curé!*’

“It was the child we had seen playing at the door. He hid himself in the folds of the *curé*’s assock.

“‘*Monsieur le curé—where are you going, Monsieur le curé?*’

“‘I am going to Lyons.’

“Ah! you are going to Lyons—and won't you bring me back something?”

“Yes, I will bring thee something.”

“Ah! and what will you bring me? Bring me — No; bring me a — rosary.”

“The *curé* embraced him.

“Send back that child,” said the commissary.

“He is the son of a native of this place, who has just died in the army.”

“He had doubtless taken charge of this child; who appeared to dwell at the manse.

“A very honest man, was that man,” replied he, in a constrained and artless tone, and as if to set himself at ease. But the commissary approached me—and a little farther on he commanded the *rappel* to be beat: the ranks were formed—the *curé* walked in the centre of the first platoon. We marched back through the village—the drums beating. It was now broad daylight; but the village appeared as if stricken dead—all was solitary and still, as at midnight. I saw alone, behind the windows, the heads of some good people, who followed with their eyes their poor *curé* in the midst of the soldiers. The sentinels at the end of the street were relieved. I assembled the rest of the detachment, and we resumed the route by which we had come; the commissary and I keeping at the head; the *curé* in the midst of the men of the first rank. I can hardly conceive now, how a man of his age could accomplish these three long leagues at the pace of the troops. He never uttered a complaint. We arrived at Lyons at three o'clock in the afternoon, and we followed the Rhone as far up as the *Terreaux* which we were obliged to traverse: we turned into the street which is there.”

“I know very well,” said I to the colonel, “the street which fronts Morand bridge.”

“Exactly. Arrived at the middle of this street, which you are aware is not long, my drums ceased. The end of the street which opened into the square, was crowded with people and troops. I advanced to ascertain the cause of the obstruction; mounted *gendarmes* cried out to me something which I did not well understand. I replied by an impatient movement

which they did not dare to resist. The drummers opened the way through the crowd, and the head of my column debouched in the square, across which our way lay diagonally; but I there perceived it would be impossible to pass. It was the hour for executions, which, besides, would last all the afternoon. The square was crowded with people and military, the troops keeping the line round the scaffold. The knife of the guillotine fell and rose in sad monotony, with the regularity of the sledge upon the anvil; the echo reverberated along the adjacent houses, and there was only heard, mingled with this horrible sound, a low clinking of arms and of horses' feet. I turned towards the commissary to consult him—he cried out to me, ‘forward,’ and advanced. A way was opened for him at sight of his scarf. We were close upon the *gendarmes* who formed the line. Our arrival had produced a movement in the crowd, and attention was directed towards us. The commissary advanced between the *gendarmes*, made a signal to one of the men upon the scaffold, and whilst this man was approaching him, he came and took the *curé* from my side, drew him by the arm towards this man, and turning to me with a significant sneer, cried, in making a sign to pass along the houses, ‘you may retire to your quarters.’ The line of the *gendarmes* closed. I filed off in two ranks, and we kept along the sides of the square, in passing to its other extremity. I hardly dared to guess at the motive of this last direction of the commissary. I went in front of my men—my head down, pretending to pick my steps. We touched upon the ranks of the troops encompassing the scaffold. At the extremity of the square, and upon the point of quitting it, I know not what terrible feeling of curiosity forced a movement from me, I raised my eyes towards the scaffold—a long black figure, with white hair, was just mounting it. I cast down my eyes, and raised them again in spite of myself—the head of the old *curé* fell!

“I turned towards my men—they had seen all, understood all—they marched on in silence, their eyes fixed on the ground. At this moment there was heard at a distance martial music, it was the *Marsellaise*. ‘The dogs!’ execrated under his cravat, my sergeant, who had belonged to

the old regiment of Auvergne. I never knew whether he spoke of the victims or of the executioners, but he wore so old and so honest a moustache.—I had my suspicions."

"What was the name of that man?" demanded I of the colonel.

"What man?"

"That commissary."

"Ah, I do not recollect, or rather I did not hear his name."

"Good heavens!" I returned; "how is it that such names are consigned to obscurity. Has there not been blood enough shed to inscribe them in crimson upon all the monuments of France?"

"I have told you of a priest," said the colonel. "One day they guillotined in the square, twelve nuns and their chaplain, for having"—the colonel looked at me—"for having sang hymns—that was the ground of the sentence. Another day, during the executions, one of the people shrugged his shoulders, either with horror or pity—he was taken, dragged along, thrust upon the scaffold, and his head followed those he had just seen falling!"

"Let us look with suspicion," said I, half speaking to myself, "on those

of the po-  
nce do you  
inquired the

transacts.

"I remember that those same men, that very time, loudly demanded it at the convention; and the first praetor, Legendre and Bourdon again invoked it before the bloody head of Feraud, which their cut-throats had just moved on with their sabres."

This had been some months with-  
, when again, not many weeks  
I passed through Lyons. There  
this recurred to me whilst slowly  
ing the square of the Terreur.  
I half expected to hear from the  
the walls of its fronts, the last echoes  
of the axe of '93. The busy passers-  
hurried along through its shops;  
sellers cried their wares; young  
ple read the papers at the doors of  
coffee-houses; an organ played  
popular air of the streets of  
is; and I recalled perplezingly the  
tence of the immortal—"Comme  
sur la France"—which begins  
—"But our offspring who will  
able themselves very little about  
frings, will dance upon our tombs!"

#### FRAGMENTS OF A

BY A NEW

#### A'S NOTE-BOOK.

1870.

"I wish you saw me h  
grasp the elbow of it, I low  
ray reaches me!

"I believe in my conscience, I intercept many a thought which Heaven intends for another man."—STEWART.

"They tell but dreams."—MRS. HEMANS.

#### First Fragment, (meetsly :

"O MEMORY, mighty ENCHANTRESS, how strange, how stupendous are thy gifts! From the dreamy cells of the past—from the tear-moistened graves of buried years—thou bringest back to us, almost in their pristine beauty, the joys and the hopes that were once our own. With thy divine principle within us, we feel possessed in part of IMMORTALITY; for, safe beneath thy sweet control, and all ready to obey the summons of thy magic wand, thou preservest for us, in everlasting youth, those happier seasons of our lifetime, which, it was our lament, we could not keep for ever with us: there are they embalmed for Eternity; and when

#### Set to false Memory;)

ling age creepeth on, and the year  
w night, that we have no pleasure  
and we are no longer what once w  
e—even then doth thy gracious in-  
nce descend in healing and blessing  
and thou tellest us of better days  
in we knew not to shed tears!

—And yet another gift is thine  
thor and still more extensive: thy  
fous power uniteth this poor world  
that beyond; for like the Prophet  
by Israelites, thou dost "stand be-  
the dead," and

compassionate  
gone to the  
happy being  
only life

*found in thee.* Thou sanctifiest our wayward souls by the recurrence of their blessed memory, and dost bring them before us all bright and beautiful as ever, and with none of Earth's tarnish upon their sunny wings. And to us thou speakest in the language of comfort, telling us that we shall not ever entirely die, ["non omnes moriemur!"] whispering to us in accents of peace, that even when our bodily presence is withdrawn from this shifting scene, we shall not utterly fade away. And this gracious assurance thou holdest forth to us, that seasons there will be of tender and tearful recollection, when the Friend who hath mourned our removal, will dwell deeply and steadfastly upon our memory; when his longing fancy will make him deem that we are once more with him, even though his unpurged vision may not take in our spiritualized aspect; and thus, even in the solitude of a lonely heart, he will be enabled to rejoice, and though for him

"Remembrance wake a tear,  
There will be joy in grief!"

Still! Is the recollection of past good, when gone from us for ever, the source of grief or of gladness? *Of both*—first of the one, then of the other. This is no paradox, as a few words will show.

There are moments, (and we are not left long in this world, before many such moments pass over our heads,) of great and awful conflict—the Gethsemanes of our history—when the fearful struggle between light and darkness is passing over our soul—when MEMORY becomes a deceiver, and her powers are only exerted to work our ruin; and when dreams of vanished joy only fill us with agony, by reminding us that never again can it so happen to us in this world. Like Rachel, our tears flow down for the blessed children of better hours, and like her we "refuse to be comforted, BECAUSE *they are not.*" Happiness, when lost, is thus made the fruitful source of woe; like what Shelley says, when he speaks of

"The memory of a dream,  
Which now is sad, because it once was  
sweet."

Perhaps it was under some such influence as this (and it is only in long after years we begin to appreciate the

exquisite beauty of the old mythological stories!) that the ANCIENTS typified their River of Forgetfulness, as flowing through the land that lies beyond the grave;—perhaps, I say, it was under some such impression that they imaged forth the Waters of Oblivion; as though to declare their conviction, that this world leaves upon the soul marks so deep and corroded, that it cannot rise to the enjoyment of better things without the healing and cancelling of such hideous wounds. And in our own blessed Christian system, do we not discover something very like this; when in one of its sweetest promises of happiness hereafter (Rev. xxi. 4,) we find the reason stated to be—"for the former things are passed away!"

• • •

But now, in fairness, *audi alteram partem!*

There is nothing that solemnizes the soul—that elevates its character—that purifies its whole nature, like *grief*—and of all griefs none so much as that which arises from MEMORY! What agony, look where you will, is so crushing as that which overwhelms the poor soul, when it sees before it the stiffened clay-corpses of one that it loved? Do not all other afflictions weigh light in the balance, against one such woe as this? Yet, is there a heart so utterly selfish—so avaricious of gaiety—so hateful of sorrow, as that it would seek to purchase peace by the wiping away for ever of the buried one's memory? No! After a little while the heart becomes weak and humbled, and its tenderest moments are occupied with this very theme, now the source of gentle and pensive melancholy, and no more of violent and intemperate anguish. There is a sacredness about its sorrow, that would make forgetfulness a crime: and willingly, and of itself, it cherishes the grief which has cast the deepest shadow upon its mirth for ever. *It dare not, if it could FORGET!*

And this feeling must, in a greater or lesser degree, extend to all other disappointments. The question is not, "Whether we would have our blessings return to us?" but, "Whether, now that they are lost, we would wish to lose their recollection also?" You will find many people regretting bygone hours—you will find very few, if any, who would, however, desire to have



their MEMORY banished from them. Grief, if it does not make us better, makes us at least wiser men: it destroys that most fruitful source of unhappiness, the expecting too much from this world and the inhabitants thereof: it gives us juster ideas of things, by discovering to us somewhat of their true nature; and it makes us eventually adopt the motto of the poet—

"How wretched he who never shed a tear!"

And in any sorrow that arises from Remembrance, are not there manifold alleviations? Surely, there are such things as "green spots in memory's waste:" and in the season of solitariness, does not the recollection of some departed joy come upon us with tenderly-harmonising influence, like the shadowy tones of some vanished melody, when the voice that woke it has long since died away? Assuredly, it is so.

"Therefore is it that with the purest feelings of my soul I do bless thee, O MEMORY! And though, at times, thou dost descend in power too great for a weak and stricken heart to bear; still, at such seasons, I cannot but hail thine advent, even when the welcome is gushing forth from a fountain of tears! Yea, thy sanctifying energy doth strengthen me for my daily warfare; thou remindest me of better things, and, by their holy recollection, dost enable me to press forward; thou showest me the poverty and pitifulness of things that are round me, and, in this way, dost save me the folly of taking such perishing idols to my heart; and, lastly, thou suppliest me with joys that can never fade or fall away, over which time has no power, and the world no control—which never change, nor show themselves less dear—which wear no frowns upon their fair countenances, but display to me an aspect ever gentle, and winning, and kind, like the buried faces of the DEAD, which never, in our eyes, alter for the worse. Oh! should I not, when I contemplate a boon so great, so varied, so extensive, for ever bless thee and thy gracious gifts, O MEMORY?"

"Dolce sentier . . .

Colle, che mi piaceste—

Or ancor per usanza amor mi mena;

Ben riconosco in voi l'usate forme,

Non, lascio in me!"

[May,

through this beauty passed step of youth added its attraction, and I looked at cheek unbedewed by tears, and a clustering ringlet, from which time had taken away none of its richness, I said within myself, "alas! how dreary a thing a grave: how cold and cheerless a thought (and how thou dost shudder when even the name is named!) of going down—such as thou art!—unto the Land of Forgetfulness." But then I changed; and when I called to mind that same form bent and broken, the eye dimmed and lustreless, the step feeble and languid, the step weak, faltering, and the heart, (as if in unison with its companion of youth,) crushed and bowed down to earth, "how blest a resting-place," I said I, "a very home for the weary; a covert to hide them in! what would they be without the hope of that SUKRITA?"

### Third.

The English strongly sound the *h* in "humble;" the Irish, in general, pass over, making it quiescent. I can fancy makes me see a propriety in the latter mode. Were I asked to present, in a sketch, my idea of *humility*, I should draw a *humble* man, with the head bowed down in dust, and the word "humble" (giving the first letter unsounded) gives a curious coincidence, at least in appearance, to this notion.

### Fourth.

It is my own firm persuasion, (and blessed be God for the gift!) that Love, when true, shall last for ever: not the cold sealing kisses of the tomb, can extinguish an affection that has become a part of nature. And surely, if the soul be immortal, must not those desired affections, which in a manner constitute its being, be immortal also? "Live, can they perish?" What a fortifying thought then does this

lead so fondly to partners in that when we of kindness, brief winter

day of our human existence, but—*for ever, and for ever, and for ever!* Making this a secondary feeling, and subordinate to the great desire of being obedient children to our Father which is in heaven; is there not something inexpressibly pleasing in the thought, that “even the gift of eternal life may come to us more welcome from our being permitted to enjoy it along with those we love?” When we think of it, we feel as though we were no more *strangers* to the world beyond the grave; we know that there are bright ones there who remember and rejoice in us still; we fancy that they only wait to conduct us to that land of peace; and even in that darksome journey whose pathway is extended through the valley of death's shadow, our trembling feet are yet strengthened by Love; and far down, and shining through the Cimmerian gloom, and burning bright as a lode-star, is the sanctified flame of affection, “like the lights shining from the windows of our home, as we make our approach unto it.”

#### Fourth.

How strange it is—and the sorrowful often feel it—that NATURE should smile as sweetly as ever, even when the darkness of an eclipse has passed over the mourner's soul; and that when all that made this world bright to his eye, and gay to his thoughts, and pleasant to his heart, has passed away—*then, even then*, the heavens above him are as clear and as calm as ever. True! for him

“The glory of the grass, and the splendour of the flower”

are vanished; but the weariness and the lonesomeness of his desolation almost call for some *risible* change on Nature's tranquil face. He cannot bear to think that all he loved has gone, and yet, as if in mockery, there hangs over his head a clear and cloudless sky. Still! why ask for this strange identity of Nature's appearance with our own wild feelings? Once,—and once only,—did she show

forth her sympathy with the dying; and the face of the sun was veiled, and the earth did quake, and the rocks were rent, when THE MAN or sorrows yielded up the ghost! For us, His creatures, it is only in our individual eyes that the change is wrought: and though it be a mournful thing to behold so much of joy around us, still is it not enough for us that such things in our sight wear no more the same attractive hues? And in this way we do not wrong the dead, for even when all around is life and gladness, their memory becomes, by the contrast, only the more vividly present with us.

#### Fifth.

What a recommendation do I feel sorrow brings with it always to me! My heart never prays so fervently, as when, in our own beautiful service we commend to the fatherly goodness of the Almighty “all those who are any ways afflicted or distressed in mind, body, or estate:” and I can fully recognize it as a work meet for a Deity—“to comfort all that mourn—to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness!” (Isaiah lxi. 3.) And how godlike is it for any weak mortal, imitating *such* a precedent, to stretch forth the hand of healing, and “bind up the broken-hearted.” And many there be, who stand in need of such blessing; who, though young in years are aged in suffering, whose sun has “gone down while it was yet noon,” and who, with the poor Outcast, call themselves, “not Naomi, but Marah—because it hath gone bitterly with them.”

#### Sixth.

There may be such a thing as an ebbing in the full ocean of affection; but it is most assuredly—and *that soon*—followed by an overwhelming flow of the tide, which fills up, even to repletion, all inlets and shallows, and covers with its own smooth-spreading surface the sands and the slime which the retreating waters have left bare.

---

\* *The Epicurean—ad fin.* And so says the DR STARR: “Il lui donne rendezvous dans ce séjour de félicité, qu'il ne peut se peindre sans elle.”—*Corinne*. tom. i.

**Eighth.**

Far be it from me to taint with ill-omened word, aught that is lovely or good in the human heart, and specially that which is the crowning of all its goodness and loveliness—its affection; still have I often thought of the silliness, the madness, the vain endeavour of raising ties that must so soon be sundered, of permitting objects to enter the heart and become dear there, that must so speedily perish, (how true is the admonition of the little song, "Love not! Love not!")—of building upon the sandy foundation, that will not merely not be secure, but will, in its ruin, destroy and overwhelm even ourselves. And, who can describe the loneliness and utter desolation of soul and spirit which follows, when one whom we loved fondly, purely, devotedly—one on whose faithfulness we leaned as upon a staff of comfort,—one, whose presence in a manner became necessary for our delight,—when One such as this is taken from us suddenly, hastily, rudely? And how weak and trembling a thing is human love, thus in its very brightest moment hovering on the edge of extinction! Still, with all eagerness do we seek out for ourselves these ties that must be broken—build up hopes that will be brought down—and make to ourselves idols—till we "find them—clay!"

Perhaps, it is thus that moments which to us are most heavenly, lay the sure—but at the time unseen—foundation for future misery and unavailing tears; and thus the Poet's words come out true:—

"Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis,  
Di faciles!"

**Ninth.**

The fields of POESIE, what sweet and pleasant places are they!—fields sprinkled round with flowers of an eternal summer, whose fragrance will not leave us even in our parting hour; for while we live, they lend us their perfume, and they do not cease to blossom over the soil "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest." The DEAD speak to us, in the language of poetry; else what are those chastened feelings that flit across the mind in the lonely kirkyard, save the same spirit-breathing strain—the

same solemnized and subdued consciousness, which clothe the ideas in a garb above the commonplace phrases of mere ordinary life; and if the DEAD can so employ the officers of the muse, what shall we say for her charms in the hands of the LIVING? Under their plastic touch she comes forth, like Athenè from the brain of Jove, equipped and caparisoned for the conflict. The former may reach our spirit with the plaintive tones of melancholy; but the Living lay before us the thoughts and intents of the heart. They reveal to us our own very feelings,—those ideal fancyings which we were wont to cherish in secret as the idol children of our own brain. They speak to us in a language which may not be misunderstood, and tell us at once our duties in Time and our prospects for Eternity. RELIGION itself has confessed the charms of Poetry; and the noblest passages in the Sacred Volume teem with expressions and imagery so far removed from mere Prose, that none have ever attempted to deny the justice of the Muse's claim to this brightest of all the gems that form the diadem round her brow!

**Tenth.**

How different is the present age from the one nearly gone by; and how little do they of the last generation sympathize with us of the present! To me there appears no greater anomaly than the total want of connection between our fathers and ourselves. When we look back, we can see all that went before gradually linked together, and improvement imperceptibly making its advances—but now, the sudden burst of sunlight from the darksome cloud is not more unexpected than the precocious vintage of this season of ours. It seems as if we were divided from even our parents by the lapse of centuries—as if, (to employ a homely image) 1800 were followed, not by 1800 and one, but by 1901 or 2001. This was forcibly impressed upon me by a visit I paid some days since to one of the OLD SCHOOLS.

Fancy, then, dear reader, that old, quiet, stoutish gentleman, in his easy chair, with children and grand-children around him. A large, box-fitting, brown-colored coat, is drawn in wrinkles around his shoulders; and in his

ending shoulder  
he will not

how to modern usage, he weareth the old-fashioned immense silver buckle; and near him, with soft food upon it, (for he has not now teeth to command,) is his little circular table—while his whole air impresses upon you involuntary respect, not unmixed with awe. But when he speaks, his wisdom is altogether out of date: he lectures us on our want of discernment, not heeding how completely in this respect we were mentally looking down on him; he speaketh to us of the superiority of his time—for he is an inveterate

“*Laudator temporis acti,  
Se puero,*”

—not knowing how immeasurably in this we exceed him: he reproacheth us with our juvenility, as though he would not, if he could, be again a boy. His “hoary head” we do indeed regard as “a crown of glory,” but his aged mind can only receive our pity, for in it he is deplorably wanting.

How many thousands of this kind, (without reference any longer to AGE) do we every day meet,—men who in their generation are wiser beyond measure than we, who in worldly wisdom excel us past counting, but who in mental treasure are poor, poor indeed! Those admirable people, whom the world calls “good husbands,” and “good fathers;” who keep on jogging quietly through life, till they be called to resign it—undisturbed by any thing like reflection, unconscious of any thing like hope, taking all that happens with undeviating tranquillity, and never casting a glance beyond the horizon of what occurs at home. They may be—nay, I do believe they are—the best supporters of family duties and domestic concerns; but as to their *minds*—these are wild uncultivated moorlands, without flowers to attract, or streams to gladden the eye of the wayfaring man upon his journeyings.

#### Eleventh.

ADIEU and FAREWELL are two sweet

and tender words; and though very similar in meaning, may, I think, be distinguished by a consideration of their respective derivations. The last accent of love to greet the ear of the dying should be the former, for it is emblematic of hope, and consigns him “to God;” and the faltering tongue of expiring nature will give utterance to the latter, in token of ardent longing for the “*welfare*” of the survivor. Nevertheless, how glorious will that country be where neither shall exist, and where, in the beautiful language of Cowper—

“*Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown!*”

#### Twelfth.

I would parallelize with the concluding thought in the exquisite song SCHILLER made for *Thekla*—

“*Wage du zu irren and zu träumen,  
Hohen sinn lieg't oft in kind'schem spiel.*”

Or as FELICIA HEMANS translated it—

“*Oh, fear thou not to dream with waking eye,  
There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.*”

The words of SOLOMON—

“*EVEN A CHILD IS KNOWN BY HIS DOINGS.*”

#### Thirteenth.

There is one mournful passage in the *Medea*, proceeding from the lips of the empassioned, but ill-starred heroine herself, which has always affected me, from the very intensity of its unhoping anguish. It is this—

“*Εμοὶ δαίμων πρᾶγμα προέπειν τοῦτο  
Τυχὴν δ' ἠφθαρτ'—οὐχ οἶμαι δὲ, καὶ βίον  
Χερὶ μεθυστᾷ, κατθανόντ' ἡρᾶζω, φίλαι!*”\*

What melancholy is there not in  
“*κατθανόντ' ἡρᾶζω!*”

---

\* I suppose, ladies, for your sake, I must venture on a paraphrase—well, here it is—

“*Unlooked for woe, invading all my steps,  
Hath worn my heart . . . .  
The pride of life has left me, and, O, friends!  
I wait for DEATH!*”

I think it is BULWER, who quotes in one of his novels, from the brilliant MADAME DU DEFFAND, what will form no bad parallel. "At times," says the Frenchwoman, "*I feel the want to die, even as the wakeful feel the want of sleep.*"

#### Fourteenth.

If ever there be a time when human vanity receives its deadliest blow, it is when we are humbled by the hand of SICKNESS. When we know that nature smiles just as softly as when we could enjoy her beauties; that the birds carol as merrily as when we trod the leafy groves; that our fellow-men take the same interest in the varied vocations of life as ever; and that *we—we* are writhing under the agonies of a tortured frame! We wonder what charms can the bustle of trade bring to the merchant, so utterly insipid does it appear to us: we wonder what delight can the lover of pleasure find in pursuits for which *we* have lost all relish: we wonder what interest can others take in the conversation of friends, as *we* can scarce endure the presence we most love! And whence springs this feeling of universal dissatisfaction? Is it not from our SELF-LOVE being laid bare, and from the consciousness which we then acquire of our own utter insignificance?

And yet, so has it been always. Generation after generation have felt as *we* feel, and their fellows were meanwhile as active in life as ours are now; and soon did they all pass away, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her CREATOR commanded her being. And so likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our grave as they are now around our path; the ocean will exhibit its gigantic terrors as unceasingly as ever; the world will have the same attraction for an offspring, yet unborn, that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children; and the village urchins will clamber and leap over our narrow resting-places with the same unthinking merriment as did we over those of our sires.

Yet a little while—a very few more days or weeks—and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest: our funeral will wind on its way, and

the prayers will be said, and the grave-cloths will be thrown in, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to rot, like a loathsome thing, under the wormy ground. And, it may be, that for some short time we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and the bare mention of our name will be soon a thing forbidden. And days will continue to move on; and laughter and song will be heard in the very chamber that we died in; and the eye that mourned for us will be dried, and will glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name: and *then* we have become—to use the touching language of the PSALMIST—"*forgotten and clean out of mind.*"

We know all this; we acknowledge its truth; and yet we do not like to keep it present with us. Superstition has invested the grave with terrors not its own; she has turned the home of the wayfaring man into a scene which he often shrinks from entering upon; she has heaped dreariness and desolation where there is only rest and security, and has called up images of horror to fill the throne of a form of matchless beauty. Were we to regard DEATH in the light in which Scripture has placed it—as "a rest from our labours," how far otherwise would be our sensations! After the toils and troubles of the busy day, when our brain hath been racked with thought, and our energies wore out by exertion, with what eagerness do we look forward to the oblivion of all in sleep; and could we bring ourselves to contemplate the grave as the place where "the weary be at rest," we might, with equal satisfaction, long for the day which will hush all sorrow, and remove all sickness, which will bid every pang to cease, and every sigh to be unheard, and will take from us all that can now make us unhappy.

And then too, with how much more fortitude would we endure calamity, when thus assured of its being one day all forgotten: we would not permit, as we now do, our life sand to run out in idle and wearisome vexation of spirit; but would rather grasp the flying moments, as did Jacob the struggling angel, and would not let go our hold, or withdraw our hand, until THEY BLESSED US!



## Fifteenth.

AN EPITAPH should be a simple thing; just containing the date of the birth and death; the sleeper's name, and some short motto, to express what formed the leading desire of his life. The following includes all these, and yet in how few words is it comprised.

"Born, ———  
Died, ———  
A. B.  
Is here buried.  
—————  
'IN HOPE.'—Psalm xvi. 9."

## Sixteenth.

TOWN AND COUNTRY. The great marking difference between them lies chiefly in the unsympathising nature of the former. In the country we hold a place and a name; *there* our presence is perceived, and our absence sensibly known; but in the mighty gathering-place, we are as a drop in the ocean—a mere nothing. In the country too, how a single death spreads from mouth to mouth: we have before our very eyes the breach and the vacancy it creates; we miss from his accustomed walk the form that we shall no more behold in this world.

'The churchyard bears an added stone,  
The fireside shows a vacant chair;'

And we see WANTING in our social circle the friend that has been called away.

But in the wilderness-city, where men die by scores every day, there is, nevertheless, no apparent chasm made by their loss. Business and trafficking are in nowise disturbed by it. Go forth into the streets, and you will find them crowded as usual: walk the great thoroughfares, and in them you will behold the same glittering splendour, the same lavish profusion, the same merriment, the same misery. *Their* departure has not diminished one laugh, nor added one tear to any that will be around you; and even before the pent-up and crowded graveyard receives their unmissed dust, they are, as though they never existed—

"A thing that *has been*; but is gone for ever!"

In the country, again, as the villager

passes to his sabbath-worship, the grave of his friend and neighbour supplicates, and receives at his hand, "the passing tribute of a sigh." His memory calls up the ghosts of days departed, and tells him of the happy scenes he witnessed in company with the playmate who there lies sleeping. But it is not so in the vast city: *there*, the house which our friend died in, is instantly abandoned; the church that received his cold ashes is, with well-put-on delicacy, scrupulously avoided, or if, in our hurried walk, we are constrained to meet with it, we "pass it by on the other side," and cast no glance of tender recollection upon the place that should be to us of all others the most dear. What ought to be *hallowed* for ever in our sight, we make as though it were *hateful*, and in our over-refined sensibility shrink from the spot which would afford us the sweetest food for meditation. Truly said the poet—

"God made the country, and man made the town."

## Seventeenth.

What a strange influence is that which BYRON introduces in his *Manfred*; e. g. the visible and unfailing ruin which the LOVE of some bears with it! Yet though *he* so deemed it, it has not been his fate exclusively, as my own experience can testify. I met with One like him—God help her!—who had but to find a home in any one being's heart, and (as it were by the force of an unerring destiny) that friend was torn from her by DEATH. The passage in *Manfred* I allude to is in the second act:—

"C. HUN. Can one of gentle thought  
have wreak'd revenge  
Upon his enemies?"

MAN. Oh! no, no, no!  
My injuries came down on those who  
loved me—  
On those whom I best loved: I never  
quell'd  
An enemy, save in my just defence—  
*But my embrace was fatal.*"

## Eighteenth.

The world is a queer place, dear reader! is it not? and queerly is it wagging it at this present moment; and when will it be, that all this

strangeness cease, and REALITY dawn in upon us? "'Tis all but a dream at the best," saith Master Tommy Moore: yea! indeed, and so it is, but *when* cometh the awakening? Have we not all slumbered sufficiently, and is it not now high time to awake out of sleep? And truly each day that we live doth the misty veil of slumber clear more and yet more away: and what the world calls "EXPERIENCE," (even the knowledge that each one delight here is but "ashes, and smoke, and darkness,") is an imperceptible step toward the great consummation. And the very stages of life that we pass through, are made, like successive scenes, to open more and more gradually towards a termination; for while the incidents are linked together in unstartling progression, the story, meanwhile, advances until it is completely known and understood.

And thus it is that we are quietly and silently led on. We look back upon childhood more as a depicted vision, than as a scene in which we *really* moved. Youth has come, and quickly merged into manhood; yet neither brought with it TANGIBILITY or SATISFACTION. The world passes before us, and we behold its varied events unwearily following one after another, still they wear in our eyes more of the pageantry of a dream, than of the life-and-blood nature of REALITY. But daily is the obscuring mist more and more dissipated. Our darling pleasures that blinded our senses with the false hues of an apparently-substantial happiness, are swept away by the rude breath of the destroyer. By degrees we obtain nearer, and for that reason clearer, views of what is our life: the startling shocks to which we are each day in an increased measure subjected, at last produce their intended effect of exciting and arousing us; and the Dreamer who would have whiled away the whole night-season in his visions, had they been *lasting* ones, is to a very great extent prepared for the breaking up of his slumbers by the sudden removal of these phantoms of his imagination.

How idle then is it to call DEATH "our last sleep:" rather is it the true grand awakening. We shall then enter upon the existence which became ours on our creation-day, even IMMORTALITY. We shall be no longer the

poor weak creatures that we are now — agitated by each assault of sorrow, prostrated by each attack of sickness and agonized by many a weight of suffering. And, oh! how glorious will be such an exchange as that!

### Nineteenth.

I love to gaze and gaze again upon the bright star-spangled heavens, with heart brimful of pleasure and overflowing in gratitude. There is not there cannot be, aught else to stamp upon the soul the ideal meaning of INFINITY in such strong and forcible characters. Byron calls the star "the poetry of heaven;" and I can well understand the expression, when I call to mind the ardent and impassioned longings that here find their being: when I remember that many a young heart, which, in after life mounted to fame and distinction, might trace its first-born aspirations to a day and *drinking-in* glance of the blue canopy above. And then there are the delights of Fancy, and all the glorious visions that await her bidding. Under the conduct of this "bright-eyed" one, (as GRAY so beautifully call her,) we can at once mount up like eagles; we can reach and traverse all the gorgeous magnificence of the mystic cloudland; we can trace out for ourselves mountains, and rivers, and valleys, and oceans; and, considering them all as a shadowy outline of our HOME, breathe forth our desire:—

"O, that I had wings like a dove, & then would I flee away, and be at rest. Then would I get me away far off, because of the stormy wind and tempest!"

### Twentieth.

SICKNESS is a guide and an instructor: it has been mercifully ordained as a preparation for what is to follow in its steps; it trains the heart to the tomb, and enables it to deepen thither, not so much a stranger, as rather in the light of one who has gone through the regular form of an introduction.

### Twenty-first.

The AMERICAN LAKES are to me one mighty attraction of the new world. All other lands may contain

them beauty of scenery and variety of association ; but to my mind none can compare with such distinctive features of excellence as these. They are all that I can dream of the deep, silent, shadowy mysteriousness of unrifled Nature, with their shores and winding inlets fresh and untrodden, their waters undisturbed by man, and untroubled by his traffic,\* and their lone and long-drawn savannahs, (like the Jewish temple when a-building,) resounding with no sound of hammer or axe. We feel, I think, when we contemplate the possibility of such things, as though we had remounted the stream of by-gone years, and had in part arrived at that early and undiscovered period when the new-born EARTH wore none of the wrinkles which care and crime have since branded upon her brow—when MAN, nearer in approach to his Maker, received his blessings in less mediate channels—when the MORNING-STARS sang together, and all the SONS OF GOD shouted for joy.

#### Twenty-second.

As we look back into the dark vista of the PAST, which grows more and more indistinct the further down we retrace its long-drawn pathways, the white grave-stones of our friends and relatives, (as they successively start up in perspective before our view,) are the *mile marks of Eternity*, indicating to us how far we have already advanced, and how much of our journey is over to the unknown and unseen world of spirits.

#### Twenty-third.

A friend once defined for me ECHO, as “a VOCAL perspective.” I have never heard it done better, and so have noted it down.

#### Twenty-fourth.

What a blessing it is that MEMENTOS are valuable—not from any intrinsic worth, but from the thoughts and associations which they are able to call up ; and that those

————— “Beads of Mem'ry's rosarie,  
Whereon she reckons kind remem-  
brances  
Of friends and old affections,”  
are not estimated according to their

being *pearls*, or *glass*, but according to their being strung by a hand we love, and offered by a heart which we can feel to be true !

#### Twenty-fifth.

I have been standing at my thrown-up window for upwards of the last quarter-hour, gazing up at Queen Moon and all her bright starry Fays. One of the leading thoughts that at this lone season (midnight) unceasingly occurs to me, is concerning *future life*. What shall become of me? Am I to rise to fame, and honour, and distinction ; or am I to go down to an unmarked grave, and “like the beasts, *perish*?” And casting altogether out of consideration *this* paltry existence, what of that unending world which we are assured lies beyond the tomb? Yea, indeed, what of it? What is to be the change to pass on each ere he can reach its confines? Are the affections continued? Are our hopes left us? Is our knowledge unextinguished, and our desire of increasing it yet permitted? And what, too, of the friends that have left us for that shadowy shore—where abide they? Do they love us still ; or is their remembrance of us effaced along with the loss of these worldly things? Shall we meet them again ; and if we do, shall we ever be parted more?

#### Twenty-sixth.

It is a strange thing, no doubt, to listen to the sound of tumultuous life, after passing from a sick chamber—to let fall upon the ear just hushed to stillness, the noise and clamour of active existence ; and oh ! how rapt into wonderment are we, when at one and the same moment we behold “life so busy and death so near”—the world and all its splendour fading from the glazed eye of the dying, and (but a few feet off, in the crowded street) presenting the same tinselled charms as ever to the gay minds of the healthful ! Yet the very completeness of the contrast draws between the two conditions the exact line of separation, and the particular scene of each transaction—each being so dissimilar in all things—enables the mind without difficulty to appropriate to it its peculiar character ;

---

\* Wee is me ! I fear scarce one of them is in that state now.

and, after the first shock of novelty has passed away, to recognise as suitable the discrepancy that must exist between two stages so completely opposed.

But where the jarring notes are struck—where the real and unaccountable opposition exists, is where the features which we have looked upon as peculiar to either scene are destroyed, and the thing itself, when thus shorn of its appropriateness and beauty, is in all nakedness placed side by side with the other: then it is that the real shock is given, and the horrid contrast most sensibly affects us. We behold DEATH no longer standing by the quiet bedside, and waiting for worn-out nature to surrender to him his lawful prey; but stalking down to the glad-some hearth, and choosing out his poor victim as he passes round the merry circle, and (inverting the Creator's act) breathing into her nostrils the damp of the grave, and leaving her there to smile and look happy, even though she has had unerring tokens of his advent. Thus is it with that dread disease, CONSUMPTION—"the destruction (to use Scripture language) that wasteth at noonday." Silently but surely does the DESTROYER work, and the poor doomed maiden lives on earth, knowing well that her days are numbered. She mixes with her companions, and they know not that a dying creature is before them, joining in their pleasures, sharing in their amusements, engaging in all their employments with them; and all the while becoming each day less and less earthly,\* until at last she leaves them, being as it were, "exhaled into heaven."

Time is a paltry thing. Absence for days, or weeks, or years, will have its termination; but a departure for a land where every thing is vast, infinite, eternal—oh! how the poor human soul shrinks from such trial! Let no man decry the awfulness of DEATH; it is—it was intended to be—a terrible thing. Its conquest is complete—its victory is for everlasting and everlasting!

#### Twenty-seventh.

The mind that thinks can never be solitary. Ideas and reflections, those

ous, will not  
on it; as I a  
favorite author,  
the brink of Q

when the unknown roar, and boil, burst with a yeast of foam at foot—or one glance at the calm heavens when mortal sounds are hushed—will bring with them my of glorious imaginings, and an flooding tide of THOUGHT which to vent in words, though it through our inmost soul with a fading influence of the richest purest delight.

#### Twenty-eighth.

WHAT IS OUR LIFE? As we to answer, a portion of it has sped while we are silent in meditation already glancing past us. We what is our existence? We know vital energy is within us, but cannot tell what it is, or where situated. Fearfully and wonderfully are we made. Our animal-breath that a moment dissipates our soul-existence, an eternity of omnipotence cannot destroy! Mortals, and yet subject to dying creatures, and yet beings must live for ever—how strange contrast; a junction of heaven and earth, of living with dying, of eternal with time. Young has, in some are, expressed this wonderful uni-

"A beam ethereal, sullied and adorned  
Though sullied and dishonor'd, still  
vive  
A miniature of greatness abashed  
A heir of glory—a frail child of dust  
A helpless immortal—insect infinite  
A worm—a god!"

And well does he draw his inference

—"I tremble at myself,  
And in myself am lost."

We can dive deep into all the arcana of science; we can fathom the depths of the mysteries of knowledge; we lay the very elements obedient to our feet; but what know we of ourselves? or what can we tell of our eternal constitution? Can we understand the introduction

\* "Now in the ark  
Less a

from nothing into life—the implanting of intellect within us—the expansion of each one of our faculties, like as the bud bursts forth into the full-formed flower—our mounting upward from helplessness to noontide majesty: and then—old age, and weakness, and unconsciousness once more—a second infancy, and “the coffin our last cradle.”

And what likewise know we of DEATH? That mysterious interruption of all our pursuits, [and sudden suspension of all our powers; that wondrous exchange of health and activity for a dull and dreary forgetfulness; that putting on of corruption and decay in the place of beauty and gladness; the leaving of our childhood's home and the converse of those we love, for the loathsomeness of the charnel, and the horrid embraces of the slimy worm; the oblivion of our memories, and the place that hath known us, now knowing us no more!

These are marvels which we cannot compass—problems which we cannot solve—inquiries, for which our vaunted reason is incompetent; and all that the acutest thinker or the wisest philosopher ever yet devised, cannot answer that simple question—WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

### Twenty-ninth.

It has been beautifully said, that *the veil which covers the face of VIRTUITY is woven by the hands of MERCY*: yet, how often do we desire to tear aside that veil, and to gaze upon that countenance, even though we know not whether it shall be in gladness or in grief? What a blessing it is that such efforts are unavailing; for misfortunes themselves are more easily endured than the thick shadows they cast before them; and happiness is never so complete as when it comes at the moment we are least expecting it.

### Thirtieth.

Perhaps the heart which, like glass, is the hardest to receive an impress, is, like the glass too, the easiest of all to be broken.

### Thirty-first.

I often dream of what has always appeared to me to be the most perfect image of serenity we possess on earth

—A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD. There! I can see the picture as clearly as though I were gazing upon the reality. How delightful, how spirit-healing the repose of the place! It is a warm, bright, sunny day; the grasshopper is chirruping close to us, and the little birds are warbling in the neighbouring branches: the smoke of the adjoining hamlet ascends meekly to heaven, like the sacrifice of Abel; and is, like it, mercifully accepted. The fragrance of the new-mown hay is blown gratefully from the surrounding fields; and there—right above us—so that we think we can see further than usual into it, is the bright, clear, regal heaven,—not a spot nor stain upon its cloudless front, unless we would so call those masses of snowy whiteness, those floating islands of loveliness, moving in the full ocean of azure. And when our eye meets earth, there is the old ivy-covered village church, with its time-worn walls and rude exterior, yet, within them have the hopes of hundreds been centred. There has knelt the way-faring man, as he presented to God his first-born child; and there that child, ere sin and manhood came to him, tuned his tiny voice to his Maker's praise; and there, when years stole on, and darker passions grew up within him, those stones have witnessed the tears of his remorse, as he thought of the time when he was young and innocent, and wept to know that it was now all a dream. There too, likewise, in *his* turn, did the father invoke a blessing upon his darling's head; and, but a few feet from the altar, on the outside, there now rests the grey-headed old man, sleeping undisturbed in his narrow bed, till this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality!

### Thirty-second.

“STUPENDOUS.”—There is (at least to my ear) a fine onomatopoeia, arising from its accentuation, in this word, when applied to a *swelling billow*. The unaccentuated first syllable resembling the gradual rise of the wave; then follows the emphatic “*pen*,” to represent its full, towering majesty; while its long and foaming burst is well imaged by the closing syllable of this grand word.



But after all, perhaps it is my fancy, arising from a protracted residence upon the sea-shore.

### Thirty-third.

*Worldly resignation* just means this, and means no more—a ceasing to struggle, because struggling has been found to be vain.

### Thirty-fourth.

'Tis a common thing to trace, in the ruined beauty, the lineaments of what that face divine was in the season of pride; but I have often amused myself in imagining what kind of old looks will some blooming youthfulness before me put on in after days. You cannot imagine how successfully too I make the young beauty assume the shrivelled signs of *OLD*, and invest the face of girlhood with the furrows of decay and years.

### Thirty-fifth.

CONTENTMENT is a blessing not to be slighted: it goes before the one that possesses it, a very harbinger of peace; and, in this way, it may be likened to the Baptist in its ministry, for it makes the crooked parts of life straight, and its rough places plain. True! the wailing cry of the melancholy-loving poet ascends continually, echoing that there is nought of happiness in this, our nether world. Thanks be to God! she *does* abide here. Ours is a glorious world, fallen and sin-stained though it be: the declaration of the satisfied Creator, that all was "*very good*," is not effaced, though at times it be dimmed and indistinct. And to prove this, we have only to refer to the brightness of the scenery of our globe, to her lovely glens and sunny mountains, her tinkling streamlets and her stupendous ocean. ALL, ALL THESE assure us that joy and peace are her proper tenants, and that it is a perversion of feeling and an unhealthy fancy which would crown MELANCHOLY, the uncertain queen, the imperious mistress of a world so bright and so beautiful!

### Thirty-sixth.

We are all very fond of talking of our *experience* in the world, and dwell, at great length, on the "*scenes*" we

have witnessed; but all the while do not sufficiently keep in mind the extreme littleness of the possible extent of our travels; for, circumscribed as we are in the locality of our bodily presence, and meeting with (as we necessarily must) so few of our brethren of Adam's race, when compared with the millions we shall never behold, it is not, indeed, a mockery to speak of our KNOWLEDGE OF EXPERIENCE "*Connôître un autre parfaitement*" writes the famous daughter of Neck "seroit l'étude d'une vie entière qu'est-ce donc qu'on entend par *connoître les hommes*?"

Think of the little speck to which you are chained down, and then remember how few they are, even of the teeming inhabitants, whom you really know, (and it is only from what you see around you that you know anything of the world and the world's ways!) and then let your thoughts expand, and bring before you, like the rapt seer of the Revelation, "all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues," and picture to you, in this vast array, the "very great multitude which no man could number," of those that have ever stood upon earth, from the days of her youth to those of her dotage, from the earliest formed of her children down to

"The last of human mould,  
That shall CREATION'S death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime—"

and can you, after such contemplation, make mention of the extent of your knowledge?

And if, at best, your acquaintance with the human family must be, of necessity, so very contracted, think of the thousands of warm hearts, and noble spirits, and kindred minds that remain to you for ever altogether unknown! We meet with a few of this vast multitude, and we discover their excellence, and we learn their value, and they become dear to us as almost a part of our own selves; and we cease to think of, haply, the slight accident which has caused all this, and but for which, they might have remained for ever unprized and unvalued, like the wide world around. In the midst of a deep affection for them, we forget at times that when we knew them not, and that then they were undistinguished from the rest.

And there are hundreds, perhaps, ('tis a thought to make the heart tender!) whom we unheedingly pass by in our daily walks, yet who have in them every feeling that could recommend them to us, and every quality to wake and win our fondness. With what genuine philanthropy would such speculations fill our breast, if we would only recollect that there are many possessed of the most estimable qualities, who are ONLY UNVALUED by us, BECAUSE THEY ARE UNKNOWN!

And 'tis a strange thought—is it not, my reader?—that with the countless majority, both you and myself are regarded as part and parcel of what is slightly called THE WORLD. It is not that the epithet is intentionally conferred upon us; but lacking the individual ties which unite heart with heart, we are, on this account, looked upon in their sight as of “the many”—as *strangers*, or (for they mean the same thing) *the world*!

A DREAMER.

SONG.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

Oh ask me not! To days long gone  
Those pleasure sounds belong.  
Some memory wakes with every tone,  
I dare not sing that song.

I learned it first in boyhood's hours,  
In youth's exulting May;  
And sung it oft amidst the flowers  
That strew life's early way.

When those days fled, and manhood's prime  
Brought care and strife along:  
Still in repose of even-time,  
I've soothed me with that song.

To ears, that now no more can hear,  
To spirits that have fled—  
I've sung that song, to those most dear,  
Deep loved and early dead.

Boyhood's glad sports—youth's vanished dream—  
And manhood's calmer hours  
Come with each note on memory's stream,  
A wreath of withered flowers.

And one, who heeds my voice no more—  
To him those notes belong!  
Even now mine eyes are running o'er—  
How can I sing that song?

## MAXWELL'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON.

## SECOND ARTICLE.

WHEN General Wellesley returned to England, he found Europe in a very different state from what it was at his setting out for India. While he was contributing to crush French influence in the east, Buonaparte had been advancing with giant strides to the accomplishment of that universal dominion in the west, which seemed now almost securely within his reach, having prostrated successively every continental power which had attempted to impose any check upon his boundless ambition. The Italian states, the Swiss cantons, the German empire, the Low Countries, had all felt the ascendancy of that military genius, which was at the same time the terror and the admiration and astonishment of the world. Great Britain alone, unseduced, unterrified, still presented her white cliffs and her wooden walls in proud defiance to the conqueror who menaced her with subversion, and exhibited, perhaps, as sublime a spectacle of constancy in misfortune, and of noble daring in extremity, as her great adversary, in those more brilliant and captivating qualities which enabled him to triumph over all the combinations of his numerous and formidable adversaries, and marked him as the most consummate as well as the most successful master of the art of war. But with Europe at his feet, the autocrat was dissatisfied, as long as England could boast of freedom.

One country there was, enfeebled by long misgovernment, of the resources of which, such as they were, the French emperor was the master, but with which the autocrat seemed dissatisfied, until he could call her his own. Spain was literally in the dotage of empire. Her sovereign, an imbecile, sunk in sensuality; her nobility, a degenerate race, enfeebled both in mind and body, and whose ignorance was only to be equalled

by their presumption and their pride. In trade and commerce, their fertile and richly-favoured country presented at a perfect contrast to what it was in its palmy days, and seemed now, in old age, more dependent upon the violence of its colonies for subsistence, than they were upon it for production. Only its peasantry exhibited any of the ancient manhood of Spain. They still retained much of the freshness and vigour of their original character, and continued to be inspired with an ardent love of their fatherland, a passion which remained not dormant during the quietude of a numerous despotism, and was only fully revealed when it was roused by French perfidy into proud and indignant detestation of the invaders.

That Buonaparte committed a great error as well as was guilty of a great crime, when he seized upon the Spanish royal family, and placed his brother upon the throne of Spain, as to be universally admitted by his apologists and admirers. But it must be allowed that, to a man like him, the temptation must have been great, to appropriate and bring under his own vigorous administration, the resources of a country possessing such an extent of territory, and such a geographical position amongst the states of Europe. Spain once securely his own, Portugal could not have resisted his power;—and both countries, held in his grasp, would have constituted a formidable bolt, to be hurled against the hated head of England, by which, he might well entertain a hope, the proud and haughty islanders would be easily humbled. He had as yet met no obstacle to his greatness which might not eventuate in the advancement of the consolidation of his power. Every coalition which he had as yet

\* Life of Field Marshal his Grace G. C. H., &c. &c. By W. H. Maxwell, "Bivouac," &c. &c. In 3 vols. London.

encountered only seemed as an occasion for the display of that prowess which brought nation after nation into subjection to his sway. France, which he found a prey to anarchy, and hourly threatened with dismemberment by the angry and insulted potentates of Europe, he raised, by his victories, to an unparalleled height of glory and of power, and she stood confessedly supreme amongst those nations which had formerly scowled upon her such fierce hostility, or such proud defiance, but which now looked up to her as the arbitress of their destinies, by whose fiat, as by a divine mandate, their territorial possessions were contracted or enlarged. Was it for such a conqueror or such a people to apprehend any serious difficulty in the conquest of such a country as Spain? Indeed, it is not at all improbable, as it would not be at all unreasonable, that Bonaparte calculated upon a great party in the Peninsula, by whom his views upon that country would be favoured, and who could see in his invasion nothing that was not calculated to take the country out of the degraded position into which it had sunk, and raise it again into the elevation of a first-rate power, to exercise, as it did of old, an important influence amongst the states of Europe.

But there were two things which he overlooked, and his ignorance, or his disregard of which confounded all his calculations: one was, that element of national regeneration which was still latent in the soul of the Spaniard, in their love of the national usages and the institutions of their fathers, and their abhorrence of the perfidy with which these were sought to be overthrown; and the other was, that radical and irreconcilable antipathy which obtains in point of national character between the Spaniards and the French, and which must cause treachery and oppression from such a quarter to be felt with a more galling bitterness, and resented with a keener indignation, than would have been evinced or manifested if the visitation proceeded from any other people. Even the domination of their ancient infidel enemies, the Moors, would, we believe, have been contemplated as a more endurable calamity than that of the vain, the profligate, and the unprincipled nation which now poured its

legions over the Pyrenees, to lay waste their ancient cities, desolate their beautiful fields, and annex their beloved country in vassalage to the Gallic empire. These were considerations which the great soldier sovereign coldly and contemptuously disregarded. Having taken very good care that all which deserved the name of an army in Spain should, before his invasion, be removed, and sent to the north of Europe, he not unreasonably calculated that but little of effective opposition could be made by the undisciplined rabble with whom he would have to deal. He knew that no obstacles existed which could for a moment impede his taking immediate military occupation of the country; and when that was once done, the rest, he thought, must follow as a matter of course. A frenzied resistance might, indeed, be made, which should for a short time give him some trouble. "Spain," he observed, "may, at the instance of enthusiasts or of monks, become a La Vendee, BUT I HAVE TRANQUILLIZED LA VENDEE."

Such was, or such was imminently about to be, the aspect of European affairs, when Sir Arthur Wellesley returned from the east, after his brilliant noviciate in arms, and retired, for a short time, to private life, soon to be called on again to resume his sword, when the progress of hostilities afforded England an opportunity to enter upon the field of combat as a land power, and to array her troops against those who had obtained the reputation of "invincible," because of their triumph over the forces of every other state in Europe.

In 1806, Sir Arthur married the third daughter of Lord Longford, by whom he has had issue two sons.

In 1807, he accepted the office of chief secretary of Ireland, under the administration of the Duke of Richmond—expressly, however, stipulating, that his so doing should not prejudice his military employment, in case a prospect presented itself of doing any thing upon actual service;—and, accordingly, he was employed upon the Danish expedition, which was despatched under Lord Cathcart, for the purpose of preventing the naval power of that country from falling into the hands of Bonaparte; and he discharged the duties entrusted to him

with zeal, with courage, and with discretion. It is no part of our office to enter upon the motives for undertaking such an expedition. With these Sir Arthur had nothing to do, and having accomplished the object for which he had been sent out, with as little sacrifice of human life and as much consideration for the Danish people as was compatible with success, he returned to the Irish capital to resume his duties as chief secretary, where he remained until the shouts of indignant patriotism, the "*iræ levium vincula recedunt*," were heard from Spain, when a sympathetic throb was felt in the bosoms of the friends of liberty in every clime, and a new hope began timidly to assert its influence over hearts, which had almost despaired of the fortunes of Europe.

Of Sir Arthur Wellesley's official life as chief secretary of Ireland but little can be said in this place, as to his military biography, the work before us is (and, of necessity, these pages must be) devoted. He assumed office in Ireland at a time when a "strong government" was felt to be peculiarly necessary; and his acts were, therefore, distinguished by those qualities by which a strong government should be characterised. We need not inform our readers that that phrase implied a very unqualified condemnation of the policy of "emancipation." It was made a ground of objection against him in the House of Commons, that he recommended the restoration of the pension of Mr. Giffard, and that he promoted Dr. Duignan to the office of privy councillor—acts, both of them, for which government should have assumed credit rather than apprehended blame, and which an honest and at the same time an enlightened statesman would have defended upon the very highest grounds of justice and policy. But Sir Arthur cautiously confined himself to a sort of apologetic justification of his conduct in these particulars, and condescended to admit the intemperance of the politicians, while he insisted on the merits and services of the men. In this, assuredly, he is not great; but we will not suffer ourselves to be drawn into any premature discussion respecting the qualities which fit him for civil office, as a much more suitable occasion for such an exercise of our inquisitorial privileges will present itself

when the whole life, civil as well as military, of the noble Duke comes under our review. Suffice it to say, for the present, we can afford no countenance whatever to the sneering observation of the biographer, which, in our judgment, mingle gross injustice to the dead with a sycophantic liberalism as regards the living, savouring of much that is base and revolting. Had Mr. Maxwell truly understood the spirit of the times of which he wrote, he would not have deemed John Giffard or Patrick Duignan undeserving the distinctions which they received, or considered any apology necessary for the minister by whom they were promoted. But politics, and polemics, and statesmanship must now give place to the business of war.

The reader may believe, that it was with no small satisfaction Sir Arthur read a letter bearing date June 24, 1808, in which he was appointed to the command of a force, having for its object the assertion of Spanish independence. He writes to his old associate in arms, Sir Rowland (the present Lord) Hill, to express the gratification which he feels at this change in his condition, and his hope that they will have somewhat more to do than when they were last on service together—a hope which was soon to be abundantly realised.

Having taken every proper precaution respecting the embarkation of the troops, Sir Arthur and the expedition sailed from Cork on the 12th of July, 1808, and on the next day, when the whole was clear of the Irish land, he, in obedience to previous orders, parted company with the fleet, and sailed direct in the *Crocodile*, for Corunna, with a view to put himself into immediate communication with the junta of Galicia.

Up to the present moment, Sir Arthur might have considered himself promoted to the chief command; for, undoubtedly, no official communication had transpired, which would have led him to surmise not only that he was not destined to that honour, but that he should even be the youngest of the lieutenant-generals in the army with whom he served. A letter, bearing date the 15th of July, however, three days after he had sailed, informed him, that it was his Majesty's pleasure that Sir Hew Dalrymple should be invested with the command.



in-chief, and that Sir Harry Burrard was the second in command—an arrangement, no doubt, not a little disappointing to one of his ardent temperament, and whose whole heart was in his profession; but which he was reasonable enough to feel was dictated by no caprice on the part of the ministers of the crown, and which he acquiesced in with a ready cheerfulness, which excites respect and admiration.\*

In truth, at that period, neither the ministry nor the people of Great Britain understood our real power as a land force, or regarded, without apprehension, the issue of a conflict with those who were deemed the “invincibles” of Europe. In our navy we had a just national pride, and would have regarded it as a species of presumption in the French to contend with us upon an element on which our superiority was so decided. But they maintained that a similar presumption would attach to us if we attempted to rival them by land; an opinion in which even many of the better informed amongst us had thought fit to acquiesce, and which, no doubt, exercised its influence over the ministry when this expedition was resolved on, and our troops were about to be brought, for the first time, upon an extensive scale, into conflict with the redoubted legions of France, under a chief whose military genius outshone that of any other warrior that had ever appeared in the world!

It is easy, looking back upon events, to blame Lord Castlereagh for the arrangement which postponed Wellesley to inferior men. But, placing ourselves in his position, the justice of such censure is not quite apparent. The officers who were selected were approved good men; they were soldiers whose seniority and whose services entitled them to that distinction. And although the exploits of Sir Arthur in the east were truly such as

would have justified his appointment, had government thought fit to invest him with the chief command, the scene of action was too distant to excite much attention at home, and his most brilliant victory was won under circumstances which made many high military authorities more than doubt his prudence and discretion. He had been deceived by false information, and led to divide his force in the presence of the enemy; a mistake which, in the judgment of professional connoisseurs, was scarcely atoned for by the masterly arrangement, and the miracle of valour which enabled him to put to the rout the myriads by whom he was confronted; and before whose unexpected apparition the bravest heart might well grow pale. All this, it was said, might be done in the east, where he had to deal with semi-disciplined Asiatics; but a similar error in the case of European warfare must be fatal. Such topics, so urged, could not have been without their influence upon the minds of his majesty's advisers; and probably contributed not a little to the change of council which superseded Sir Arthur Wellesley in the chief command; a change which ministers very soon saw reason to regret, and which they had the good sense to remedy before it could operate any irreparable mischief.

Having landed at Corunna, Sir Arthur lost no time in communicating with the junta of Galicia, and giving them every assurance of the hearty interest which Great Britain took in her cause. He passed from thence to Oporto, and laboured with the authorities there to organize a system of resistance to the common enemy, such as might afford some hope of ridding their country of the invaders. Junot was at this time in possession of Lisbon: under him were Laborde and Loison; and the whole force of the

---

\* Whoever might have complained of this arrangement, Sir Arthur did not. The following will exhibit the temper with which he received the announcement; and one more soldier-like and patriotic could not be desired:—“Pole and Burgersh have apprised me of the arrangement for the future command of this army.” . . . . . “All that I can say upon that subject is, that whether I am to command the army or not, or am to quit it, I shall do my best to insure its success; and you may depend upon it that I shall not hurry the operations, or commence them one moment sooner than they ought to be commenced, in order that I may acquire the credit of the success.”—*Letter to Viscount Castlereagh, August 1st, 1808.—Wellington's Despatches, vol. iv. p. 55.*

French amounted to about five-and-twenty thousand men. It was so disposed as to protect the capital, and paralyze the efforts of the insurgent Portuguese, who were indeed filled with patriotic ardour, but without arms, discipline, or leaders to be relied on; and consequently but little hope existed that, by any efforts which they could make, the deliverance of the country could be effected.

It had been the desire of the junta of Galicia, that Sir Arthur should undertake some active operations in Portugal, which would, it was hoped, cause some relief from the pressure of the French arms in the north of Spain; and he himself was also of opinion that that was the country in which his services would be most useful. He could there operate with more certainty that his army would have the needful supplies, as the British fleet attended upon his movements along the coast; and accordingly, the troops, amounting to ten thousand men, were disembarked at the mouth of the Mondego. These were joined by about three thousand, who arrived with General Spencer, from the south of Spain—so that the effective force now under the command of the English general amounted to about thirteen thousand men.

We cannot dwell upon the various obstacles with which Sir Arthur had to contend, in the defective commissariat, and the scarcity of mules and horses for the conveyance of artillery and stores which he experienced, and which nothing short of his indefatigable energy could have surmounted. He persevered in his wise and prudent plan of paying for all the supplies which he received, which he had found to be such admirable military economy in India; and, accordingly, his troops were well supplied. But the reader may judge of his astonishment when it was seriously demanded of him that he should find subsistence also for the Portuguese army. This he peremptorily refused to do. He offered, indeed, if the Portuguese troops should become incorporated with his own, and subject to his command, to see that all their wants were supplied. But this being refused, the Portuguese general could not be prevailed upon to enter into his plans for a rapid advance upon Lisbon; and the British com-

mander soon felt that whatever he might accomplish for the deliverance of their country should be accomplished without their co-operation. This was the more to be lamented, as it appeared to have been occasioned by an apprehension that the combined British and Portuguese forces would not have been equal to an encounter with the French. General Frère however, whose unreasonable requisition Sir Arthur was constrained to peremptorily refuse, sent him about 1,400 infantry, and 200 cavalry, who accompanied the British army upon their onward march, and soon had the opportunity of witnessing the charm of invincibility disappear from the ranks of their Gallic invaders.

Sir Arthur directed his line of march by Alcobaca to Caldas, and succeeded in throwing himself between two divisions of the French army—the one commanded by Loison, the other by Laborde. Their junction was thus critically prevented; Sir Arthur having cut their line of communication, and obliging the former to fall back upon Santarem, while the latter was compelled to risk an action with more than twice his own numbers. The result could not be doubtful. We cannot afford space for the details of the battle of Rolica as given—but the following more general sketch will suffice to convey a general idea of it to the reader.

"There is no reminiscence of the Peninsula, which the soldier recalls with more pride, than the small but brilliant action of Rolica. It is true that the scale was limited, and that the masses with which after battle were crowded were waiting for effect, but nothing could be more perfect than Wellesley's attack—nothing more scientific than Laborde's resistance. Other circumstances add to the interest of the gallant affair. It was the first trial of the hero of Assaye opposed to European troops; and these also, troops that with no absurd pretension, had claimed the title of invincible.

"The moral effect of the combat of Rolica was of immense importance. It was the dawning of a glorious day; its results were admirably calculated to confirm the wavering faith of doubtful allies, and remove the conviction of French regarding their military superiority. It was the first step towards the eventual British infantry, and

he observed, 'that they never knew when they were beaten;' and it was the happiest delusion under which a soldier ever laboured—in fancying himself unconquerable. That belief had been artfully cherished by Napoleon; and to its prevalence among his soldiers, half his victories may be ascribed. But the trial at Rolica at once dispelled the dream; and the French discovered in the island soldiers to whom they were opposed, men, in every thing their equals—and, in unflinching gallantry their superiors infinitely.

"When Rolica betrayed the fine properties of British soldiers to their enemies, it was not its least advantage, that it also confirmed the confidence of their leader in the troops on whom he depended for success. If the sharp affair at Obidos proved the gallantry, the advance upon Rolica displayed the high discipline of Wellesley's little army. The following graphic sketch happily describes the opening movements of the 17th.

"As the distance between Caldas and Rolica falls not short of three leagues, the morning was considerably advanced before the troops arrived within musket shot of the French outposts. Nothing could exceed the orderly and gallant style in which they traversed the intervening space. The day chanced to be remarkably fine, and the scenery through which the columns passed was varied and striking; but they were by far the most striking feature in the whole panorama. Whenever any broken piece of ground, or other natural obstacle came in the way, the head of the column having passed it, would pause till the rear had recovered its order, and resumed its station; and then the whole would press forward, with the same attention to distances, and the same orderly silence, which are usually preserved at a review. At last, however, the enemy's line became visible, and in a few minutes afterwards the skirmishers were engaged. The centre division now broke into columns of battalions; that on the left pressed on with a quick pace, whilst the riflemen on the right drove in, with great gallantry and in rapid style, the tirailleurs opposed to them.

"Laborde's first position soon became untenable—his rear was endangered; and, without a moment's indecision, he fell farther back, and occupied the mountain passes. Nothing could be stronger than this second position. 'The way by which the assailants had to ascend was up ravines, rather than paths, more practicable for goats than men; so steep, that in many parts a slip of the foot would have been fatal; in some parts overgrown with briars, and in others

impeded by fragments of rock.' Of these the centre was the most practicable; and the 29th and 9th regiments advanced to storm it, under the fire of the British guns; while a cloud of skirmishers vanished among rocks and copse wood, connecting the advance of the different columns, and feeling or forcing their way through obstacles, that a vigorous defence had rendered almost insurmountable. Gradually, the scene became more animated, as on each of the several points of attack the assailants and the assailed became warmly engaged. The spattering fusilade of the light troops was lost in the rolling volleys of the columns, which, with the deeper boom of cannon, echoed loudly through the mountains. The hollow watercourses, by which the British had attacked, hid for a time the combatants from view—but the smoke wreathing over the ravines, showed by its density the place where the work of death went fastest on. On the left, Laborde gradually lost ground; but on the right, his exertions were redoubled, in the desperate hope that Loison might yet come up, and thus retrieve the fortune of the day. Here, of course, the struggle became bloodiest. While the flank movements of Trant and Ferguson had not yet proved themselves successful, the 9th and 29th regiments forced their respective passes, and gained the plateau of the hill. They reached the summit out of breath, their ranks disordered, and their formation requiring a few minutes to correct. At that moment, a fine battalion of Laborde's came boldly forward, delivered a shattering volley, and broke through the centre of the British regiment. But the 29th were broken, not beaten—and the 9th came to their assistance. The officers discharged their duties nobly, and the men fought, and formed, and held their ground with desperate obstinacy, until Ferguson won the right flank of the position; when, aware that the chance of support was hopeless, Laborde retreated in excellent order, covering the regressive movement of his battalions by repeated charges of his cavalry.

"His last stand was made at Zambugeira. The British, now come up in force, rendered opposition unavailing, and falling back on the Quinta de Bugaliera, he united his beaten corps with the troops he had detached to look after Loison at Segura; thence, abandoning his guns, he marched by the pass of Runa, and gained Montachique by a severe night march, leaving the line of Torres Vedras uncovered, and consequently, Lisbon open to the advance of the British army.

"The casualties on both sides, con-



ferred a stout resistance, but they were driven from the field with great slaughter. A separate attack made on the village by a French corps, who had advanced on the right of the large column, was defeated by Acland's brigade; while a squadron of the 20th Light dragoons charged Laborde's disordered ranks, and the rout of the enemy was completed. Nearly one thousand of the enemy were left upon the field, and seven guns and three hundred prisoners were taken.

The pursuit of the routed enemy was continued for a considerable distance, until their reserved cavalry, under Margaron, checked the small but gallant band of British dragoons; who, now obliged to yield to numbers, were driven back with heavy loss, in which unfortunately, their brave leader, Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, was included. A small column under Brennier, which had supported Laborde's attack by a flank movement on his left, had no better fortune. Anstruther's brigade charged dittoously with the bayonet, and the French were repulsed with considerable loss.

Kellerman, with the French grenadiers, who formed the reserve, made a desperate effort to recover the day. Advancing to the height, he drove in the advanced companies of the 43d; but that regiment rallied instantly, and while the head of the enemy's column was shaken by the fire of the English artillery, the 43d came gallantly forward, and after a short but sanguinary contest, drove the French grenadiers from the ridge, at the bayonet's point.

The left of the British position was also furiously assailed by Solignac's division, which had advanced along the mountain ridge. They found the British 36th, 40th, and 71st, formed in three lines, and ready to receive them; but they deployed with uncommon quickness, and on both sides several murderous volleys were interchanged. The 82nd and 29th came also into action; and a sweeping fire from the English guns was vigorously maintained. Nothing could shake the steadiness of the British infantry; and, alarmed by a threatening movement of the fifth brigade, and Portuguese, who were seen marching rapidly towards Lourinha, the French fell back. But in turn they were fiercely assailed; and, as the mountain brow opened out, the regiments of Ferguson's second line came up at double quick, formed line, and took part in the combat. The word to charge was given. 'One cheer, loud, regular, and appalling, warned the French of what they had to expect; but the French were men of tried valour, and they stood to the last. The onset that ensued was tremendous: the entire front rank of the enemy

perished; and the men who composed it were found, at the close of the action, lying on the very spots where each, during its continuance, had stood.' Broken completely, the French rapidly retreated, leaving the ground to the conquerors, with six pieces of artillery. General Solignac was severely wounded, and carried off the field—and outflanked and driven into the low grounds about Perinza, the capture of the greater portion of the retiring column seemed now a certainty.

About this period of the battle, Brennier, who had got his brigade entangled in a ravine that protected the British left, and consequently had failed in supporting Laborde's attack on Anstruther, managed to extricate himself from the difficulty into which, from ignorance of the ground, he had involved himself; and in retreating, suddenly came upon the 71st and 82nd regiments, who were in charge of the captured guns, and resting after their late exertions, to be enabled to come forward when required. Taken by surprise, the two regiments retired to reform, and Brennier recovered the cannon. Instantly, however, on gaining the high ground, they rallied and advanced again; threw in a well-directed volley, lowered their bayonets, and with a loud huzza, came forward to the charge. But the French wanted nerve to stand it—they broke—the guns were once more seized—and, with the loss of their general, who was wounded and made prisoner, the French retreated in great disorder.

Such was the state of the field,—Solignac and Brennier's brigades separated and disorganized, while flushed with conquest, Ferguson's success must have proved decisive,—when the paralyzing order to 'halt' issued by a British general, effected for the beaten enemy a miraculous deliverance, from what themselves considered inevitable destruction. The opportunity was promptly seized. Covered by a fine cavalry, the relics of the French infantry rallied and reformed with a rapidity that did infinite credit to their discipline; and then commencing a soldierly retreat, they united themselves with the shattered masses, who were retiring in great disorder, after their failure upon the British centre.

Sir Harry Burrard, who had been fortunately absent while the dispositions for the action were made, and arriving on the ground during the heat of battle, had not ventured to interfere previously, now assumed the chief command. A decisive victory was won. Every effort of Junot's had been exhausted; every arm of his troops had been bravely but uselessly employed; and Brennier's anxious in-



quiry, when brought into the presence of Sir Arthur Wellesley, 'Whether Kellerman had charged?' showed that the whole of his reserve had been brought into action, and, of course, that no resources were in hand. It was not yet noon: the French were in full retreat, half their artillery taken, and nothing but their cavalry effective. With the British army matters stood differently: the Portuguese had not been called upon; the first and fifth brigades had never been engaged, and the former were actually two miles nearer Torres Vedras than the French. The fourth and eighth brigades had suffered very few casualties were quite fresh, and ready for any exertion that might have been required from them. In the morning, numbers were in favour of the British; at noon, how much more was this advantage improved! Nothing was wanted but to follow up the victory, and, by forcing Junot on the Tagus, push forward direct to Montachique, by Torres Vedras, and thus cut off the French retreat upon the capital. By advancing, Wellesley must have obliged Junot to abandon the few guns he had carried off, and leave his wounded and stragglers to their fate, while he sought refuge in Elvas or Almeida. Of course Sir Arthur Wellesley saw the glorious results his success was sure to realize, and Lisbon appeared already in possession. What must have been his mortification, when Sir Harry Burrard issued the fatal order; and, deaf to every remonstrance, 'urged upon the field with the warmth and earnestness of a successful officer,' the advice of Wellesley was disregarded, and the British army, to their great astonishment, were directed to halt and pile arms!

Then followed the convention of Cintra. The precious time had been lost during which Sir Arthur might have turned his victory to account; and, upon the whole, he judged it better to accede to the terms upon which it was proposed that the French should vacate the country, than seek, by more protracted hostilities, to accomplish the same event by force of arms. Had the English generals been fully aware of the straits to which the enemy was reduced in Lisbon; that his ammunition had been almost expended, and that he was not secure against insurrection for a single hour, there probably would have been a disposition to advance, which might have ended in an unconditional surrender, when the only difficulty of the English

commander would have been to preserve for the French their wretched lives. But, ignorant of these particulars, and the time for rapid and decisive action having passed, the convention which was agreed upon, was, perhaps, upon the whole, the most advisable course that could then be adopted.

"Sir Arthur," Mr. Maxwell observes, "did not conceal his opinions from the government at home, either with respect to the convention before it was signed, or the general prospects of the British interests in Portugal. In a letter to Lord Castlereagh, dated the 30th of August, he observes:—

"Ten days after the action of the 21st, we are not farther advanced; nor indeed I believe, so far advanced as we should and ought to have been on the night of the 21st.

"I assure you, my dear lord, matters are not prospering here; and I feel an earnest desire to quit the army. I have been too successful with this army ever to serve with it in a subordinate situation, with satisfaction to the person who shall command it, and of course not to myself. However, I shall do what the government may wish."

Never, perhaps, was the national feeling so strongly excited by any event, as when the news arrived in England of the convention of Cintra. The campaign had, upon the whole, been singularly prosperous. We had fought against the first troops in Europe two pitched battles, with decided success; and the great object which we had proposed to ourselves, that of dislodging the enemy from Portugal, and thus obtaining a secure basis for any operations which might be thought desirable in Spain, was obtained, after an active service of about seventeen days; so prompt and vigorous had Sir Arthur been in all his movements, and so skilful the dispositions, and so brilliant the deeds of arms by which all his operations were distinguished. Could such results have been securely anticipated when he sailed with the expedition from Cork, they would have been deemed abundantly satisfactory to the national feeling, and worthy of even greater efforts than those by which they had been achieved. And it, because the French were not overwhelmed with entire destruction, and any terms had

been conceded to them, by which, in consequence of their prompt evacuation of the country, they were to be secured in the possession of their personal effects, and conveyed in British vessels to France, England, from one end to the other, rang with indignation; and it would, we believe, have been with very imminent risk to their personal safety, that the victorious generals landed during the popular ferment upon the British shores.

That results more brilliant might have been attained, had Sir Arthur's earnest advice been adopted, no one now entertains a doubt; but the critical moment having been passed, and the actual state of affairs in Lisbon not being known, we are of opinion that the next best course was that which was actually taken; and that the speedy deliverance of Portugal from its oppressors, and the release of the allied force from operations which left them at once disposable for any services for which they might be required in Spain, were considerations which abundantly outweighed any thing which could be said against the terms which were conceded to our vanquished enemies.

In one respect, the convention was very near to producing disastrous effects. The indignation of the people of Portugal almost exceeded that of the people of England: and artful and factious men, who had contributed nothing to the results of the campaign, but had looked coldly and suspiciously on, while the British were engaged in a deadly struggle with their enemies, lost no opportunity of inflaming the popular passions against their deliverers, by representing the convention as a base betrayal of the national interests, by which robbers and murderers were secured in the enjoyment of their ill-gotten wealth, and not only escaped the due reward of their deeds, but were conveyed in safety to their native land, again to take the field in arms against the country which they had insulted and plundered. That much allowance should be made for popular exasperation in such a case, will be admitted by all who know how bitterly the people of Portugal had been made to feel the severity of the French system, and how deeply the iron had entered into their soul; but considering their help-

lessness when the British arrived, and their uselessness during the campaign, when they were positively felt less as a help than an hindrance to the operations of the British commander, it was rather too much that they should have been so loud in their complaints of an arrangement by which, at all events, their country enjoyed so many advantages.

We cannot dwell upon the proceedings of the military commission, which was appointed in England to inquire into the merits of the convention. Suffice it to say, they ended their labours without coming to any satisfactory conclusion. There is no doubt whatever, that all the officers concerned in it acted for the best, and that in the precise state of their information, the terms which were agreed on were not to be very severely censured. That Sir Harry Burrard should have refused to accede to Sir Arthur's advice to advance, was admitted by General Wellesley himself to be susceptible of justification upon fair military grounds. Nothing could be more honourable than the manner in which the former took upon himself the whole responsibility of arresting the career of the conqueror; and nothing could be more frank or generous than the admission of that conqueror, that no unworthy or personal motive whatever mingled with such a determination. The error was, that at such a moment, Sir Harry Burrard should have interfered at all; and this brings us to the original error, of appointing to the chief command the men by whom General Wellesley was superseded—an error which we are persuaded arose out of an extreme anxiety to make the best possible provision for the public service. But from what now took place, it was not likely that such an error should be committed again.

The result of this important business was, that Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to his office as chief secretary; Sir Hew Dalrymple was recalled; Sir Harry Burrard resigned, and Sir John Moore was appointed to the office of commander-in-chief, with the general approbation of the country, and to the great delight of the army.

That he was looked to as the individual most worthy of the chief com-

mand, appears sufficiently from a letter which was addressed to him by Sir Arthur Wellesley, during the period when Sir Hew Dalrymple filled that station, in which Sir Arthur intimates that a change was looked for by public opinion; and that he was the individual whom all were desirous of seeing at the head of the army, and also, that whatever influence he possessed with the government, should be employed to forward such an arrangement. This, undoubtedly, indicated a generous self-renouncement on the part of the conqueror of Junot, and a modest appreciation of his own merits, which is deserving of all praise; the more especially as he must have felt an eager desire to obliterate the memory of the unfortunate convention to which he was a party, by some brilliant service, which should again right him in public opinion. But self, in this great man, never for a moment predominated over duty; and as his judgment led him to view General Moore as the officer whose claims were entitled to a paramount consideration in every new arrangement for the command of the army in Spain, he publicly communicated these his views to those of his friends who were in the ministry, and the result was, that the appointment was made, which was hailed with so much universal satisfaction.

Our subject does not lead us to dwell upon Sir John's advance into Spain, and the memorable and calamitous retreat by which it was followed, which terminated in the battle of Corunna, and the death of that distinguished man. Suffice it to say, the experiment seemed a death-blow to the hopes of the nation; as the Spanish force was on all sides utterly routed and disorganized, and the expulsion of the fine army, which was led by one of the most gallant and skilful of the English generals, seemed to put an end to the last hope of accomplishing any thing by British co-operation.

In truth, General Moore took a desponding view of the state of affairs, and he was not a man to grapple with the difficulties by which he was surrounded. As a general of division, under a man of a different temperament, he would have done good service, but the responsibility of supreme

command was too much for him, and his mind, which was not hopeful or forward-looking, was harassed by suspicions and a prey to anxieties, which rendered it impossible that the duties of his high station should be discharged with the efficiency or the vigour which the occasion required. Had all been smooth sailing, he would have navigated the vessel wisely and well, but beset with difficulties, as was the Spanish cause at this period, he was not prepared to encounter the great risks which must be incurred to accomplish any thing; and the safe and the practicable, how desirable soever, were seldom less within the compass of a great commander. His last hours were nobly spent. By his masterly dispositions, and the spirit which he infused into his jaded troops, the enemy were repulsed at all points, and the momentarily increasing distance of the fusilade, told his throbbing heart how well the field was won, as he expired in the arms of victory.

In the eyes of desponding politicians the condition of Spain was now utterly hopeless. The malignant Whig opposition in parliament made the most of the disasters of the last campaign, not only to prejudice the government by whom it had been planned, but to dishearten the country respecting its object. It was idle now, they argued, to talk any more of Spanish independence. The imperial eagle had fixed his talons in the country, and flutter and struggle as she might, she must eventually become his prey. Let England, if she still madly ventured upon her rescue, take care that she herself should not be made a victim. Europe had been subdued. Every coalition which had been organized against the Gallic despot had ended only in the ruin of those engaged in it. The great northern autocrat was now in bonds of closest amity with the emperor of France. And considering the military genius of Buonaparte, and the difficulties which he had already overcome, it was little short of madness to suppose that with his vastly extended means, which might now all be centred upon the attainment of his object in the Peninsula, any effectual stand could be made against him.

Such were the narcotics with which a base, jacobinical press, and a factious Whig opposition, endeavoured to

drug the public mind. Happily their efforts were in vain. The righteous people of England still felt an overpowering sense of moral indignation against the triumphant oppressor, which caused them to turn a deaf ear to the sinister eulogies of his admirers; and a reliance upon that Providence "by whom actions are weighed," that the day of retribution was not very distant, when the imperial spoliator would, in his turn, be humbled;—and we know scarcely any thing upon record more interesting than the tone of moral elevation, and the exhortations to perseverance, in the noble struggle in which we had engaged, which were maintained by our writers of the better class,\* under all the discouragements of the time, and against the ominous predictions of the unprincipled and the factious, who seemed to feel a secret exultation in every additional augmentation of aggrandisement which was attained by our most implacable enemy. But the government of the country was in the hands of better men, and they resolved, that, at all hazards, the contest in Spain was not to be abandoned.

The Peninsula was now in almost complete military possession of the invaders. They occupied in force, all the great fortified towns in the north of Spain which commanded the roads to France. The capital was in possession of the intruding king; and the national armies, if such they might be called, were without either the equipments or the discipline which could render them formidable to the enemy. Famine and disaster had thinned their ranks, jealousies between the commanders had paralysed their power; and, left to themselves, nothing was more certain than that they must afford to their skilful and well-appointed adversaries an easy victory.

But Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was now invested with the supreme command of the British, was of opinion, that come what might of the contest in Spain, Portugal might still be defended. In estimating the merits and the services of this great commander, we are never to forget that it was, in all probability, his judgment which now determined ministers in

the course which they resolved to pursue. Had Sir John Moore lived to return, there is too much reason to believe that his voice would have been raised against it. Had Sir Arthur inclined to the same desponding view of Spanish affairs, no ministry could, in defiance of such an opinion, have ventured to persevere in the contest. His judgment, therefore, as confirmatory of their own, was absolutely necessary to fortify them, in committing the national resources in a cause of so much peril; and his valorous determination to embark in it, at such a moment, was admirably followed up by that *cautious daring* in the conduct of the enterprise, to which, under Providence, more than to any thing else, its glorious results are to be ascribed.

Soult, who had been drawn to the north of Spain, in pursuit of Sir John Moore, immediately after the battle of Corunna turned his attention to Portugal, and was already in possession of Oporto. Victor, who had defeated Cuesta in the south of Spain, was at the head of a force which was ready to take advantage of any opportunity which presented itself of recovering possession of Lisbon. Ney was in the north of Spain, prepared to co-operate in a common effort with his brother marshals to drive the English into the sea. And Joseph, with Jourdan, were at the head of a considerable force in the capital and its environs, which was ready to move in any direction in which their services might be required. Such was the circle of hostile force to which Sir Arthur felt himself exposed, when he landed to take the command of the British army, against which, he well knew, the whole power of France would be directed.

Two courses were open to him: he might either direct himself against Soult, and endeavour to recover Oporto; or, put himself into communication with Cuesta, and concert a combined attack upon Victor. In the necessary arrangements for the latter, time, he thought, might be lost, which, more than any other thing, is valuable in the operations of war. He, therefore, having made the necessary dis-

\* Let the reader see the historical portions of the "Edinburgh Annual Register" of this period, which were, we believe, written by Robert Southey.

positions for the defence of Lisbon, prepared to carry into effect his operations against Soult; the more especially as he had received information, upon which he entirely relied, that there was disaffection in his ranks, and that a number of his officers only awaited the vigorous onset of the English, to seize upon him and deliver him into our hands. There can be no doubt whatever that such a project was entertained, and as little, that it was only by the merest accident it was defeated. General Wellesley's measures, however, were mainly based upon considerations entirely independent of the mutinous spirit of the French army; and he accordingly proceeded in the course upon which he had entered, with the promptitude and the vigour by which all his movements were distinguished.

Beresford, with about seven thousand men, was sent by Viseu and Lamego to co-operate with Silveira in cutting off the retreat of the French. Sir Arthur himself advanced against Oporto, with about fifteen thousand men; and General Sir John Murray was sent about four miles up the Douro, for the purpose of effecting a passage there, and making a demonstration upon the left of the French, by which the success of the main attack would be materially promoted. The advance of the English and the conspiracy in his own army were discovered by Soult nearly at the same moment. With his usual decision the conspirators were seized, the bridge over the Douro was prepared for being fired, and the boats were burned. There stood the two armies—the one upon the northern, the other upon the southern bank of this great river, without any apparent possibility of coming into closer conflict. But fortune favoured our enterprising commander. By some lucky accident a few boats were discovered, in which about one hundred of the troops were immediately embarked, and transferred to the other side, where they were sheltered by a seminary, which for some time screened them from the observation of the enemy. But they were not long in concealment. The eager demonstrations of the citizens, who witnessed the transaction, soon drew the attention of the French to the little band of heroes, who pre-

sently felt themselves assailed on all sides by overwhelming numbers, and seemingly cut off from the reinforcements by whom they might be sustained in such an unequal conflict. Wellesley saw the desperate struggle of his gallant fellows with feelings which can be better imagined than described. It was the first bold movement in the campaign which had just opened, and upon its success or failure, immense were the consequences which might depend. He was, at one moment, upon the very point of crossing over, and sharing in person their dangers. But Hill was there, and he well knew that what a brave and skilful commander could do to direct and animate his men in such a crisis, would be well done. Meanwhile the enthusiasm of the citizens put him in possession of other means of transport, of which he promptly availed himself, and Sherbrooke's division was conveyed to the scene of action. A battery, also, of five-and-twenty guns, which was placed in a commanding position on the southern bank of the river, did admirable service; and in a very short time he had the satisfaction of seeing that a decided improvement was made upon the enemy. Now was that the importance of the movement of Sir John Murray's detachment became apparent. As soon as that appeared in the distance, upon the right, consternation became visible among the French, and they hastened to secure their retreat from the city, while retreat was yet open to them. But they poured, a confused mass, with less regard to discipline than to safety; and had Sir John Murray availed himself of the opportunity which now presented itself of bringing his guns to bear upon their tumultuously crowded ranks, their destruction would have been complete, or there would have been an unconditional surrender. But that officer remained strangely inactive. From, we suppose, some absurd misapplication of the maxim, to make a bridge of gold for a retreating enemy, he suffered the fugitives to pour on before him without any serious molestation. That gallant fellow, Lord Londonderry, dashed amongst them with his cavalry, and made the keenness of the sabre be felt; but no in-  
by our army, desultory acts



of bravery could be attended with no important effects: and if the extraordinary vigour of one part of the army had, contrary to all human calculations, compelled Soult to evacuate Oporto, to the still more extraordinary remissness of the other it was owing that the retreat upon which he had entered was not converted into a rout which would have made him and his army prisoners of war. Enough, however, for one day had been done. Our gallant fellows might well be satisfied with the exploits which they had performed; and Sir Arthur might well feel a soldier's pride as he sat down that evening, in Oporto, to the dinner which had been provided for Soult, who was at that moment wending his way through difficult and almost impracticable defiles, and deemed himself but too fortunate in having escaped complete destruction.

Having accomplished this service in the north, he was at liberty to direct his attention to Victor in the east;—and not one moment sooner than it was required. Immediately measures were taken by which the progress of that general towards the part of Portugal adjacent to him might be arrested. Cuesta with a Spanish force was in his neighbourhood: but these he had already beaten, and thoroughly despised. They were, he well knew, but little formidable without British co-operation. And Sir Arthur now lost no time in speeding his victorious troops from the banks of the Douro to those of the Guadiana, to join his forces to those of the Spanish general, and take advantage of the first opportunity which presented itself of making a vigorous impression upon the enemy. His approach had the effect of causing the French general to observe a cautious distance; and it was only necessary that Cuesta should come into his views, in order that, by their joint efforts, some signal service should be performed.

But here he found an unexpected difficulty. The Spanish general was an overweening, opinionative, and impracticable old man, whose natural defects, both of mind and temper, had been increased by misfortune and old age. He cherished a morbid sensitiveness of his rank, which indisposed him to any ready acquiescence in the views of the British general, and would

seem, on some occasions, to have been wedded to his own opinions with an obstinacy proportioned to their folly and extravagance. Wellesly earnestly pressed him to move with his half-armed battalion to the south, and take up a strong position in the neighbourhood of the Siera Morena, with a view to hold Victor in his present position, while he pushed on with the British to get between him and Madrid. Thus a blow might have been struck which would have destroyed a whole division of the enemy. But this reasonable course was urged in vain. Cuesta was immovable in his resolution not to move further south than the banks of the Guadiana. Wellesley, therefore, was compelled to adopt another course, namely, that of a conjoint advance upon Victor, with a view to give him battle before the succours could arrive, by which he was sure in a short time to be greatly strengthened. The English moved by Castello Branco, Coria, and Plasencia; the Spanish troops by the bridges of Almaraz and Arzobispo; Victor falling back as they advanced, until their junction was effected on the 20th of July, 1809, at Oropesa.

Joseph became alarmed. Forces so considerable could not advance so near to his capital without exciting the most serious apprehensions. Accordingly, the most pressing orders were sent both to Soult and Ney to descend as rapidly as possible upon the flank and the rear of the allied army, and threaten their communication with Portugal; while he himself, with Jourdan and Sebastiani, advanced to the relief of Victor. Before the arrival of these forces that general was upon the point of destruction. Sir Arthur was ready to give him battle on the 23d, and signified his wishes to that effect to his impracticable Spanish ally, who refused to take part in the action that day, upon the grounds that his men were not prepared. The next morning he announced his readiness; but Victor, in the meantime, had retired in the direction of Toledo.

Strengthened by the succours which, on the 25th, reached him, with the intrusive king, he again resumed the offensive, and felt himself strong enough to confront the enemy. On the 27th, the opposing armies were in presence of each other at Talavera.

Joseph, with Jourdan, Sebastiani, and Victor, were now at the head of a force more than double that of the English, from whom alone they had any thing to fear—as the Spaniards had already proved themselves more a hindrance than a help to Sir Arthur Wellesley. Cuesta, who was not ready to fight at the proper time, when a battle might have been delivered with decisive success, could not be restrained from a rash advance upon what he deemed the retreat, but Sir Arthur forewarned him was the concentration of the enemy. The consequence was, that his speedily routed troops were driven back in confusion, and would, but for the interposition of the English, have been either destroyed or made prisoners.

Of the battle which followed, one of the most memorable of the fields of our great commander, we cannot afford to give any lengthened account. It was one in which all the distinguishing characteristics of our general were very strikingly displayed. The French came on, confident in their numbers, and under the conduct of commanders who had already achieved a high degree of military renown, and who knew that reinforcements were rapidly upon their arrival, by whose aid they might annihilate their enemies. They were met with the steadiness of veterans who knew not what it was to sustain defeat, and who never contemplated a battle but as a prelude to victory.

The battle commenced on the evening of the 27th, and the principal attack of the French was directed against a hill, which had been unaccountably left unoccupied, and which constituted the key to the British position. It was in their exploits respectively to secure the possession of this important point that the contending armies were chiefly distinguished. The gallant Hill was, on this occasion, amongst the bravest of the brave; and our efforts were crowned with success. When night had set in, the disputed eminence was in our possession. But midnight did not bring repose. Again the French general, eager to secure so great an advantage, brought his wearied legions to the conflict. Again they were met by their resolute antagonists, and hand to hand, and man to man, the bloody contest was renewed, until

the enemy were driven to the bottom of the hill, and all hope of recovering it was felt to be vain.

Next day the battle was renewed, contrary to the advice of Jourdan, who recommended that the French should fall back, and await the operations of Soult and Ney, who were daily expected in the rear of the allies: prudent advice, and which, if it had been followed, would at all events have averted the calamity which impended over the French, and might, by possibility, have compromised the British. But in the confidence of numbers, and in the ardour of anticipated victory, it was disregarded.

From five in the morning until nine, the fighting lasted without intermission, when both parties, as if by mutual consent, ceased for a time, and availed themselves of an interval for repose. While they thus rested from their arms, stragglers from either army were seen betaking themselves to the little rivulet which divided their positions, to cool their burning thirst, and, having mutually partaken of its limpid waters, to stretch their blackened and blood-stained hands across, and interchange the grim civilities of war, in token of the respect which they mutually entertained for each other's valour.

While matters stood thus, Wellesley was seated on the summit of the hardly-contested hill, earnestly watching the ranks of the enemy. He soon perceived that the attack was about to be renewed with redoubled force along the whole line. At this moment Colonel Donkin rode up to him, bearing a message from the Duke D'Albuquerque, "that Cuesta was betraying him." This startling intelligence did not for a moment disturb the composure with which he continued his survey, and he quietly desired Donkin "to return to his brigade." Short was the interval which elapsed when, under the cover of eighty pieces of artillery, which kept up an incessant discharge, fifty thousand Frenchmen advanced impetuously to the conflict; but we must refer to the work before us for the further details of this well-fought day.

"The assault of the fourth corps on the British centre was as furious and disastrous as that of Bullas. Sebas-

tiani's attack was boldly made, and the French came on with an assured courage that seemed resolved to sweep away every obstacle that opposed it. Covered by a cloud of light troops, the column passed the broken ground with imposing determination, only to encounter opponents still more determined than themselves. 'The English regiments, putting the French skirmishers aside, met the advancing columns with loud shouts, and, breaking in on their front, and lapping their flanks with fire, gave them no respite, and pushed them back with a terrible carnage. Ten guns were taken; but, as General Campbell prudently forbore pursuit, the French rallied on their supports, and made a show of attacking again. Vain attempt! The British artillery and musketry played furiously upon their masses, and a Spanish regiment of cavalry charging on their flank at the same time, the whole retired in disorder, and the victory was secured in that quarter.

"As victory is ever damped by individual suffering, an event well calculated to increase the horrors of a battle-field occurred, that cannot be recollected without the liveliest sorrow for those who suffered.

"From the heat of the weather, the fallen leaves were parched like tinder, and the grass was rank and dry. Near the end of the engagement, both were ignited by the blaze of some cartridge-papers, and the whole surface of the ground was presently covered with a sheet of fire. Those of the disabled who lay on the outskirts of the field managed to crawl away, or were carried off by their more fortunate companions who had escaped unhurt; but, unhappily, many gallant sufferers, with 'medicable wounds,' perished in the flames before it was possible to extricate them.

"The most daring and the most disastrous effort of the day remains to be narrated. The French, still intent upon seizing the left of the position, moved up the valley in force; and Anson's light brigade of cavalry was ordered to charge the columns as they came forward. The ground was treacherous—flat, apparently to the eye, while a dangerous and narrow ravine secured the French infantry completely. The word was given; the brigade advanced at a steady canter; a plain was, as they believed, before them, and in full blood, what should check their career? Colonel Elley, who was some lengths in advance of the 23d, was the first who discovered the obstacle in their road, and vainly endeavoured to check the charge, and apprise his companions of the dangerous ground they had to pass; but, advancing with such velocity, the line was on

the verge of the stream before his signs could be either understood or attended to. Under any circumstances this must have been a serious occurrence in a cavalry charge; but when it is considered that four or five hundred dragoons were assailing two divisions of infantry, unbroken, and fully prepared for the onset, to have persevered at all, was highly honourable to the regiment.'

"At this moment the enemy, formed in squares, opened his tremendous fire. A change immediately took place. Horses rolled on the earth; others were seen flying back, dragging their unhorsed riders with them. The German hussars pulled up; but although the line of the 23d was broken, still that regiment galloped forward. The confusion was increased; but no hesitation took place in the individuals of this gallant corps. The survivors rushed on with, if possible, accelerated pace, passing between the flank of the square, now one general blaze of fire, and the building on its left.'

"It was strange that, under such circumstances, men should think of any thing but securing a retreat. The Germans, on arriving at the brink of the ravine, had reined sharply up; and though they suffered heavily from the French musketry, galloped out of fire, and re-formed behind Bassecourt's Spanish division, which was in observation in the rear. Struggling through the water-course, the survivors of the 23d, as they gained the bank in two's and three's formed, and passing the French infantry at speed, 'fell with inexpressible fury on a brigade of chasseurs in the rear.' A momentary success attended this reckless display of valour; but a body of Polish lancers and Westphalian light-horse came up, and to resist such odds were hopeless.

"The situation of the 23d was now very critical. To return directly from whence the regiment had advanced, was impracticable. By doing so, the surviving soldiers must have again sustained a close and deadly fire from the French squares; and although the chasseurs had given way, another line of cavalry was in their front. To their right was the whole French army; to their left, and in rear of the enemy's infantry, was the only possible line of escape. This was adopted. In small parties, or singly, they regained the valley, re-forming in rear of General Fane's brigade, the advance of which had been countermanded after the unsuccessful result of the first charge was ascertained.'

"A furious attack made upon Sherbrooke's division, was among the most gallant efforts of the day. Under a

storm of artillery, the French columns fairly came forward, as if they intended to leave the issue to 'cold iron;' but they never crossed a bayonet, were charged in turn, and repelled with serious loss.

"Who has ever seen an unbroken line preserved in following up a successful bayonet charge?' The Guards, carried forward by victorious excitement, advanced too far, and found themselves assailed by the French reserve, and mowed down by an overwhelming fire. They fell back; but as whole sections were swept away, their ranks became disordered, and nothing but their stubborn gallantry prevented a total *déroute*. Their situation was most critical—had the French cavalry charged home, nothing could have saved them. Lord Wellington saw the danger, and speedily despatched support. A brigade of horse was ordered up, and our regiment moved from the heights we occupied to assist our hard-pressed comrades. We came on at double-quick, and formed in the rear by companies, and through the intervals in our line the broken ranks of the Guards retreated. A close and well-directed volley from us arrested the progress of the victorious French, while, with amazing celerity and coolness, the Guards rallied and re-formed, and in a few minutes advanced in turn to support us. As they came on, the men gave a loud buzza. An Irish regiment to the right answered it with a thrilling cheer. It was taken up from regiment to regiment, and passed along the English line; and that wild shout told the advancing enemy that British valour was indomitable. The leading files of the French halted—turned—fell back—and never made another effort."

All these important movements were made, and this glorious battle was fought, under circumstances of difficulty and embarrassment, which few men besides Sir Arthur Wellesley could have surmounted. He had to contend against a mutinous and disorderly spirit in his own troops, and had already lost the services of two of his generals, owing partly to some foolish punctillio, arising out of the rank obtained by British officers in the Portuguese service, and partly to the distress and inconvenience occasioned by the long arrears of pay which were due to his men. He had to struggle with the mulish incapacity of his Spanish colleague, whose unmanageable co-operation was of more disservice to him than he could have been if he

had passed over to the enemy. He had, as he advanced into the Spanish territory, and removed from his own resources, to experience a daily increasing want of the commonest necessities for the subsistence of an army, and to witness a degree of indifference to the wants of the British on the part of those whose country they came to defend, which must inevitably beget a spirit very adverse to the object upon which his heart was set, and abate that noble zeal with which it was his desire to see his soldiers filled, in the cause of Spanish independence. Such were the circumstances under which he found himself far advanced on the road to Madrid, and in the presence of an ably-commanded and fully-appointed division of the French force, by which he was more than twice outnumbered. During the battle he had the mortification of seeing the Spaniards take fright and run away; thus, not only causing serious discouragement to his own men, but spreading an alarm far and wide that the allied army were defeated. Still not the less did he hold heroically on, watching every turn of the fight, and giving a prompt attention to every point in the field where the success of his troops seemed to be endangered, until he saw the enemy completely routed, and could felicitate his noble comrades upon the triumph of that well-fought day.

But short was the repose of the laurelled conqueror upon the field which he had so bravely won. News came quick and fast that Soult and Ney were in rapid march upon his flank and rear, and not a single moment was to be lost if his retreat upon Portugal was not to be intercepted. Immediately his determination was taken. He advanced with the British to meet Soult, and give him battle, leaving his wounded under the protection of Cuesta, at Talavera. But he had the mortification to find that even this was an office, with the performance of which the Spanish general was not to be entrusted. From some alarming intelligence which the latter had received, the wounded were abandoned; and not only was the attention of the British general obliged to be directed to the best means of securing their removal, for which Cuesta distinctly refused to furnish the requisite facili-

ties, but he was encumbered by the very inconvenient addition which the Spaniards made to his own troops, in a country where his supplies were very limited. What, in such a case, was he to do? Remain with his crippled army and fight a general action with Soult, with the certainty of having Victor on his back before it could be well concluded? Such was General Cuesta's advice. But there was no object why Wellesley should endanger his men, when there was almost a certainty that any advantages which he might gain in an action would be no recompense for the loss which he must incur, and could not be retained more than a few days. He, therefore, wisely judged that this was one of those cases in which discretion is the better part of valour; and, despite the remonstrances of his absurdly importunate colleague, persisted in his determination to draw off his wearied and almost famished troops to a place of safety. In one sense, indeed, a place of safety it did not prove, as we lost more men in three months by disease, arising from the unhealthy position which they occupied, than fell at the battle of Talavera.

It is our opinion that the merits of the British general were even more conspicuous in bringing his army unscathed through the difficulties and the dangers to which they became exposed, from the negligence, the ignorance, and the incapacity of the Spanish commanders, than in the brilliant action by which his great abilities were so gloriously signalized in the eyes of the world. He had taken every prudent precaution, and made every practicable arrangement, by which the operations of the French armies in the north of the Peninsula might be prevented from interfering with the important business which he had immediately in hand. But Venegas, by whom the passes should have been occupied through which Soult must of necessity have marched, and by the possession of which his progress might be stayed, precipitately abandoned his position, and thus exposed him to be taken in flank and rear by an overwhelming force, at a moment when his army was crippled by the recent heavy losses, and when the discontent of the troops at the treatment which they were experiencing from their allies, and the

actual weakness of the men from want of a sufficiency of food, must render the result of any contest with an intact and well-fed French army, under such a general as Soult, extremely doubtful. Of Spanish prowess he had now learned to entertain a juster estimate than he had formed at the commencement of the war. He saw that the national enthusiasm by which they were actuated, when joined with the utter incapacity of their generals, and the indiscipline of their half-armed bands, miscalled an army, would only render them a more certain prey to such an enemy as they had to deal with; and that whatever was to be accomplished for the deliverance of the Peninsula, must be accomplished by the British force alone. He knew that such was also the opinion of the French leaders, and that against him, in the first instance, their whole force would be directed. Could he only be driven out of the country, the insurgents in the Spanish provinces might be easily disposed of, and the heel of the imperial potentate, who had just, for the third time, smitten down the might of the Continent at the battle of Wagram, would be felt in its pressure upon the energies of the Peninsula, until all active resistance was subdued, and Spain had sunk powerless under the iron yoke which had been prepared for it. It is not possible to bestow a thought upon the conduct of the Spanish government, and the composition and the command of its armies, without seeing that, humanly speaking, if left to themselves, such a result was absolutely certain. In contemplating it as near at hand, Buonaparte's sagacity was not in fault. He knew the opposition with which he should have to contend, and he calculated the power by which he could meet it; nor was he unreasonable in supposing, that if he had to deal with the Spaniards alone, that power could not be long resisted. His terrible threat would soon be realized, and Spain would have become a La Vendee. What he did not know, and what General Wellesley alone could have taught him, was, the degree in which his designs upon Spain might be traversed and obstructed by a well-commanded British army. The island soldiers had been hitherto comparatively untried men. He saw them in Spain under a



very accomplished commander, and he only saw them to see them fly before him. They had found a refuge in their ships, else he would have overtaken them with complete destruction. What different fate had the present British army to expect, under one whom he contemptuously denominated the seapoy captain;—especially as the events in Germany had now left him at liberty to direct against them the whole military force of the empire? What different fate could await them, when he, in person, appeared, at the head of his invincibles, as an assailant? We conclude, therefore, putting the policy of his measure out of the question, that Buonaparte was not chargeable with any serious military oversight, when he calculated upon the speedy subjugation of Spain. Nor would General Wellesley have lost any military reputation, had he, upon experiencing the great difficulties with which he had to contend, resolved to retire at once from the contest. It would only be giving the weight of his authority to the opinion of Sir John Moore, that, in the present state of things, the cause of Spain was hopeless. That he did not do so, under the multiplied provocations which he was daily experiencing, argues a magnanimous constancy and forbearance for which he cannot be honoured with too much praise. We have traced his course minutely, in that best of all maps of his conduct and character, his own immortal despatches, and we are unable to discover a word or act which bears any mark of temper, or appears to be the result of any thing, but that intrepid good sense, that ever wakeful vigilance, and that uncompromising honesty and singleness of purpose, by which he was distinguished. And if we ask ourselves what was it that now saved him and his army from total ruin, begirt, as he was, with powerful enemies, and encumbered by worthless allies—the answer must be, *his own great military reputation*. That it was which caused both Soult and Victor to keep at a cautious distance, and enabled him to effect the arrangements by which the famishing troops were retired to a place of security, after having occupied an advanced position in Spain up to the very last hour it

could be safely maintained. “The English,” says Soult, “have covered themselves with glory; but,” he added, “had they remained two days longer in the country, they were all our prisoners!”

We have the very best authority for believing, that Buonaparte never ceased to regret, that the five or six corps, which were now concentrated in the valley of the Tagus, did not make a combined movement against the English as they fell back into Portugal, and assail them by such a storm of hostility as, in their weakened state, could scarcely be withstood. Had such a course been taken, General Wellesley's resources would, undoubtedly, have been put to the severest test; and it would be hazardous to affirm what might have been the result; but happily by the disunion which prevailed amongst the French generals, it was prevented.

We should be glad if we could select from Mr. Maxwell's pages, some continuous description of *his own*, of the actions of which he treats; a service which he could well perform; but we suppose from a modest distrust of his own powers, he has adopted the much more difficult process—the descriptions of other writers; and we, therefore, have a piece of patchwork presented to us; in which, no doubt, the most striking features of the various combats are very graphically displayed; but which is, on the whole, far less satisfactory than even a less brilliant enumeration of events, marked by the presiding intelligence of an individual mind. We are sorry, therefore, that our author has, on so many occasions, employed his scissors where he should have used his pen. His powers are, with one exception, fully equal to those of the writers upon whose descriptions he depends; and if, in this one instance, he had relied more entirely upon himself, banishing his modesty, (we fear his besetting-sin,) and cudgeling his brains, the letterpress of his performance would be more upon a level with the very beautiful typography and illustrations in which it has been ushered into the world.

Farewell, for the present, friend Maxwell; we hope soon to meet with thee again.



## AFFGHANISTAN—WITH A MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

IN the view we are about to present to our readers of the affairs of Affghanistan, we shall not enter into minute details of the events which preceded and accompanied the late calamitous disasters at Cabool, but intend to restrict ourselves to a succinct *exposé* of the present state of British interests in that country and our Indian possessions generally, together with an examination of the question, as to how those possessions, seriously endangered by Whig audacity and Whig mismanagement, can be again placed in a state of peace and security.

It has lately become the fashion amongst English Radicals and Irish rebels, to indulge in exulting lamentations on the clearly approaching fall of the British empire, whose glory is, they allege, on the wane, and whose widely-extended possessions, on which the sun never sets, are about to be wrested from its tyrannical grasp, by forces every where at work, too strong to be checked by any effort of English statesmen, or any exertion of the English people.

One of the observations most commonly used by such persons is, that the British, like the Roman empire during its latter periods, is in a state of decline; and as the one lost province after province, so must the other be speedily shorn of the extensive colonies, islands, and we had almost said continents, which acknowledge her sway in either hemisphere. Half a century ago, the French compared the power of Britain to that of Carthage, but as fate willed it otherwise, and the mistress of the sea did not fall, but has gone on adding kingdom to kingdom, and empire to empire, her disappointed enemies have been obliged to prophesy anew, and now threaten us with the fate of Rome; but we disavow the comparison, for Britain's prosperity differs in all essential points from the prosperity of Rome, and the ties which bind it to its distant possessions, are very different from any that existed in ancient time, and cannot be severed by the means which led to the dismemberment of the Roman empire. The Romans were essentially conquerors and plunderers. They were indeed

tolerant as to religion; and as easily adopted the gods as the vices of the vanquished. If they, as they often did, improved roads, increased commerce, provided for internal tranquillity, and the just administration of the laws in a province; they did all this merely to render it more productive, in order that they might afterwards rob to greater advantage. In consequence of this system, wealth every where flowed towards Rome, and the whole world was impoverished to enrich the "city."

To what extent the prætors carried their exactions, and how difficult it was to expose their iniquity or bring them to justice, may be learned from the speeches of Cicero against Verres; and yet Sicily was Rome's nearest, fairest, and most valued province.

The strongest proof of the grinding extortions practised by the Romans, is the fact mentioned by Cicero, that the people of the subject provinces had actually formed the design of petitioning for a repeal of the existing law against extortion; and "there can be no doubt," argues Cicero, "that they would be greatly benefitted by the change; for in that case, the governors sent into the provinces would be content to plunder only to a sufficient extent, to accumulate immense fortunes for themselves. At present they are obliged, in addition to this, to acquire enough to serve as bribes to their future judges at home." Thus Verres had been heard to boast, that he should be well satisfied to expend the proceeds of two years of spoliation in defeating the ends of justice, provided he were to retain for himself the profits of the third.

Pompey deposited in the treasury of Rome four millions sterling, and Cæsar six millions, gained from enemies not more vanquished than impoverished. Such was the connection between Rome and her provinces.

England, on the other hand, not only wields the trident and the sword, but walks among the nations in a shape unknown to antiquity—the majestic dispenser as well as the receiver of wealth. As England grows rich, so do her provinces; for however wide

spread the fame of some potentates, whose dominions are now merged in our Indian empire, their wealth consisted of barbaric gold and precious stones, accumulated by hoarding or acquired by pillage; and in proportion as the state of the monarch was splendid, his subjects were impoverished. When Nadir Shah, having defeated the Mogul army, advanced to Delhi, he levied enormous contributions on that devoted city; the amount of his plunders, including the treasures and regalia of the imperial palace, has been variously estimated from thirty to seventy millions, sterling. Of this, the most remarkable object was the peacock-throne of the emperor of Delhi, ornamented with precious stones of every description, among which the most splendid was the famous diamond called the *koh-i-noor*, or mountain of light. This gem is of the purest water, exquisitely cut, as large as half a hen-egg, being an inch and a half long and an inch broad, and was worn between two diamonds, each the size of a pigeon's egg, as an armlet, by the late Runjeet Singe.

The state of India, under our rule, is different. The palaces of Delhi may have fallen into decay, but the humble dwellings of the farmers display increased comforts. England has become richer by conquering India, and India richer by being conquered.

It is because she is at once a commercial, a manufacturing, and a warlike nation, that England has been enabled, not merely to acquire kingdoms, but to retain them; and for this reason, what Alexander, Tamerlane (Timour), and Nadir Shah, failed to accomplish, has been achieved by the arms of a company of merchants; and it is because they are merchants, that they have not merely founded, but consolidated and established our great Indian empire.

In this instance an enlightened perception of self-interest has with just discrimination pointed out, that we can only derive permanent revenues from a country when its natural resources are cultivated and improved, and our intercourse with it maintained by a liberal and well-adjusted interchange of productions. On this principle has England acted towards India, whose natural productions and indigenous arts and manufactures have been en-

the day has long since past for  
ing in the abstract the question—  
whether we had any natural right to  
give the Indian sovereigns of their  
ones and the Indian people of their  
sovereigns. However, true it is, that  
foraders can scarcely ever plead any  
cause for their aggressions, yet  
there is no doubt, that in the case be-  
fore us, much can be advanced in ex-  
culpation; for the people of Hindoos,  
never having enjoyed any free-  
dom, have but changed many un-  
happy tyrants for one mistress.  
Less despotic, it is true, but  
not less mild. Let any one read  
the history of Hindoos, during the  
century which preceded the arrival of  
the English, and he will find his heart  
soured and his heart sickened, by  
endless and bloody contests which  
took place between rival rajahs  
and successive conquerors. Whereas  
the whole Peninsula is now in a  
state of profound peace, and since  
the extirpation of the Thugs, the un-  
armed traveller may pursue his journey  
in safety from Calcutta to Bombay,  
or from Delhi to Seringapatam.  
While the farmer every where culti-  
vates his lands in security, the man-  
ufacturer pursues his trades, religious pro-  
cesses and worship every where find  
protection, and justice is administered  
with decision, but not severity.

The Hindoos are not a race so de-  
scribed as to be incapable of  
comparing the present with the past,  
and it is to their thorough conviction  
that the former is far preferable to the  
latter, that their willing obedience to

Company's government must be  
tributed. True it is, that the de-  
votion of the English is much facili-  
tated by the division of the people into  
sects, which prevents their being united  
for the purpose of any great national  
revolt, and that the Hindoos can  
scarcely be brought to form a coalition  
with Mahomedans, while the division  
likewise regards both with hatred or  
contempt;—true it is, that old blood  
the growth of the present  
still severs the  
since from the  
yet, all these  
are, would

not suffice to attach India to England, did not the inhabitants feel that attachment the best guarantee for internal tranquillity—the best security for property, justice, and religion.

The white inhabitants of the slave-holding states of America, boast that their slaves are happy; but we may well doubt the reality of this vaunted happiness, when we find that they dare not trust them with either arms or with knowledge. It is not so in India, where 250,000 sepoys are disciplined and armed, and where the English have used every effort to educate the people, and disseminate the blessings of literature and knowledge. It would be a mere delusion to suppose that the sepoys obey the Company, either because they are officered by Englishmen, or overawed by the presence of English regiments; for did any true reason for dissatisfaction exist amongst the sepoys, neither the presence of 28,000 English soldiers, who, occupying a few of the strong-holds and principal towns of that vast peninsula, are scarcely to be detected amidst the masses of the native population, nor a fear of the comparatively few English officers in command of native regiments, could intimidate or control men so intelligent and so brave as the native troops. In strong contrast with the fact that the English maintain their supremacy in the vast, populous, and wealthy peninsula of Hindostan, by means of an army of 28,000 men, we may bring forward the 73,000 soldiers voted last month by the French Chamber of Deputies to occupy the insignificant province, Algeria: these 73,000 French soldiers maintain a constant and doubtful struggle with the inhabitants; but the French, like the Romans, impoverish every land they visit. Still, if they maintain an army of 73,000 men to occupy so paltry a possession, their example should not be to us altogether unprofitable, and should teach us the prudence of having at least the same number in our immense eastern dominions. Indeed, it may be asserted, that since the establishment of the native Indian army, the sepoys have never but once been betrayed into acts of open insubordination, unless provoked by injudicious, if not unjust attempts to reduce their allowance, and what is termed their "field-battee." Acts of insubordination, derived from

this source, have been of late but too frequent, but in justice to the sepoys it must be confessed that they have had constantly right on their side, and the Whig government and the Whig *employés* have used equal ability and energy in disturbing India, as well as Ireland; for the spread of disaffection among native corps has of late evinced that a master-destroying power was at work in India as well as in Great Britain, and had the government of the country been left for another year in the incompetent and guilty hands of the Whigs, ruin would have overtaken all our institutions, and our Indian army would have been converted into a terrible engine of anarchy. Even now much decision will be required to repress the spirit of discontent while its cause is removed, for by the last account no less than seven corps of our army at Madras had refused to receive pay, and, following the example set by the 52d regiment, had exhibited open symptoms of discontent, though not yet of mutiny. The cause of this discontent, was the attempt on the part of government to reduce the "field-battee," which corps of the coast army have ever drawn, when sent north of the river Kistna.

"Cavalry, as well as the 7th, 32d, and 48th regiments of infantry, are said to have thus mutinied in the Hyderabad force; while the 2d and 41st regiments of infantry, prepared for China, made similar demonstrations against an equally penny-wise and pound foolish attempt to save some few rupees in the pensions heretofore most wisely granted to the families of those native troops who fell in foreign service. These and many other misfortunes now assailing British Indian power, are to be traced to one and the same source—the appointment of incompetent governors and commanders-in-chief to the several presidencies; and as these appointments are made by the home government, to the home government alone must we look for correction of the evil."

We trust that Lord Ellenborough will immediately look to this vital point: it is a matter of paramount and cogent importance. Compared with it, the affairs of Affghanistan are but as dust in the balance: to lose ten regiments in the field, is a calamity to be deplored, but it may be repaired: to lose the affections of our native troops, by pursuing the Whig system



of parsimony and injustice, would in India speedily lead to utter annihilation of English power and the English name. And yet that power was so firmly established, and that name so respected, as easily to have bid defiance to all other enemies; but the Whigs in power are irresistibly destructive; and even our Indian empire could not have stood their bad administration for six months longer. Time there was, when the loss of that empire would not have excited feelings of surprise. The communication between India and England was formerly so unfrequent and so tedious, a voyage between Bombay and London frequently occupied six months. Now, it may be accomplished in thirty-six days.

It is interesting to compare this rate of transmitting letters, viz., thirty-six days, from Bombay to London, with the speed of couriers in the time of the Romans, and happily Cicero in his letters has twice mentioned his receiving at Rome, letters from Cæsar, then in England—"Cæsar forwarded a despatch to me from Britain, on the first of September, which I received on the 28th of the same month;" and again—"I received on the 24th October, letters from Cæsar, and my brother Quintus, dated 26th September." So that *Cæsar's despatches* took twenty-eight days from Britain to Rome. In point of fact, we can now communicate with our Indian empire, as speedily

as, a short time ago, we could with our American colonies, and we have no doubt, that an arrangement might be easily entered into with the pacha of Egypt, at once profitable to him and economical to us, by which our troops and munitions of war could be conveyed by the Isthmus of Suez, in about forty-five days, from England to the Indus. Were such a speedy communication established, the security of our Indian empire would be vastly increased, and our tenure of power only end when we ceased to exercise it with leniency and justice to the natives.

We dwell particularly upon this, for, in our humble opinion, the importance of India to England cannot be overrated; and the blood shed by the victims of Cabool, will not have flowed in vain if it attracts the attention of the nation to our Indian affairs, and stimulates Britons as one man, not to acts of revenge against the Affghans, but to acts of justice towards their fellow-countrymen; for so the Hindoos now deserve to be called. Let us, for a moment, survey the following tabular statement of the extent and population of our Indian empire, with those of our allies and tributaries, as well as several of the independent states on our frontier; and our readers will be enabled, at a glance, to perceive the vast importance of the interests involved in the safety of our eastern possessions.

BRITISH TERRITORY.			British square miles	Population
Bengal Presidency	.	.	320,000	37,000,000
Madras, ditto	.	.	151,000	15,000,000
Bombay, ditto	.	.	11,000	2,000,000
Territories in the Deccan, &c., acquired since 1815, and since mostly attached to the Bombay Presidency	.	.	60,000	5,000,000
Total British territories	.	.	5,530,000	82,000,000
BRITISH ALLIES AND TRIBUTARIES.				
1. The Mysore Rajah	.	.	27,000	3,000,000
2. The Nizam	.	.	96,000	10,000,000
3. The Nagapoor Rajah	.	.	70,000	5,000,000
4. The King of Oude	.	.	20,000	3,000,000
5. The Gykwar	.	.	18,000	2,000,000
6. Bhopal 5,000. Kathah 6,300, Boondoe 2,500	.	.	14,000	1,500,000
7. The Sitarruh Rajah	.	.	14,000	1,500,000
8. Travancore 6,000, Cochin 2,000	.	.	8,000	1,000,000
9. Under the Rajahs of Jedpoor, Japoor, Oudipoor, Bikhmalr, Jessulmalr, and other Rajepoot chiefs	.	.	223,000	15,000,000
10. Holkar	.	.		
11. Seicks, Ghonds, Bheels, Coolies, and Cattles	.	.		
Total British and their Allies	.	.	1,103,000	123,000,000
INDEPENDENT STATES.				
12. Scindia's dominions	.	.	40,000	4,000,000
The Rajah of Nepal	.	.	52,000	2,000,000
The Rajah of Lahore	.	.	20,000	2,000,000
The Ameer of Sindh	.	.	24,000	1,000,000
Belonging to the Affghan Empire	.	.	12,000	1,000,000
			1,394,000	124,000,000

To these must be added the large provinces forming the eastern coast of the Bay of Bengal, containing many excellent harbours and sea-coast towns, and commanding the embouchures of the great rivers, Irrawadi and Sallwan. These provinces ceded at the termination of the Burmese war, contain a numerous, industrious, and improving population. Mr. Malcolm, a very intelligent American, in his travels in the Burman Empire, bears the following testimony to the great improvement which has ensued since they came under the dominion of England; and on such a point the testimony of an American may be considered unexceptionable.

“English influence in a variety of ways improves the temporal condition of these provinces. It has abolished those border wars, which kept this people and their neighbours continually wretched. None but those familiar with the country can describe the evils produced by a Burman war. The troops are drawn from the remotest provinces, and as they march, labourers, stores, money, boats, and cattle, are taken without compensation. They have no tents, no pay, no regular rations, and suffer every sort of hardship. Every where as they go, the people fly into the jungle, and such property as cannot be carried away is plundered without restraint. Poverty and distress are thus spread over the whole kingdom, even by a petty border conflict. Of course, at the seat of war, every evil is magnified a hundred fold. The mode of raising troops is the worst possible. Each chief is required to furnish so many, and is sure to get rich by the operation. He calls first upon those who have money, and suffers them to buy themselves off, taking finally only those who have no money. So, if he want boats, the richer boatmen pay a bribe, and get off, and the poorer must go. So with carts, and in fact, every thing. The suppression of war cuts off a large portion of the chances for these extortions.

“In the Tennasserim provinces various improvements are perceptible. Coin is getting introduced instead of masses of lead and silver; manufactures are improving; implements of improved construction are used; justice is better administered; life is secure; property is sacred; religion is free; taxes, though heavy are more equitably imposed; and courts of justice are pure, generally. Formerly, men were deterred from gathering round them comforts superior

to their neighbours, or building better houses, for fear of exactions. Now, being secure in their earnings, the newly-built houses are much improved in size, materials, and workmanship. There are none of those traps and trammels which embarrass courts in England and America. The presiding officer in each province, Amherst, Tavoy, and Mergul, sits as magistrate on certain days every week; and before him every citizen, male or female, without the intervention of lawyers, may plead his cause and have immediate redress. Every where in British Burmah, the people praise English justice; but they are not yet reconciled to regular taxation. Though the Burman government, or its oppressive agents, took from them more than they pay now, yet it was occasional, consisted chiefly in labour, and they were not under the necessity of saving any thing against a certain day—a matter to which they have been altogether unaccustomed.”

The acquisition of these provinces has greatly increased the facility of introducing our manufactures into the Burman Empire, and the neighbouring countries. The enormous importance of the East Indies to England, considered as a manufacturing nation, may be learned from the amount of merchandise imported into Hindostan from the United Kingdom in the years 1833 and 1834.—

VALUE OF MERCHANDISE IMPORTED  
FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	Rupces.
Into Bengal .....	14,138,567
— Madras.....	1,800,845
— Bombay.....	9,041,300
	<hr/>
	25,080,808
	<hr/>
	£2,508,030

The gross revenues of the three presidencies amount to about £21,000,000—twenty-one millions sterling!

Captain Hall in his “Fragments” remarks, “that people who have not attended to Indian subjects can form no conception of the boundless trouble which has been taken by the East India Company to investigate the revenue system, or of the talents and unwearied patience displayed by their servants in these researches. If it were possible to draw up a brief abstract of the reports of Munro, Elphinstone, Malcolm, Chaplin, Fullarton, Mackenzie, and many other

able men on this curious topic, the result would not fail to teach moderation to those who censure at random whatever is done in the East; where, in fact, the chief object of the Company has been to meet the views and tastes, and to study the old usages and prejudices of the natives as far as possible, consistent with good government."

To these possessions must be added the important free port of Singapore, which forms a station midway between India and China, where our merchant vessels and ships of war can be refitted and repaired, and naval and military stores procured in abundance. Such is the oriental empire, and such those eastern possessions which have been endangered by a union of imbecility and temerity, of mis-directed exertion and ill-timed vacillation—qualities which could not have been combined in any but a Whig government. The Whigs found our great Indian empire gradually expanding itself (and during its expansion becoming consolidated) towards the boundaries which nature had set against the further encroachments of our power: for nothing can be clearer than that the Indus should have formed our north-western limit, beyond which, except as traders and as merchants, we should never have passed. In Scinde the English might legitimately have exercised an influence sufficient to have opened the navigation of the Indus, so far as that navigation is possible, and the Ameers who rule that country could have been easily induced, by a small annual subsidy, to protect our merchants and allow the passage of our vessels. When the late lamented Sir Alexander Burnes first surveyed the mouths of the Indus, he declared that this mighty stream, at its different embouchures, was for a great part of the year inapproachable, and during the whole year unnavigable. The introduction of iron steamers has, however, overcome difficulties which, in the time of Burnes, would have been thought insurmountable, and vessels of this description, drawing but twenty-two inches of water, now ascend the Indus up as far as Bukur; and had the Indian government never advanced their troops beyond the Sutledge, there is no doubt that our merchant steamers would be now navigating in peace the five great tributaries of the Indus,

which, each as large as the Danube, traverse the Punjaab; and our manufactures would have found a ready exit into Scinde, Belloochistan, and Affghanistan, on the one hand; and over the mountain passes of the Hindoo-cush and Himalayan mountains into Turkistan, Bockhara, and Thibet. In these great regions of Central Asia is found the conflux of two streams of commerce—one flowing southward from Russia, another northward from Hindoostan; and it is a curious fact, that English manufactures brought from India into Central Asia, are often driven out of the market by English manufactures introduced by Russian merchants. The only excuse or palliation offered for the interference of Lord Auckland in the affairs of Affghanistan, was founded on the very questionable supposition that Russia entertained the design of forming an association with Affghan chiefs, in order to facilitate the future advance of its armies towards Hindoostan. We boldly assert, and did space permit us, we would gladly bring forward arguments to prove that the intrigues of Count Simonitch, the Russian envoy in Persia, were quite contrary to the instructions he had received from the Russian cabinet.

A writer in *The Times*, taking the dates of official papers for the grounds of his reasoning, has in our opinion completely demonstrated how untenable is this defence set up by the Whigs for their occupation of Affghanistan.

Concerning the prudence of our advancing to meet the Russians, even supposing they did intend to attack India, another writer makes the following sensible observations:—

"Two objects have been assigned as the principal motives of our defensive measures: one—that of anticipating the project of the invader, by encountering him on his approach, rather than on his arrival, on our frontier; the other—that of engaging the Powers on the line to join with us in our resistance. Of these two purposes, a little consideration will, I think, show that the first was prejudicial; and that the second was more likely to be defeated than promoted by the measures we adopted.

Whether it be from the centre or the north of Europe that our invader is to issue, the length of the march before him, and the want of supplies upon his

line, will constitute his greatest difficulty. By advancing to meet him, we lighten his enterprise, by shortening his way. That effort, which would otherwise have lain wholly upon him, we take partially upon ourselves. The further we go beyond our own frontier, the nearer to his resources, and the more distant from our own, the collision between us will take place. Our troops will have been exposed to just that fatigue and privation which will have been saved to his. The sooner our enemy encounters us, after he has begun his march, the better will be his state of preparation. Every day that he has to advance through a country, always doubtful, often jealous, and sometimes hostile, will reduce something of his physical and something of his moral strength; and of a conflict thus voluntarily sought by us at a distance from our own frontier, what under either alternative, must be the result? If we are successful, our enemy is so much the more within reach of those resources from which his defeat must be repaired. If we fail, what will be the character and what the issue of our retreat? What reception are we to expect in those countries through which we shall have to make our way as a flying rabble? And under what circumstances, more to be deprecated by us, can our pursuers enter our territory than as a victorious army, elated by success, and confident in the issue of their enterprise? I suggest no answer to these questions—they already answer themselves.

“If these views are just, instead of advancing into a difficult country, amidst an unknown people, with allies who, far from helping us, were dependent upon us for their own support,—and this, be it remembered, in search of the phantom of an enemy,—if these views are just, would it not have been sufficient to occupy our own frontier, to concentrate our troops in a position on the Sutledge, chosen, and if necessary strengthened, by ourselves, and there have awaited the course of events? We should thus have acquired an accurate knowledge of the new country and people in our front; we should still have retained our ascendancy over our own subjects and allies in our rear; we should have been on the spot to receive the earliest intelligence of the approach of an European invader; and, instead of groping our way as we have done, calamitously in the dark, we should have watched in security the exhaustion of the resources of our enemy, if he did come, and have weighed deliberately the real character and effect of every step we might ourselves have been induced to take. As it is, all the money that has been spent by us in Persia, all

the blood that has been shed in Afghanistan, will be found to have had the effect of rather clearing than impeding the access of an European rival. The Russians would now find succour where they would otherwise have encountered resistance. It has been for an advancing, and not for a retiring enemy, that the bridge has been constructed by us.”

As the British public are very insufficiently informed about the cost and difficulty of marching modern armies in the East, we give the following very important statements from the *Bombay Times* of 1st March, 1842:—

“The school in which we have gained knowledge of the affairs of Central Asia, is too expensive to be frequently resorted to: we must avail ourselves of the wisdom experience has already taught us, and not seek further instruction at the hands of so cruel, so expensive a teacher. On one point we have now abundance of enlightenment—we know the cost of an Affghan war. In 1839, Sir Charles Forbes estimated the expense of the first campaign at seven millions sterling: the baronet was two millions under the mark for the charges of the first year of the expedition. Before Lord Keane quitted Scinde, nine millions had been expended: six millions more will not cover the cost incurred up to the present hour.

“In 1838 there were three crores of surplus funds in the Calcutta treasury: before Lord Auckland quits the shores of India he will have added a fourth to the sum total of the India Company's debt. Our former army at no time exceeded 15,500 men, with about 80,000 camp followers. The Affghans were at this time half inclined in our favour; they offered scarcely any opposition to our advance, and were not slow in supplying our commissariat for a due consideration. If the general voice shall now be listened to, we must enter on a campaign to which that of 1839 was poor indeed both in magnitude and duration—a campaign not of fourteen months, but of years, if we are to keep the country, where an army not of 15,000 but of 30,000 is demanded. That the expense of this will, as compared with its magnitude, be much greater than formerly, will be obvious when we consider that the people, then lukewarm or neutral, are now furiously opposed to us, and that we have taught them where lies their vantage-ground against us. The altered circumstances as to means of transport are still more disadvantageous to us. It must be recollected that one camel will carry provisions for thirty

days for a foot soldier, or for thirty soldiers one day, including in such case both fighting men and attendants; and that a cavalry force, reckoned under nine, requires seven times as much carriage as infantry. The camp followers of the army of the Indus amounted to about 80,000, or nearly five times that of the fighting men. The 16th Lancers, which mustered seven hundred sabres, had nine thousand followers. The whole of these require, in such a country as Afghanistan, to be fed from the commissariat, and to have their provisions carried along with the baggage of the army. In the Bolan pass, and in many other parts of the country, grass for the horses for several days' consumption, and fuel for the troops must be carried, and grain for horses, bullocks, and camels, must also be taken for the whole extent of the march or distance between magazines. The usual ration of grain to camels varies from four to six pounds *per diem*—their load from two hundred and eighty to three hundred pounds. So that in a force equipped with one month's provisions, camels equal to one half of the total number will be required to carry the grain for their own consumption alone!

"We have not only exhausted Scinde and Afghanistan, but the whole of Western India of camels. Thirty thousand perished in the service of our army betwixt October, 1838, and December, 1839. Of the twelve thousand provided this time last year for the army of General Brooks, not one thousand are at this moment alive. At this time the utmost economy was urged on the chiefs of the expedition; that every care should be taken to preserve their carriage: seeing that, in the event of the present supply giving way, the Governor-General knew not where more were to be found. Our own conviction is, that betwixt November 1838 and November 1841, not fewer than 50,000 camels have been expended, and that the cost of these could not have fallen greatly short of half a million sterling. When General Nott marched into the Teereen valley, he was obliged to employ 1200 jack-asses to carry a part of his baggage. The Brigade under Colonel McLaren was compelled to retreat from Taxee as much from want of carriage as from the snow: he had been compelled throughout to employ donkeys instead of camels; and before he had got half way from Candahar to Ghuznee, even these had failed him. General Nott has at this moment 10,000 men at his command; but he has not carriage for more than one-fifth of this: he could not move out with more than two thousand men from

mere want of camels. The force now beginning to assemble on the Sutlej is deficient in camels already.

"The Ferozepore force of 8000 men already dispatched or under orders to be in readiness, furnishes a fair commentary on the amount of troops expected to be required, though little else than the advanced guard of those the public voice desires to be despatched.

"Twice the armament of 1839 will cost greatly more than double the expense. The Affghans permitted us then to move on without resistance; they will now dispute every inch of ground where physical advantages present themselves. The people then brought in supplies in abundance; we now propose to desolate the country, or to compel the enemy to do so to our hands, so that supplies there will be none save those we carry with us. Heroes must eat and drink like ordinary men; and the most valorous of those who now demand to be led against the enemy, might shrink from a twelvemonth's campaign on quarter rations, or on no rations at all but the roots and carcasses that might be found strewed around. Were considerations of a commissariat to be overlooked, there are other wants which paralyze an army where the means of transport are exhausted. Where the thermometer ranges 36 degrees below freezing, as it did at Cabool in January 1840, tents and clothing are needed to keep the courage of the most heroic warm. These can no more be endowed with powers of spontaneous locomotion than can commissariat stores. It is admitted by every man who ever saw the passes into Affghanistan, that were it possible for the fighting men of an army to force their way, the followers and baggage must be left behind where ever serious resistance is offered. The returning portion of the Bengal army found a chasm through which they had to make way on the march to Jellalabad—three miles long, of an average breadth of forty yards, and at three or four places no more than ten; at one no more than six feet wide; so that, should a dead camel obstruct the path, the army could not proceed a foot till its carcase was removed. The chasm is walled in by nearly perpendicular rocks, so that masses tumbled down from above would crush and destroy the advancing columns. The valley of the inn, where Hoffer and a handful of peasantry scattered the columns of the enemy like dust, is nothing to it. It turns at sharp angles and zigzags, so that a dozen of matchlockmen, ensconced behind them, might make a far more effective and deadly resistance than those which have



on former occasions foiled and baffled our troops. We shall be told we are taking into consideration difficulties which may never meet us—we answer, that we are dealing with those which might at any stage have obstructed our advance, or cut off our retreat, through the first campaign, and which have since then been twenty times attempted and found insurmountable. Armies which within a year of Lord Keane's retirement had been thirteen times foiled or defeated, must lay aside the idea of invincibility, where natural obstructions intervene."

A native of Britain, or even an inhabitant of Switzerland or the Tyrol, can form no just idea of the tremendous strength of the three great passes through which our armies *must* enter Hindostan. At present, most fortunately for our very existence in India, the Seikh dynasty which rules the Punjaab, is most friendly to Britain; were it otherwise we could not even approach Pishawur, where our armies are now collecting for the purpose of forcing the Khyber pass. Our troops have many difficulties to contend with in the march from our advanced stations on the Sutledge, Feranzpore, and Loodiana, through Attock to Pishawur, a distance of 360 miles; the line of march crossing the five great rivers from which the name Punjaab is derived, and over which not a single permanent bridge exists. What if the Seikhs should prove treacherous? then would the army collected to rescue Sale, be itself destroyed, and the safety of our whole Indian empire endangered. To this pass have we been reduced by Whig misrule: but may Providence avert such an occurrence, and may the rulers of the Punjaab continue their friendly aid, a line of conduct rendered the more likely by their national animosity to the Affghans, under whose oppressive tyranny the Seikhs so long groaned, and by religious antipathy, for the Seikhs are deists, and the Affghans Moham-medans.

From the Punjaab, our army commanded by General Pollock, must force the Khyber pass, in order to enter Affghanistan, and arrive at Jellalabad, where Sale is beleaguered.

From Lieutenant Fane's "Five Years in India," we extract the following sketch of this terrific defile; in

which, however, it must be borne in mind, that the travellers are proceeding from Jellalabad towards Pishawur, in a direction contrary to that which Pollock's brigade will have to pursue:—

"From their camp on the river bank they moved across a barren shingly plain for a couple of miles, and then entered the pass, two mountains rising on either side to a height of two thousand feet, with a gorge for the road of about one hundred feet. Beyond this the pass opens out to about a quarter of a mile, which continues, with slight variations, for about eight miles over a tolerably good road, 'and then begins the work.' At this spot, where a strong British picket was posted, they ascended the very steep side of the mountain on a road cut out of the solid rock. This continued about twelve feet wide for about three quarters of a mile, during which the ascent was nearly two thousand feet. It had been till lately almost impracticable, but had just then been got into tolerable order. After getting up this worst part, the road continued much the same, though not ascending, for three quarters of a mile, in which there were two short but very steep ascents, which brought them to a stockade, and a strong party of our irregulars, posted to defend this end of the pass. The whole length of this difficult portion was about thirteen miles. 'To say that this pass is bad,' observes the writer, 'is far too mild a word. I never contemplated any thing at all to be compared to its strength; and I can only say that if a position is wanted to depend on, this spot would be totally impregnable if defended by Europeans.' But the pass still continued as far as Ali Musjid, a fort on the summit of a mountain; and the place where, from its command of the whole Khyber, the chiefs levied their passage-money on all travellers. The road was still wild and difficult for three miles more. 'At first up and down the rocky mountains,' and then along a pathway on the side of one, about *three* feet wide, which at length led down to a dry nullah, leading out into the plain of Pishawur."

The people at either side of this defile, which is *about ninety miles long*, are fierce, predatory, and warlike; and up to the present crisis they had been paid an annual sum to secure the passage of our troops and supplies through their defiles; but a mistaken economy higgled about the largeness of the sum, and consequently we shall have

to expend hundreds of thousands, instead of thousands; for in the face of such a population, whose numbers, habits, and arms, (the long match-lock rifle) render the pass itself almost impregnable, it will require at least twenty thousand men to *force the pass*. Our readers will please to bear in mind, that it will not be enough for our army merely to fight its way through the pass, for unless they so clear it of all enemies, as to bring all their long trains of ammunition, stores, and provision, the whole way through, they will have effected worse than nothing when they arrive at Jellalabad; for Sale requires both ammunition and food, and the country about Jellalabad is very sterile. When Nadir Shah entered India, he gave £100,000 to the Khybenees to secure a safe passage.

We may here take occasion to observe, that since the invention of fire-arms, particularly of the long rifle, a warlike, but wild and undisciplined mountain population can oppose the passage of regular armies through defiles, much more effectually than it was possible to do in ancient times, when the arrow was the only missile available in this species of warfare. This explains how it happens, that we now meet with difficulties almost insuperable in passes, which regular armies in former days forced with ease. The rifle and the gingal, a species of swivel, enable the defenders of these wild heights to post themselves at a much greater distance from the enemy who is to be attacked.

Colonel Wilde has made, it appears, two unsuccessful attempts to force the Khyber pass, but his detachment consisted of but four regiments, a force much too small for the undertaking.

*Moreau*, in his celebrated retreat, forced the terrible defile situated between Neustadt and Freyburgh, which, from its dreary appearance, is called Hell. It is six miles long, and in many places not more than ten paces wide; but Colonel D'Aprè, who defended it, does not appear to have been able to construct breast-works at different elevations commanding the pass, as has been done by the Kyburis; besides, there is a great difference indeed, between six and ninety miles! An officer, who writes from Colonel

Wilde's camp, remarks on this subject—

“Men may force the pass after a great sacrifice of life, but from the circumstance of the camels not standing fire, and the utter impossibility of crowning the heights, owing to their steepness and breast-works of stones all the way up, no baggage, ammunition or provisions can ever be taken by force through a pass of twenty-six miles—and what is any force without all?

“It is the general opinion in camp that 30,000 men could not force the Khybur with baggage. This is also the opinion of General Avitabile. There were no doolies to carry off the wounded, who fell into the enemy's power *and were beheaded, in sight of the column*. This alone may prevent the natives from again advancing.

“With a succession of difficult defiles in front, with a nation united in hostility towards us, who will withhold supplies, and by that alone exterminate us as our own commissariat is lamentably deficient, the wisdom of entering on new difficulties is questionable.”

Between Jellalabad and Cabul lies the Khoord-Cabul pass, in which the bones of thirteen thousand of our countrymen are bleaching. We shall again advert to it when we have to speak of Sale's prospects. But the English may enter Affghanistan through Scinde, and the Bolaun or Bolan pass, of which Mr. Conolly gives the following description:—

“Before it was light next morning the whole camp was astir, and when all were ready, the order of march was arranged; the riders who had fire-arms forming an advance and rear guard, while the grooms, leading the horses and camels, walked together in a body on foot. From the valley in which we had slept, we at once entered the close defile of Bolaun. At first there was but breadth for a dozen horsemen between the rocks, which rose like walls on either side to a great height. Afterwards the road lay broadly between the mountains, occasionally opening out. It was like the beach of a sea, formed of loose pebbly stones and sand, and it ran in sharp angles from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards in length. This was the style of the pass for ten miles to Ser-e-khujoor. The minutest description could hardly convey a just idea of its strength; it is a defile which a regiment of brave men could defend against an army,

" At Ser-e-khujoor, a full and rapid stream gushed out from the foot of the rock. It ran a short distance, and then lost itself in the ground, appearing again two miles lower down, near a single date-tree, called Khujoor-e-pauin. At Ser-e-khujoor the hills broke off from the road, but they still commanded it for nineteen more miles, and the same beach-like road lay between steep banks, as if it were the bed of a deep but dried river.

" Sixteen miles on the road was Khaukee Deho, and thirteen miles further on Beebeenaunc, both places where there was abundance of good water, used as halting-points by camel caravans. Many graves were here and there pointed out as those of murdered travellers, and I afterwards learned that beyond Khaukee Deho we passed a burying-ground named Kutlgau, or the place of slaughter, from the circumstance of a large party of travellers having been murdered there.

" At Ser-e-khujoor we had halted a minute or two to water the horses, and then continued our march in the same order as before, with the exception that, where the nature of the ground admitted it, we had skirmishers thrown out on either flank on the bank above us. Muheen Shah rode at the head of the party, from time to time giving such advice and orders as he deemed expedient. He looked anxious, but said that he had seen a dream in the night, and that it was *khire*, *Inshallah*. At Beebeenaunc the mountains parted off to the right and left, and here ended the dreaded defile of Bolaun. Many keen eyes had been all the way directed to the tops of the hills, from whence we expected to see enemies overlooking us, but not the shadow of a foe appeared, and we returned thanks to Providence with minds much relieved, though still highly excited: when we were safely at the end of the dreaded pass, Muheen Shah called a halt, and recited a short prayer, which was answered by two shouts that made the hills ring again."

The advance of aid to our troops stationed at Affghanistan, is much facilitated by the perfectly tranquil state of Scinde, whose three rulers, called Ameers, are all friendly to us; and by our possessing Kurachee, at the western mouth of the Indus, with Bukur, a strong fortress, Sukur, and Shikapore. The latter large town was ceded to us in February of this year. We have otherwise in our possession Dadur, Quettah, and Khelat; and we can now traverse the Bolan pass, un-

opposed by an enemy; but it is evident, that if our troops advanced, and that the Beloochee tribes again became hostile, they could never retreat through that pass.

While England remains mistress of the seas, and the loyalty of the native population of India can be depended on, any attempt, on the part of Persia or Russia, to invade the Company's territories, must be regarded as completely visionary and impracticable. When Alexander the Great had become master of Persia, he was enabled to penetrate as far as the Punjab, and visited the Delta of the Indus; but the losses his army,—supported as it was by all the resources of the Persian empire,—sustained, were such as to drive even the well-tried Macedonians to a state of mutiny; losses, the result, not of opposition on the part of an enemy, but produced by the want of water and food, by fatigue and disease—and yet an ancient army was a much more moveable machine than a modern one, encumbered, as it necessarily is, by heavy cannon and ammunition wag-gons. Before an enemy coming from the westward approaches India, he must traverse Affghanistan and Bellochistan, and if he did not see a single enemy on his march, his army would have dwindled away to a disorganized band—an assertion which will be borne out by the testimony of every man who has been in that country; for the defiles through which armies must there march, are so barren and unproductive that all the supplies and provisions must be carried with the army. Of fifteen hundred cavalry, reviewed at Bukur, and whose horses were then in the best condition, six hundred had lost their horses by famine, when the division arrived at Dadur. Of six hundred camels who set out from Candahar with a detachment of our troops, not more than forty remained when they arrived before Ghutznee; and, in each case, this enormous loss was incurred without a shot being fired.

The climate of Scinde is peculiarly unfavourable to the health of British soldiers, and a great mortality has occurred amongst the troops who have been stationed, for the last two years, at Dadur, Sukur, Bukur, Shikapore, and Karachee. Ague, enlarge-

ments of the spleen, inflammation of the liver, dysentery, dropsy, jungle-fever, and sun-stroke, have prevailed to a frightful extent. The sepoy's suffer much less than our men, in Scinde; but then in Afghanistan, the natives of India are decimated by the, to them, insupportable cold in winter. Indeed, the climate of Afghanistan, in consequence of the general face of the country so elevated above the sea—the average elevation of its plains being between five and six thousand feet—is liable to great winter colds; and the cold thus produced is very much increased by the bitter winds which rush down its valleys, from the snowy mountains that surround the country on its northern and eastern sides, sending down ridges of lesser height to traverse the country in various directions, and from the defiles and passes, lately the seat of such bloody warfare. During summer the heat in these passes is intolerable, and the troops we left to guard the most important parts of them, suffered sadly from disease.

Our friend, Captain Curtis, to whose letter we shall recur just now, writes from the entrance of the Bolaun pass, on the 21st April—"The heat is dreadful—the thermometer 117° Fahr. in my tent. I have excavated half of my floor, and write from a cave six feet deep, where I manage to exist in an atmosphere of 85°; it is kept thus cool by tunnels."

This in April, and in a country where, in January, the thermometer had been 15° and 20° below the freezing point!

The heats of summer are, it is true, lessened by the vicinity of the mountains in Candahar and Cabool, in whose immediate neighbourhood the fruits of the earth are produced in the greatest abundance and variety. Candahar is two thousand and forty-seven miles distant from Calcutta; and Cabool is farther from Calcutta than Moscow from Paris. Already its name is as curious to the English ear, as that of Moscow to the French.

Harrowed, as our feelings have been, by the horrifying details of the Elend Cabool massacre, we can scarcely trust our judgment in endeavouring to draw the veil from the future, for the purpose of discussing what fate awaits the other British detachments now stationed at Afghanistan. For those at Quettah and Khelat,

we entertain but little apprehension, and think that there is a fair chance of their either receiving timely succour, or effecting their retreat to Scinde; but we tremble for General Nott and the British force at Candahar, where we have ten thousand men, twenty pieces of artillery, and abundance of ammunition; General Nott, however, has no means of transport, to enable him to remove more than one-fifth of this force to any considerable distance. Under these circumstances his army would be starved in its retreat, before it had accomplished one-fourth of its way back to Scinde; and recollecting that he will be every where surrounded by a hostile population, we fear that even a speedier destruction would await him. General Nott is an able and a resolute man, and we have the greatest confidence in his resources, and therefore we do not think it altogether impossible, that he may maintain himself in Candahar during the approaching summer and following winter and spring. We have no doubt that the credit of England is such, that he will find many merchants in Afghanistan who will negotiate his bills; for the Affghans are the greatest bankers of Central Asia, and even in Bokhara Burnes obtained money from an Affghan merchant for a bill drawn on a mercantile house in Calcutta.

We have at present before us a letter from Captain Curtis then Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General in Lord Keane's army, dated April 21st, 1839, from the camp at Dader, in the valley which forms the commencement of the Bolaun pass, in which he says "the advance is hard up for supplies, and I can do little towards helping them, for my treasure chests are in the rear. I have luckily scraped together 8,000 rupees by granting government orders on Bengal; fancy negotiating a loan in this howling wilderness! A native merchant offered me 4,400 rupees for a draft on the Bengal government for 4,500 rupees, and here, at the foot of the mountains, at the very confines of Candahar, he tendered two bags of Venetian sequins, in part payment: where they came from last, or how they found their way into these wilds heaven only knows."

We may remark this curious

circumstance, that these Venetian sequins were probably brought into Asia long since, when Venice enjoyed an extensive eastern trade, and her coins circulated even so far as China, where even now they are occasionally met with."

If Nott can neither retreat towards Quetta nor maintain himself until the summer of 1843, at Candahar, nothing remains for him but to make a push for Cabool. The success of such an attempt is very improbable but not impossible, and were he once at Cabool, with a force at his command, he could easily, in summer, force the Khoord Cabool pass, and arrive at Jellalabad: he will be a lucky man, and a great general if he arrives there with a loss of about one-third of his army. As to Colonel Palmer we consider his situation in Ghuznee as precarious in the extreme. The town is strong and well-fortified, this he has been obliged to abandon; it is now occupied by the insurgents. Colonel Palmer, with the sepoy regiment defends himself in the citadel, a miserable fortress; he is said to be well supplied with provisions and ammunition, but unless speedily succoured, we do not think he can hold out. At Jellalabad lies the heroic Sale, with fifteen hundred troops, a thousand armed camp-followers, and scanty stores of ammunition; for him we are anxious, but not apprehensive; he has already performed one of the greatest feats of modern strategy, in forcing his way from Cabool into Jellalabad, opposed every inch by enemies advantageously situated, and far outnumbering him. Never did troops exhibit greater courage or endurance than his: seventeen days and seventeen nights they fought onwards, and cut their way through their enemies at the rate of four miles every twenty-four hours.

In this protracted struggle he lost one-third of his whole force; they were slain, but none either prisoners or deserters; never were troops exposed to greater privations or more incessant danger, and it is but justice to record that with the exception of the 13th British Light Infantry, it consisted wholly of sepoys, who, if they could not excel, fully equalled our English soldiers.

We by no means despair of Sale;

he will either be relieved by a powerful force that will sweep the Khyber Pass, or he will strike some blow, and, abandoning his baggage and guns, save himself over one of the by-passes in the mountains.

The preceding speculations about the results of the campaign have been made on the supposition that the Affghans will every where rise *en masse* against the English, and will make their expulsion not only a matter of national policy but of religious enthusiasm. A fanatical and religious war would be truly formidable, and would, if the Affghans were united, end in the total destruction of the Feringhees or Infidels, as they call the English and Hindoos. Notwithstanding the inglorious beginning of the war, in spite of the errors of Elphinstone and Shelton, and the melancholy fate of so many brave soldiers, we call them brave, for we cannot but think that the 44th Regiment would never have fled had they been properly commanded—they would never have turned their backs (as they are represented to have done, even at Cabool, long before the retreat,) had they been properly commanded. Knowing as we do the incapacity of Eastern Shahs, the changeable and fickle character of orientals, the fear they have hitherto entertained of the British, and the probability of discord among the Affghan chiefs themselves, we still indulge a hope that the storm may not prove as great as it threatened to be.

One thing is clear, that we must abandon Affghanistan the moment we have vindicated our tarnished honour, and rescued our beleaguered troops.

God grant that we may be able to accomplish these objects, even though they cost us another seventeen millions, the sum already expended on this unholy war by the Whigs.

We fear that the days of impeachment are past, but let the people of England not be deceived, let them not blame Burnes or M'Naghten, let them not censure Elphinstone or Pottinger, (the latter at least not until their defence is heard,) but let them cry out for justice, and let the culprits tried be the late Whig ministry, and above all Lords Palmerston and Auckland.

If the late disasters lead to the loss of India, if the progress of civilization,



of commerce, of literature, and science in the East be stopped, it is with them the guilt will lie, and upon them we invoke the punishment. At present we must conclude, for we dare not permit ourselves to enter upon the subject of our expedition to China: in Afghanistan, we are justly considered as robbers, in China as pirates. May our nation repent of its guilt and recover from its consequences; may our late rulers, too, repent, but let them not escape the penalties which ought ever to await crime.

In order to make our readers as well acquainted with the seat of the war as our limited space will permit, we annex a map of the country, and a few notes relative to the stations lately, or at present occupied by our troops, and some of the passes not described in the preceding observations.

#### JELLALABAD.

"Jellalabad, which is a very small town, very dirty, and very poor, consisting of about 400 houses, surrounded by a mud wall, is situated 2000 feet above the level of the sea in 34 deg. 25 min. north latitude, which is six miles only south of Caubul. It stands nearly in the centre of a plain, extending from west to east for about 20 miles, and having a breadth of 10 or 12. Only a narrow tract of this space, in the immediate vicinity of the river which traverses the plain on its northern side, is level; and this is very fertile and well cultivated, being clothed with verdure of all sorts, and studded over with groups of fine trees, together with crops of sugar-cane, cotton, rice, jewarrie, and Indian corn. Numerous villages are scattered along the margin of the river, but the breadth of this fertile tract seldom exceeds a couple of miles; and a very short way south of the river the country is a stony waste of low, undulating, and barren hillocks, which gradually rise up to the base of the Safeid Koh, distant about 20 miles from the river. Here it again improves, and numerous villages are to be seen clustered under the foot of this gigantic range, or perched a considerable way up its slope; the Caubul river is here a broad, rapid, and clear stream. It has a breadth during October of 100 yards, but its banks are far apart and low. It can be forded in several places. Travellers cross it on bullock's hides stuffed with straw, on which they first place their clothes, and lying upon them flat, kick away with their feet. It is astonishing what a little way they go down

the stream considering the force of the current. The temperature of the river at sunrise is 55°, air being 60°; and at sunset 60°, air being 66°.

"The cultivated part of the plain of Jellalabad is much intersected with water cuts brought from the river, and is low and swampy. There is much rice cultivation.

#### CAUBUL.

"The city of Caubul lies in a triangular gorge, about 6000 feet above the level of the sea. The town is encompassed by hills. The town of Caubul is in length, from east to west, about a mile; and in breadth, from north to south half a mile. It is surrounded by a high, but weak, mud wall, and has no ditch. East of the town, and separated from it by a ditch, on the top of a rocky eminence, stands the fortress of Bala Hissar: and on the slope of this acivity are situated the King's Palace and Gardens, with an extensive bazaar, surrounded by a wall and ditch, and separated from the city. Above the fortress, upon an eminence overlooking not only the fortress itself, but the level all around it, is the citadel, and within this fort, a brother of Dost Mahommed built a palace which he called Koolah-i-Feringee, or the European Hat, and which, very curiously, became during the British occupation in 1839, the hospital of the 13th Light Infantry.

"The chief bazaars in the town run east and west; the largest and best runs nearly through the centre of the town. It is a spacious broad street of good houses, two story high, and covered over with a flat roof, extending between their tops; this was at one time gilded and painted. This long street is broken into three or four districts or divisions, by small squares, which are open above, and have passes leading out right and left to the adjoining streets. The rest of the town does not differ much from that of other Eastern cities,—having dirty, narrow, and irregular streets, with high, flat-roofed houses, built of Cutch brick: no stone is used although such an abundant supply lies all round. The population, according to Burnes, consists of 60,000 souls. The Caubul river, which enters at the north of the gorge from the west, flows eastward, close under the northern wall; and a rich slip of meadow land, covered with gardens, rises up from its northern bank to the base of the hills on that side, increasing in breadth as the river flows eastward.

"The country around Caubul is exceedingly fertile; grain and provisions of all sorts are in great abundance. The most delicious fruits of every de-

scription are to be had for a mere trifle; and yet such was the improvidence of the administrators of Whig temerity, that 13,000 of our brave country men, backed by the treasures of India, were here starved, in 1841!

#### GHUZNEE.

"The town and fort of Ghuznee are built on a hill partly rocky and partly artificially formed of earth. The hill is part of the range of hills which, running nearly east and west, divides this valley from the valley of Caubul; upon the highest portion of the mound, which is 8000 feet above the level of the sea, the citadel is built. This place was carried by assault on the 23rd of July, 1839, by the Anglo-Indian army, under the command of Sir John, now Lord Keane. The town is surrounded by a mud wall, containing an area of nearly two miles, and is well supplied with provisions from the surrounding valleys. The climate during some portion of the year is very cool; in winter the snow lies upon the ground for two months, but in summer the heat is very great. About two miles to the north of Ghuznee, is the tomb of Mahmood, the conqueror of Ghuznee; here are the gates of sandal wood brought from the Hindoo Temple of Somonethi, in Guzerat, by Mahmood. The ruins of the old city and the two minarets of Mahmood, lie about a mile without the present town. The population of the town is about 16,000 persons.

#### KHELAT-I-GHILZIE.

"This is a strong post, lying 150 miles westward from Ghuznee, and in a less rigorous climate, being on a lower level; it is tolerably garrisoned.

#### VALLEY OF THE TURNUK.

"This valley extends from Candahar up to Ghuznee, a distance of 225 miles, and runs, for the greater part of its length, in a direction nearly from north-east to south-west. For the first 87 miles between Candahar and Kelat-i-Ghilzie, its direction is east and west, and the higher part of the valley has a direction from N.N.E. to S.S.W. It is bounded on each side by high ranges of barren mountains, with sharp and precipitous sides; that on the south separates it from the valley of the Ughesan, whilst beyond the range which forms the northern barrier lies the fertile valley of the Urghundaub river. This last range of hills, when it approaches the foot of the valley, takes a circular sweep from north to south, and, running about three miles west of the city of Canda-

har, joins the southern boundary, and shuts up the mouth of the valley.

"The ridge which shuts up the valley at its foot has several breaks in it, through one of which, some miles south-west from the city of Candahar, passes the road to Herat; and a little way further south flows the Turnuk river through a gap, on its way to join the Helmund.

"The greatest breadth of the valley, at its lower extremity, where the town of Candahar is situated, may be about 30 miles; but higher up it rapidly contracts. The least breadth of it is about half a mile. The height of some of the peaks is 5000 feet above the plain. The lower part of the valley is a stony and barren waste.

#### CANDAHAR.

"Candahar is situated at the foot of the valley of the Turnuk, and is separated from the river Turnuk by a short range of hills called the Torkana Hills. Candahar is encompassed on three sides by hills; the open side is toward the east; it is 3500 miles above the level of the sea. Around Candahar the country is fertile and well cultivated, by means of numerous canals cut from the Urghandab; the extent of the rich land is very small; three or four miles to the east of the city there is nothing but a barren and stony covered plain, destitute of water and wood.

"Candahar is a considerable city, in the form of an irregular quadrangle, having its defences uniform; it is surrounded by a high but thin mud wall, 33 feet in height, and has a ditch 10 feet in depth and 24 feet in width; the four principal streets leading from a gate opening mid-way on each side of the town, meet together at the centre of a large inclosed and domed building, about 80 feet in diameter, called Char-soo. The southern side of the angle is 1300, the northern 1100, the eastern 1600, and the western 1900 feet in length. There are four gates in the wall; the parapet is embattled, loopholed, and pierced for throwing vertical missiles in the ditch. The towers, including those over the gates, are 62 in number, upon which guns might be mounted. The citadel is an inner quadrangle of 200 yards, retrenched in the centre of the northern face; a good fosse protects three sides of the citadel, and there is a large bastion on the southern face. Four small towers flank the eastern, and four more the western front. Five miles from the city are the ruins of Old Candahar, they cover an area of about two miles. The climate is much supe-

rior to Hindostan. During April, May, and June, the heat during the day is extreme, but the nights and mornings are cool. The population is about 25,000."

**THE KHOJEH AMRAN HILLS AND THE KOJUK KOTUL PASS.**

"These hills lie on the line of road between the valleys of Kuch âk, Pisheen, and Candahar,

"The height of this pass is about 7500 feet above the level of the sea, and the ascent for the last two miles very steep. The peaks of the Khojeh Amraun Hills on each side of it rise up several hundred feet higher.

"These hills are chiefly composed of slate, and many fine springs of water gush out of their sides. At their lower parts, however, there is a scarcity of water. They are covered with shrubs and flowers, the wild cherry and plum, the wild thyme, rhubarb, gentian, assafoetida, yellow and red tulips, anemones, grasses, together with wild oats and barley, which are to be met with amongst them.

**KWETTAK.**

"At the distance of a few miles beyond the Bolan pass stands the small town of Kwettah, the capital of the district of Shawl, in latitude 30 deg. 11 min. Its height above the level of the sea is 5500 feet. It is a poor miserable town, consisting of a sort of mud edifice called a fort, built upon a mound of earth, and having

about 400 wretched mud hovels, with flat roofs, clustered around its foot.

"The district of Shawl is situated between the 29 deg. 50 min. and 30 deg. 50 min. of north latitude, and the 66 deg. 4 min, and 67 deg. 20 min. of east longitude; and is bounded on the north by the Tukatoo mountains, on the south by the Bolan range, on the east by those of Zurgoon and Tharkoo, and on the west by Chuhultan. The general aspect of this country is hilly, rocky, and sterile, particularly on the south side; but where mould exists (which is the case on many of the northern faces) vegetation is luxuriant; and a variety of English trees, shrubs, and herbs are to be found, such as cherry, almond, hawthorn, barberry, &c. &c.; also the juniper, which grows to the height of from 18 to 30 feet.

"Within eight miles of Kwettah there is a forest of the above description, on a piece of table-land, which affords an inexhaustible source of firewood, and also rafters for building. The wood of the juniper is exactly similar to that used in cedar pencils, and the scent equally aromatic. The assafoetida grows in abundance on these hills, many of which are composed of mica and chalk. Coal of an inferior description is found in the Bolan pass. Around Kwettah are numerous orchards filled with apricots and almond trees, plumbs, peaches, apples, and fine poplars, with vines trained up their trunks.\*

---

\* "Wyld's Notes annexed to his Map of Afghanistan," a cheap and excellent work, which we strongly recommend to our readers.

## GASPAR, THE PIRATE; A TALE OF THE INDIAN SEAS.—CONCLUDED.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE bay of Diego Garcia, into which the pirates were now about to enter, is a beautiful and nearly land-locked harbour, about fifteen miles long, and from five to six broad. It is formed by the sand and matter thrown up by the sea on the outer edge of one of those banks or shelves that have been raised in the ocean by the incessant labour of the coral insect for ages past; and thus it happens that these islands, or strings of islands, as it may be, which abound throughout the tropics, and particularly in the Indian and Pacific oceans, are usually of a circular or semi-circular form, inclosing a lagoon or bay with one or more entrances from the ocean without.

Here, then, Antonio determined to pass a day or two, in the enjoyment of so much that was agreeable, without the drawback of his master's presence. And the ship being anchored, the sails furled, and the yards squared with due precision, he gave Bolger orders to get out the boats, and make the necessary preparations for wooding and watering; while he, with a couple of his companions, set off in the jolly-boat for the shore, on a shooting excursion; taking, however, the precaution of making Jouvart accompany him, lest, by any manner of means, he should effect his escape, which would have involved him in a pretty dilemma.

Towards evening he returned, well laden with young boobies and other sea-birds, much fatigued by his unusual exercise, very thirsty, and disposed for sleep as soon as he should have refreshed himself.

But, ever anxious to annoy Bolger, before going to bed he ordered him to take his turn of watch during the night, from which, in virtue of his capacity of mate, he should have been exempt.

The watch kept, was what sailors term an anchor watch, or watch kept on board a vessel riding at anchor.

Each of the pirates had orders to

keep a sharp eye on Jouvart, and to ascertain that he was in his cabin on deck, and before retiring below. And having taken this precaution, Antonio retired to rest, and Jouvart to his berth; where we shall leave him till eleven o'clock, by which time the rest of the pirates had followed Antonio's example.

The night was calm, and all on board the *Voyageur* was quiet. The soft tread of the watch was but just audible, as he paced the deck with slow and measured step, which was sometimes interrupted, as, seated on the locker, he waited the expiration of his hour. He did not, however, wait listlessly: his mind was fully occupied with what was passing in it. It was the mate, Bolger.

Jouvart had lain awake, tossing on his mattress, restless and agitated. It was no unusual thing with him to pass sleepless nights, thinking on the hopeless position in which misfortune had placed him: but this night his restlessness proceeded from a different cause—the excitement of pondering on the means of escape that fortune appeared to him to have thrown in his way.

In his walk on shore, he had seen that the island was well-wooded and full of thickets, which would afford every facility for his escaping from the closest pursuit, and concealing himself from the strictest search the pirates could institute. It was upwards of thirty miles long, and straggling, so that he could shift his quarters if it became necessary. There was plenty of all sorts of food readiest to the hand; for on the cocoa-nut alone human life can be supported for a long time. The night was dark; they were not more than a mile from the shore; and he was a good swimmer.

On the other hand, to darken this inviting prospect, there were the hardships of exposure to the weather, and

living upon raw and coarse food, most likely for a very long while: for these islands were not at all frequented at the time. There was also the fear of being discovered by the watch in the act of escaping. It was true, he could shoot him, and then jumping overboard, make for the shore under cover of the darkness. But this would have been sure to have alarmed the rest, and occasioned an immediate pursuit of him, which might have resulted in his being recaptured, as fatigued with swimming he arrived on the white sandy beach; and besides, he disliked the idea of shedding blood, if it could be avoided—except, indeed, it had been Antonio's.

He now lay revolving these chances in his mind; the past, the present, and the future, by turns presenting a picture to him, between the features of which it was hard to say whether there was much or little of the "*embarras d'choix*." The past and present it was out of his power to alter; but he at length decided that those of the future might be improved; but it must be by a bold touch. He determined, at all hazards, to attempt his escape, and that immediately; and he was in the act of making his preparations accordingly, when he reflected that it was Bolger's watch.

Between him and Jouvett no particular intimacy existed: he was one of those who had brought things to the pass at which they were with him, though he had not taken an active part in them; and this had withheld Jouvett from making any advances, direct or indirect, to him. This Bolger had perceived; but he had attributed it to the fear on Jouvett's part of being noticed by Antonio, and his conduct towards him had always been, if not conciliating, at least devoid of offence. He was also at open variance with Antonio, like Jouvett himself; and the remembrance of his conduct on the occasion of the row with the cook, had left a favourable impression on Jouvett's mind with regard to him; and he in consequence determined to defer his attempt till the next watch, unwilling to hazard the chance of being obliged to take the life of the only person on board for whose abandoned state he felt the slightest regret, and also wishing to avoid involving him in any new difficulties with Antonio,

which his escaping unnoticed by him would be sure to do. He consequently stretched himself on his mattress, and calmly awaited Bolger's coming to ascertain that he was in his berth, determined not to let feelings of hurry or impatience get the better of his resolution. Bolger soon came, and opening the door of the round house, put his hand over to feel that Jouvett was in his berth, as was his usual way, not caring to disturb him. Jouvett almost felt a wish to bid him good-by, as he withdrew his hand, but that could not be. Bolger, however, lingered, with the door of the cabin half open in his hand, and stepping in, contrary to his custom, pronounced the word "Jouvett!" in a low but distinctly audible voice.

"He suspects my purpose!" was the first idea that flashed across Jouvett's mind, as rising from his recumbent posture, and laying his hand on the pistol that was in his bosom, he answered "What?" in a tone between anger and excitement. But without appearing to heed it, Bolger continued in the same voice, and with a hasty manner—

"Jouvett, there's not much time to lose; I tell you what, I'm come to propose a plan to you."

From the cautious timidity of his manner, an indistinct perception of the object of his visit now struck Jouvett; but surprised and taken aback by the suddenness of the disclosure, and choosing rather to dissemble ignorance of his meaning, "A plan!" he answered, "for what?"

"For running," said Bolger, making use of the term familiar amongst seamen for expressing desertion from their ship. "I tell you what, I'm sick and tired of these rascals."

"You are?" said Jouvett, not knowing what to reply to an avowal so unexpected.

"I am," said Bolger, "though you seem surprised at it; and more than that, I'm determined to leave them, and I want you to join us."

"Us—who?" said Jouvett.

"Me and the cook," said Bolger. "You needn't be afraid," he added, observing that Jouvett hesitated to answer him; "it was we that managed all about the water falling short; I made him empty a lot of it every time he went below, so that we might



be obliged to put in somewhere, and get a chance to give them the slip; and he's been burning firewood like sea-water for some time back. "He'll be with us," alluding to the cook. "There's the long-boat alongside, and I'll have every thing ready by to-morrow night, if you'll only say the word. "Come," he continued, "what d'ye say? there's not much time to lose. I don't fear you, so you needn't fear me," he added, seeing Jouvart still hesitate to answer him.

There was something in his manner, and in his candid avowal of having done what would have cost him his life if it had been known to his associates, that conveyed assurance that there was no treachery lurking beneath his proposal. Nor was it suspicion on that head that made Jouvart delay to assent to it. It was the sudden interruption of his own scheme by the light of a better hope bursting on its sombre darkness, that at first bewildered his faculties. But as he balanced their respective chances, the superior advantages of Bolger's project became too apparent.

"And how," he answered, "are you to get away? where do you intend going?"

"Why," said Bolger, "to Madagascar, of course; it's not far off, I believe. But that's what we intend to leave to you. All we want is to get clear off, and keep out of Gaspar's way."

"Better," said Jouvart, after a little consideration, "make for Mauritius at once. We should have a leading wind the whole way; and they'll never think of following us there."

"Oh," said Bolger, "and what's to become of me and the cook? it 'ud be out of the frying-pan into the fire with us, I'm afraid. No, no, that 'ud never do."

Jouvart considered for a moment.

"The cook and you have nothing to fear," said he: "there's no charge brought against you; and if there was, who's to prove it? I know nothing of you, except that you were sent on board here, as they might send me to-morrow, wherever they pleased."

"Are you sure of that?" said Bolger.

"Why, certainly," said Jouvart, "I know nothing of you but what's to your credit; and you needn't tell more of your story than you like."

"Well, well," said Bolger, not a little pleased at finding no objection on Jouvart's part to his proposal, and impatient to bring the matter to a conclusion, "where you please; I don't much care where, so long as I get clear of these scoundrels. To-morrow night, then, at twelve o'clock, you stand by for a run—is that settled?"

"You must mind and secure the quadrant and chart," said Jouvart; "they're both on the after-locker below; and provisions for a fortnight, if you can manage it."

"Leave that to me," said Bolger; "is that all?"

"That's all that I know of," said Jouvart.

"Then good-night, my boy," said Bolger. "All shall be right on my part, and I know I can trust to you."

And so saying, he cautiously made his exit, leaving Jouvart to ponder at his leisure on the change that three short minutes had wrought in his views, with respect to the mode of escaping from his thralldom, and the possible effect that the change might produce.

Silence and solitude naturally prompt to reflection; and if darkness be superadded, it not unfrequently happens that it imparts a portion of its hue to the thoughts, especially if the mind be moodily predisposed.

Left in the full participation of them all, Jouvart soon began to feel their influence. He had been somewhat hastily drawn by Bolger into an acquiescence in his proposal, rather than an entire approval of it; and the pleasing anticipations in which he had at first indulged, of their being able to get away unnoticed, and meeting with fair wind and fine weather, that would speedily restore him to society and life, began now to give way to doubts as to Bolger's ability to perform what he had promised, under existing circumstances, and fears for his discretion, supposing him to have a fair opportunity. Then, the chances of a long passage, in an open boat, possibly short of provisions, arrayed themselves in opposition to the certainty of finding a refuge, and plenty of food, though of the coarsest kind, on the island; and the scale seemed, for a while, to turn in favour of his original purpose.

In such dilemmas, the ancients were in the habit of having recourse to their penates, and Jouvett's tutelary deity now came opportunely to his assistance. It was, in substance, a miniature, the semblance of the absent mistress of his affections, set in a small frame of rose-wood ; and, previous to the capture of the vessel by the pirates, it had always occupied a conspicuous place in his berth ; but he had concealed it from their profane gaze beneath his mattress ; and now, while in the turmoil of ideas consequent to indecision and anxiety of mind, he passed rapidly from the consideration of one matter to another, he bethought him what amongst his apparel and valuables he might be able to secure, in making his escape ; forthwith the miniature occurred to him. He drew it forth from its hiding-place, held it up before his eyes in the dark, turned and re-turned it, and then rendering it a tribute of affectionate adoration, he returned it to its place of concealment.

It proved a powerful advocate in behalf of Bolger's plan, and immediately suggesting to him that, in case Bolger should fail to perform his part of the agreement, there was still time to carry his own more desperate project into effect, he abandoned it for the time, and determined to await the issue of the proceedings of the coming day. His mind being once made up upon the subject, he felt much more at ease ; and, being relieved from the state of agitation and excitement in which he had been, he fell into a sound sleep, from which he was awakened a little before breakfast, by Antonio kicking rudely at his door, and telling him to get up and prepare to accompany him on shore.

"What a lazy lout of a fellow that is," said Antonio to one of his comrades, turning away, and pompously parading the quarter-deck ; "he'd sleep eighteen hours out of the four-and-twenty."

Jouvett now, for the first time, obeyed his order with promptitude and pleasure, for he felt the secret satisfaction natural to a man in his position, of knowing that he was about to overreach his enemy.

After breakfast, Antonio, still playing the gentleman, proceeded on shore, displeasing, taking Jouvett with him,

and leaving Bolger to do the necessary fatigue duty of wooding and watering, and also to attend to some private concerns, of which he was wholly ignorant, but with which the reader is, by this time, sufficiently acquainted. As they passed to the gangway, on their way to the boat, Jouvett saw a quantity of ship biscuit spread out on the deck, in the sun, and he remarked that it had not the appearance of being either damp or mouldy. This looked well ; he passed on ; but we can accompany him no farther at present, as it is necessary to attend on Bolger during the remainder of the day.

Intent upon the execution of his plan of escape, he had got up the biscuit under pretence of drying it in the sun, but, in reality, that he might have an opportunity of making away with a larger quantity of it than he could have hoped to secure, without the aid of such a stratagem. And as he acted as purser, and had charge of all the provisions on board, he had contrived, unobserved, to give the cook more meat than was necessary for the day's consumption, to be boiled for their immediate use. He had also managed to stow away some more in his berth, along with some small articles of grocery. This done, he got out the long-boat's sail, and put it, with all the oars belonging to the yawl into the long-boat, and with the casks and buckets necessary, he started for the shore, to fill water, and cut fire-wood. He returned about midday with a load of wood, and having dined, started again on the same errand.

The cook was, in the meantime, performing his part, which had been arranged by Bolger ; he had the ship to himself, and no one to interrupt his operations. Indeed, the facilities afforded them were so great, that there was not much merit attached to the execution of their project. Antonio returned in the afternoon, as he had done the day before ; and, about night-fall, Bolger arrived with another load of wood and water. He had contrived to prolong his stay on shore on purpose, that returning late, he might have an excuse for not discharging the boat that night ; and he now left her made fast in the usual way, by a warp to the lower studding-sail boom, with r gear, water

casks, &c. in her, ready to get under weigh. Night set in, the watch was set, and all things wore the same aspect as on the preceding evening.

Jouvert now lay in his berth in a state of agitation the most unenviable. He had not failed to remark the way in which the long-boat had been left, and he could see in it a certain indication that Bolger had not changed his mind; and he had accordingly made the few little preparations in his power for starting, distributing about his person some small articles of value, with his pistols in their place, and, above all, not forgetting the miniature, which he now strung about his neck, intending it, no doubt, to serve the purpose of a breast-plate; and thus prepared for offence or defence, he waited the appointed hour. Hope and fear, by turns uppermost, kept him in the most painful suspense. One watch was relieved, another, and another, before Bolger's turn came; but at length he heard him exchanging some common-place remarks with the man whom he relieved. He paced the deck for a short time; he went forward, and came aft, and a long pause and silence ensued. He rose, and paced the deck again; and Jouvert thought he could perceive a want of firmness in his step, that bespoke the timid caution of his purpose.

One or two short coughs now seemed a signal to him that the time was near. Presently he heard him enter the jolly-boat, which hung in her place over the vessel's stern; and he could plainly distinguish the small splash of the oars in the water, as Bolger let them down, end on, and sent them adrift. And Jouvert's state of anxiety was becoming insupportable, when he heard his foot approaching the berth, and, opening the door cautiously, Bolger demanded in a low voice, "Are you awake, Jouvert?"

As he started to his elbow, answering in the affirmative, Bolger continued—"Now then, my boy, jump up—bear a hand—softly—get into the boat—I'll be with you directly—mind and close your door after you"—and having given these hasty directions, he immediately withdrew.

Jouvert prepared instantly to obey them, and quickly throwing on his jacket and cap, and peeping through

the blinds, to ascertain that the coast was clear, he stealthily gained the gangway, and descending into the long-boat, with a beating heart, took his seat in her stern.

A man in the boat's head held on by a warp from the studding-sail boom, ready to let her go. Jouvert knew that it was the cook, and, after waiting for about a minute in a state of the greatest trepidation, he ventured to ask after Bolger, but was replied to by an impatient intimation of the hand to be silent. Presently after Bolger appeared alone, and hauling the boat's stern over by the man-rope which Jouvert held in his hand, and descending the ladder with as much haste as the greatest caution would admit, he stepped timidly into her. This warp was immediately let go, her stern shoved off, and a couple of oars, previously hastily muffled, being got out, they pulled the boat to a short distance from the ship, and then hoisting their sail, made for the harbour's mouth.

Bolger now ventured to break the silence, by gaily observing to Jouvert—

"Well, my boy, I've been as good as my word, eh?"

"That you have," said Jouvert, "and I'll be as good as mine, if we can but get clear off."

"Oh, don't alarm yourself about that," said Bolger; "we're as safe already as if we were out of sight of the island. I took the plug out of the jolly-boat, and sent her oars adrift, the last thing."

"That was well done," said Jouvert; "but there's the yawl."

"Oh," said Bolger, "these here are her oars; and if they had oars, they'll have enough to do before they can get her under weigh; their hands 'ill be full I can promise you."

"Ay," said the cook, who was sitting in the fore part of the boat, with his face turned towards the vessel, "and the sooner they begin, the better for themselves. By the laws," he added facetiously, "I couldn't have lighted a fire quicker myself, though it's part of my business."

On hearing mention of fire, Jouvert looked instinctively in the direction of the vessel, and perceived a cloud of smoke hanging over her, and the reflection of a glimmering light flicker-

ing on her white mainmast; and before he could turn to express his astonishment, a burst of flame from her main hatchway threw a red glare over the smooth surface of the bay, and showed the vessel's masts and rigging finely displayed against the dark sky above and beyond them.

He now understood the meaning of Bolger's allusions; he had set fire to the vessel, in order to prevent the possibility of their being pursued, on their desertion being discovered: and, great as his pleasure was, at escaping from such a life or death, as must have been the consequence of his remaining amongst the pirates, he felt the deepest regret for the untimely fate of the beautiful vessel, that he had so long looked on as his home, and which had borne him through so many dangers, to come at last to such an end.

But Bolger and the cook had no such feelings to damp their joy on the occasion, so they continued their humorous remarks till they had almost reached the entrance of the harbour, when a fortuitous circumstance obliged them to stay and witness the progress of the conflagration. It was flood tide, and with the light wind and a pair of oars, which was all that they had it in their power to work, they found it impossible to make head against the rapid current that was setting into the bay; and, despite of their impatience to get away, they were obliged to shove a little on one side, and wait the coming of high water.

The mainsail had by this time caught fire, and was blazing away along the yard brightly; and the flame soon reached the loftier sails and running rigging. The fire below was raging 'tween decks, and rising in successive bursts of flame from the main hatchway; and they could now distinguish the outline of human figures moving rapidly about the deck.

Soon, indeed, she was completely enveloped in flames. From the combustible nature of the cargo, they spread with unusual rapidity; and in twenty minutes from the time of their leaving the vessel, she was one mass of smouldering fire.

"It's a fine sight," said Bolger, apparently contemplating with much *satisfaction*, the beautiful but awful *spectacle* before him; the grandest,

and most terrific, perhaps, that it is possible to conceive—that of a ship on fire by night.

"Oh, my eye," he exclaimed, "what's that?" as a thin and gaseous flame, caused, no doubt, by the bursting of a spirit cask, rose high into the air, and for some seconds produced a pale but vivid light, that, succeeding, as it did instantaneously, to the darkness of night, relieved only by the red glare of the vessel burning in the distance, rendered the objects in the surrounding bay, and even the dark outline of the distant woody shore, painfully distinct. Another, and another followed in rapid succession; and Jouvart explained what he supposed to have been the cause of them.

"Eh, but it's a pity?" said Bolger, who, careless as he was about the fate of the vessel, felt a sailor's regret for the loss of the spirits.

"Is there any powder aboard?" he asked, after a moment's reflection.

Jouvart now recollected that there was a small cask of powder in the run: but as it was near the bottom of the vessel, and considerably below the level of the sea, it was doubtful whether the water might not get in and surround it before the fire could reach it, and he expressed his opinion to that effect.

"If it doesn't," said Bolger, "we shall have a finer sight than all; it'll blow her up—that's all that's left of her."

A more magnificent sight than the one before them at this moment, it would be difficult to imagine. The hull of the vessel lay flaming like a gigantic furnace on the surface of the water; her masts, and the lower and topsail yards, (which were kept in their places by their chain ties,) with fragments of the rigging hanging round them, sparkling, and throwing off brands, rose high above it, like the fiery skeleton of some monster in the gloom of night. The whole was occasionally eclipsed by *tourbillons* of smoke; and again, as the light wind carried them away, was rendered doubly distinct, by being placed in strong relief against the dark vault of heaven behind. The lofty spars, detaching themselves from their support, their fastenings were burnt through, fell one by one into the water beneath; and might, without much

straining of the imagination, be likened to bolts shot by the presiding genius of the conflagration.

As they continued to gaze on it with astonishment and admiration, not unmixed with awe, the masts, no longer supported by the rigging, and nearly burnt through below the deck, fell over one after the other, agitating violently the remains of the burning hull, as it floated up the harbour, for the coil cable having been burnt through, she was driving with the tide. But, as Bolger had observed, the finest sight still remained. The powder cask taking fire soon after the fall of the masts, exploded, and sent such quantities of ignited matter in all directions, that the whole atmosphere seemed impregnated with fire. The smoke shooting rapidly upwards to a great height, like a gigantic oak, spread for some time a sombre canopy, like a mourning garment, o'er the scene; then stretching away to leeward, descended gradually to the water's edge, and was dissipated before the light wind. The explosion left but a small portion of the fore part of

the vessel floating, which continued to burn for some time with much diminished splendour, till reaching the water's edge, the flames were gradually extinguished, and darkness once more resumed its sway; the still silence that prevailed over the calm, smooth waters of the extensive bay, enhancing its effect.

Rapid is the progress of fire on board ship, and fearful its ravages. An hour had scarcely elapsed since the *Voyageur* had floated, a beautiful and well appointed ship; and now, of ship and cargo, all that remained was the long boat.

Having held a south-west course till they arrived in the latitude of Mauritius, they changed it, and steered west, and on the morning of the day fortnight, after leaving Diego Gairca, they discovered land, when the remarkable mountain of Peter Bottle, enabled them quickly to recognise for Mauritius, and in the afternoon, to their inexpressible joy, they were taken on board the Port tender, as described at the beginning of the former chapter.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

IN colonies and settlements far removed from the mother-country, and out of the line of general communication, the arrival of any ship always creates a high degree of interest, and the announcement of a vessel in distress by the signals in the morning had naturally very much increased this interest on the occasion of which we have been treating, and had of course set on float speculation as to the probable cause and nature of the affair.

But when it was ascertained that a long boat and three men had arrived, a circumstance in itself arguing some unusual catastrophe, curiosity and expectation were raised to an unusual pitch; and by the time that Jouvett and his companions arrived in the wharf, it was crowded with persons eager to hear the first of the news, or anxious to know the cause of so strange an incident. They were immediately conducted to the office of the harbour-master, where they communicated to him the particulars of what has formed the subject of the

two last chapters, which he transmitted to the governor at his country seat of Meduit, in the plains of Mocha, the same evening; and a ten-gun brig belonging to the station, at that time lying in the port, was forthwith dispatched to Rhoderique, on the chance of her arriving there in time to intercept the pirate's vessel.

The news, in the meantime, spread like wildfire, and with something like its effect too. In small and isolated communities such accounts are heard with a very different feeling from what they produce in more populous countries. Every one is more or less immediately interested in them, and it would be difficult to describe, so as to give an adequate idea of it, the consternation produced amongst the peaceful inhabitants of Mauritius, on hearing of such an aggravated instance of piracy and wholesale murder. Parents were alarmed for their children, sisters for their brothers, and merchants for their property; and a damp was thrown upon all mercantile specula-



tion from the exorbitant premium demanded by the underwriters for insurance ; and the few vessels that were fitted out, were unable to procure hands, for even the sailors, a proverbially thoughtless, careless class of men, were struck with the general panic, and refused to ship on board them.

The arrival of the brig from Rhoderique, after a few days, unsuccessful, and the report she made, tended to increase the feeling of general alarm. She had indeed found evident traces of some vessel having been recently there, but with what intention, or for what purpose, did not at all appear ; as there was no indication of her having been engaged in any of the occupations that usually draw ships to places of the kind—such as wooding, watering, or repairing. The island of Rhoderique was at the time uninhabited, and little frequented ; and considering all the circumstances of the case, a very reasonable conclusion to come to on the subject of the pirate's visiting it, was that which was arrived at—namely, that it was used by him as a kind of post-office, or means of exchanging intelligence with some correspondent at Mauritius, from whence it was not very distant. He had been once there in Bolger and the cook's remembrance, and had lain several days at anchor in the harbour with the avowed purpose of merely passing time. But though there was no other object for his visit apparent to them, they could not say positively that some small vessel had not approached him in the night unseen by them ; and as on this last occasion it was positively his object to use despatch, no other reason could be assigned for his visiting the island. Bolger and the cook were questioned with respect to his late adventures, but either they knew nothing that threw any farther light upon the subject, or they did not care to tell what they supposed might have got them into trouble or further disgrace, and with the exception of some petty affairs on the coast of India, they said that the *Voyageur* was the only vessel that he had robbed since they had joined him.

The mystery and obscurity in which these visits of the pirates to Rhoderique were thus involved, gave them a degree of importance in the eyes of

the good people of Mauritius, of which they were in all probability wholly unworthy ; and in proportion as it became difficult to account for the cause of them, the necessity of doing so seemed obvious to every one, and for a time took precedence of all other considerations on the subject.

Even the affair of the *Lechimy*, which had taken place within the memory of every one, and the circumstances of which were so closely connected with the transaction under consideration, was at first entirely over-looked, in the anxiety to assign a reason for what seemed so unaccountable ; and strange to say, Mademoiselle Rhenaudin, who might have been supposed to be deeply interested on the occasion, was perhaps the only person who was for a long time totally ignorant of what was passing. For the officious kindness of her friends prevented them from mentioning to her what might have called to mind former sad recollections, and when at length some of the circumstances did in some way transpire to her knowledge, she had her own reasons for saying as little about them as she could.

She well remembered Gaspar's name, and stated that he was the same who had headed the mutineers on board the *Lechimy* ; but as she still adhered to the promise she had made François, of saying nothing about Gaspar's retreat, her information threw no further light upon that part of the subject—and like a true woman, she carefully abstained from saying any thing that could by any implication injure the reputation of her lover. For though she hardly ventured to nourish the hope, and of course, did not dare to express it, she had some faint expectation that in Bolger or the cook, the long lost François might turn up. In the character of the former in particular, she thought she could distinguish many points of resemblance to that of François ; and though her doubts and hopes might have been easily set at rest by seeing them, here again she was debarred the satisfaction of knowing any thing for certain, for her timidity, and the expectation that should either of them prove to be François, he would, as soon as it was feasible, make himself known to her, prevented her taking any mea-

suress for getting a sight of them, or making any particular inquiry about their personal appearance; and any of her friends and acquaintances who had seen them, sedulously avoided saying any thing about them in her presence, attributing her averseness to hear or speak of the subject to the pain that the remembrance of what had long passed caused her. Thus if she lost on the one hand she was at least an equal gainer on the other, for while her own hopes and fears kept her in a state of anxiety and suspense, the general excitement that prevailed, by setting the current of inquiry in another direction, prevented her being importuned with questions that she certainly would have preferred not answering.

There was at Mauritius, at the time of which we are treating, a decrepid old man, known by the sobriquet of Fieffé,\* who for want of some better employment, had long made it his amusement, and indeed a chief part of his occupation, to foretell, or pretend to foretell, the arrival of vessels some time, often days, before their coming in sight of the island. Dressed in a fantastic old-fashioned habit, with his head surmounted by a cocked-hat of most preposterous dimensions, bearing to the meagre form of its wearer, much about the proportion of a good-sized umbrella to the body of an ordinary man, and mounted on a jack-ass, he used to ascend the signal-mountain by a circuitous route, and laying himself down on his back on the ground, he examined the heavens above him, and laid claim to the power of distinguishing by some optical means, the reflection in the heavens of vessels at a great distance. He would then descend, and gravely make his report accordingly at Government House or at the post-office. If the vessel announced by him arrived in due time, he took all the credit of having foretold her arrival; if, on the contrary, she did not make her appearance, he had always a loophole for escape, by saying that she had passed the island and gone on to some other destination.

The old man's credit gained ground considerably in consequence, and he

was, at the critical juncture of which we are treating, in the full enjoyment of a high reputation, when the tables were suddenly and most disagreeably turned on him. He was immediately suspected to be in correspondence with Gaspar.

Instead of being now saluted as he passed, by the low bows and most deferential doffing of the hats of all his numerous acquaintances, which was not a whit the less gratifying to the old man's vanity, on account of the facetious way in which they were accorded to him whenever he appeared, their backs were suddenly and hastily turned on him. And on one or two occasions he and his jack-ass were assailed by the young scamps and boys with various offensive missiles, and pursued with cries of "*Vo-leur, coquin, vieux scelerat!*" &c. So that he was obliged to desist entirely from both his occupations, and thus found himself bereft of his harmless amusements, and of a source of gaining a considerable portion of his livelihood.

But all this while Gaspar was at large; and in due time it became apparent, that missiles launched at an old man could not reach him, nor the taunts and reproaches with which he was loaded, lower the rate of insurance, nor protect the vessels that were lying inactive in the harbour whenever they should put to sea.

In this state of things a formal deputation from the merchants and agents of the town waited on the governor, to consult on some means for averting the ruinous consequences to their commerce and interests with which it was likely to be attended, and for putting down, if possible, such a pest to society in general. Jouvett and his companions were examined before them at greater length, but Jouvett could only repeat what he had already stated; and as for Bolger and the cook, they were illiterate men, and knew nothing of the situation of the pirate's retreat, except as has been so often said, that it was somewhere on the western coast of Madagascar. It was true, they had been in and out of it two or three times; but it was Gaspar's policy to put always right out

---

\* Arrant humbug.

to sea on leaving it, so that they knew nothing of the neighbouring coast, except in its immediate vicinity. And they described its entrance as so obstructed and concealed by nature, that even for a practised eye knowing its situation, it was difficult to discover it. They were also of opinion, that a vessel of a large class could not enter the inlet on which the establishment was situated, on account of the shallowness of the water : and to make a descent on it, was judged inexpedient and almost impracticable, as it was surrounded by woods and swamps which would give a few men, acquainted with its localities, too great facilities for cutting off any number that might be sent against them.

It was therefore resolved to oppose stratagem to cunning ; and as the pirate could neither be attacked in his den with any appearance of feasibility,

nor drawn to an engagement with an armed vessel of sufficient force to cope with him, it was determined to endeavour to make his rapacity instrumental in his downfall.

For this purpose, it was proposed, to fit out a large merchant-vessel, with a competent number of guns on board of sufficient size to sink his vessel by a few broadsides, as it was not doubted that if she could fall in with him, he would attempt to capture her. But on further consideration, it was thought more expedient to await the arrival of some large man-of-war on the station, and having disguised her, make her in every respect resemble a merchantman of a large class.

The king's ship being preferred ; and strict secrecy respecting the stratagem having been recommended to all present, the deputation was dismissed.

#### CHAPTER XV.

A ship that could be disguised so as to resemble one of the large vessels then trading between Europe and the Indies, was what was required ; as a few broadsides from the battery that she would carry, would in all probability sink the pirate, if he could but be enticed within range of her shot.

The arrival, after some time, of a six-and-thirty gun frigate on the station supplied the desideratum ; and she was immediately put in requisition. It was necessary to observe the greatest circumspection with regard to her equipment and destination, on account of the suspicions that existed of the pirate's having some secret correspondent in the island, who furnished him with intelligence respecting the arrivals, departures, destinations, and cargoes of ships, and in fine, all that was passing in the port that could interest him. She was, therefore, ordered to put to sea with as little delay as possible, and having then disguised herself as had been arranged, to cruise in the track of vessels bound from the Cape of Good Hope to India—the usual beat of the pirate—taking an occasional look at Mauritius and Rhoderique, which last island was known to be one of his haunts.

Accordingly, having taken in the

necessary supplies and refreshments, and secretly received on board Jouvett and Bolger, who would, it was expected, easily identify the pirate at a distance, she left Mauritius as if bound on her passage to India. As soon as she got clear of the island, she proceeded to make those alterations in her appearance, necessary to her counterfeiting a large merchantman : for this purpose the ports of the gun-deck were closed, and the seams being carefully concealed, a broad white streak was painted round her in a line with her chain-wales. A false poop was constructed and adapted to her, and her assumed name, "the Garonne of Bordeaux," was painted on her stern, and also on canvas cloths in her head and tops, a practice omitted with ships of war. Her fore and mizen royal masts, were then sent down on deck, as also the streamer from her main, a common vane being put in its place ; and such arrangements were made on her deck, as were supposed best calculated to keep up the deception on the pirate's approaching them.

So well did they succeed in their metamorphosing operations, that the first lieutenant who had been viewing the inroads made on the appearance and appointments of his majesty's

ty's ship with the jealous eye with which a prime minister might be supposed to regard so many attempts to encroach on the royal prerogative, could not help remarking as he superintended them, that he really believed, that if his most Christian majesty could by any possibility have had a sight of them, he would hardly be able to recognise his property. The change of name too, from the chivalrous one of "La Fille de France," to the less sonorous and more mercantile "La Garonne," was offensive. And the officers were unanimous in expressing their sentiment, that for any paltry share of prize-money that might accrue to them from the pirate's capture, the degradation was not worth while. The metamorphosis once completed, they proceeded on their destination.

We are happily spared the tedium of a cruise of several months, during which all that transpired may be described in a few sentences. The ship pursued her course under easy sail during the day, and at night, shortening sail, lay to, as it is termed. The captain lay to also during the night, as did the purser, and doctor, and their mates, and those important personages the carpenter and cook, with their mates. The rest of the officers and crew took watch in carrying on the the ship's duty. In the morning captain received the reports of his officers, passed sentence of punishment on offenders, or attended to any little business that might emerge; then breakfasted, read, or assisted the master in taking the observations, and, being a Frenchman, amused himself with the violin till dinner, after which he divided his time between cigars, coffee, and the violin till supper, when cards, and wine and water, concluded the evening.

The gun-room presented much the same scene as the captain's cabin, but a little diversified; and the midshipman's berth was an attempt at an imitation of the gun-room, feeble in proportion to the limited resources of its occupants. The remainder of the numerous crew passed their time in their watch below, between cards, tobacco, yawning and speculation as to the issue of the enterprise. The announcement by the look-out of a sail in the distance, now and then broke in on the monotony of the scene,

and gave a momentary fillip to such a life of *ennui*: till expectation being lulled by ascertaining that it was not the wished-for one, disappointment increased the sameness of every familiar object.

Thus time was dragged on on board, while the ship made three trips with tacks and counter-tacks, between Mauritius, Rhoderique, and Cape Comorin.

At length, however, after sighting the continent of India for the second time while on their return towards Mauritius, a sail was discerned that raised expectation to an unusual pitch. She was on their quarter, apparently steering the same, or nearly the same course as they were themselves; notwithstanding they had just looked into Pondicherry, and had not heard of any vessel having lately left it, or being about to leave it. What could she be, or what her purpose? She was evidently a fast sailer, for in less than a quarter of an hour she had perceptibly neared them. She must have been lying in wait off the harbour for some vessel that she wished to intercept.

Jouvert and Bolger had been despatched aloft with a telescope to reconnoitre her, but she was so far off, her top gallant sails being but barely visible, they could as yet give no decided opinion. They were not long, however, in coming to the conclusion, that she had some marks that corresponded with the pirate's appearance. These became more apparent as she neared them, which she very quickly did, and which further induced the belief that she was the wished-for guest.

After about an hour, the greater part of her top-sails had become visible; and from their unusual spread, coupled with the other circumstances, Jouvert and Bolger gave it as their decided opinion, that she was the pirate's vessel. It was also now evident, that she was bearing down upon them; and before long they pronounced her to be Gaspar's vessel; for the heads of her courses or lower sails were now to be seen, and they were fore-and-aft ones. In fact, she was plainly a three-masted schooner—a *rara avis*; and like no vessel that sailed these seas but Gaspar's.

The grand point was now to keep up

the deception that had been as yet successfully practised on him ; and which it was judged could be best done, by putting on the appearance of wishing to avoid him and keep out of his reach till night, when the darkness might cover their retreat in some other direction. The captain of the king's ship saw plainly, that he could afford to do this, as it was now evident from the rate at which the pirate was gaining on them, that (do what they would) he would overtake them before dark ; and it was most desirable that he should not close with them till the dusk of the evening should come to their assistance.

The royal masts that had been sent down on deck were now in consequence again sent on end, the yards crossed, and the sails bent and set with all possible appearance of expedition, care being taken not to allow too many hands aloft, lest that should awaken the pirate's suspicion of the real state of the case. And so well was the assumed part acted in every respect, that when objects on the pirate's deck had become distinctly visible through the glass, he was straining every nerve in the pursuit.

They now changed their course, running away nearly before the wind, and setting every make-shift sail that could be managed, in order to present the appearance of a last effort to escape : and in short, the manœuvres throughout were so skilfully executed, that sunset and the pirate came on apace, the one as near in point of time as the other was in point of space. At sunset he deigned to show Portuguese colours, thinking perhaps to bring the ship to ; but as it was desirable to keep him off a little longer, the signal was disregarded ; and in a few minutes he was sufficiently near to fire a shot from one of his bow-chasers at her.

On this the king's ship immediately hauled her wind, and lay with her main-yard aback, apparently in obedience to this uncivil signification of his will. And her way being in consequence deadened, the pirate was almost immediately on her quarter ; and a man on board him jumping on one of the aftermost guns, hailed, demanding in a voice that seemed hardly to require the aid of a speaking-trumpet,

"What ship's that?"

"The Garonne of Bordeaux," was the answer.

A pause of a few seconds ensued.

"Have you any laudanum on board?" he resumed.

"Ay have we," was the reply. "Or," aside, "we can give you a pill, if that'll do as well."

"I'll send on board you for a few drops," continued the other.

"You shall be welcome to them," aside, "strong and good measure ; a few of them a dose, I promise you," continued the spokesman on board the king's ship.

The men had in the mean time cleared away the fastenings of the gun-deck ports, and being now thrown open, they revealed to the pirate's view a frowning battery, which, while it undeceived him as to the nature of the vessel he had to deal with, showed him his mistake, and that his only chance of escape, if indeed he had any, lay in the superior speed of his vessel. Arriving instantly at this conclusion, for a glance of his keen eye at his adversary's metal, was sufficient to assure him of its weight, he as speedily prepared to act on it.

The captain of the king's ship now in his turn hailed the schooner ; but whether it was that Gaspar's presence of mind had deserted him, or that he considered hailing him a mere form, and that answering or making any attempt at dissimulation would be useless, he let slip the opportunity of gaining perhaps a minute by parley, at a time when a minute might have been of so much value to him. But indeed it would appear from Gaspar's acting the part of one who had some sick person on board that stood in need of laudanum, instead of, as was his custom, endeavouring to get some of the crew of his intended prey into his power, that a suspicion that all was not right had struck him before the opening of the ship's ports had assured him of his mistake. He returned no answer to the captain of the king's ship. But beyond this single circumstance, no sound or motion on board his vessel betokened confusion or disorder.

The captain hailed a second time. No reply. His mizen had been already quietly brailled up ; and now the dull creaking of a block-sheave at his yard-arm, (the only sound heard) with



the altered position of his helm, showed that his part had already been taken—he was preparing to go off before the wind. Such a manœuvre, on his part, had, however, been expected, and anticipated in case of his resorting to it. The men stood at their quarters, ready for action, every ear strained to catch the permission to fire. Moments never seemed longer; and one or two of the most impatient had already predicted of the captain, that “he’d let her slip through his fingers,” when the much wished-for order—“give her a broadside; take deliberate aim; let her have it between wind and water, if you can”—was heard.

The engines of destruction now sent forth their iron messengers, which taking effect with fatal precision, shook the light vessel from the water’s edge, and opened fearful passages for the admission of the enemy.

The guns on board the king’s ship were now loaded with grape; and as the pirate, in going off, presented his stern to his antagonist’s broadside, a volley of destructive shot was poured into him, which coming, as it did, from a superior height, swept his decks with such awful effect, that dismay and terror were instantly spread aboard her. The groans of the wounded and dying, mingled with the noise and confusion of broken furniture knocking about, and the slapping backwards and forwards of blocks, and ropes severed by the shot. The helmsman was killed, and the tiller ropes cut to pieces; and no one appearing to repair the damage, or work the relieving tackles; if, indeed, there were any in readiness. The vessel obeying the impulse she had received, continued to wave round till she fell into the wind on the other tack, and lay at the mercy of her adversary. Another broadside was forthwith given her, and her main-mast falling over the lee side, carried away great part of the bulwark, and hanging by the shrouds and stays, effectually took away all hope of flight.

A short consultation now ensued between the captain of the king’s ship and his officers, discussing whether or no it would be better to give her broadside after broadside till she should sink, and so avoid the risk of loss of life, or closing with her incur the

danger of her being blown up, or of the desperate resistance that it was expected that a crew composed of such men would make. But no sooner was the cause of the delay understood, than (such was the feeling of detestation for Gaspar that had taken possession of every breast, and such the desire to be personally revenged on him) a simultaneous cry burst from the men at their quarters fore and aft, desiring that the miscreant should be taken alive. Such a demonstration of feeling was not to be disregarded, and the demand was the more readily acceded to, as it was in accordance with the captain’s own sentiments on the occasion.

The ship was accordingly laid alongside the pirate, and grapnels being fixed to his mizen-rigging, as no opposition was offered, his quarter-deck was forthwith in his adversary’s possession.

One living man only was to be seen on it. He was seated on the edge of the cabin sky-light, with his head resting on one hand, which was placed upon his knees, while with the other he held on by the grating that covered the sky-light. He appeared totally heedless of what was passing, and his eyes were unconsciously fixed upon the deck; a grape shot had torn across his belly, and the blood which was flowing plentifully from the wound had dyed nearly the entire of his white trowsers red, and was clotting on the deck beneath him. His hands had been steeped in human blood. Poor fellow! (for despite of his being amongst pirates we cannot help pitying him in his present wretched condition) it was his own; for he had been endeavouring in vain to stanch the tide that was flowing from his wound, and he had communicated the stains of it to his face and forehead. The first boarders passed on in search of some object more worthy of their attention; but Jouvart who, though his position on board the ship did not at all call for his taking part in the duty, had, notwithstanding, spiritedly volunteered among them, and whose eye was probably less accustomed to such sights, could not help pausing before a human being in so sad a plight. He regarded the blood-stained cheek and quivering lip of the miserable man with considerable emotion. It was

the dusk of evening—he took a closer look, and stretched out his hand to lay hold of the gear that led down along the mizen-mast, in order to support himself; and truly, that he needed support, is not to be wondered at. It was the carpenter of the *Voyageur* that was before him, his former ship-mate and friend, an honest, excellent fellow, into whose heart it had never entered to injure any man.

The reader will probably remember, that at the time of the capture of the *Voyageur*, Jouvart, the carpenter, and two seamen only had been spared. The carpenter, Gaspar had taken along with him, for reasons that have been already explained; and, like many a man under similar circumstances, he had continued amongst the pirates much against his will, for want of an opportunity of escaping from them. But to return.

For some moments Jouvart stood aghast and terrified; and it was not till he observed the dying man tottering from his seat that he recollected himself sufficiently to go to his assistance. He drew him a little aside from his blood, and placing him in a recumbent posture, with his back against the skylight—for the agony he was suffering from his wound would not permit him to stretch himself on the deck—he bent over him, in the hope that he might recognize him; he called to him by name, but he made no reply; his eyes turned hideously upwards, and a few convulsive motions of the limbs preceded total relaxation of his whole frame. As his spirit fled Jouvart thought he could perceive his lips performing the movement necessary to articulating his name; but if it was the case, voice was wanting.

It had fallen to Jouvart's lot of late to witness many appalling sights; but none of them had rent his heart like this one. He seated himself beside the mangled body of his friend, and resigned himself to grief, too bitter to be interrupted even by the exciting nature of the scene around.

The greater part of Gaspar's crew had already deserted him, and sought a temporary refuge in the 'tween-decks. A few only of the bravest and most desperate had collected round their leader by the lee-fore rigging, not in the hope of making any effectual resistance, but with a kind of reckless

heroism, determined to fall sword in hand rather than wait the issue of a trial. With most of them this little enviable choice was speedily gratified. They were now picking them off at their ease from all parts of the other vessel: no mercy was shown to those who had erased the word from their vocabulary; who had hardened their hearts to every feeling of the kind, and adopted as a watch-word, that "dead men tell no tales." They died as they had lived—with arms in their hands. Three or four only soon remained, amongst whom Gaspar was conspicuous from the ferocity of his sallies and his skill in self-defence; and as it was the particular wish of all to take him alive, if possible, the men were desired to desist from the use of their fire-arms. A desperate encounter ensued in consequence, in which Gaspar was bravely upheld by the two last of his associates; and there seemed but little chance of their being able to effect the desired object.

At length, however, one of them being killed, and Gaspar's attention being suddenly diverted from his object by recognising the countenance of Bolger who was near him, but whom the dusk had prevented his seeing before; a momentary inaction, on his part, ensued, during which he was surprised and overpowered. His only surviving companion, who had just received a severe wound in the face, on seeing it, laid hold of one of the shrouds of the fore-rigging, and jumping upon the rail of the bulwark, plunged into the sea, and was instantly out of sight. After a short time, he rose to the surface, apparently insensible, but becoming soon aware of it, he made another resolute effort, and diving again, disappeared for a while.

It is not always in the power of an expert swimmer to drown himself at pleasure, be he ever so anxious to do so. Aware of this fact, or possibly actuated only by the desire instinctive to sailors of saving a man over board, several of the boarders, now without occupation, hastened to lower a jolly-boat that hung over the stern, and proceeded in search of the drowning man. It was so dark that it was some time before they discovered him; and when they attempted to lay hold of him, he made another desperate effort to drown himself, and rising after a

long interval perfectly exhausted, he was lifted into the boat and brought alongside the ship, which had, by this time, fallen off to some distance from the schooner. Here he made a furious attempt to upset the boat, but being prevented, he was pinioned and hoisted on board.

In the mean time, Gaspar had been secured by those who remained on board the schooner; and his cabin being searched, some articles of furniture of Indian manufacture, with some plate, a few mohurs, and a bag of rupees were found; from whence it was conjectured, that he had but lately pillaged some native vessel. But there was no time for further search, as darkness was setting in, and the heavy labouring of the schooner showed that she could not float much longer. A couple of boats were accordingly sent from the ship, and Gaspar and the remainder of the boarders having embarked on board them, he was soon safely deposited on her deck. The dead body of the unfortunate carpenter was also brought away, in order that it might be distinguished from the rest, by having the right of Christian burial bestowed upon it—the only tribute of respect for his memory, and sympathy with his misfortunes that it was in their power to pay.

A short respite now followed for all except the doctor and his mate, who

were employed in the care of the wounded. All hands were gazing over the side at the foundering vessel; opinions as to the time that she would keep afloat differing widely, when a bursting sound, and crash on board her, told that some part of the deck had been forced up by the confined air; and immediately after, pitching violently forward, she buried her head in the sea as far as the fore-hatch. Another heavy lunge soon succeeded, and a small part of her stern was all that remained above water of her hull; This too, soon disappeared, followed slowly and gradually by her masts; and as the last trace of them sank from the surface of the water, three hearty cheers for her fate rang in the ears of Gaspar. The boats were then hoisted up to the davits, the sails trimmed, and, in a few minutes, the ship was on her way to Mauritius.

The corpse of the carpenter was now laid out upon the gratings; and next day his remains were committed to the ocean, with every mark of honour and regret. And let not those who may have formed their opinion of the character and conduct of seamen by the criterion of ordinary jack-tar behaviour think, that I have invented a story for their amusement, when I tell them, that tears for this poor fellow's fate trickled down many a rugged cheek on the occasion.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

Of the numerous mischances attendant upon a sea life, there are none from which the mind recoils so much as from that of falling into the hands of pirates.

These and many other minor considerations combined to render the joy at Mauritius, on hearing of the successful issue of the enterprise just related, universal. The captain, officers, and crew of the ship were caressed and honoured by their respective acquaintances as much as if they had achieved—what of all things a Frenchman delights to contemplate, and what those, who knew him well, affirm that Napoleon would have given his own native isle of Corsica, and doubtless his miniature kingdom of Elba to boot, to have seen, to wit—the capture of a British ship of their

own class. Balls and feasts were given in every direction for several nights; and French beauty and vivacity, in a soil that seems particularly adapted to the production of them in their fullest perfection, contributed liberally to reward the seamen for the toils and *désagrèments* of their tedious cruise.

A final settlement with the prisoners was next to be thought of: and the day was fixed, and a special commission, appointed to try them. On the day of trial the court, however, was crowded to suffocation; every one anxious to gain a sight of men who had made themselves so diabolically famous. And the prisoners, Gaspar and Godin, being placed at the bar, were indicted on two separate counts;

for piracy on the high seas generally, and particularly for the robbery of the ship *Voyageur*, and the murder of her officers and crew. The charges were distinctly proved by the three witnesses, and the prisoners were called on for their defence.

An advocate here made a display of eloquence, and attempted to show his professional skill, by endeavouring to prove a flaw in the indictment. The prisoners he urged were accused, without reservation, of the murder of the officers of the ship, while here was one of those officers alive and appearing in court against them.

Neither, however, the solemnity of the occasion nor the respect due to the bench could restrain the audience from manifesting the indignation which the attempt excited. A murmur of disapprobation, followed by a hiss, interrupted the orator in his sophistry: and the crier having with difficulty restored silence and order, the objection was overruled. The prisoner, Godin, now requested of the bench permission to speak: which being of course granted, he made a distinct avowal of his guilt, and acquiesced in the justice of the sentence that was about to be passed on him for the punishment of his crimes. On Gaspar being asked if he had any thing to say for himself, he, too, collected himself for a malicious stroke. Unable to suppress the exasperation that he felt at seeing the universal detestation with which he was regarded—

“To say!” he answered sarcastically addressing the judge: “yes; was it to hear a dying speech that you brought me here. To say, indeed, you seemed much disposed to listen to what I had to say just now.” And resuming his dogged deportment, he regarded his fellow-prisoner with a look in which suppressed rage and scorn had about equal parts.

A short pause caused by astonishment at his hardened effrontery, succeeded this speech; and preceded such an ebullition of indignant feeling throughout the crowd assembled in the court-house, that fearing lest summary justice should be inflicted on him as he passed from the dock, the governor ordered his guards to be strongly reinforced. Sentence of death was then passed on both the prisoners—they were condemned to be shot—a

mode of execution either directed in such cases by the then existing French admiralty law, or rendered convenient by circumstances; and the next day was fixed for it to take place. The prisoners were then removed from the dock, and the governor, judge, and commissioners retired from the bench. As they left the court-house, the long and reiterated applause of the crowded auditory testified their approbation of the sentence, and marked the peculiar abhorrence with which the atrocious crime of piracy is everywhere and so justly regarded. On their return to the jail, the prisoners were visited by a brother of some religious order, who kindly volunteered his services, in order to bring them to a sense of their awful situation, and prepare them for approaching death. With Gaspar his efforts were wholly unavailing. He spurned the proffered kindness with disdain, and even treated the reverend man with studied disrespect; telling him that they had done their worst, and desiring him to carry his mock humanity and priestcraft to Godin, who stood in need of them. He had no hope on earth, and of hope in heaven he had not even an idea. So the priest was at length obliged to leave him to his fate.

But with the prisoner Godin he was more successful. He, on the other hand, was thoroughly penitent, and professed the deepest contrition for his crimes; expressing himself willing to atone for them by his death, and rejoiced that there was an end of them. He inquired earnestly of the father if he thought there was any hope left for his soul: and on being assured by him, that in case of sincere repentance he might still trust in the mercy of heaven, he shook his head mournfully, observing, that if repentance could have done any thing, it was many a day since he had repented.

“My intercession with heaven, such as it is, you and every penitent sinner shall be welcome to,” said the clergyman. “But bethink you well,” he added, sensibly affected by so pathetic a discourse: “if your case was stated to the proper authorities, there might, possibly, be yet some hope of pardon for you.”

“I thank you, father,” replied the prisoner, “for your kindness; but life has nothing in it now to invite me;

the same cause that made me the companion of murderers, would still make me an unfit companion for sober men."

"I cannot," said, the minister, what chagrined, and in a tone of apprehension, "understand how one who thinks himself worthy of the mercy of God, should think himself unworthy of the forgiveness of man; to esteem lightly the opportunity of proving the sincerity of his repentance by his subsequent conduct in life. Remember that penance and mortification are of sovereign use in the case of a repentant sinner."

"Nay, father," replied the prisoner, "do not mistake me. I would not spurn the boon of life, if you would procure it for me, but thankfully accept it, and devote it to the use you recommend. But bear in mind, that for all I have said, there is but my word, against me stand facts, and the sentence of those that took me. But I can do any thing, in God's name, and I shall have to thank you for saving both my soul and body."

"I shall certainly try," replied the minister, in whose favour the lofty and excessive strain of the prisoner's discourse had deeply interested him, and having pointed out some devotions for performance, with the benevolent intention he hastened somewhat abruptly from the prison.

During his absence, old Monsieur de la Roche, whom I have already noticed as having suffered under the imputation of having been an accomplice of Gaspar, entered the prison. He had obtained permission from the governor to see Gaspar in the presence of witnesses, under that he might have the satisfaction of hearing him contradict the reports that had been spread to his prejudice and great annoyance, and be enabled to prosecute his harmless, celestial observations, and more necessary occupations, unmolested.

Gaspar's being pointed out to him, he explained to him, as well as he was able, the object of his visit: and endeavoured to extract from him an account of his being unconnected with, or unknown to him. But it was impossible to gain Gaspar's favourable opinion when he knew that it was for a vain purpose. Fretting under the long reflection of the recent proofs of his abhorrence with which he was

regarded, malevolence had so completely taken possession of his mind, that his only thought at so awful a moment was one of regret that he had not done more sweeping mischief, and dealt out death with a less sparing hand; and as he sat, sullenly contemplating the fetters on his legs, his countenance indicating no other feeling than that of vexation at the restraint that was imposed on him by them, it was with a gleam of satisfaction that, as the old man's purpose became intelligible to him, he found he had it still in his power to inflict one injury more on a fellow-creature. He at first refused to be troubled with his story; but on being pressed further, he roundly asserted that the accusation was true; and though the falsehood of his assertion was evident to all present, the old man was about to take his departure, chagrined and disconcerted, when Godin interfered in his behalf.

"Are you not content," said he, addressing himself to Gaspar, "with the mischief you have done? One would think you might be satisfied, without injuring an old man."

"What, then, does he come bothering me about?" said Gaspar. "Cowards, and you the meanest of them. Satisfied! If I had you where I know, I'd have satisfaction out of your livers! I'd make you dance to the tune that I should have made you, and many another like you, (probably alluding to Bolger and Jouvert,) dance to, if I hadn't been a fool. You d—d poltroons! I'd show you the colour of your heart's blood—I would!" and he relapsed into stubborn silence.

Godin, however, assured all present of the old man's entire innocence, and accounted satisfactorily for Gaspar's occasional visits to Rhoderique, which, he said, were seldom made for any other purpose than that of passing time, while he was waiting for some opportunity; and with respect to the last one, that had caused so much alarm, the explanation he gave was, that as Gaspar did not choose to sail in company with his prize, for the reasons that we have already seen given by Bolger, and having on a former occasion left an anchor attached to a buoy in the harbour of Rhoderique, as having no use for it at the time, it was in the way on board his ship, but



that having had some occasion for it, and knowing that he would have time to take it in his way to Madagascar, before the *Voyageur* could arrive there, he had passed at Roderique for the purpose of weighing it ; and his object being speedily accomplished, he had immediately proceeded to his hold. But to return to the minister.

The governor's answer to his application, though humane, was couched in terms that left him no hope. It implied that the prisoners' offence was so aggravated, the expense incurred in bringing them to justice so great, and the fact of "their capture in direct contravention of all law," so glaring, that they required an example ; and that it was out of his power to reverse the sentence—and with this decisive answer he was obliged to return.

"I thought so, father," said he ; "and now, as your kind efforts for my body have failed, it remains for you to take care of my soul," and with an equanimity to which the poor clergyman was for the time a stranger, he requested him to direct him in his devotions.

After they were finished, he conversed with him on different topics, and informed him, amongst other things, of the geographical position of Hounahinta Bay, and the landmarks and appearances by which its intricate entrance might be discovered—and lastly, having joined with him again in prayer, he took leave of him, with many thanks and expressions of gratitude.

During the night preceding the day of execution, Gaspar lost himself altogether. On being led out for execution, the same characteristics continued to mark the conduct of the two prisoners. Gaspar's paroxysms had indeed passed with the darkness of night ; but daylight seemed only to have the effect of showing him the reality of his situation, without giving him courage to face it ; and his every motion was but a mean attempt to procrastinate what was inevitable. As they passed along to the place of execution, assailed by the hisses and execrations of the slave population, who had learned the outlines of their history, and their names: Gaspar's old misdemeanour was objected to him ; and the song of the pork-butcher, with appropriate additions and allusions, greeted him, as it

was repeated by many who remembered his first appearance on the *Mauritius* stage, and exulted in the prospect of this being his last. Few men, perhaps, have died more thoroughly and deservedly detested, nor in their dying moments evinced more plainly the craven spirit that pervaded their inhumanity ; and it was rendered the more conspicuous by being contrasted with Godin's conduct.

As they advanced, hand-cuffed together, one of Gaspar's shoes having become slipshod, considerably retarded their advance, and at length fell from his foot : and as he attempted to stop to regain possession of it, Godin dragged him forcibly on, saying—"Come along, shipmate : you'll soon have no further occasion for it ; so it's not worth while stopping for it."

On arriving at the place of execution, Gaspar suffered himself to be hoodwinked quietly, and received the fire of the file drawn up for the purpose ; but on their approaching to do the same for Godin, he requested that he might be permitted to remain uncovered, and so meet his death.

After some demur on the part of the commanding officer, who feared that the soldiers might be averse to firing at a fellow-creature looking them in the face, at their intercession the poor request was granted—and, kneeling on his coffin, he pointed with one hand to his heart, and stretching the other towards the soldiers that were about to put an end to his life, he said, with a firm voice—"My friends, give me an easy death."

The signal was then given, and ere the report of the muskets could reach his ears, he had ceased to exist. Thus terminated the career of Gaspar, than whom a more cold-blooded murderer never, perhaps, existed.

Jouvert was highly applauded for his conduct throughout the affair ; and was rewarded with a commission on board one of his majesty's ships. He distinguished himself on more than one occasion, and rose to eminence in the service.

Bolger and the cook received their pardon in virtue of the part they had taken, and on condition of their serving a term of years on board a ship of war.

No trace of the pirates that remained on board the *Voyageur* at the time she

was set on fire by Bolger, was ever discovered; and it was supposed, in consequence, that they had perished in attempting to gain the coast of Madagascar in the yawl.

Shortly after the execution of Gaspar and his companion, the gun-brig already mentioned was despatched to Madagascar, to endeavour to find out Hounabunta Bay, and destroy the piratical establishment. Bolger was placed on board her; for though he

was wholly ignorant of its geographical position, it was expected that, with his aid, joined to the information given by Godin to his confessor, some landmark on the coast, whereby to find out its entrance, might be recognised. It was discovered, in effect, after a search that threatened for some time to be fruitless; so much had nature done to conceal it: and whatever remained of this once formidable establishment, was totally and finally destroyed.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUSION.

THE anxiety to gain a sight of the features of such desperate men, caused the Rue de Gouvernement, along which they passed to the Champ de Laure, the place of execution, to be thronged to excess. White and coloured, slaves and free, had assembled; and the gay dresses of the ladies, and liveliness of the scene, gave it rather the appearance of a gala-day, than that on which two miserable human beings were to terminate a wretched existence in so awful a manner.

The firm step and deportment of the younger prisoner, in particular, excited the compassion of the softer sex, many of whom were moved even to tears; and this feeling in his favour was considerably enhanced by its being evident that in addition to his other misfortunes, he was depressed by the pain of a severe and neglected wound; for sympathy with suffering, and relenting towards those that are fallen in adversity, are amongst the most endearing qualities of womanhood.

One delicate young lady in particular, whose pale face and bloodless lip had been previously remarked by her friends, was requested by them to retire, and desist from attempting to witness a scene that promised to be too much for her strength: but she persisted, and the effect of her obstinacy was more serious than had been anticipated; for the haggard and woe-begone aspect of the two men, as they passed, hand-cuffed together, guarded by a corps of gendarmerie, and followed by a file of musqueteers, as it would appear, so overpowered her, that she fell backward on the floor of the apartment in a swoon.

It was long before she could be re-

stored by the means usually resorted to on such occasions; and when she came to herself, she seemed to have sustained some injury more serious than merely fainting away should have inflicted. Her head was examined, but no fracture of the skull could be discovered; nor was there any outward mark of harm done to her person. She, however, continued in a state of feverish stupor; and her parents becoming alarmed, called in a physician, who gave it as his opinion that a blood-vessel had been ruptured in her brain by her fall, and she was treated accordingly. But her symptoms continued the same for several days; and when at length they began to abate a little, a fixed melancholy had taken possession of her, which shortly settled down into consumption of the system, so rapid that it threatened soon to terminate fatally.

The grief of her relatives was indescribable: every physician in the island was consulted, but in vain. Her disease gained ground, and in a short time all hope of her recovery was given up. Her parents, in their despair, by turns implored the merciful interposition of heaven in her favour, and imprecated its vengeance upon all pirates, who had brought such signal misfortune upon their child. But their prayers and imprecations were alike unavailing—the fairest flower in the garden was blighted; and she who had lately gladdened every eye that beheld her, now only awakened the ineffectual regret of all who witnessed the unsightly change.

When the first transports of grief had given way, she requested that she might be permitted to see the same minister who had attended the pirates in

their dying moments. It was in vain that her family endeavoured to dissuade her from what appeared to them to be, at best, but a useless experiment of her strength. The minister was accordingly invited to attend her. She saw him ; and what passed between them, or what she heard from him is, of course, a secret, and can only form matter of speculation, or, at most, of conjecture.

Her relations supposing the heroism of her manner to be the effect of some consolatory assurance that she had received from the minister of her religion, and naturally pleased to see her approaching her end with a mind so much at ease, and such confident hope in futurity, could not forbear, when commiseration of her general state of suffering would permit, occasionally congratulating her upon a circumstance so alleviating.

But to their commiseration and congratulations she turned alike an inattentive year. Neither alarmed by the one, nor gratified by the other, she neither deprecated nor encouraged them. Yet she had ever been remarkable for amiability of disposition, and goodness of heart. Why did not her heart then respond to kindness shown her in the extremity of her distress ! Surely there must have been some misconception with regard to the cause of it ; for the mind, any more than the body, will not admit of remedies being indiscriminately administered to its ailments.

However, no impatient observation, no sentiment of unavailing regret escaped her lips ; but the set purpose of a strong mind, and of a woman's heart, characterized her death-bed, and marked her latest moments : for, as her strength failed, and the noble fabric of reason that could in her be overthrown only with the frail tenement that it inhabited, became proportionately weakened, some expressions were involuntarily elicited from her in conjunction with a name that had been closely connected with her previous history, and which the circumstances now suggested, might be still more closely interwoven with her fate.

One evening, as she approached the goal, towards which she was hastening, that " bourn from whence no traveller returns," her mother, who had been

watching in her room, left it for a short time. Her sister still remained in the apartment ; and, screened from her view by the curtains, she sat near the bedstead, silently bewailing her unhappy condition. The poor girl, given up to her own meditations, lay reclining upon some pillows, unconscious of her sister's presence, when she gave utterance to the thoughts on which her mind was occupied, in the following sad soliloquy :—" Oh François, François, and is this your end : condemned—executed as a criminal—your memory execrated." She paused : " and all for my sake," she resumed, while scalding tears chased each other in quick succession down her pallid cheeks : " yes," she continued, " I, I only am the only cause of it—but for me." But here some new train of ideas seemed to have taken possession of her. " But I'm not unmindful of it, I'm not ungrateful, François. From these lips you shall hear it," she continued earnestly ; then raising her voice to the pitch of enthusiasm, " if you're in hell I'll seek you there ;" but lowering it immediately, as if reproaching herself for having entertained such an idea, " but, no, no, I shall meet you yet in heaven, I know I shall ;" and overcome by the intensity of her feelings, she sank upon the pillows against which she was supported. Her sister now approached the bed-side ; and as she stood by, shedding such bitter tears as an affectionate sister may be supposed to have shed on such an occasion, and vainly endeavouring to suppress the sobs that she feared might disturb one, of whom she was in doubt whether she was still living, or numbered with the dead, she opened her eyes, and stretching out to her the hand that her feeble arm had hardly the power to guide, she pressed her hand affectionately ; but her presence had recalled her to her recollection ; she neither said more, nor gave any explanation of what she had said.

The reader will, doubtless, perceive, that the wretched sufferer is Amanda Rhenaudin. The mind shrinks from the contemplation of what could have suggested the remembrance of François to her at such a crisis. Was the prisoner Godin, François ; and had he assumed a fictitious name, in the hope that his disgraceful end might pass unobserved by those who had once

known him, and most particularly by Amanda, supposing her to be still living, and resident in the island; had Amanda suspected that such might be the case, and had she sought to assure herself with respect to it, by seeing the convicts as they passed to execution; had her eye detected François's features through the change that the transition from youth to manhood, and the passing of years in hardship and dissipation, aided by the effect that an unsightly wound, and the train of appalling circumstances by which he was attended, had wrought in his countenance; and had she, in her enthusiastic fancy, addressed her martyred lover in the foregoing melancholy strain! These are questions that must remain for ever unanswered; for she who could alone have solved them, never threw any further light on the matter; and her family, to whom nothing was known of the debt of gratitude that she owed François, troubled themselves no further about his identity, pleased that the name of so near a relative should not be mentioned in conjunction with that of one who had died in so disgraceful a way.

Yet we shudder to think what is the most probable surmise with respect to them; and that this is one of those circumstances incidental to humanity, so calamitous, so signally unfortunate, that forming exceptions to the general rule, by which Providence works out its ends, it stands a lone and conspicuous a monument of human fallibility, a fitting subject for the tragic pen.

But I will not prolong this melancholy account: my story and my much-lamented heroine are now fast drawing toward their end. Such an overstrained state of the feelings as her's could not last long in any system, much less in that of a broken-hearted tender girl, already tottering on the brink of the grave. She paused for a short time, as if to contemplate it serenely; and within four weeks after the catastrophe that led to this sad consummation, a small tumulus in the cemetery of Fort Blanc, decorated with garlands and flowers, and which was afterwards more permanently ornamented by a neat stone monument, showed where lay the mortal remains of this beautiful victim to unhappy love: "*requiescat in pace*" is the

only inscription on its white marble slab.

I cannot conclude this narrative, without telling all that is known of poor Tata's fate, after the destruction of the pirates' hold.

When the brig that was sent against it was entering the bay in which it was situated, one or two of its veteran guardians easily recognised her for a ship of war, and guessing at the probable cause of her appearance, the place was forthwith deserted by its occupants, who took refuge in the adjoining woods; all except Tata, who having been long in a state of anxiety at Gaspar's protracted absence, impelled by the desire of learning the worst, remained behind: and on being informed by Bolger rather abruptly of Gaspar's disastrous end, she fell into a loud hysterical fit of laughter, so long and boisterous, that notwithstanding his previous acquaintance with her, Bolger was inclined to think her—as, indeed, he called her—"a hard-hearted savage." But he was not long in perceiving that there was something in her laughter that savoured more of grief than joy. Though not a hard-hearted one, Tata was nevertheless a savage; and this was her way of manifesting her grief: the ecstasy of it was imparted by despair. From laughing she quickly got to singing: but hers was not the song of mirth; on the contrary, it soon took the character of a dirge, which there can be no doubt that it was.

When her song had ceased, Bolger, who perceived his error, and was in his way a good-natured fellow, endeavoured to engage her in conversation, thinking to console her; but he found it impossible to draw a word from her, nor was she ever heard to address a word to any one afterwards. She soon rose and retreated to her house, where she stretched herself on a mat, and continued for the remainder of the day and during the ensuing night, rising occasionally to sing some snatch of a melancholy song in her native language.

In the morning, the captain of the brig, accompanied by Bolger, repaired to her house to offer her his protection and a passage to Mauritius, if she chose to reside there: but she was inexorable. In order to induce her to quit the place, the captain told her that it was

necessary for him to burn the whole establishment, and of consequence her house, as it formed a part of it. But she heard his communication without any apparent emotion, and without vouchsafing any other answer to it than by gaily nodding to them; intimating, as they supposed, that they were welcome to commence as soon as they pleased. So, finding his efforts unavailing, the captain reluctantly left her, giving strict orders that she should not be intruded on or annoyed in any way that could be avoided, and recommending to Bolger, as an old acquaintance, to do every thing in his power to soothe her, and endeavour to prevail on her to accompany them to Mauritius; for many kind acts, that showed the goodness of Tata's heart, had been related by Bolger, and made the sailors sympathise with her in her forlorn state.

But he was wholly unable to accomplish this benevolent object: she either did not or would not hear any of his proposals. And when a young officer, with humane intention, but rather roughly, attempted to force her from her house, she seized hold of his sword, and nearly drawing it by a sudden effort, might possibly have run him through, had not Bolger, who was present, thrown himself on her, and at the risk of drawing her displeasure on himself, prevented her from effecting her purpose. She, however, easily distinguished between his timely interference and the indiscreet rudeness of the other; and having succeeded in pacifying her, they left her for the time to herself.

In the mean while they had set fire to the remainder of the establishment; and while it was burning Tata stood at the door of the house, watching in-

tently the progress of the flames; and when they subsided, she again retreated inside, appearing at intervals at the door, engaged in earnest maniacal soliloquy.

To leave the poor creature in this state, without an attempt to relieve her, would have been to the last degree cruel; and the captain consequently repaired again to her house, to endeavour by all means to prevail on her to accompany them to Mauritius. But on their coming near her she screamed violently, and by the most energetic gestures deprecated their approach; and finding that all interference with her only made matters worse, there was no choice left them but to let her have her own way.

When the brig got under weigh and was leaving the harbour, as she rounded a point in her exit where the trees would have screened her from Tata's sight, she was seen running swiftly along the shore; and a boat was immediately lowered and sent to her assistance, in the hope that she had changed her determination. But as soon as she saw it approaching her, she retreated into the woods, and they were obliged to return without being able to effect their humane object. She re-appeared on the eminence at the extremity of the entrance of the bay, when the brig had got a good distance out to sea; and willing to afford her a last chance, the captain again lowered the boat. But she again retreated into the woods on her approach: and as she did not re-appear, and all their efforts were but attended with loss of time, they were obliged reluctantly to leave her to her fate;—a victim destined, doubtless,—we may venture to hope the last one—to Gaspar's inhuman villany.

---



## POLITICS AND THE PARLIAMENT.

A SPEECH WHICH MIGHT, COULD, AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN SPOKEN IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[THE reasons why the following speech was not spoken are very profound and conclusive, but it is not convenient at present to divulge them. The impatient, however, are respectfully informed, that as soon as the authorship of the "Letters of Junius" is authentically declared, and the name of "the man in the iron mask" is made known, and the reason why the present Lord Mayor of Dublin did not choose to become Master of the Rolls, is positively ascertained, there will no longer be any hesitation in declaring why this speech was not spoken.]

MR. SPEAKER—Sir, I rise to give my support to her majesty's ministers; and I shall take the opportunity of telling them and you, sir, and the whole house, a piece of my mind. If, in doing so, I make use of plainer and more familiar language than is commonly used in this house in the present day, I beg that it may not be supposed that I thus express myself from any want of due respect. But to say the truth, sir, I am very sick of the much speaking and little meaning which prevail now-a-days. I like to go to the point in the shortest and simplest way I can, and with the least possible amount of ornament, flourish, or circumlocution of any kind. Every thing, they say, has its use; and I will not dispute but that long, prosy dissertations, which go round about, and round about the subject under discussion, may, on some occasions, be beneficial, though I cannot see how. But sure I am, that such occasions do not occur in this house when the public interest is seriously dependent upon our getting through business with as little delay as may be compatible with due attention to what we are doing. My wish is, that each member who speaks should tell truly his own impressions with all the brevity of which he is master; but I repeat, sir, that I am very sick of long speeches which tell us, over and over again, of theories which, at best, are matter of dispute, and which, whatever be their value, are not the origi-

nal sentiments of those who utter them, and are as well known before an honourable member begins to speak as after he has been dwelling upon them for an hour and a half, or two hours by yonder clock.

Now, sir, I think it very proper the public should know—because I believe my case to be the same with that of many others on this side of the house—that while I support her majesty's ministers I do not find it in my power to declare a hearty, complete, and unqualified approbation of their measures. I wish I did. I scarcely know any thing which I desire more than to be able to say with truth, that I applaud, *ambabus manibus*, all that the government has proposed. But I cannot give this unqualified approbation. At the same time I perceive that something must be done; and as the present ministers appear to be the only leading men in the country from whom any thing like bold, effectual, and manly policy is to be expected, I shall support them. So far as my judgment goes their measures might have been in some respects better than they are, but I defer to their judgment. I think it right, however, to say so. There are some strong cases in which I think a man ought to feel himself bound to follow his own judgment; and perhaps I would in this case if I could. But I know that I cannot. It is not in my power to modify the measures which have been proposed in the way in which I should wish to see them modified. Something must be done by those who have power to do it. I shall vote for the measures of the government because they are the best measures which we can obtain. Better have them than have the pusillanimity, and postponing-the-evil-day policy of the Whigs.

Without, sir, meaning any personal disrespect to the noble lord opposite or to his supporters, I beg to say that I hate Whiggery. I detest its presumption, its affectations, and its heartless theorizing. It seems to me to be utterly wanting in simplicity, sincerity,

and good feeling. It affects to look upon human creatures as if they were mere machines for working out a Whig theory of society. It pretends to contemplate human affairs as if they might be regulated by scientific formulæ, without regard to the interests, feelings, habits, prejudices, and so forth of the persons concerned in these affairs. I have ever found Whiggery to be selfish, obstinate, unwilling to give a fair account of any thing, or to go straightforward in providing a simple, practical remedy for any difficulty.

I again disclaim all intention of giving personal offence when I say, that it seems to me that nothing can exceed the bare-faced factiousness of the opposition which the Whigs have given to the measures of the government. They are, indeed, very different from the measures which the Whigs proposed when they were ministers; for the government to which the noble lord opposite belonged, never did propose any bold, comprehensive, practical measure. But the measures which the present government propose to carry into effect are, to a considerable extent, the principles upon which Whig financiers and ministers of trade have been long insisting. This, which is certainly no merit in my eyes, is the reason why I say that the kind of opposition to them which the Whigs have given is downright faction. It is an opposition to that which the Whigs would gladly have done themselves had they possessed the courage and the power; and now, because they who have the courage and the power propose to do it, they are obstructed by petty artifice and ponderous dullness, and assailed with all sorts of rancorous vituperation.

I wish the Whigs had that good and sufficient cause for opposition which they have not. I wish there was less Whiggery in the measures of the government. I do not mean to say that I find any thing of the insincerity or feebleness of Whig practice, but I find too much of their declared principles—too much political economy and liberalism—too much submission to the theory of free trade—and too little regard to the practical interests of producers. The new corn law seems to go too far. I grant the expediency, not to say the necessity of

encouraging a more regular supply of bread corn from abroad, and of getting rid of that state of the duties which caused the foreign supply to be hoarded up in the bonded warehouses, until the price became very high, and then to be poured upon the market in great quantity. But this might have been done without bringing down the protecting duty so as to make it doubtful whether wheat can any longer be grown at a profit upon lands where for twenty or thirty years past it has been grown. And if it be doubtful that enough of protection has been left for wheat, still more doubtful is it that enough has been left for oats. The government, no doubt, calculates upon improved cultivation in order to meet and to defeat competition; but this discipline, for the improvement of cultivation, is rather a sharp one. If it should eventually succeed, much diminution of profitable return will be experienced in the meantime; and, possibly, it may fail by putting an end to the cultivation which it is intended to stimulate.

Again, there appears to be an unaccountable willingness to encourage the importation of the manufactured article, or flour, rather than the raw material or rough wheat. I am aware that the English and Irish millers have felt much anxiety on this subject, and have done all in their power to obtain a reconsideration of the law, but I am not aware that they have met with any success. The new law, following the proportions established by the law of 1828, charges the duty applicable to a quarter of wheat upon every 326 lbs. of fine flour imported, or upon a barrel of flour, the duty payable upon 38½ gallons of wheat. Now the millers say that a barrel of *fine* flour weighs 196 lbs., and that 38½ gallons of wheat will produce only 188 lbs.; so that in fact 196 lbs of flour may be brought in by paying the duty on 188 lbs. Instead of endeavouring to give to our own flour manufacturers the advantage of the profitable labour of converting the foreign wheat into flour, a premium is offered upon bringing it here in the manufactured state, and the poor lose the benefit of the coarser and cheaper parts of the grain, which they would have if the wheat were manufactured into flour in this country. The millers admit

that in this respect the proposed law is not more unjust than that which it is to supersede, but they complain that it is not only an injustice continued, but continued under a new state of circumstances which will make it, in practice, of much greater consequence. For, say they, it is well known that under the law of 1828, wheat was imported in considerable quantities, when a deficiency of the home supply was expected, and stored in bond until the price went up, and the duty fell, and then the accumulation of months or years was at once thrown upon the market. The effect of the premium upon the importation of flour in preference to wheat was counteracted, or at least controlled and mitigated by the circumstance that flour could not be kept like wheat, to await a favourable state of the market, and its importation was consequently checked. But ever since there has been a large importation for immediate supply—the proportion of flour to wheat has gradually and rapidly increased. The chief benefit to the public contemplated by the new law, is that of a more constant and regular flow into our markets, of the additional supply of bread corn which appears to be required. But if the supply is to be immediately brought to market, there is no reason why it should not come in the shape of flour; and if, as the millers argue, the duty is really lower upon flour than upon wheat, no doubt the importation of flour will be preferred. The difference of freight alone forms a considerable inducement to bring the manufactured rather than the rough article from abroad. Fine flour is only 65 per cent. of the weight of the equivalent quantity of wheat; and taking into account the great distance both by land and sea, which imported corn is generally carried, it is computed that a saving of from three to five shillings a barrel is made in freight alone, by bringing to this country the equivalent of the wheat in the shape of flour, instead of the wheat itself. Upon Whig principles this is so much the better; for they look merely to the interest of buyers, and say that it must be an advantage to get the fine flour cheap, and to save the freight which would be paid upon the additional 25 per cent. of rough wheat. But in this

dogma, the advantage of employing our own industry upon grinding the wheat is wholly overlooked, and also the advantage of having the cheaper parts of the grain for the poor. It is true, that by saving the freight, the rich, who only use the finest flour, may have it cheaper; but in order to obtain this advantage for the consumers of the dear article, you practically exclude that cheaper commodity which the poor require. I had rather that the rich were made to pay a little more, in order that the poor might have to pay a little less. I think, moreover, that our own producers, and those who employ the people, especially in country neighbourhoods, ought to be favourably regarded by the legislature, and by the government; and I learn with regret that the millers complain of finding that the particular circumstances which they wish to bring under consideration, are not held to be of sufficient weight to induce any change in the abstract uniformity of the ministerial plan. This is too like Whiggery.

Now as to the tariff; it is no doubt very creditable to the industry, and to the bold and comprehensive views of the government. It shows that the present ministers have no idea of nibbling at a great subject, like those who preceded them; and if the principles of free trade were right principles, and capable of being brought quickly into action without doing injustice and inflicting injury, then the new tariff could scarcely be praised too highly. But I submit that the principles of free trade are not applicable to the condition of this country, and I do not like to see those principles adopted to such an extent as they appear to be in the new tariff. Here again I find too much Whiggery. Free trade, or getting every thing as cheaply as it can be got any where in the world, may do very well for those who are not dependent upon their own productive industry for the means of buying; but that free trade which throws down the value of my labour is *not* a good thing for me, if I depend upon my labour for subsistence. If every one started upon fair and equal terms, then free trade would be unobjectionable. But here is one man with ten thousand pounds, who wishes to live luxuriously, and at the same

time to increase his capital: here is another with only his head and his ten fingers, who wishes to get as much as he can for the labour of his head and hands. "Let me go to the cheapest market for labour," says the man with the ten thousand pounds, for I want to get the most I can for my money." "Let me go to the dearest market for labour," says the other, "for I want to get the most I can for the produce of my toil." Is it fair that, in such a case, a patriotic government should listen rather to the man who is well off already, with his ten thousand pounds, than to him who has only his labour, or the produce of his labour to depend upon? Free trade is unjust, because there ought to be a preference given to the interests of those who have nothing to depend upon but their labour. No man has a right to enjoy, at the same time, the advantages which belong to the wealth of Great Britain and to the poverty of the Continent. Industry may be protected too far, and then it becomes careless and grasping. It is very true, that a certain degree of competition, and sometimes the competition of foreign producers, is necessary to spur the dullness of the slothful, or to check the extortion of the monopolist. But still the *reasonable* claims of native industry to preference and encouragement should be respected. I am afraid they are not sufficiently respected in the new tariff. I am afraid that free trade theories had nearly as much to do with its construction as a practical consideration of the interests of the producing classes. I think that shoe-makers, glove-makers, watch-makers, paper-stainers, and a variety of other workmen, will be injured in their trades by foreign competition when this tariff becomes law. Such a change, at all events, should not come upon them suddenly. It is what Whigs would have done had they dared, and they would now do worse if they were again in power; but while I think this, it makes me regret the more that the present ministers should have proposed all the "reforms" of the new tariff. Meat and provisions of all kinds have been, no doubt, far too dear in England of late years: the supply has been short in proportion to the population, and it has become

politic to encourage an increase of that supply from abroad. In so far as the tariff adopts that principle, and opens a way for an additional supply, it is all very well; but it seems to go too sweepingly to work, and without a sufficient regard to the operations of industry which are in progress, founded upon the law, and the state of things which have existed for many years. It is right that the importation of cattle and of fresh meat should be no longer prohibited: but that all at once we should jump from strict prohibition to the admission of live oxen at a pound duty, and cows at fifteen shillings, and meat at eight shillings the hundred weight, or less than a penny per pound weight, seems to be rather more sudden than safe. If foreign competition on such easy terms should be admitted at all, it appears but reasonable that it should come on so gradually as to allow of those who are engaged in the home cattle trade to get rid of their purchased stock, and to start on equal terms with the foreign competitors for British custom.

Now as to the income tax—in a general way there is much to be said in its favour. We have no doubt been accustomed to regard it as a resource in case of war, but we have so regarded it from considering, that in war alone would a case of great financial necessity arise. But owing to the reckless neglect, and pitiable feebleness and folly of the Whig government in respect to financial matters, a great necessity *has* arisen, although we are not as yet engaged in any such war as demands the whole energies of the nation to be put forth. It is true that the noble lord, and honorable gentlemen opposite, deny this, and endeavour to make light of our financial deficiency. This is nothing better than the pardoned insensibility or affected levity of political criminals. It is analagous to that of a lower order of offenders. So have we seen men who had brought disgrace and difficulty upon their families, refusing to acknowledge that they done any serious wrong, and pretending to turn aside with a jest the serious plans of amendment which are proposed to them. Every one who knows how the power of government to do what is honest and needful, depends upon the public finances being at least adeq

quate to the actual expenditure, and something more, will agree that to have a deficiency of millions occurring year after year, and amounting now to seven millions and a half, is a monstrous state of things. It is a state of things both dangerous and disgraceful, which demands a powerful and effectual remedy, respecting the success of which there can be no doubt. But the circumstances of the time restrict the sources from which that remedy can be derived. Not only is the exchequer greatly deficient, but all kinds of trade and manufactures are singularly depressed, and we must not attempt, even for the sake of restoring the finances, to adopt measures which by raising the prices of commodities will diminish consumption and injure trade. We might increase the indirect taxes, and thus escape the disagreeableness of asking for so much money in the shape and under the name of tax from each person. But all indirect taxes are unproductive, unless they apply to commodities which are used by the mass of the people, in other words by the poor. However, it seems that in the present state of the nation the lower orders, or working classes, cannot bear greater taxation, for when the late chancellor of the exchequer laid on an additional tax upon articles of general consumption of £5 per cent., he received in additional revenue only 10s. per cent. proving that when these articles were made dearer by additional taxation, the people consumed less. We are then restricted to the taxation of the comparatively rich, and the shortest and simplest way of coming at a fair contribution from each in proportion to his means, is an income tax. It cannot be denied, however, that even simplicity and fairness form, in a certain aspect, an objection to a tax, for they contribute towards making it obvious and palpable. Let political philosophers say what they will about the spread of intelligence, it is certain that in practice we pay indirect taxes without perceiving that we pay them. It is not that people are ignorant of the fact that they are paying a tax, but their attention is not called to the fact. The man of middling means, when taking his tea, or his tumbler of punch, does not in general call to mind that he is thereby taxing him-

self, though he cannot be said to be ignorant that it is so. The man of ten thousand a year who pays the assessed taxes on his establishment in Great Britain, associates the charge with the expense of keeping horses and servants. But when the tax-collector comes to one and says, "I'll trouble you for ten pounds a year, because your income is upwards of three hundred," or to the other and says, "be so good as to give me a check for three hundred pounds, because your income is upwards of ten thousand," then indeed the drain is felt, and something like a lively resentment of taxation is not unlikely to grow up. For this reason, and because also the system invades upon the secrecy as to the amount of one's means, which many and indeed most persons wish to preserve, an income tax although undeniably the fairest, has ever been considered odious. It has been always reserved for cases of rather pressing emergency, and such a case has now arrived; because, along with a great deficiency of revenue, which bad and reckless policy has suffered to go on unchecked for a long time, there is that depression of trade, and of the circumstances of the poorer classes, which forbids the expectation of raising more revenue in the ordinary way, and rather points to the expediency of reducing some of the taxes which are considered to impede the industry of the country.

Certainly, however, I think it open to question, whether the income tax should be uniform upon all kinds and all amounts of annual receipt. I am of course aware that amounts below £150 a year are to escape, and I applaud that policy; at least I feel sure that incomes less than £150 ought not to be taxed at any thing like the same rate as higher incomes. But I cannot help entertaining doubts, that incomes from £150 to £500 should pay as large a rate of taxation as the higher incomes. When it is considered how much political power is now in the hands of persons occupying small houses, rented at more than £10 a year, (for they form a great mass, and they all have votes,) and that the principal part of them have incomes of from £150 to £300 a year, it may well be doubted whether it is expedient to run the chance of irritating them by imposing upon them a direct tax of equal



rate to that which is imposed upon the richest people in the kingdom. Again, it can scarcely be said to be just, that annual receipts, which are certainly terminable within a few years, should contribute just the same as if they were in their nature permanent. I should have preferred an attempt to make the income tax press more equally according to the circumstances of the income, whether considered in relation to its durability, or its amount, or the source from whence it is derived. I think that even the attempt to do this would have been satisfactory to the country. Lord John Russell, indeed, discourages any such attempt, and says, "if you must have an income tax you must take it with all its injustice and inequalities, for they cannot be got rid of." The very fact of Lord John Russell saying this makes me think the more that the opposite view would have been better. As the noble lord has thought it for his party interest to oppose this tax, he also thinks, no doubt, that supposing the tax to come into operation, the more odious and oppressive it is felt to be,

the more will his party interest be served. If the noble lord could make the tax utterly bearable, it is, no doubt, the very thing which he would be glad to do, for upon the public discontent rests his hope of returning to office.

I have now, sir, stated as plainly and briefly as I could, what I think about the measures of the government. These measures I mean to support. I do not, as I have told the house, approve of them altogether, but I think they are calculated to extricate the country from its difficulties, and that there was no hope while the Whigs held the government. I wish that the energy and ability with which the Conservatives have undertaken the task had not been so much mixed up with Whig theories of political science as to me they seem to be: but sir,

"Quoniam non potest id fieri quod vis,  
Id velis quod possit."

I am satisfied that the policy of the present government is the best that I can have, and therefore I vote for it.

#### WAKLEY ON WORDSWORTH.

VERY many odd and absurd things take place in the House of Commons; but, assuredly, the very oddest and most absurd thing which has occurred in that honourable house of late years, was Mr. Surgeon Wakley's criticism upon the poetry of Wordsworth, which he volunteered at considerable length, in the discussion upon the new Copyright Bill. Surgeon Wakley is a fat, fair-haired, fluent, facetious, fast-going gentleman. He is a coroner for the county of Middlesex, and for aught I know, *the* coroner. He is a wonderful fellow for holding inquests, often dispatching as many as half-a-dozen in a day, and then coming to his work of an evening in the House of Commons, "as fresh as a daisy." He is one of the representatives of that division of London called Finsbury, where Cockneyism is certainly more rife than Conservatism. He is understood to be the editor and proprietor of a weekly publication on medical and surgical subjects, called *The Lancet*. In short, Mr. Surgeon Wakley is a very busy person of multifarious occupa-

tions, and, unquestionably, a ready, clever, smart sort of personage, in matters where no depth of reflection is required. As to poetry, however, he seems to have about as much idea of it, as a Connemara cow has of Parisian millinery. He has no more imagination than a mill-stone, and no more sensibility than a cabbage. Such is the senatorial worthy, who undertook to read Wordsworth's verses in the House of Commons, and to offer his critical opinion thereupon!

The outrageous impudence of the attempt was charmingly sustained by the incomparable absurdity of its execution. Wakley's desire was to persuade the house that the property of authors in their works ought not to be extended. It is notorious that Wordsworth is one of those authors who have exerted themselves most strenuously for the extension of copyright. Wakley, in his haste, catching at this idea, merely, sought to make this eminent author appear contemptible and inferior for attacking the poetical works of poor contemptible and having such

cient sense to see, that while exposing his own utter ignorance and tastelessness in regard to poetry, he was damaging the cause which he wished to advocate. For, if any man's works be really silly and contemptible, who can be injured by extending his right to the exclusive publication of them? It is really extraordinary that any man not exactly *Bucchi plenus*, (which, of course, so philosophical a personage as Surgeon Wakley was not,) could have stumbled into such a strange confusion of ideas as appear to have bewildered him on that *critical* evening. In some passages he spoke with infinite pathos of the great number of her majesty's subjects who were confined in gaols, and, therefore, required amusement and instruction, and, *consequently*, the heinousness of authors being allowed to charge their own price for their own works, thereby (possibly) depriving those interesting gaol-birds of the pleasure of warbling "the last new poem." And, then, in other passages, he laboured with all the powers of his facetiousness (and they are very serious) to prove to the house the utter childishness and worthlessness of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, and *consequently*, the extreme impropriety of allowing an extended copy-right in the same!

As an argument upon the question before the house, it is most undeniable, that Mr. Surgeon Wakley's speech was the most extravagant hodge-podge of unmitigated nonsense which any assembly professing sanity was ever regaled withal.

But now, as to the criticism on Wordsworth; for that is what more immediately concerns us. Mr. Coroner Wakley read some of the poet's lines in his most facetious manner, and was then pleased to intimate, that not being himself wholly unversed in verse, he could make as good in any quantity. This was very severe, no doubt; for unquestionably any verses which the worthy Wakley could make, would be "bitter bad," and more nauseous to the taste than the nastiest physic he ever compounded. But may not this most sapient surgeon be mistaken as to his powers of equalling the verse of Wordsworth?—may it not be, that he has no more faculty for perceiving the beauty and excellence of the poetry he undertakes to criticise, than a blind man has for perceiving the difference

between blue and green? A busy, worldly, fussy, facetious, conceited, superficial man, is just the sort of man *not* to understand or feel Mr. Wordsworth's poetry.

In some of his essays or lectures, when talking of Junius, S. T. Coleridge says, that "whether right or wrong, he is always shrewd and epigrammatic, and fitted for the coffee-house, the exchange, the lobby of the House of Commons, and to be read aloud at a public meeting." This is the sort of thing fitted for a quick, busy mind like that of Surgeon Wakley. But Wordsworth's poetry is just the opposite of all this; it is *not* fitted for the coffee-house, the exchange, or the lobby of the House of Commons; neither is it suitable for the interior of that highly respectable house. It is pure, romantic, meditative; sometimes full of sentiment, sometimes of sublimity. It does not often attempt to be playful, and when it does, it is a playfulness very unlike that of coffee-houses and public assemblies; yet, Mr. Wakley—sensible, *honest* critic, as he is—when he wished to give the house an idea of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, read only some of his playful verses. Those which the critical surgeon first read, were a few stanzas addressed to "Louisa, after accompanying her on a mountain excursion." It is worth while to quote them, in order that it may be seen what sort of verses they are, which Mr. Wakley says he could write "by the mile." We suspect that his miles of imitation would be most wearisome miles to travel over.

"Though, by a sickly taste betrayed,  
Some will dispraise the lovely maid,  
With fearless pride I say,  
That she is healthful, fleet, and strong,  
And down the rocks can leap along,  
Like rivulets in May.

"And she hath smiles to earth unknown—  
Smiles that with motion of their own  
Do spread, and sink, and rise;  
That come and go with endless play,  
And ever as they pass away,  
Are hidden in her eyes.

"She loves her fire, her cottage home;  
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam,  
In weather rough and bleak;  
And when against the wind she strains,  
Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains  
That sparkle on her cheek!

"Take all that's mine beneath the  
moon—  
If I with her but half a noon,  
May sit beneath the walls  
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,  
When up she winds along the brook,  
To hunt the waterfalls."

These verses are sparkling, fanciful, true to nature, and full of beauty; though, as compared with the fervour and grandeur of the greater part of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, they are but as "dew-drops on the lion's mane." But was there ever such ludicrous folly as that of Mr. Wakley, who, because he cannot set out upon imagination's wings to "hunt the waterfalls," and probably never in his whole life endeavoured to trace a river or a rivulet, tumbling in its irregular course down a mountain declivity, assumes at once that all this is childish and ridiculous?

It is gratifying to observe with what unanimity the London press undertook the cause of the venerable bard, against the preposterousness of Surgeon Wakley's criticism. First came *The Sun*, informing the honourable member, that when he meddles with matters, "which if not beyond his capacity, are beyond the range of his sympathies, he convicts himself of egregious folly." Then came *The Times*, saying, that if he could not

appreciate Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, "it was his own misfortune, but he was not compelled to advertise his insensibility to the world." Next followed *The Standard*, saying, "Mr. Wakley does not like Mr. Wordsworth's verses: neither do we; but we suppose the cause is the same in both—we do not understand them. But this is a defect in us, not in the poet, for men of great genius and of exquisite taste are admirers of Mr. Wordsworth, and it argues little modesty in those who feel their inferiority to such judges, or ought to feel it, to disparage what these judges applaud." Then *The Morning Post*, "Mr. Wakley had evidently no more sense or sympathy in regard to the matter upon which he spoke, than the foxes, badgers, and pole cats in the zoological gardens have with respect to the odours of the flowers which surround them." And *The Spectator*—"Mr. Wakley's utter contempt for poets, in comparison with the inventors of surgical instruments, at once smells of the shop, and exposes in the descrier a ludicrous dulness of apprehension for things which have swayed the destinies of mankind."

So much for Wakley on Wordsworth!

# DUBLIN

## UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

---

No. CXIV.

JUNE, 1842.

Vol. XIX.

---

### CONTENTS.

	Page
OUR MESS.—BY HARRY LORREQUER.—No. I.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN. CHAP. XIX.—THE CANAL BOAT. CHAP. XX.—SHANNON HARBOUR. CHAP. XXI.— LOUGHREA. CHAP. XXII.—A MOONLIGHT CANTER. CHAP. XXIII.—MAJOR MAHON AND HIS QUARTERS. CHAP. XXIV.—THE DEVIL'S GRIP.—CHAP. XXV.— THE STEEPLE-CHASE . . . . .	691
THE BEARD AND THE BISHOP—BEING NO. II. OF THE KISHOGUE PAPERS . . . . .	734
THE WATER CURE—MR. CLARIDGE . . . . .	739
ROMAN MEDALS—MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW . . . . .	756
MAXWELL'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON.—THIRD ARTICLE . . . . .	744
FRAGMENTS OF A DREAMER'S NOTE-BOOK. BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR. CONCLUSION . . . . .	763
STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK.—THIRD DRIFT . . . . .	773
HUNGARY AND ITS POLITICAL RELATIONS TO THE EAST AND WEST OF EUROPE . . . . .	781
OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY. No. XXXI.—THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER, <i>with an Etching</i> . . . . .	796
POLITICS AND THE PARLIAMENT. THE TARIFF QUESTION. THE CHARTIST PETITION. BRIBERY IN THE ENGLISH BOBOLONS . . . . .	801
INDEX TO VOL. XIX. . . . .	809

---

DUBLIN:  
WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.  
W. S. ORR, AND CO., LONDON.  
SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.





# THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. CXIV.

JUNE, 1842.

VOL. XIX.

OUR MESS.—JACK HINTON, THE GUARDSMAN.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE CANAL BOAT.

IN obedience to O'Grady's directions, of which, fortunately for me, he left a memorandum in writing, I started from Portobello in the canal boat on the afternoon of the day after his departure. The day was dark and louring, with occasional showers of cold and sleety rain; however, the casual glance I took of the gloomy cell, denominated cabin, deterred me from seeking shelter there, and buttoned up in my great coat, and with my travelling cap drawn firmly over my eyes, I walked the deck for several hours, my own thoughts affording me sufficient occupation, and even had the opportunity presented itself, I should not have desired any other; on this score, however, there was no temptation, and as I looked at my fellow-passengers, there was nothing, either in their voice, air, or appearance, to induce me to care for any closer intimacy. The majority of them were stout, plain-looking country folk, with coats of brown or gray frize, leather gaiters, and thick shoes, returning, as I could guess from some chance expressions they dropped, from the Dublin market, whither they had proceeded with certain droves of bullocks, wethers, and hoggets, the qualities of which, formed the staple of conversation; there was also some lady passengers, one a rather good-looking woman, with a certain air of half gentility about her, which enabled her at times to display to her companion her pro-

found contempt for the rest of the company; this companion was a poor subdued-looking girl of about eighteen or twenty years, who scarcely ventured to raise her haggard eyes, and spoke with an accent painful from agitation; her depressed look and her humble manner did not conceal, however, a certain air of composed and quiet dignity, which spoke of happier days. A host of ill-bred, noisy, and unmannerly children, accompanied them, and I soon discovered that the mother was the wife of the great shopkeeper in Loughrea, and her pale companion, a governess, she had just procured in Dublin, to initiate the promising offspring in the accomplished acquirements of French and Italian, music and painting; their only acquaintance on board seemed to be a jolly-looking man, who, although intimate with every one, seemed, somehow, not to suffer in the grand lady's esteem from the familiarities he dispensed on all sides. He was a short, florid-looking, little fellow, with a round bullet head, the features of which seemed, at first sight so incongruous, that it was difficult to decide on their prevailing expression; his large grey eyes which rolled, and twinkled with fun, caught a character of severity from his heavy over-hanging eyebrows, and there was a stern determination in his compressed lips that every moment gave way to some burst of jocular

good humour, as he accosted one or other of his friends; his voice, however, was the most remarkable thing about him, for while at one moment he would declaim in the full round tone of a person accustomed to speak in public, in the next he would drop down into an easy and familiar accent, to which the mellowness of his brogue imparted a raciness quite peculiar.

His dress was a suit of rusty black, with leather breeches of the same colour, and high boots: this costume, which pronounced him a priest, might also, had I known more of the country, have explained the secret of that universal understanding he maintained with all on board; he knew every one's business, whither they were going, where they had been, what success had attended them in the market, how much the black heifer brought, what the pigs were sold for; he asked why Tim didn't come to his duties, and if Molly's child was well of the measles;—he had a word too for the shopkeeper's wife, but that was said in a whisper; and then producing a copper snuff-box, about the size of a saucer, he presented it to me with a graceful bow, saying—

“This is not the first time I have had the honour of being your fellow-traveller, captain. We came over from Liverpool together.”

I now remembered that this was the same priest, whose controversial powers had kept me awake for nearly half the night, and whose convivial ones filled up the remainder. I was delighted, however, to renew my acquaintance, and we soon cemented an intimacy which ended in his proposing that we should sit together at dinner, to which I at once assented.

“Dacent people, dacent people, captain; but *bastes*, after all, in the ways of the world; none of the *usage de société*, as we used to say at St. Omer's. No, no; *feræ naturæ*, devil a more; but here comes the dinner: the ould story,—leg of mutton and turnips—boiled chickens and ham—a cod and potatoes! by the mass, they would boil one's father if they had him on board,” while he added in a whisper—“by rason they can't roast: so now, will you move down, if you please.”

“After your reverence; if you'll permit. *Arma cedant togæ.*”

“Thrue for you, my son, sacer-

*dotes priores*; and though I am only a priest——”

“More's the pity,” said I, interrupting.

“You're right,” said he, with a slight pinch of my arm, “whether you are joking or not.”

The dinner was not a very appetizing one—nor indeed the company over seductive, so that I disappeared with the cloth, glad to find myself once more in the open air, with the deck to myself; for my fellow-travellers had, one and all, begun a very vigorous attack upon sundry jugs of hot water and crucibles full of whiskey, the fumes of which, added to the heat, the smoke, and other disagreeables, made me right happy to escape.

As the evening wore late, the noise and uproar grew louder and more vociferous, and had not frequent bursts of laughter proclaimed the spirit of the conviviality, I should have been tempted to believe the party were engaged in deadly strife. Sometimes a single narrator would seem to hold the company in attentive silence—then a general chorus of the whole would break in, with shouts of merriment, knocking of knuckles on the table, stamping of feet, and other signs of approbation and applause. As this had now continued for some time, and it was already verging towards midnight, I began to grow impatient, for as sleep stole over my eyelids, I was desirous of some little quiet, to indulge myself in a nap. Blessings on my innocent delusion,—the gentlemen below stairs had as much notion of swimming as sleeping. Of this, a rapid glance through a little window, at the extremity of the cabin, soon satisfied me. As well as the steamed and heated glass would permit my seeing, the scene was a strange one. About forty persons were seated around a narrow table, so closely packed that any attitude but the bolt upright, was impracticable; there they were, of every age and sex: some asleep, with Welsh wigs and red pocket-handkerchiefs screening their heads from cold, and their ears as well as might be from uproar; some were endeavouring to read by the light of mutton candles, with wicks like a light infantry feather, with a nob at the head; others with their heads bent down together, were confidentially exchanging the secrets of the last market;

while here and there were scattered about little convivial knots of jolly souls, whose noisy fun and loud laughter, indicated but slight respect for their drowsy neighbours.

The group, however, which attracted most of my attention, was one near the fire at the end; this consisted of his reverence, Father Tom, a stout, burley-looking old farmer opposite him, the austere lady from Loughrea, and a little dried-up potted-herring of a man, who, with a light brown coat and standing collar, sat up perpendicularly on his seat, and looked about him with an eye as lively, and an accent as sharp, as though it were only noon-day. This little personage, who came from that Irish Pennsylvania called Moate, was endeavouring to maintain a controversy with the worthy priest, who, in addition to his polemics, was deep in a game of spoiled five with the farmer, and carrying on besides another species of warfare with his fair neighbour. The diversity of all these occupations might possibly have been overmuch for him, were it not for the aid of a suspicious-looking little kettle that sat hissing and rocking on the hob, with a look of pert satisfaction, that convinced me its contents were something stronger than water.

Perceiving a small space yet unoccupied in the party, I made my way thither by the stair near it, and soon had the satisfaction to find myself safely installed, without attracting any other notice from the party, than a proud stare from the lady, as she removed a little farther from beside the priest.

As to his reverence, far too deeply interested in his immediate pursuits to pay any attention to me, he had quite enough on his hands with his three antagonists, none of whom did he ever for a moment permit to edge in even a word. Conducting his varied warfare with the skill of a general, who made the artillery, the infantry, and the cavalry of mutual aid and assistance to each other, he continued to keep the church, the courtship, and the cards, all moving together, in a manner perfectly miraculous. The vehemence with which he thumped down a trump upon the table, serving as a point in his argument, while the energy of the action permitted a squeeze of the lady's hand with the other.

"There ye go, six of spades. Play a spade, av ye have one, Mr. Larkins —For a set of shrivelled up creatures, with nothing but thee and thou for a creed, to deny the real ould ancient faith, that Saint Peter and—the ace of diamonds; *that* tickled you under the short ribs—not you, Mrs. Carney—for a sore time you have of it; and an angel of a woman ye are; and the husband that could be cruel to you, and take—The odd trick out of you, Mr. Larkins. No, no, I deny it—*nego in omnibus, Domine*. What does Origen say? The rock, says he, is Peter; and if you translate the passage without—Another kettle-full, if you please. I go for the ten, Mister Larkins. Trumps! another—another—hurroo! By the tower of Clonmacnoise, I'll beggar the bank to-night. *Malheureux au jeu, heureux en amour*, as we used to say formerly. God forgive us!"

Whether it was the French, or the look that accompanied it, I cannot aver, but, certainly, the lady blushed and looked down. In vain did the poor Quaker essay a word of explanation. In vain did Mrs. Carney herself try to escape from the awkward inferences some of his allusions seemed to lead to. Even the old farmer saw his tricks confiscated, and his games estreated, without a chance of recovery: for, like *Cœur de Lion* with his iron mace, the good priest laid about him, smashing, slaying, and upsetting all before him, and never giving his adversaries a moment to recover from one blow, ere he dealt another, at their heads.

"To be sure, Mrs. Carney, and why not? it's as mild as mother's milk. Come, ould square-toes, take a thimble-full of it, and maybe it'll lead you to a better understanding. I play the five fingers, Mr. Larkins. There goes Jack, my jewel. Play to that—the trick is mine. Don't be laughing, I've a bit of fat in the heel of my fist for you yet. There now, what are you looking at? Don't you see the cards? Troth, you're as bad as the Quaker, you won't believe your own eyes; and ye see, ma'am"—here he whispered something in the lady's ear for a few seconds, adding, as he concluded—"and thim, Mrs. Carney, thim's the rights of the church. Friends, indeed! ye call yourselves friends! *saix*, ye're

the least social friends I ever forgathered with, even if the bare look of you wasn't an antidote to all kinds of amusements—Cut, Mr. Larkins—And it's purgatory ye don't like. Ye know what Father O'Leary said—some of ye may go farther and fare worse—not to speak of what a place heaven would be, with the likes of you in it. Av it was Mrs. Carney, indeed. Yes, Mary, your own beautiful self, that's fit to be an angel any day, and discoorse with angels—Howld, av you please, I've a club for that—Don't you see what nonsense you're talking, the little kettle is laughing at you—What's that you're mumbling about my time of life? Show me the man that 'ill carry twelve tumblers with me—show me the man that 'ill cross a country—show me the man that 'ill—Never mind, Mrs. Carney—Time of life, indeed! Faix, I'll give you a song."

With these words, the priest pushed the cards aside, replenished the glasses, and began the following melody to an air much resembling Sir Roger de Coverley.

"To-morrow I'll just be three score;  
May never worse fortune betide me,  
Than to have a hot tumbler before,  
And a beautiful crayture beside me.  
If this world's a stage, as they say,  
And that men are the actors, I'm certain,  
In the after-piece I'd like to play,  
And be there at the fall of the curtain.  
Whack! fol lol,"

"No, no, Mrs. Carney, I'll take the vestment on it, nothing of the kind—the allusion is most discreet—but there is more."

"For the pleasures of youth are a flam;  
To try them again, pray excuse me;  
I'd rather be priest than I am,  
With the rights of the church to amuse me.  
Sure there's nought like a jolly old age,  
And the patriarchs knew this, it said is;  
For though they looked sober and sage,  
Faith, they had their own fun with the ladies!  
Whack! fol lol."

"Come now, captain, you are a man that knows his humanities; I'll be judged by you."

"I pro" said I laughingly, "rather pro" ce on your punch your pole ca."

"No, would you though?" said the priest, with a joyous twinkle in his eye, that showed which contrivance had more attraction for him. "Then, you shall have a fair trial. Lend me that glass, Mr. Larkins; and isn't sweet enough, maybe Mrs. Carney would stir it for you with her finger. There now, we'll be comfortable, social, and have no more bother about creeds nor councils; for, although it is only child's play for me to drink a hundred like you, I'd rather be cheerful, and leave you, like Alexander the coppersmith, to get the reward for your works."

Whether it was the polite attention bestowed upon me by his reverence, or that the magical word "Captain," generic for all things military in the land, had its effect, or that any personal reasons were the cause, I do not aver; but, certainly, Mrs. Carney's manner became wonderfully soft. She smiled at me slyly, when the priest wasn't looking, and vouchsafed an inquiry, as to whether I had ever served in the Roscommon yeomanry.

The kettle once more sent forth fragrant steam, the glasses were filled, the vanquished Quaker had conquered both himself and his argument beneath his broad beaver; and Father Tom, with a glance of pleasure at the party, pronounced our arrangements perfect, and suggested a round game by way of passing the time.

"We are now," said he, "on a long level for eighteen miles; there's neither a lock nor a town to distract us. Give Mrs. Carney the cards."

The proposition was met with her approval: and thus did I, Lieutenant Hinton, of the Grenadier Guards, extra aid-de-camp to the viceroy, disengage myself at four in the morning engaged at a game of loo, whose pecuniary stakes were fourpence, but whose bounds, as to joke and broad humour, were as wide as the great Atlantic. Day broke, and I found myself richer by six tumblers of the very strongest whisky punch, a confounded head-ache, and two-and-eightpence in bad copper lying in my pocket.

## CHAPTER XX.—SHANNON HARBOUR.

LITTLE does he know, who voyages in a canal-boat, dragged along some three miles and a half per hour, ignominiously at the tails of two ambling hackneys, what pride, pomp, and circumstance, await him at the first town he enters. Seated on the deck, watching with a Dutchman's apathy the sedgy banks, whose tall flaggers bow their heads beneath the ripple that eddies from the bow: now lifting his eyes from earth to sky, with nothing to interest, nothing to attract him; turning from the gaze of the long dreary tract of bog and moorland, to look upon his fellow-travellers, whose features are perhaps neither more striking nor more pleasing—the monotonous jog of the postillion before, the impassive placidity of the helmsman behind—the lazy smoke that seems to lack energy, to issue from the little chimney—the brown and leaden look of all around—have something dreamy and sleep-compelling, almost impossible to resist. And, already, as the voyager droops his head, and lets fall his eye-lids, a confused and misty sense of some everlasting journey, toilsome, tedious, and slow, creeps over his besotted faculties; when suddenly the loud bray of the horn breaks upon his ears—the sound is re-echoed from a distance—the far-off tinkle of a bell is borne along the water, and he sees before him, as if conjured up by some magician's wand, the roofs and chimneys of a little village. Meanwhile, the excitement about him increases: the deck is lumbered with hampers, and boxes, and parcels—the note of departure to many a cloaked and frize-coated passenger has rung; for strange as it may seem, in that little assemblage of mud hovels, with their dung-hills and their duck-pools around them, with its one-slatted house and its square chapel—yet there are people who live there; and, stranger still, some of those who have left it; and seen other places, are going back there again, to drag on life as before. But the plot is thickening: the large brass bell at the stern of the boat is thundering away with its clanging sound; the banks are crowded with people; and, as if to favour the melodramatic magic of the scene, the track-rope is cast off, the weary posters trot

away towards their stable, and the stately barge floats on to its destined haven, without the aid of any visible influence. He who watches the look of proud important bearing that beams upon "the captains" face at a moment like this, may philosophize upon the charms of that power which man wields above his fellow-men; such, at least, were some of my reflections—and I could not help muttering to myself, if a man like this feel pride of station, what a glorious service must be the navy!

Watching, with interest, the nautical skill with which, having fastened a rope to the stern, the boat was swung around, with her head in the direction from whence she came, intimating thereby, the monotonous character of her avocations! I did not perceive that one by one, the passengers were taking their departure.

"Good-bye, captain," cried Father Tom, as he extended his ample hand to me; "we'll meet again in Loughrea. I'm going on Mrs. Carney's car, or I'd be delighted to join you in a conveyance, but you'll easily get one at the hotel."

I had barely time to thank the good father for his kind advice, when I perceived him adjusting various duodecimo Carneys, in the well of the car, and then having carefully included himself in the frize coat that wrapt Mrs. Carney—he gave the word to drive on.

As the day following was the time appointed for naming the horses and the riders, I had no reason for haste. Loughrea, from what I had heard, was a common-place country town, in which, as in all similar places, every new comer was canvassed with a prying and searching curiosity. I resolved, therefore, to stop where I was; not, indeed that the scenery possessed any attractions; a prospect more bleak, more desolate, and more barren, it would be impossible to conceive—a wide river with low and reedy banks, moving sluggishly on its yellow current, between broad tracts of bog or callow meadowland; no trace of cultivation, not even a tree was to be seen.

Such is Shannon Harbour. No matter, thought I, the hotel at least looks well. This consolatory reflec-



tion of mine was elicited by the prospect of a large stone building of some stories high, whose granite portico and wide steps, stood in strange contrast to the miserable mud hovels that flanked it on either side. It was a strange thought to have placed such a building in such a situation. I dismissed the ungrateful notion, as I remembered my own position, and how happy I felt to accept its hospitality.

A solitary jaunting-car stood on the canal side—the poorest specimen of its class I had ever seen; the car—a few boards cobbled up by some country carpenter—seemed to threaten disunion even with the coughing of the wretched beast that wheezed between its shafts, while the driver, an emaciated creature of any age from sixteen to sixty, sat shivering upon the seat, striking from time to time with his whip at the flies that played about the animal's ears, as though anticipating their prey.

“Banagher, yer honour. Loughrea, sir. Rowl ye over in an hour and a half. Is it Portumna, sir?”

“No, my good friend,” replied I, “I stop at the hotel.”

Had I proposed to take a sail down the Shannon on my portmanteau, I don't think the astonishment could have been greater. The by-standers, and they were numerous enough by this time, looked from one to the other, with expressions of mingled surprise and dread; and indeed, had I, like some sturdy knight errant of old, announced my determination to pass the night in a haunted chamber, more unequivocal evidences of their admiration and fear could not have been evoked.

“In the hotel!” said one.

“He is going to stop at the hotel!” cried another.

“Blessed hour,” said a third, “wonders will never cease!”

Short as had been my residence in Ireland, it had at least taught me one lesson—never to be surprised at any thing I met with. So many views of life peculiar to the land, met me at every turn—so many strange prejudices—so many singular notions, that were I to apply my previous knowledge of the world, such as it was, to my guidance here, I should be like a man endeavouring to sound the depths of the sea, with an instrument intended

to ascertain the distance of a star. Leaving, therefore, to time the explanation of the mysterious astonishment around me, I gathered together my baggage, and left the boat.

The first impressions of a traveller are not uncommonly his best. The finer and more distinctive features of a land require deep study and long acquaintance, but the broader traits of nationality are caught in an instant, or not caught at all. Familiarity with, destroys them, and it is only at first blush that we learn to appreciate them with force. Who that has landed at Calais, at Rotterdam, or at Leghorn, has not felt this? The Flemish peasant, with long-eared cap and heavy sabots—the dark Italian, basking his swarthy features in the sun, are striking objects when we first look on them. But days and weeks roll on, the wider characteristics of human nature swallow up the smaller and more narrow features of nationality, and in a short time we forget that the things which have surprised us at first, are not what we have been used to from our infancy.

Gifted with but slender powers of observation, such as they were, this was to me always a moment of their exercise. How often in the rural districts of my own country, had the air of cheery comfort, and healthy contentment, spoken to my heart; how frequently, in the manufacturing ones, had the din of hammers, the black smoke, or the lurid flame of furnaces, turned my thoughts to those great sources of our national wealth, and made me look on every dark and swarthy face that passed, as on one who ministered to his country's weal. But now I was to view a new, and very different scene. Scarcely had I put foot on shore, when the whole population of the village thronged around me. What are these, thought I? What art do they practise? What trade do they profess? Alas! their wan looks, their tattered garments, their outstretched hands, and imploring voices, gave the answer—they were all beggars! It was not as if the old, the decrepid, the sickly, or the feeble, had fallen on the charity of their fellow-men in their hour of need; but here were all—all—the old man and the infant, the husband and the wife, the aged grandfather and the tottering grandchild, the white locks of youth,

the whiter hairs of age—pale, pallid, and sickly.—trembling between starvation and suspense, watching with the hectic eye of fever, every gesture of him on whom their momentary hope was fixed; canvassing in muttered tones every step of his proceeding and hazarding a doubt upon its bearing on their own fate.

"Oh! the heavens be your bed, noble gentleman, look at me. The Lord reward you for the little sixpence that you have in your fingers there. I'm the mother of ten of them."

"Billy Cronin, yer honour. I'm dark since I was nine years old."

"I'm the ouldest man in the town-land," said an old fellow with a white beard, and a blanket strapped round him.

While bursting through the crowd, came a strange odd-looking figure, in a huntsman's coat and cap, but both so patched and tattered, it was difficult to detect their colour.

"Here's Joe, your honour," cried he, putting his hand to his mouth at the same moment. "Tallyho! ye ho! ye ho!" he shouted with a mellow cadence I never heard surpassed. "Yow! yow! yow!" he cried, imitating the barking of dogs, and then uttering a long low wail, like the bay of a hound, he shouted out, "Hark away! hark away!" and at the same moment pranced into the thickest of the crowd, upsetting men, women, and children, as he went: the curses of some, the cries of others, and the laughter of nearly all, ringing through the motley mass, making their misery look still more frightful.

Throwing what silver I had about me amongst them, I made my way towards the hotel, not alone, however, but heading a procession of my ragged friends, who with loud praises of my liberality, testified their gratitude by bearing me company. Arrived at the porch, I took my luggage from the carrier, and entered the house. Unlike any other hotel I had ever seen, there was neither stir nor bustle, no burly landlord, no buxom landlady, no dapper waiter with napkin on his arm, no pert-looking chambermaid with a bedroom candlestick. A large hall, dirty and unfurnished, led into a kind of bar, upon whose unpainted shelves a few straggling bottles were ranged together, with some pewter measures and tobacco pipes; while the walls were

covered with placards, setting forth the regulations for the "Grand Canal Hotel," with a list, copious and abundant, of all the good things to be found therein, with the prices annexed; and a pressing entreaty to the traveller, should he not feel satisfied with his reception, to mention it in a "book kept for that purpose by the landlord." I cast my eye along the bill of fare, so ostentatiously put forth—I read of rump-steaks and roast fowls, of red rounds and sirloins, and I turned from the spot resolved to explore further. The room opposite was large and spacious, and probably destined for the coffee-room, but it also was empty; it had neither chair nor table, and save a pictorial representation of a canal-boat, drawn by some native artist with a burnt stick upon the wall, it had no decoration. Having amused myself with the "Lady Caher," such was the vessel called, I again set forth on my voyage of discovery, and bent my steps towards the kitchen. Alas! my success was no better there—the goodly grate, before which should have stood some of that luscious fare of which I had been reading, was cold and deserted; in one corner, it was true, three soles of earth, scarce lighted, supported an antiquated kettle, whose twisted spout was turned up, with a misanthropic curl at the misery of its existence; I ascended the stairs, my footsteps echoed along the silent corridor, but still no trace of human habitation could I see, and I began to believe that even the landlord had departed with the larder.

At this moment the low murmur of voices caught my ear; I listened, and could distinctly catch the sound of persons talking together at the end of the corridor. Following along this, I came to a door, at which having knocked twice with my knuckles, I waited for the invitation to enter. Either indisposed to admit me, or not having heard my summons, they did not reply; so turning the handle gently, I opened the door, and entered the room unobserved. For some minutes I profited but little by this step; the apartment, a small one, was literally full of smoke, and it was only when I had wiped the tears from my eyes three times, that I at length began to recognise the objects before me.

Seated upon two low stools, beside

a miserable fire of green wood, that smoked, not blazed upon the hearth, were a man and woman, between them a small and rickety table supported a tea equipage of the humblest description, and a plate of fish whose odour pronounced them red herrings. Of the man I could see but little, as his back was turned toward me, but had it been otherwise, I could scarcely have withdrawn my looks from the figure of his companion. Never had my eyes fallen on an object so strange and so unearthly. She was an old woman, so old indeed as to have numbered nearly a hundred years; her head uncovered by cap or quoin, displayed a mass of white hair that hung down on her back, and shoulders, and even partly across her face, not sufficiently however to conceal two dark orbits, within which her dimmed eyes faintly glimmered; her nose was thin and pointed, and projecting to the very mouth, which, drawn backwards at the angles by the tense muscles, wore an expression of hideous laughter. Over her coarse dress of some country stuff, she wore for warmth, the cast-off coat of a soldier, giving to her uncouth figure the semblance of an aged baboon at a village-show. Her voice, broken with coughing, was a low feeble treble, that seemed to issue from passages where lingering life had scarce left a trace of vitality; and yet she talked on without ceasing, and moved her skinny fingers among the tea-cups, and knives upon the table, with a fidgety restlessness, as though in search of something.

"There, acushla, don't smoke; don't now: sure it's the ruin of your complexion. I never seen boys take to tobacco this way, when I was young."

"Whisht, mother, and don't be bothering me," was the cranky reply, given in a voice which, strange to say, was not quite unknown to me.

"Ay, ay," said the old crone; "always the same, never mindin' a word I say; and maybe in a few years I won't be to the fore to look after you, and watch you."

Here the painful thought of leaving a world, so full of its seductions and sweets, seemed too much for her feelings, and she began to cry. Her companion, however, appeared but little affected, but puffed away his pipe at

his case, waiting with patience till the paroxysm was past.

"There now," said the old lady, brightening up, "take away the tay-things, and you may go and take a run on the common; but mind you don't be pelting Jack Moore's goose, and take care of Bryan's sow, she is as wicked as the divil, now that she has boneens after her. D'ye hear me, darlin', or is it sick you are? Och! wirra! wirra! What's the matter with you, Corny *mabouchal*?"

"Corny," exclaimed I, forgetful of my incognito.

"Ay, Corny, nayther more nor less than Corny himself," said that redoubted personage, as rising to his legs, he deposited his pipe upon the table, thrust his hands into his pockets, and seemed prepared to give battle.

"Oh, Corny," said I, "I am delighted to find you here. Perhaps you can assist me. I thought this was an hotel."

"And why wouldn't you think it an hotel? hasn't it a bar and a coffee-room?—Isn't the regulations of the house printed, and stuck up on all the walls?—Ay, that's what the directors did—put the price on every thing, as if one was going to cheat the people. And signs on it, look at the place now—ugh! the Haythens! the Turks!"

"Yes indeed, Corny, look at the place now;" glad to have an opportunity to chime in with my friend's opinions.

"Well, and look at it," replied he, bristling up, "and what have you to say agin it? isn't it the Grand Canal Hotel?"

"Yes, but," said I conciliatingly, "an hotel ought at least to have a landlord or a landlady."

"And what do you call my mother there?" said he, with indignant energy.

"Don't bate Corny, sir! don't strike the child!" screamed the old woman, in an accent of heart-rending terror. "Sure he doesn't know what he is saying."

"He is telling me it isn't the Grand Canal Hotel, mother," shouted Corny in the old lady's ears, while at the same moment he burst into a fit of most discordant laughter. By some strange sympathy the old woman joined in, and I myself, unable to resist the ludicrous effect of a scene which still had touched

any feelings, gave way also, and thus we all three laughed on, for several minutes.

Suddenly recovering himself in the midst of his cachinnations, Corny turned briskly round, fixed his fiery eyes upon me, and said—

“And did you come all the way from town to laugh at my mother and me?”

I hastened to exonerate myself from such a charge, and in a few words informed him of the object of my journey, whither I was going, and under what painful delusion I laboured, in supposing the internal arrangements of the Grand Canal Hotel bore any relation to its imposing exterior.

“I thought I could have dined here?”

“No, you can’t,” was the reply, “av ye’re not fond of herrins.”

“And had a bed too?”

“Nor that either, av ye don’t like straw.”

“And has your mother nothing better than that?” said I, pointing to the miserable plate of fish.

“Whisht, I tell you, and don’t be putting the like in her head: sometimes she hears as well as you or me”—here he dropped his voice to a whisper—“herrins is so cheap that we always make her believe it’s lent—this is nine years now she’s fasting;” here a fit of laughing at the success of this innocent “ruse,” again broke from Corny, in which, as before, his mother joined.

“Then what am I to do,” asked I, “if I can get nothing to eat here? Is there no other house in the village?”

“No, devil a one.”

“How far is it to Loughrea?”

“Fourteen miles and a bit.”

“I can get a car, I suppose?”

“Ay, if Mary Doolan’s boy is not gone back.”

The old woman, whose eyes were impatiently fixed upon me during this colloquy, but who heard not a word of what was going forward, now broke in.

“Why doesn’t he pay the bill and go away? Devil a farthing I’ll take off it. Sure av ye were a raal gentleman, ye’d be givin’ a fippenny-bit to the gossoon there, that sarved you. Never mind, Corny dear, I’ll buy a bag of marbles for you at Banagher.”

Fearful of once more giving way to unseasonable mirth, I rushed from the room, and hurried down stairs; the crowd that had so lately accompanied me was now scattered, each to his several home. The only one who lingered near the door was the poor idiot (for such he was) that wore the huntsman’s dress.

“Is the Loughrea car gone, Joe?” said I, for I remembered his name.

“She is, yer honour; she’s away.”

“Is there any means of getting over to-night?”

“Barrin’ walking, there’s none.”

“Ay; but,” said I, “were I even disposed for that, I have got my luggage.”

“Is it heavy?” said Joe.

“This portmanteau, and the carpet-bag you see there.”

“I’ll carry them,” was the brief reply.

“You’ll not be able, my poor fellow,” said I.

“Ay, and you on the top of them.”

“You don’t know how heavy I am,” said I, laughingly.

“Begorra, I wish you was heavier.”

“And why so, Joe.”

“Because one that was so good to the poor, is worth his weight in goold any day.”

I do not pretend to say whether it was the flattery, or the promise these words gave me of an agreeable companion, *en route*; but, certain it is, I at once closed with his proposal, and, with a ceremonious bow to the Grand Canal Hotel, took my departure, and set out for Loughrea.

## CHAPTER XXI.—LOUGHREA.

With the innate courtesy of his country, my humble companion endeavoured to lighten the road by song and story. There was not a blackened gable, not a ruined tower, not even a well we passed, without its legend. The very mountains themselves, that reared their mighty peaks

towards the clouds, had their tale of superstitious horror; and, though these stories were simple in themselves, there was something in the association of the scene, something in the warm fervour of his enthusiasm that touched and thrilled my heart.

Like a lamp, whose fitful glare

flickers through the gloomy vault of some rocky cavern, too feeble to illumine it, but yet calling up wild and goblin shapes on every side, and peopling space with flickering spectres; so did the small modicum of intellect this poor fellow possessed, enable him to look at life with strange distorted views. Accustomed to pass his days in the open air—the fields, the flowers, the streams, his companions—he had a sympathy in the eddying current that flowed on beneath—in the white cloud that rolled above him; happy, for he had no care, he journeyed about from one county to another. In the hunting season he would be seen lounging about a kennel, making or renewing his intimacy with the dogs, who knew and loved him; then he was always ready to carry a drag, to stop an earth, or do a hundred other of those minor services that are ever wanted. Many who lived far from a post-town knew the comfort of falling in with poor “Tipperary Joe,” for such was he called. Not more fleet of foot than honest in heart, oftentimes was a letter entrusted to his keeping, that with any other messenger would have excited feelings of anxiety.

His was an April-day temperament—ever varying, ever changing. One moment would he tell with quivering lip and broken voice, some story of wild and thrilling interest; the next, breaking suddenly off, he would burst out into some joyous rant, generally ending in a loud “tallyho,” in which all his enthusiasm would shine forth, and in his glistening eye and flushed cheek, one could mark the pleasure that stirred his heart. He knew every one, not only in this, but in the surrounding counties; and they stood severally classed in his estimation, by their benevolence to the poor, and their prowess in the hunting-field. These, with him, were the two great qualities of mankind. The kind man, and the bold rider, made his “beau ideal” of all that was excellent, and it was strange to watch with what ingenuity he could support his theory.

“There’s Burton Pearse—that’s the darling of a man; it’s he that’s good to the poor, and takes his walls flying—it isn’t a lock of bacon or a bag of meal he cares for—be gorra,

it’s not that, nor a double ditch would ever stop him. Hurroo! I think I’m looking at him throwing up his whip-hand this way, going over a gate and calling out to the servant, make Joe go in for his dinner, and give him half-a-crown—devil a less; and then there’s Mr. Power of Kilfane—maybe your honour knows him? Down in Kilkenny, there; he’s another of them—one of the right sort. I wish ye seen him facing a leap—a little up in his stirrups, just to look over and see the ground, and then—hoo! he’s across and away. A beautiful place he has of it, and an elegant pack of dogs, fourteen hunters in the stable, and as pleasant a kitchen as ever I broke my fast in. The cook’s a mighty nice woman, a trifle fat, or so; but a good sowl and a raal warrant for an Irish stew.”

“And Mr. Ulick Burke, Joe, do you know him?”

“Is it blazing Burke?—faix, I do know him! I was as near him as I am to you, when he shot Matt Callanan at the mills. ‘There now,’ says he, when he put a ball in his hip, and lamed him for life, ‘you were always fond of your trade, and I’ll make you a hopper.’ And sure enough, this is the way he goes ever since.”

“He is a good horseman, they tell me, Joe?”

“The best in Ireland: for following the dogs, flat race, or steeple-chase, show me his equal. Och! it’s himself has the seat in a saddle. Mighty short he rides with his knees up, this way, and his toes out. Not so purty to look at, till you are used to it; but watch him, fingering his baste—feeling his mouth with the snaffle—never tormenting, but just letting him know who is on his back. It’s raal pleasure to look at him; and then to see him taking a little canter before he sets off, with his hand low, and just tickling the flanks with his spurs, to larn the temper of the horse. May I never! if it isn’t a heavenly sight!”

“You like Mr. Burke then, I see, Joe?”

“Like him—who wouldn’t like him a-horseback? Isn’t he the moral of a rider, that knows his baste better than I know my Hail Mary; but see him a-foot, he’s the greatest divil from here to Croagh-patrick—nothing civiller in his mouth than a curse and a ‘bloody



o ye! Och! it's himself hates poor, and they hate him: the rats run away from him, as if he were the police; and the blind man that crosses Banagher bridge, takes up his stick and runs for the bare life, the moment he hears the trot of his horse. It's a wonder how he rides so bowld with all the curses over him? Faix, I wouldn't cross that little stream if I was like him. Well, well, I have a hard reckoning at last; I killed five men already, and I led a great many more; but I say he won't be able to go on farther, for when he kills another—the devil's to come for him—the rest be about us! by rason he never kills one kill more nor six."

As he was chatting away, the road passed and as the sun was setting we were in sight of the town, now not a mile distant.

"That's Loughrea you see there—mighty fine place," said Joe. "I see the slate houses, and a market, and a barrack; but you'll stop a few minutes in the town?"

"Oh, certainly; I wish to see this

what will be the fine race.—It is a fine country entirely—every kind of gates, ditches, and stone walls, as they can lie. I'll show you the course, for I know it well, and I'll give you the names of all the gentlemen, and the names of their horses, and their bets; and I'll bring you where you can see the whole race, from beginning to end, without stirring an inch. Are you going to bet any money?"

"I believe not, Joe; but I'm greatly interested for a friend."

"And who is he?"

"Captain (O'Grady."

"Master Phil! Tear-an'-ages, are you a friend of Master Phil's? Arrah, didn't you tell me that before? Didn't you mention his name to me? Och! isn't myself proud this morning to be with a friend of the captain's.—See now, what's your name?"

"Linton," said I.

"Oh, but your Christian name?"

"They who know me best call me Linton."

"Musha! but I'd like to call you Linton just for this once. Now, can you do one thing for me?"

"Be sure, Joe; what is it?"

"Make them give me a half pint to drink your health and the captain's; for faix, you must be the right sort, or he wouldn't keep company with you. It's just like yesterday to me the day I met him, down at Bishop's Loch; the hounds came to a check, and a hail-storm came on, and all the gentlemen went into a little shebeen house for shelter. I was standing outside, as it may be here, when Master Phil saw me; 'Come in, Joe,' says he; 'you're the best company, and the pleasantest fellow over a mug of egg-flip; and may I never! if he didn't make me sit down forrint him, at a little table, and drink two quarts of as beautiful flip as ever I tasted. And Master Phil has a horse here, ye tell me—what's his name?"

"That, Joe, I am afraid I can't pronounce for you: it's rather beyond my English tongue; but I know that his colour's grey, and that he has one cropped ear."

"That's Modirideroo!" shouted Joe, as throwing my portmanteau to the ground, he seated himself leisurely on it, and seemed lost in meditation.

"Begorra," said he at length, "he chose a good-tempered one, when he was about it; there never was such a horse foaled in them parts. Ye heard what he did to Mr. Shea, the man that bred him? he threw him over a wall, and then jumped after him, and if it wasn't that his guardian-angel had made his leather breeches so strong, he'd have ate him entirely. Sure, there's no one can ride him barrin' the man I was talking of."

"Well, Joe, I believe Mr. Burke is to ride him."

"Musha! but I am sorry for it!"

"And why so? you seem to think highly of his horsemanship."

"There's no misliking that, av it was fair; but then, you see, he has as many tricks in him as the devil.—Sometimes he'll break his stirrup-leather, or he'll come in a pound too heavy, or he'll slip the snaffle out of the mouth; for he doesn't care for his neck.—Once I see him stake his baste, and bring him in dead lame."

Here ended our conversation; for by this time we entered the town, and proceeded to Mrs. Doolan's. The house was full, or the apartments bespoken; and I was turning away in disappointment, when I accidentally over-

heard the landlady mention, the two rooms ordered by Captain O'Grady. A little explanation ensued, and I discovered, to my delight, that these were destined for me by my friend, who had written some time before to secure them. A few minutes more saw me comfortably installed in the little inn whose unpretending exterior, and cheerful comfort within doors, were the direct antithesis to the solemn humbug I had left at Shannon Harbour.

Under Joe's auspices—for he had established himself as my own man—tea and rashers made their appearance. My clothes were unpacked and put by; and as he placed my dressing gown and slippers in readiness before the fire, I could not help observing the servant-like alacrity of his manner, perfect in every thing, save in his habit of singing to himself as he went, which I can't say however, that I disliked, and certainly never dreamed of checking.

Having written a few lines to Mr. Burke, expressing my desire for a few minutes' interview the following morning, I despatched the note, and prepared for bed.

I had often listened with apathy to the wise-saws of people who, never having felt either hunger or fatigue, are so fond of pronouncing a glowing eulogium on such luxuries, when the period of their gratification has arrived; but, I confess, as I lay down that night in bed, and drew the clothes around me, I began to believe that they had underrated the pleasures they spoke of. The house clock ticked pleasantly in the room without; the cheerful turf fire threw its mild red light across the room; the sounds from the street were those of happy voices and merry laughter, and when I ceased to hear them I had fallen into a sound and peaceful sleep.

It was after about a dozen efforts, in which I had gone through all the usual formula on such occasions—rubbing my eyes, stretching, and even pinching myself, before I could awake on the following morning. I felt somewhat stiffened from the unaccustomed exertions of the day before, but, somehow, my spirits were unusually high, and my heart in its very lightest mood. I looked about me through the little room, where all was order, neatness, and propriety. My clothes carefully brushed and folded,

my boots, resplendent in their blacking, stood basking before the fire; even my hat, placed gently on one side, with my gloves carefully flattened, were laid out in true valet fashion. The door into my little sitting-room lay open, and I could mark the neat and comfortable preparations for my breakfast, while at a little distance from the table, and in an attitude of patient attention, stood poor Joe himself, who, with a napkin across his arm, was quietly waiting the moment of my awaking.

I know not if my reader will have any sympathy with the confession; but, I own, I have always felt a higher degree of satisfaction from the unbought, and homely courtesy chance has thrown in my way, than from the more practised and dearly paid for attentions of the most disciplined household. There is something flattering in the personal devotion which seems to spring from pure good-will, that insensibly raises one in their own esteem. In some such reflection as this was I lost, when the door of my outer room was opened, and a voice inquired if Mr. Hinton stopped there.

"Yes, sir," replied Joe; "he is in bed, and asleep."

"Ah! is it you, Joe?" replied the other; "so you are turned footman, I see. If the master be like the man, it ought to be a shrewd establishment."

"No," replied Joe, carelessly; "he's not very like any thing down in these parts; for he appears to be a gentleman."

"Tell him I am here, and be d——d to you," was the indignant reply, as the speaker threw himself into his chair, and stirred the fire with his foot.

Suspecting at once who my visitor was, I motioned to Joe to leave the room, and proceeded to dress myself with all despatch. During the operation, however, my friend without manifested several symptoms of impatience: now walking the room with rapid strides, as he whistled a quick step; now beating the bars of the grate with a poker; and occasionally performing that popular war dance, "the Devil's Tattoo," with his knuckles upon the table. At length his endurance seemed pushed to its length, and

ocked sharply at the door, calling  
t the same moment—

say, sir, time's up, if you please."  
e next moment I was before him.

Ulick Burke—for I need not  
was he—was a well-looking man,  
out eight-and-twenty or thirty  
of age. Although his height  
below the middle size, he was  
fully and strongly made; his  
res would have been handsome,  
it not for a certain expression of  
suspicion that played about the  
giving him a side-long look when  
oke; this, and the loss of two  
teeth, from a fall, disfigured a  
originally pleasing. His whiskers  
large, bushy, and meeting be-  
his chin. As to his dress, it  
in character with his calling, a  
coat cut round in jockey fashion,  
which he wore a white "bang-up,"

was called, in one pocket of  
was carelessly thrust a lash  
; a belcher handkerchief, knotted  
ly about his neck, buckakin  
bes, reaching far down upon the  
and top boots completed his  
me. I had almost forgotten a  
perhaps the most characteristic  
of all: this, which had once  
white, was now, by stress of  
and weather, of a dirty drab  
r, its crown dinged in several  
s, and the leaf jagged and broken,  
like the hard usage to which it  
subjected. While speaking, he  
it firmly clutched in his ungloved  
, and, from time to time, struck  
unst his thigh, with an energy of  
er that seemed habitual. His  
er was a mixture of timid em-  
assment and vulgar assurance,  
ing his way as it were with one,  
he forgot himself with the other.  
certain remnants of the class he  
nally belonged to, he had asso-  
d the low habitudes and slang  
eology of his daily associates,  
ing it difficult for one, at first  
, to discover to which order he  
ged. In the language of his  
anions, Ulick Burke "could be a  
eman when he pleased it." How  
have we heard this phrase: and  
what a fatal mistake is it gene-  
applied. He who can be a  
eman when he pleases, never  
as to be any thing else. Circum-  
es may, and do every day in  
throw men of cultivated minds

and refined habits into the society of  
their inferiors; but while, with the  
tact and readiness that is their especial  
prerogative, they make themselves  
welcome among those with whom they  
have few, if any, sympathies in com-  
mon; yet never by any accident do  
they derogate from that high standard  
that makes them gentlemen. So, on  
the other hand, the man of vulgar  
tastes and coarse propensities may  
simulate, if he be able, the outward  
habitudes of society, speaking with  
practised intonation, and bowing with  
well-studied grace; yet is he no more  
a gentleman in his thought or feeling,  
than is the tinselled actor, who struts  
the board, the monarch his costume  
would bespeak him. This being the  
"gentleman when he likes," is but the  
mere performance of the character.  
It has all the smell of the orange peel  
and the foot-lights about it, and never  
can be mistaken by any one who knows  
the world. But to come back to Mr.  
Burke.

Having eyed me for a second or two,  
with a look of mingled distrust and  
impertinence, he unfolded my note,  
which he held beneath his fingers, and  
said—

"I received this from you last night,  
Mr.——"

"Hinton," said I, assisting him.

"Mr. Hinton," repeated he slowly.

"Won't you be seated?" said I,  
pointing to a chair, and taking one  
myself.

He nodded familiarly, and placing  
himself on the window-sill, with one  
foot upon a chair, resumed—

"It's about O'Grady's business, I  
suppose you've come down here; the  
captain has treated me very ill."

"You are quite right," said I coolly,  
"in guessing the object of my visit;  
but I must also let you know, that in  
any observations you make concerning  
Captain O'Grady, they are made to a  
friend, who will no more permit his  
name to be slightly treated than his  
own."

"Of course," pronounced with a  
smile of the most insulting coolness,  
was the only reply. "That, however,  
is not the matter in hand: *your friend*,  
the captain, never condescended to  
answer my letter."

"He only received it a few days  
ago."

"Why isn't he here himself? Is a

gentleman rider to be treated like a common jockey that's paid for his race?"

I confess the distinction was too subtle for me, but I said nothing in reply.

"I don't even know where the horse is, nor if he is here at all—will you call that handsome treatment, Mr. Hinton?"

"One thing I am quite sure of, Mr. Burke—Captain O'Grady is incapable of any thing unworthy or unbecoming a gentleman; the haste of his departure for foreign service may have prevented him observing certain matters of etiquette towards you, but he has commissioned me to accept your terms. The horse is, or will be here to-night, and I trust nothing will interrupt the good understanding that has hitherto subsisted between you."

"And will he take up the writ?"

"He will," said I firmly.

"He must have a heavy book on the race."

"Nearly a thousand pounds."

"I'm sorry for it for his sake," was the cool reply, "for he'll lose his money."

"Indeed!" said I; "I understand that you thought well of his horse and that with your riding——"

"Ay; but I won't ride for him."

"You won't ride!—not on your own terms?"

"No; not even on my own terms. —Don't be putting yourself into a passion, Mr. Hinton—you've come down to a country where that never does any good; we settle all our little matters here in a social, pleasant way of our own—but, I repeat it, I won't ride for your friend; so you may withdraw his horse as soon as you like; except," added he, with a most contemptuous sneer, "you have a fancy for riding him yourself."

Resolving that whatever course I should follow, I should at least keep my temper for the present—I assumed as much calmness as I could command and said—

"And what is there against O'Grady's horse?"

"A chestnut mare of Tom Molloy's, that can beat him over any country—the rest are withdrawn; so that I'll have a 'ride over' for my pains."

"Then you ride for Mr. Molloy?" said I.

"You've guessed it," replied he with a wink, as throwing his hat carelessly on one side of his head, he gave me an insolent nod, and lounged out of the room.

I need not say that my breakfast appetite was not improved by Mr. Burke's visit; in fact, never was a man more embarrassed than I was. Independent of the loss of his money, I knew how poor Phil would suffer from the duplicity of the transaction; and in my sorrow for his sake, I could not help accusing myself of ill-management in the matter: had I been more conciliating, or more blunt—had I bullied, or bid higher, perhaps a different result might have followed. Alas! in all my calculations, I knew little or nothing of him with whom I had to deal. Puzzled and perplexed, uncertain how to act—now resolving on one course, now deciding on the opposite, I paced my little room for above an hour. The only conviction I could come to, being the unhappy choice that poor O'Grady had made, when he selected me for his negociator.

The town clock struck twelve—I remembered suddenly that was the hour when the arrangements for the race were to be ratified, and without a thought of what course I should pursue, what plan I should adopt, I took my hat and sallied forth.

The main street of the little town was crowded with people, most of them of that class which, in Irish phrase, goes by the appellation of squireen, a species of human lurcher, without any of the good properties of either class from which it derives its origin, but abounding in the bad traits of both. They lounged along, followed by pointers and wire-haired greyhounds, their hands stuck in their coat pockets, and their hats set well back on their heads. Following in the train of this respectable *cortège*, I reached the market-house upon the steps of which several "sporting gentlemen" of a higher order were assembled. Elbowing my way, with some difficulty, through these, I mounted a dirty and sandy stair, to a large room, usually employed by the magistrates for their weekly sessions; here, at a long table, sat the race committee; an imposing display of books, pens, and papers before them. A short little man, with a powdered head, and a certain wheezing chuckle when he

, that involuntarily suggested the  
ht of apoplexy, seemed the pre-  
t of the meeting.

e room was so crowded with  
ns of every class, that I could  
difficulty catch what was going  
rd. I looked anxiously round to  
I could not recognise some friend  
acquaintance, but every face was  
ge to me. The only one I had  
seen before was Mr. Burke him-  
who, with his back to the fire, was  
ng a select circle of his friends,  
at I discovered, from the laughter  
auditory, was a narrative of his  
to myself. The recital must have

something to his ingenuity in  
g, for indeed, the gentlemen  
ed convulsed with mirth; and  
Mr. Burke concluded, it was  
to see that he stood several feet  
r in the estimation of his acquaint-

l.  
Silence!" wheezed the little man  
the white head: "it is a quarter  
twelve o'clock, and I'll not wait  
onger."

Read the list, Maurice," cried some  
"As it is only 'a walk over,'  
needn't lose any time."

Here, then, No. 1: Captain For-  
e's Tramp."

Withdrawn," said a voice in the  
d.

No. 2: Harry Studdart's Devil-  
care!"

Paid forfeit," cried another.

No. 3: Sir George O'Brien's  
-the-Bowl!"

Gone home again," was the an-

No. 4: Tom Molloy's Cathleen!"

All right!" shouted Mr. Burke,  
the fire-place.

Who rides?" asked the president.  
Click!" repeated half-a-dozen  
s together.

Eleven stone eight," said the little

And a pound for the martingale,"  
ed in Mr. Burke.

Well, I believe that's all——No:  
s another horse——Captain O'Gra-  
Modirideroo."

Scratch him out with the rest,"  
Mr. Burke.

No!" said I, from the back of the  
l.

no word seemed electric: every  
was turned towards the quarter  
e I stood; and as I moved forward  
Vol. XIX.—No. 114.

towards the table, the crowd receded  
to permit my passage.

"Are you on the part of Mr.  
O'Grady, sir?" said the little man,  
with a polite smile.

I bowed an affirmative.

"He does not withdraw his horse,  
then?" said he.

"No!" said I again.

"But you are aware, sir, that Mr.  
Burke is going to ride for my friend,  
Mr. Molloy, here. Are you prepared  
with another gentleman?"

I nodded shortly.

"His name may I ask?" continued  
he.

"Mr. Hinton."

By this time Mr. Burke, attracted  
by the colloquy, had approached the  
table, and, stooping down, whispered  
some words in the president's ear.

"You will forgive me, I am sure,"  
said the latter, addressing me, "if I  
ask, as the name is unknown to me, if  
this be a gentleman rider?"

The blood rushed to my face and  
temples. I knew at once from whom  
this insult proceeded. It was no time,  
however, to notice it, so I simply re-  
plied—

"Mr. Hinton is an officer of the  
Guards, an aide-de-camp to the Lord  
Lieutenant, and I beg leave respect-  
fully to present him to you."

The obsequious civility exhibited by  
the party, as I pronounced these few  
words, were an ample *amende* for what  
I had suffered a few minutes before.  
Meanwhile, Mr. Burke had resumed  
his place at the fire, once more sur-  
rounded by his admiring satellites.

Being accommodated with a chair  
at the table, I proceeded to read over  
and sign the usual papers, by which I  
bound myself to abide by the regula-  
tions of the course, and conform in all  
things to the decision of the stewards.  
Scarcely had I concluded, when Mr.  
Burke called out—

"Who'll take eight to one on the  
race?"

Not a word was spoken in reply.

"Who'll take fifty to five?" cried he  
again.

"I will," said a voice from the door.

"Who is it that takes my bet?  
What is his name?"

"Tom Loftus, P.P. of Murrana-  
kilty."

"A better fellow nor an honest  
couldn't do it," said the president.



"Book your bet, sir," said Mr. Burke; "or, if it is equally convenient for you, you can pay it at present."

"I never make a memorandum of such trifles," said the priest; "but I'll stake the money in some decent man's hands."

A roar of laughter followed the priest's proposition, than which nothing could be less to Mr. Burke's taste. This time, however, he was in funds; and while the good father disengaged his five-pound note from the folds of a black leather pocket-book, as large

as a portfolio, his antagonist threw a fifty on the table, with an air of swaggering importance. I turned now to shake hands with my friend, but to my surprise and astonishment he gave me a look of cold and impressive import, that showed me at once he did not wish to be recognised, and the next moment left the room. My business there was also concluded, and having promised to be forthcoming the following day, at two o'clock, I bowed to the chairman and withdrew.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—A MOONLIGHT CANTER.

I WAS not quite satisfied with the good priest for his having cut me, no matter what his reasons—I was not over much so with the tone of the whole meeting itself, and certainly I was very little satisfied with the part I had myself taken therein; for as cooler judgment succeeded to hot excitement, I perceived in what a mess of difficulty I had involved myself, and how a momentary flush of passionate indignation had carried me away beyond the bounds of reason and sense, to undertake what, but half an hour previously, I should have shrunk from with shame, and the very thought of which now filled me with apprehension and dread, not indeed as to the consequences to myself, physically considered, for most willingly would I have compounded for a fractured limb, or even two, to escape the ridicule I was almost certain of incurring; this it was that I could not bear, and my heart, *amour propre*, recoiled from the thought of being a laughing-stock to the under-bred and ill-born horde that would assemble to witness me.

When I arrived at the inn, poor Joe was there awaiting me; he had been down to see the horse, which for precaution's sake was kept at a mill a little distance from the town, and of whose heart and condition he spoke in glowing terms.

"Och! he is a raal beauty—a little thick in fat about the crest, but they say he always trains fleshy, and his legs are as clean as a whistle. Sorra bit, but it 'ill give Mr. Ulick as much as he can do to ride him to-morrow. I know by the way he turns his eyes

round to you in the stable, he's in the devil's temper."

"But it is not Mr. Burke, Joe—I am going to ride him."

"You are going to do it! You! Oh! by the powers, Mr. Ulick wasn't far out, when he said the master was as mad as the man. 'Tell me your company,' says the old proverb; and you see there it is—what comes of it? If you lie down with dogs, you'll get up with fleas, and that's the fruits of travelling with a fool."

I was in no temper for badinage at the moment, and replied to the poor fellow in a somewhat sharper tone than I should have used; and as he left the room without speaking, I felt ashamed and angry with myself, for thus banishing the only one that seemed to feel an interest in my fortunes.

I sat down to my dinner discontented and unhappy. But a few hours previous, and I awoke high in heart and hope; and now without any adverse stroke of fortune, without any of those casualties of fate which come on us, unlooked for and unthought of, but simply by the unguided exercise of a passionate temperament, I found myself surrounded by embarrassments, and environed by difficulties, without one friend to counsel or advise me.

Yes: I could not conceal it from myself—my determination to ride the steeple-chase was the mere outbreak of passion. The taunting insolence of Burke had stung me to adopt a course which I had neither previously considered, nor if suggested by another, could ever have consented to. True, I was what would be called a good

man. In the two seasons I had in Leicestershire, on a visit to a friend, I had acquitted myself with credit and character; but a light and splendidly mounted on a trained horse, over his accustomed country, and parallel with the same individual, upon a horse he has never crossed, in a country he has never seen.

and a hundred similar conditions came rushing on me now it was too late; however, the deed was done, and there being no other way of undoing it, there was no road, the straight forward, to be taken in the case. Alas! half of our philosophy in difficulties consists in closing our eyes firmly against consequences, and *tele buissée*, rushing on at the future. Though few are found willing to admit, that the will in the china-shop is the model of prudence—I freely own it was so, and that I made up my mind to be horse with the unspeakable

as long as he would permit me to ride him, at every thing, over every thing, or through every thing, before this conclusion at length came. I began to feel more easy in my mind. Like the felon, that feels there is a chance of a reprieve, I could look my fate more steadily in the face. I had no great appetite for my dinner, but I sat over an excellent bottle of port; sipping and sipping, each swallow lending a rose-tint to my future. The second had just been placed on the table before me, when O'Grady's groom came in to receive my instructions. He had heard of my resolution to ride, and he looked aghast when I announced it to him. By this time, however, I had combatted my own fears, and was not going to permit him to

prevent me. Affecting the easy nonchance of that excellent type, Mr. Burke, I thrust my hands into my coat pockets, and, standing with my back to the fire, began questioning the groom about the horse. Confound it! no man so hard to humbug as a groom, but if he be a groom, I must see the thing impossible. The groom saw through me in a moment; he sipped the glass of wine I held out for him, he approached me confidentially, while he said in a de-

“Would you say you'd ride him?”

“Yes, to be sure I did.”

“You did; well! well! there's no helping it, since you said it. There's only one thing to be done,” he looked cautiously about the room, lest any one should overhear him. “There's but one thing I know of—let him throw you at the first leap. Mind me now, just leave it to himself; he'll give you no trouble in life; and all you have to do, is to choose the soft side. It's not your fault after that, you know, for I needn't tell you he won't be caught before night.”

I could not help laughing at this new receipt for riding a steeple-chase, although I confess it did not raise my courage regarding the task before me.

“But what does he do?” said I; “this infernal beast what trick has he?”

“It isn't one, but a hundred that he has. First of all, it isn't so easy to get on his back, for he is as handy with his hind-foot as a fiddler; and if you are not mighty quick in mounting, he'll strike you down with it: then, when you are up, maybe he won't move at all, but stand with his fore-legs out, his head down, and his eyes turned back just like a picture, hitting his flanks between times with his long tail. You may coax him, pet him, and pat him—faith, you might as well be tickling a mile-stone; for it's laughing at you he'll be all the time. Maybe at last you'll get tired, and touch him with the spur. Hurroo! be gorra, you'll get it then.”

“Why—what happens then?”

“What happens, is it? Maybe it's your neck is broke, or your thigh, or your collar-bone, at least: he'll give you a straight plunge up in the air, about ten feet high, throw his head forward, till he either pulls the reins out of your hands, or lifts you out of the saddle, and at the same moment he'll give you a blow with his hind quarters in the small of the back. Och, murther,” said he placing both hands upon his loins, and writhing as he spoke, “it 'ill be six weeks to-morrow since he made one of them buck-leaps with me, and I never walked straight since. But that is not all.”

“Come, come,” said I impatiently, “this is all nonsense; he only wants a man with a little pluck, to bully him out of all this.”

As I said these valorous words, I

own that to my own heart I didn't exactly correspond to the person I described; but as the bottle of port was now finished, I set forth with my companion to pay my first visit to this redoubted animal.

The mill where the stable lay was about a mile from the town; but the night was a fine moonlight one, with not an air of wind stirring, and the walk delightful. When we reached the little stream that turned the mill, over which a plank was thrown as a bridge, we perceived that a country lad was walking a pair of saddle-horses backwards and forwards near the spot. The suspicion of some trickery, some tampering with the horse, at once crossed me; and I hinted as much to the groom.

"No, no," said he, laughing, "make your mind easy about that. Mr. Ulick Burke knows the horse well, and he'll leave it all to himself."

The allusion was a pleasant one; but I said nothing and walked on.

Having procured a lantern at the mill, the groom preceded me to the little out-house which acted as stable. He opened the door cautiously, and peeped in.

"He's lying down," said he to me in a whisper, and at the same moment taking the candle from the lantern, he held it up to permit me obtaining a better view; "don't be afraid," continued he, "he'll not stir now, the thief of the arth; when once he's down that way, he lies as peaceable as a lamb."

As well as I could observe him, he was a magnificent horse. A little too heavy perhaps about the crest and forehead, but then so strong behind, such powerful muscle about the haunches, his balance was well preserved. As I stood contemplating him in silence, I felt the breath of some one behind me. I turned suddenly round: it was Father Tom Loftus himself. There was the worthy priest, mopping his forehead with a huge pocket-handkerchief, and blowing like a rhinoceros.

"Ugh!" said he at length, "I have been running up and down the roads this half hour after you, and there's not a puff left in me."

"Ah! father, I hoped to have seen you at the inn."

"Whisht! I darn't. I thought I'd do it better my own way; but, see now,

we've no time to lose. I knew as well as yourself you never intended to ride this race. No matter; don't say a word; but listen to me: I know the horse better than any one in these parts; and it isn't impossible, if you can keep the saddle over the first two or three fences, that you may win. I say, if you can—for faith it's not in a 'swing-swong' you'll be. But, come now, the course was marked out this evening.—Burke was over it before dinner; and, with a blessing, we will before supper.—I've got a couple of hacks here that 'ill take us over every bit of it, and perhaps it is not too much to say, you might have a worse guide."

"Faith, your reverence," chimed in the groom, "he'd find it hard to have a better."

Thanking the kind priest for his good-natured solicitude, I followed him out upon the road where the two horses were waiting us.

"There now," said he, "get up; the stirrups are about your length. He looks a little low in flesh; but you'll not complain of him when he's under you."

The next moment we were both in the saddle. Taking a narrow path that led off from the high road, we entered a large tilled field; keeping along the headlands of which, we came to a low stone wall, through a gap of which we passed, and came out upon an extensive piece of grass-land, that gently sloped away from where we were standing, to a little stream at its base, an arm of that which supplied the mill.

"Here now," said the priest, "a little to the left yonder, is the start: you come down this hill; you take the water there, and you keep along by Freney's house, where you see the trees there. There's only a small stone wall and a clay ditch between this and that; afterwards you turn off to the right. But come now, are you ready? We'll explore a bit."

As he spoke, the good priest putting spurs to his hackney, dashed on before me, and, motioning me to follow, cantered down the slope. Taking the little mill-stream at a fly, he turned in his saddle to watch my performance.

"Neat, mighty neat!" cried he, encouraging me. "Keep your hand a little low. The next is a wall——"

Scarcely had he spoke when we both

came together at a stone fence, about three feet high. This time I was a little in advance, as my horse was fresher, and took it first.

"Oh, the devil a better!" said Father Tom. "Burke himself couldn't beat that! Here now; keep this way out of the deep ground, and rush him at the double ditch there."

Resolved on securing his good opinion, I gripped my saddle firmly with my knees, and rode at the fence. Over we went in capital style, but lighting on the top of a rotten ditch, the ground gave way, and my horse's hind-legs slipped backwards into the gripe. Being at full stretch, the poor animal had no power to recover himself, so that disengaging his fore-legs, I pulled him down into the hollow, and then, with a vigorous dash of the spur and a bold lift, carried him clean over it into the field.

"Look now!" said the priest; "that pleases me better than all you did before. Presence of mind—that's the real gift for a horseman, when he's in a scrape; but mind me, it was your own fault; for here's the way to take the fence." So saying, he made a slight semi-circle in the field, and then, as he headed his horse towards the leap, rushed him at it furiously, and came over like the bound of a stag!

"Now," said Father Tom, pointing with his whip as he spoke, "we have a beautiful bit of galloping ground before us; and if you ever reach this far, and I don't see why you shouldn't, here's where you ought to make play. Listen to me now," said he, dropping his voice: "Tom Molloy's mare isn't thoroughbred, though they think she is. She has got a bad drop in her. Now the horse is all right, clean bred, sire and dam, by reason he'll be able to go through the dirt, when the mare can't, so that all you've to do, if, as I said before, you get this far, is to keep straight down to the two thorn bushes—there, you see them yonder—Burke won't be able to take that line, but must keep upon the head-lands, and go all round yonder; look now, you see the difference—so that before he can get over that wide ditch, you'll be across it, and making for the stone wall. After that, by the powers, if you don't win, I can't help you!"

"Where does the course turn after, father?" said I.

"Oh! a beautiful line of flat country, inter-sprinkled with walls, ditches, and maybe a hedge or two; but all fair, and only one rasping fence, the last of all. After that, you have a clean gallop of about a quarter of a mile, over as nice a sod as ever you cantered."

"And that last fence, what is it like?"

"Faith, it is a rasper; it's a wide gully where there was a *boreen* once, and they say it is every inch of sixteen feet, that 'ill make it close upon twenty when you clear the clay on both sides. The grey horse, I'm told, has a way of jumping in and jumping out of these narrow roads; but take my advice and go it in a fly: and now, captain, what between the running and the riding, and the talking altogether, I am as dry as a lime-kiln; so what do you say if we turn back to town, and have a bit of supper together. There's a kind of a cousin of mine, one Bob Mahon, a major in the Roscommon, and he has got a grouse-pie, and something hot to dilute it with, waiting for us."

"Nothing will give me more pleasure, father; and there's only one thing more—indeed I had nearly forgotten it altogether——"

"What's that?" said the priest, with surprise.

"Not having any intention to ride, I left town without any racing equipment; breeches and boots I have, but as to a cap and a jacket——"

"I've provided for both," said Father Tom. "You saw the little man with a white head that sat at the head of of the table, Tom Dillon of Mount Brown—you know him?"

"I am not acquainted with him."

"Well, he knows you, that's all the same: his son, that's just gone to Gibraltar with his regiment, was about your size, and he had a new cap and jacket made for this very race, and of course they are lying there, and doing nothing. So I sent over a little *gossoon*, with a note and I don't doubt but they are all at the inn at this moment."

"By Jove, father!" said I, "you are a real friend, and a most thoughtful one too."

"Maybe I'll do more than that for you," said he, with a sly wink of his eye, that somehow suggested to my mind, that he knew more of, and took a deeper interest in me, than I had reason to believe.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—MAJOR MAHON AND HIS QUARTERS.

THE major's quarters were fixed in one of the best houses in the town, in the comfortable back parlour of which was now displayed a little table laid for three persons: a devilled lobster, the grouse pie already mentioned, some fried ham, and crisped potatoes, were the viands; but each was admirable in its kind, and with the assistance of an excellent bowl of hot punch and the friendly welcome of the host, left nothing to be wished for or desired.

Major Bob Mahon was a short, thick-set, little man, with round blue eyes, a turned-up nose, and a full under lip, which he had a habit of protruding with an air of no mean pretension; a short crop of curly black hair covered a head as round as a billiard-ball; these traits, with a certain peculiar smack of his mouth, by which he occasionally testified the approval of his own eloquence, were the most remarkable things about him. His great ambition was, to be thought a military man; but somehow his pretensions in this respect smacked much more of the militia than the line. Indeed, he possessed a kind of adroit way of asserting the superiority of the former to the latter, averring that they who fought *pro aris et focis*—the major was fond of Latin—stood on far higher ground than the travelled mercenaries who only warred for pay: this peculiarity, and an absurd attachment to practical jokes, the result of which had frequently through life involved him in law-suits, damages, compensations, and even duels, formed the great staple of his character, of all which the good priest informed me most fully on our way to the house.

"Captain Hinton, I believe," said the major, as he held out his hand in welcome.

"Mr. Hinton," said I, bowing.

"Ay, yes; Father Tom, there, doesn't know much about these matters. What regiment, pray?"

"The Grenadier Guards."

"Oh! a very good corps—mighty respectable corps; not that between ourselves, I think over much of the regulars—between you and me, I never knew foreign travel do good to man or beast. What do they bring back with them, I'd like to know?—

French cookery and Italian licentiousness. No, no; give me the native troops! You were a boy at the time, but maybe you have heard how they behaved in the west, when Hoche landed. Egad! if it wasn't for the militia, the country was sacked. I commanded a company of the Roscommon at the time; I remember well, we laid siege to a windmill, held by a desperate fellow, the miller—a resolute character, Mr. Hinton—he had two guns in the place with him."

"I wish to the Lord he had shot you with one of them, and we'd have been spared this long story!"

"I opened a parallel——"

"Maybe you'd open the pie?" said the priest, as he drew his chair, and sat down to the table. "Perhaps you forget, Bob, we have had a sharp ride of it this evening?"

"Upon my conscience, so I did," replied the major, good-humouredly. "So let us have a bit of supper now, Mr. Hinton, and I'll finish my story by-and-by."

"The Heavens forbid!" piously ejaculated the priest, as he helped himself to a very considerable portion of the lobster.

"Is this a fast," said I, slyly, "Father Loftus?"

"No, my son, but we'll make it one. That reminds me of what happened to me, going up in the boat—It was a Friday, and the dinner, as you may suppose, was not over good; but there was a beautiful cut of boiled salmon just before me, about a pound and a half, maybe two pounds; this I slipped quietly on my plate, observing to the company, in this way—Ladies and gentlemen, this is a fast day with me—when a big fellow, with red whiskers, stooped across the table, cut my bit of fish in two halves, calling out as he carried off one—'Bad scan to ye, d'ye think nobody has a sowl to be saved but yourself?'"

"Ah! they're a pious people, are the Irish!" said the major, solemnly, "and you'll remark that, when you see more of them. And now, captain, how do you like us here?"

"Exceedingly," said I, with warmth. "I have had every reason to be greatly pleased with Ireland."



“That’s right! and I’m glad of it! though, to be sure, you have not seen us in our holiday garb. Ah, if you were here before the Union; if you saw Dublin as I remember it—and Tom there remembers it—‘that was a pleasant place.’ It was not trusting to balls and parties, to dinners and routes, but to all kinds of fun and devilment besides. All the members of parliament used to be skylarking about the city, playing tricks on one another, and humbugging the Castle people—and, to be sure, the Castle was not the grave, stupid place it is now—they were convivial, jovial fellows——”

“Come, come, major,” interrupted I; “you are really unjust—the present court is not the heavy——”

“Sure I know what it is well enough. Hasn’t the duke all the privy council and the bishops as often to dinner as the garrison and the bar? Isn’t he obliged to go to his own apartment, when they want to make a night of it, and sing a good chorus? Don’t tell me—sure even as late as Lord Westmoreland’s time, it was another thing—pleasant and happy times they were, and the country will never be the same ‘till we have them back again!”

Being somewhat curious to ascertain in what particular our degeneracy consisted—for in my ignorance of better, I had hitherto supposed the present “*regime*” about as gay a thing as need be; I gradually led the major on, to talk of those happier days, when Ireland kept all its fun for home consumption, and never exported even its surplus produce.

“It was better, in every respect,” responded the major. “Hain’t we all the patronage amongst us? There’s Jonah, there—Barrington, I mean: well, he and I could make any thing, from a tide-waiter to a master in Chancery. It’s little trouble small debts gave us then—a pipe of sherry never cost me more than a storekeeper in the ordnance, and I kept my horses at livery for three years with a wash-woman to Kilmainham Hospital; and as for fun—Look at the Castle now! Don’t I remember the times when we used to rob the coaches coming from the drawing-rooms; and pretty girls they were, inside of them.”

“For shame, for shame!” cried Father Tom, with a sly look in the cor-

ner of his eye, that by no means bespoke a suitable degree of horror at such unwarrantable proceedings.

“Well, if it was a shame it was no sin,” responded the major; “for we never took any thing more costly than kisses. Ah, dear me! them was the times! And, to be sure, every now and then, we got a pull up from the Lady Lieutenant, and were obliged to behave ourselves for a week or two together. One thing she never could endure, was a habit we had of leaving the Castle before they themselves left the ball-room. I’m not going to defend it, it was not very polite, I confess; but somehow or other there was always something going on, we couldn’t afford to lose—maybe a supper at the barrack, or a snug party at Daly’s, or a bit of fun elsewhere. Her excellency, however, got angry about it, and we got a quiet hint to reform our manners. This, I need not tell you, was a hopeless course; so we hit on an expedient that answered to the full as well. It was by our names being called out, as the carriages drove up, that our delinquency became known. So Matt Fortescue suggested that we should adopt some feigned nomenclature, which would totally defy every attempt at discovery; the idea was excellent, and we traded on it for many a day with complete success. One night, however, from some cause or other, the carriages were late in arriving, and we were all obliged to accompany the court into the supper-room; angry enough we were, but still there was no help for it; and so, ‘smiling through tears,’ as the poet says, in we went. Scarcely, however, had we taken our places, when a servant called out something from the head of the stairs; another re-echoed it at the antechamber, and a third at the supper-room shouted out, ‘Oliver Cromwell’s carriage stops the way!’ The roar of laughter the announcement caused, shook the very room; but it had scarcely subsided when there was another call for ‘Brian Boru’s coach,’ quickly followed by ‘Guy Fawkes’ and ‘Paddy O’Rafferty’s jingle,’ which latter personage was no other than the Dean of Cork. I need not tell you that we kept our secret, and joined in the universal opinion of the whole room, ‘that the household was shamefully disguised in

drink ;' and indeed there was no end to the mistakes that night, for every now and then some character in heathen or modern history would turn up among the announcements ; and as the laughter burst forth, the servants would grow ashamed for a while, and refuse to call any carriage, where the style and title was a little out of the common. Ah ! Mr. Hinton, if you had lived in those days—Well, well, no matter—here's a glass to their memory, anyway. It is the first time you've been in these parts, and I suppose you haven't seen much of the country?"

"Very little indeed," replied I ; "and even that much, only by moonlight."

"I'm afraid," said Father Tom, half pensively, "that many of your countrymen take little else than a 'dark view' of us."

"See, now," said the major, slapping his hand on the table with en-

ergy, "the English know as much about Pat, as Pat knows of purgatory—no offence to you, Mr. Hinton. I could tell you a story of a circumstance that once happened to myself."

"No, no, Bob," said the priest. "It is bad taste to tell a story, *en petit comité*. I'll leave it to the captain."

"If I am to be the judge," said I, laughingly, "I decide for the story."

"Let's have it, then," said the priest. "Come, Bob, a fresh brew, and begin your tale."

"You are a sensual creature, Father Tom," said the major ; "and prefer drink to intellectual discussion ; not but that you may have both here at the same time ; but in honour of my friend beside me, I'll not bear malice, but give you the story : and let me tell you, it is not every day in the week a man hears a tale with a moral to it, particularly down in this part of the country."

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—THE DEVIL'S GRIP.

"THE way of it was this. There was a little estate of mine in the county of Waterford, that I used now and then to visit in the shooting season. In fact, except for that, there was little inducement to go there. It was a bleak ugly part of the country, a bad market-town near it, and not a neighbour within twelve miles. Well, I went over there—it was, as well as I remember, December two years—never was there such weather : it rained from morning till night, and blew and rained from night till morning ; the slates were flying about on every side, and we used to keep fellows up all night, that in case the chimneys were blown away, we'd know where to find them in the morning. This was the pleasant weather I selected for my visit to the 'Devil's Grip'—that was the name of the townland where the house stood ; and no bad name either ; for, faith, if he hadn't his paw on it, it might have gone in law, like the rest of the property. However, down I went there, and only remembered on the evening of my arrival, that I had ordered my gamekeeper to poison the mountain to get rid of the poachers : so that, instead of shooting, which, as I said before, was all that you could

do in the place, there I was, with three brace of dogs, two guns, and powder enough to blow up a church, walking a big dining-parlour, all alone by myself, as melancholy as may be.

"You may judge how happy I was, looking out upon the bleak country side, with nothing to amuse me, except when now and then the roof of some cabin or other would turn upside down, like an umbrella, or watching an old windmill that had gone clean mad, and went round at such a pace, that nobody dare go near it. All this was poor comfort : however, I got out of temper with the place ; and so I sat down, and wrote a long advertisement for the English papers, describing the Devil's Grip as a little terrestrial paradise, in the midst of picturesque scenery, a delightful neighbourhood, and an Arcadian peasantry, the whole to be parted with—a dead bargain—as the owner was about to leave the country ; I didn't add that he had some thought of blowing his brains out with sheer disgust of his family residence. I wound up the whole with a paragraph, to the effect, that if not disposed of within the month, the proprietor would break it up into small farms. I said this, because I intended to remain so

ere; and, although I knew no  
 er would treat, after he saw  
 mises, yet still one might be  
 ough to come over and look at  
 and even that would help me to  
 e Christmas. My calculation  
 out correct; for before a week  
 er a letter reached me, stating  
 Mr. Green, of No. 196 High  
 n, would pay me a visit as soon  
 weather moderated, and per-  
 him to travel. If he waits for  
 ough I, he'll not find me here;  
 it blows as hard for the next  
 e'll not find the house either;  
 ized another tumbler of punch,  
 mmed myself to sleep with the  
 of Ross.

was about four or five evenings  
 I received this letter, that old  
 f' Cormick, a kind of butler I  
 handy fellow—he was a steward  
 years in the Holyhead packet—  
 into the room about ten o'clock,  
 I was disputing with myself  
 or I took six tumblers or seven:  
 one; the decanter said the

t's blowing terrible, Mr. Bob,  
 an.

Let it blow—what else has it to

The trees is tumbling about as  
 y was drunk—there won't be  
 t before morn.'

They're right,' said I, 'to leave  
 or the soil was never kind for  
 ng.'

Two of the chimneys is down,  
 ?.

Devil mend them,' said I, 'they  
 ways smoking.'

And the hall-door,' cried he 'is  
 flat into the hall.'

It's little I care,' said I; 'if it  
 it keep out the sheriff, it may  
 the storm, if it pleases.'

Murder! murder!' said he,  
 ing his hands, 'I wish we were  
 —it's a cruel thing to have one's  
 rilled this way.'

While we were talking, a gossoon  
 into the room with the news  
 he Milford packet had just gone  
 : somewhere below the Hook  
 r, adding, as it is always the case  
 h occasions, that they were all  
 ed.

jumped up at this, put on my  
 ng shoes, buttoned up my frize  
 and, followed by Dan, took a

short cut over the hills, towards Pas-  
 sage, where I now found the packet  
 had been driven in. Before we had  
 gone half a mile, I heard the voices  
 of some country people coming up the  
 road towards me; but it was so dark,  
 you couldn't see your hand.

"'Who's there?' said I.

"'Tim Molly, your honour,' was  
 the answer.

"'What's the matter, Tim?' said I.  
 'Is there any thing wrong?'

"'Nothing, sir, glory be to God—  
 it's only the corpse of the gentleman  
 that was drowned there below.'

"'I ain't dead, I tell you; I'm only  
 faint,' called out a shrill voice.

"'He says he's better,' said Tim;  
 'and maybe it's only the salt water  
 that's in him; and faix, when we found  
 him, there was no more spark in him  
 than in a wet sod.'

"Well, the short of it was, we  
 brought him up to the house, rubbed  
 him with gunpowder before the fire,  
 gave him about half a pint of burnt  
 spirits, and put him to bed, he being  
 just able to tell me, as he was dropping  
 asleep, that he was my friend, from  
 No. 196, High Holborn.

"The next morning, I sent up Dan  
 to ask how he was; and he came  
 down with the news that he was fast  
 asleep. The best thing he could do,  
 said I—and I began to think over  
 what a mighty load it would be upon  
 my conscience, if the decent man had  
 been drowned; for, maybe, after all  
 thought I, he is in earnest, maybe he  
 wished to buy a beautiful place like  
 that I have described in the papers—  
 and so I began to relent, and wonder  
 with myself how I could make the  
 country pleasant for him during his  
 stay. It'll not be above a day or two  
 at farthest, particularly after he sees  
 the place. Ay, there's the rub, the  
 poor devil will find out then that I  
 have been hoaxing him. This kept  
 fretting me all day, and I was continu-  
 ally sending up word to know if he  
 was awake; and the answer always  
 was—still sleeping. Well, about four  
 o'clock, as it was growing dark,  
 Oakley, of the Fifth, and two of his  
 brother officers, came bowling up to  
 the door, on their way to Carrick.  
 Here was a piece of luck! So we got  
 dinner ready for the party, brought up  
 a good store of claret at one side of  
 the fire-place, and a plentiful stock of

bog-fir at the other, and resolved to make a night of it ; and just as I was describing to my friends the arrival of my guest above stairs, who should enter the room but himself. He was a round little fellow about my size, with a short, quick, business-like way about him. Indeed, he was a kind of a dry-salter, or something of that nature, in London, who had made a large fortune, and wished to turn country gentleman. I had only time to learn these few particulars, and to inform him that he was at that moment in the mansion he had come to visit, when dinner was announced.

"Down we sat ; and, faith, a jollier party rarely met together. Poor Mr. Green knew but little of Ireland ; but we certainly tried to enlighten him ; and he drank in wonders with his wine at such a rate, that by eleven o'clock he was carried to his room, pretty much in the same state as on his arrival the night before, the only difference being, it was Sneyd, not salt-water, this time that filled him.

" ' I like the cockney,' said Oakley : ' that fellow's good fun. I say, Bob, bring him over with you to-morrow to dinner. We halt at Carrick till the detachment comes up.'

" ' Could you call it breakfast?' said I. ' There's a thought just strikes me : we'll be over in Carrick with you about six o'clock : we'll have our breakfast, whatever you like to give us, and dine with you about eleven or twelve afterwards.'

" Oakley liked the project well ; and before we parted, the whole thing was arranged for the next day.

" Towards four o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, Mr. Green was informed by Daniel, that as we had made an engagement to take an early breakfast some miles off, he ought to be up and stirring : at the same time a pair of candles were brought into the room—hot water for shaving, &c. ; and the astonished cockney, who looked at his watch, perceived that it was but four.

" ' These are very early people,' thought he. ' However, the habits of the country must be complied with.' So saying, he proceeded with his toilet, and at last reached the drawing-room, just as my drag dashed up to the door—the lamps fixed and shining,

and every thing in readiness for departure.

" ' We'll have a little shooting, Mr. Green,' said I, ' after breakfast : we'll see what my friend's preserves offer. I suppose you're a good shot?'

" ' I can't say much for my performance ; but I am passionately fond of it.'

" ' Well,' added I, ' I believe I can answer for it. You'll have a good day here.'

" So chatting, we rolled along, the darkness gradually thickening round us, and the way becoming more gloomy and deserted.

" ' It's strange,' says Mr. Green, after a while : ' it's strange, how very dark it grows before sun-rise ; for I perceive it much blacker now than when we set out.'

" ' Every climate has its peculiarities,' said I ; ' and now that we're used to this, we like it better than any other : but see, there—yonder ; where you observe the light in the valley—that's Carrick. My friend's house is a little at the side of the town. I hope you've a good appetite for breakfast.'

" ' Trust me, I never felt so hungry in my life.'

" ' Ah, here they come!' said Oakley, as he stood with a lantern in his hand at the barrack-gate : ' here they are! Good morning, Mr. Green. Bob, how goes it? Heavenly morning!'

" ' Delightful, indeed,' said poor Green, though evidently not knowing why.

" ' Come along, boys, now,' said Oakley : ' we've a great deal before us—though I am afraid Mr. Green, you will think little of our Irish sporting, after your English preserves. However, I have kept a few brace of pheasants, very much at your service, in a snug clover-field near the house. So now to breakfast.'

" There was about a dozen of the Fifth at that time in the barrack, who all entered heart and hand in the scheme, and with them we sat down to a capital meal, which, if it was not for a big tea-pot and an urn that figured in the middle of the table, might very well have been called a dinner. Poor Mr. Green, who for old prejudice sake began with his congo and a muffin, soon

reds, and by an easy transition, to soup and fish, and went the hither rest of us: the claret began late briskly, and after a couple s the whiskey made its appear- The Englishman, whose atten- never suffered to flag, with anecdotes of a country, whose cities, he already began to ap- enjoyed himself to the ut- He laughed, he drank, he even d to sing; and with one hand ley's shoulder, and the other on e registered a vow to purchase te and spend the rest of his days nd. It was now about eleven when I proposed that we have a couple of hours at the cks before luncheon.

h! yes,' said Green, rubbing ds, 'let us not forget the shoot- m passionately fond of sport.'

took some time to caparison es for the field. Shot-bags, and powder-horns, were distri- about, while three brace of dogs led round the room, and in- the uproar. We now sallied

It was a dark and starless the wind still blowing a hurri- om the north-east, and not a o be seen two yards from where od.

lorious weather!' said Oakley. A delicious morning,' cried r. 'When those clouds blow e shall have no rain.'

hat's a fine line of country, Mr. ' said I.

h? what? a fine what? I can hing—it's pitch dark.'

h, I forgot,' said I. 'How we were, Oakley, not to remem- at Mr. Green was not used to mate! We can see every thing, ow; but come along, you'll get by-and-by.'

ith this we hurried him down a hrough a hedge, and into a ed field; while on every side of p, pop went the guns, accom- with exclamations of enthusi- leasure and delight.

There they go—mark!—that's

Tom—well done—cock pheas- by Jove! Here, Mr. Green; ay, Mr. Green—that dog is g—there, there: don't you see ' said I, almost lifting the gun oulder, while poor Mr. Green, in a panic of excitement and

trepidation, pulled both triggers, and nearly fell back with the recoil.

" 'Splendid shot, begad!—killed both,' said Oakley. 'Ah! Mr. Green, we have no chance with you. I give him another gun at once.'

" 'I should like a little brandy,' said Mr. Green; 'for my feet are wet.'

"I gave him my flask, which he emptied at a pull; while, at the same time, animated with fresh vigour, he tramped manfully forward, without fear or dread. The firing still continued hotly around us; and as Mr. Green discharged his piece whenever he was bid, we calculated, that in about an hour and a half, he had fired above an hundred and fifty times. Wearied and fatigued by his exertions at length, he sat down upon a bank, while one of the game-keepers covered the ground about him with ducks, hens, and turkey-cocks, as the spoils of his exertions.

"At Oakley's proposal, we now agreed to go back to luncheon, which I need not tell you was a hot supper, followed by mulled claret and more punch. Here the cockney came out still better than before. His character, as a sportsman, raised him in his own esteem, and he sang 'the Poacher' for two hours, until he fell fast asleep on the carpet. He was then conveyed to bed, where, as on the former day, he slept till late in the afternoon.

"Meanwhile, I had arranged another breakfast-party at Rosa, where we arrived about seven o'clock in the evening, and so on for the rest of the week, occasionally varying the amusement by hunting, fishing, or coursing.

"At last poor Mr. Green, when called on one morning to dress, sent down Dan with his compliments, that he wished to speak to me. I went to him at once, and found him sitting up in his bed.

" 'Ah, Mr. Mahon,' said he, 'this will never do: it's a pleasant life, no doubt, but I never could go on with it. Will you tell me one thing?—do you never see the sun here?'

" 'Oh, bless you! yes,' said I; 'repeatedly. He was out for two hours on last Patrick's day, and we have him now and then promiscuously!'

" 'How very strange! how very remarkable!' said he, with a sigh, 'that we in England should know so little of all this! but to tell you the truth, I



don't think I ever could get used to Lapland—it's Ireland I mean—I beg your pardon for the mistake; and now, may I ask you another question—is this the way you always live?"

"Why, pretty much in this fashion—during the hazy season we go about to each other's houses, as you see; and one gets so accustomed to the darkness —"

"Ah, now, don't tell me that, I know I never could; it's no use my trying it; I'm used to the day-light; I have seen it, man and boy, for above fifty years, and I never could grope about this way. Not but that I am very grateful to you for all your hospitality, but I had rather go home."

"You'll wait for morning: at all events," said I, "you'll not leave the house in the dead of the night."

"Oh, indeed, for the matter of that, it doesn't signify much; night and day is much about the same thing in this country."

"And so he grew obstinate, and, notwithstanding all I could say, insisted on his departure; and the same evening he sailed from the quay of Waterford, wishing me every health and happiness, while he added, with a voice of trembling earnestness—

"Yes, Mr. Mahon, pardon me if I am wrong, but I wish to heaven *you had a little more light in Ireland!*"

I am unable to say how far the good things of Major Mahon's table seasoned the story I have just related; but I confess I laughed at it loud and long, a testimony on my part which delighted the major's heart; for, like all anecdote-mongers, he was not indifferent to flattery.

"The moral particularly pleases me," said I.

"Ay, but the whole thing's true as I am here. Whist! there's somebody at the door. Come in, whoever you are."

At these words, the door cautiously opened and a boy of about twelve years of age entered. He carried a bundle under one arm, and held a letter in his hand.

"Oh, here it is," said Father Tom. "Come here, Patsey my boy, here's the penny I promised you. There, now, don't make a bad use of your money."

The little fellow's eyes brightened,

and with a happy smile, and a pull of his forelock for a bow, left the room delighted.

"Twelve miles—ay, and long miles too—in less than three hours! not bad travelling, captain, for a bit of a gossoon like that."

"And for a penny!" said I, almost starting with surprise.

"To be sure," said the priest, as he cut the cord of the package, and opened it on the table. "Here we are, as nate a jacket as ever I set my eyes on, green and white, with a cap of the same."

So saying, he unfolded the racing costume, which, by the desire of both parties, I was obliged immediately to try on. "There now," resumed he, "turn about; it fits you like your skin."

"It looks devilish well," upon my word," said the major: "put on the cap; and see, too, he has sent a whip; that was very thoughtful of Dillon: but what's this letter here? for you, I think, Mr. Hinton."

The letter was in a lady's hand; I broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"DEAR SIR—My uncle Dillon requests you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner to-morrow, at six o'clock. I have taken the liberty to tell him, that as we are old acquaintances, you will, perhaps, kindly overlook his not having visited you to-day; and I shall feel happy if, by accepting the invitation, you will sustain my credit on this occasion.

"He desires me to add, that the racing-jacket, &c., are most perfectly at your service, as well as any articles of horse-gear you may be in want of.

"Believe me, dear sir, truly yours,

"LOUISA BELLEW.

"Mount Brown, Wednesday evening."

A thrill of pleasure ran through me as I read these lines; and, notwithstanding my efforts to conceal my emotion from my companions, they but too plainly saw the excitement I felt.

"Something agreeable there. You don't look, Mr. Hinton, as if that were a latitat or a bill of costs you were reading."

"Not exactly," said I, laughing. "It is an invitation to dinner from Mount Brown—wherever that may be."

"The best house in the county,"

major ; "and a good fellow he is, Mr. Dillon. When is it for ?" "To-morrow, at six."

"Well, if he has not asked me to go, I'll invite myself, and we'll go together."

"Indeed," said I ; "but how shall I give the answer ?"

The major promised to send his answer over with the reply, which I did at once.

"I'll tell Hugh," said the major, "I'll join you."

He stammered, and looked embarrassed.

"I'm not writing to Mr. Dillon,"

"for the invitation came from a lady of the family, Miss Hinton, his niece, I believe."

"How!" said the major, with a start. "Is it there we are! The powers! Mr. Hinton, that's the man, to come down here not only to lose our money in a steeple-chase, but to carry off the *belle* of the country besides; that 'ill never do." "It doesn't belong to you at all,"

said Father Tom; "she is a parishioner of mine, and so were her father and grandfather before her; and moreover than that, she is the prettiest girl, and the best too, in the country she lives in, and that's no small praise—for it's Galway I'm talking of. And now, here's a bumper to her, and who'll refuse it?"

"Not I, certainly."

"Nor I," said the major, as we drank her health with all the honours.

"Now for another jug," quoth the major, as he moved towards the fireplace in search of the kettle.

"After that toast, not another drop," said I, resolutely.

"Well said," chimed in the priest: "may I never, if that wasn't very Irish."

Firmly resisting all the major's solicitations to resume my place at the table, I wished both my friends good night; and having accepted Bob Mahon's offer of a seat in his tax-cart to the race, I shook their hands warmly, and took my leave.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

I did not awake till past noon the next day. I had only completed my dressing when Major Mahon made his appearance. Having pronounced my appearance accurate, and suggested that I should tie the string round my waist, and let it hang down in front, he put me on with my great-coat, and, notwithstanding that the weather was summer, and the day a hot one, he buttoned me up to the chin, down to the knees.

"Here, now," said he, "you look like the thing—where's your hat?" "We have no time to lose: so get into the tax-cart, and let us be gone."

My reader may remember, the ground lay about a mile from the house, but the road thither, unlike the usual quiet of the preceding day, was now thronged with people on foot and horseback. Vehicles, too, of every description were there. Bays, blacks, and landaus, hack chaises, and jaunting-cars, whiskey-coaches, and, in fact, every species of vehicle pronounced capable of rolling on its wheels, were put into re-

quisition: nor was the turn-out of cavalry of a character less mixed. Horses of every shape and colour—some fat from grass; others lean, like anatomical specimens: old and young; the rich and the poor; the high sheriff of the county, with his flashy four-in-hand; the mendicant on his crutches—all pressed eagerly forward; and as I surveyed the motley mass, I felt what pleasure I could take in the scene, were I not engaged as a principal performer.

On reaching the course we found it already occupied by numerous brilliant equipages, and a strong cavalcade of horsemen; of these the greater number were well mounted, and amused themselves and the by-standers by leaping the various fences around—a species of pastime which occasionally afforded food for laughter; many a soiled coat and broken hat attesting the colour and consistence of the clayey ground. There were also refreshment-booths, stalls for gaming on an humble scale, tables laid out with beer, hard eggs and gingerbread—in a word, all the ordinary and extraordinary preparations which accompany any great

assemblage of people, whose object is amusement.

A temporary railing of wood, rudely and hastily put together, enclosed a little space, reserved as a weighing-stand; here the stewards of the course were assembled, along with "the dons" of the country; and into this privileged sanctum was I introduced by the major, in due form. All eyes were turned on me as I entered; and whether from the guardianship of him who acted as my chaperon, or that the costume of my coat and overalls had propitiated their favour, I cannot say; but somehow I felt that there was more courtesy in their looks, and an air of greater civility in their bearing, than I had remarked the preceding day at the town-hall. True, these were, for the most part, men of better stamp—the real gentry of the country—who, devotedly attached to field sports, had come, not as betting characters, but to witness a race. Several of them took off their hats as I approached, and saluted me with politeness. While returning their courtesy, I felt my arm gently touched, and on looking around perceived Mr. Dillon, of Mount-brown, who, with a look of most cordial greeting, and an outstretched hand, presented himself before me.

"You'll dine with us, Mr. Hinton, I hope," said he. "No apology, pray: You shall not lose the ball, for my girls insist on going to it; so that we can all come in together. There, now, that is settled. Will you permit me to introduce you to a few of my friends? Here's Mr. Barry Conolly, wishes much to know you——You'll pardon me, Mr. Hinton, but your name is so familiar to me through my niece, I forget that we are not old acquaintances."

So saying, the little man took my arm and led me about through the crowd, introducing me right and left. Of the names, the rank, and the residences of my new friends, I knew as much as I did of the domestic arrangements of the king of Congo; but one thing I can vouch for—more unbounded civility and hospitable attention never did man receive. One gentleman begged me to spend a few days with him at his shooting-lodge in the mountains—another wanted to make up a coursing-party for me—a third volunteered to mount me if I'd come

down in the hunting season; one and all gave me the most positive assurance that if I remained in the country I should neither lack bed nor board for many a day to come.

But a few days before, and in my ignorance I had set down this same class as rude, underbred, and uncivilized: and had I left the country on the preceding evening, I should have carried away my prejudices with me. The bare imitation of his better than the squireen presents, was the source of this blunder; the spurious currency had, by its false glitter, deteriorated the sterling coin in my esteem; but now I could detect the counterfeit from the genuine metal.

"The ladies are on this side," said Mr. Dillon. "Shall we make our bow to them?"

"You'll not have time, Dillon," said a friend who overheard his remark: "here come the horses."

As he spoke, a distant cheer rose from the bottom of the hill, which, gradually taken up by those nearer, grew louder and louder, till it filled the very air.

"What is it?" said I eagerly.

"It's Jug-of-Punch," said a person beside me. "The mare was bred in the neighbourhood, and excites a great interest among the country people."

The crowd now fell back rapidly, and Mr. Burke, seated in a high tandem, dashed up to the weighing-stand, and, giving the reins to his servant, sprang to the ground.

His costume was a loose coat of coarse drab cloth, beset on every side by pockets of various shapes and dimensions, long gaiters of the same material encased his legs, and the memorable white hat, set most rakishly on the head, completed his equipment. Scarcely had he put foot to ground when he was surrounded by a number of his obsequious followers; but, paying little or no attention to their proffered civilities, he brushed rudely through them, and walked straight up to where I was standing. There was an air of swaggering insolence in his manner which could not be mistaken, and I could mark that, in the side-long glance he threw about him, he intended that our colloquy should be for the public ear. Nodding familiarly, while he touched his hat with one finger, he addressed me.

"I morning, sir; I am happy to meet you so soon. There is a race at we are to have no race: tell you if there be any ground

so far as I'm concerned," replied in a tone of quiet indifference. "At least," resumed he, "there is some colour for the rumour—your horse is not here—I had he has not left the stable—the groom is among the crowd. I only ask the question, as it is my betting-book; there are, here many gentlemen among the hands who would wish to back

as said with an air of sneering so palpable, as to call forth a rising titter from the throng of spectators at his back.

Without deigning any reply to his sneer, on, I whispered a few words to the major, who at once, taking a moment from a farmer, threw himself into the saddle, and cantered off to the

Within fifteen minutes the time will be

Mr. Burke, producing his pocket-book, said, "Isn't that so, Dillon? You are the judge here."

"Perfectly correct," replied the groom, with a hasty, confused manner, "showed me in what awe he was of his redoubted relative.

And in that time I shall call on you to give the word to start; for I know the conditions require me to start the course, with or without delay."

During, Mr. Burke proceeded to unbutton his great-coat, with the assistance of his friends, and off. Two sedulous familiars, while unbuttoning his gaiters, in a few seconds he stood at even my most prejudiced eyes could not deny, the very ideal of a gentleman-rider. His face black and yellow, bore the marks of more than one race; but his carriage, not less than his countenance, looked like one who felt every word of a jockey.

There was led within the ropes a droll—a proceeding conducted in my own eye, and every step of which was watched with critical nicety: he sat down upon a bench, his watch in hand, seemed to pass minutes as they flew past.

"Here we are—here we are—all right, Hinton!" shouted the major, as he galloped up the hill. "Jump into the scale, my lad; your saddle is beside you; don't lose a moment."

"Yes, off with your coat," said another, "and jump in."

Divesting myself of my outer garments with a speed not second to that of Mr. Burke, I took my saddle under my arm, and seated myself in the scale. The groom fortunately had left nothing to a moment, and my saddle being led to the required weight, the operation took not a minute.

"Saddle now as quickly as you can," whispered Dillon; "for Burke being overweight, won't get into the scale."

While he was yet speaking, the gallant gray was led in, covered with clothing from head to tail.

"All was quite right," said Mahon in a low whisper—"your horse won't bear a crowd, and the groom kept him stabled to the last moment; you are in luck besides," continued he; "they say he is in a good temper this morning—and, indeed, he walked up from the mill as gently as a lamb."

"Mount, gentlemen," cried Mr. Dillon, as, with watch in hand, he ascended a little platform in front of the weighing-stand.

I had but time to throw one glance at my horse, when the major gave me his hand to lift me into the saddle.

"After you, sir," said Mr. Burke with a mock politeness, as he drew back to permit me to pass out first.

I touched my horse gently with the snaffle, but he stood stock still: I essayed again, but with no better success. The place was too crowded to permit of any attempt to bully him, so I once more tried gentle means; it was of no use; he stood rooted to the ground. Before I could determine what next to do, Mahon sprung forward and took him by the head, when the animal walked quietly forward, without a show of restiveness.

"He's a droll devil," said the groom, "and in one of his odd humours this morning, for that's what I never saw him do before."

I could see as I passed out, that this little scene, short as it was, had not impressed the by-standers with any exalted notion of my horsemanship—for though there was nothing actually

to condemn, my first step did not seem to augur well. Having led me forth before the stand, the major pointed with his finger to the line of country before me, and was repeating the priest's injunctions, when Mr. Burke rode up to my side, and, with a smile of very peculiar meaning, said—

"Are you ready *now*, sir?"

I nodded assent—the major let go the bridle.

"We are all ready, Dillon," cried Burke, turning in his saddle.

"All ready!" repeated Dillon;—"then away!"

As he spoke, the bell rang, and off we went.

For about thirty yards we cantered side by side—the grey horse keeping stroke with the other, and not betraying the slightest evidence of bad temper. Whatever my own surprise, the amazement of Burke was beyond all bounds. He turned completely round in his saddle to look, and I could see, in the workings of his features, the distrustful expression of one who suspected he had been duped. Meanwhile, the cheers of the vast multitude pealed high on every side; and, as the thought flashed across me that I might still acquit myself with credit, my courage rose, and I gripped my saddle with double energy.

At the foot of the slope, there was, as I have already mentioned, a small fence; towards this we were now approaching, at the easy sling of a hand-gallop, when suddenly Burke's features—which I watched from time to time with intense anxiety—changed their expression of doubt and suspicion, for a look of triumphant malice: putting spurs to his horse, he sprang a couple of lengths in advance, and rode madly at the fence. The grey stretched out to follow; and already was I preparing for the leap, when Burke, who had now reached the fence, suddenly swerved his horse round, and affecting to baulk, cantered back towards the hill. The manœuvre was perfectly successful. My horse, who up to that moment was going on well, threw his fore-legs far out, and came to a dead stop. In an instant the trick was palpable to my senses; and in the heat of my passion, I dashed in both spurs, and endeavoured to lift him by the rein. Scarcely had I done so, when, as if the very ground beneath had

jerked us upwards, he sprang into the air, dashing his head forward between his fore-legs, and throwing up his haunches behind, till I thought we should come clean over in the summersault. I kept my seat, however; and thinking that boldness alone could do at such a moment, I only waited till he reached the ground, when I again drove spurs up to the rowels in his flanks; with a snort of passion he bounded madly up, and, pawing the air for some moments with his fore-legs, lit upon the earth, panting with rage, and trembling in every limb. The shouts which now filled my ears, seemed but like mockery and derision: and stung almost to madness, I fixed myself in my seat, pulled my cap upon my brows, and with clenched teeth, gathered up the reins to renew the conflict; there was a pause now of a few seconds; both horse and man seemed to feel there was a deadly strife before them, and each seemed to collect his energy for the blow. The moment came; and driving in the spurs with all my force, I struck him with the whip behind the ears. With something like a yell, the savage animal sprang into the air, writhing his body like a fish. Bound after bound he made, as though goaded on to madness; and, at length, after several fruitless efforts to unseat me, he dashed straight upwards, struck out with his fore-legs, poised for a second or two, and then with a crash fell back upon me, rolling me to the ground, bruised, stunned, and senseless.

How long this state lasted, I cannot tell, but when half consciousness returned to me, I found myself standing in the field, my head reeling with the shock, my clothes torn and ragged, my horse was standing beside me, with some one at his head; while another, whose voice I thought I could recognise, called out—

"Get up, man, get up; you'll do the thing well yet. There, don't lose time."

"No, no," said another voice, "it's a shame; the poor fellow is half killed already—and there, don't you see Burke's at the second fence?"

Thus much I heard, amid the confusion around me; but more I know not. The next moment I was in the saddle, with only sense enough left to feel reckless to desperation. I cried



leave the way, and turned to the fence. A tremendous cut hip fell upon the horse's quarter some one behind; and like a bomb from a mortar, he sprung wildly. With one fly he cleared the ditch, dashed across the field, and, I was firm in my seat, was over the second ditch. Burke had barely time to look round him, ere I had. He knew that the horse was with me, but he also knew his own, and that if I could but keep the middle, the chances were now in my favour. Then commenced a tremendous struggle. In advance of him, four lengths, I took every thing before me, my horse flying straight as an arrow—I dared not turn my head, could mark that Burke was making every effort to get before me; ere now approaching a tall hedge, which lay the deep ground, of which the priest had already spoken; as the fences presented nothing to fight, the tremendous pace I was was all in my favour: but now was fully five feet of a hedge lying before me. Unable to collect myself, my horse came with his knee against it, and chesting the branches, fell head foremost in the field. Springing to my legs, I lifted him at once; but ere I remount, Burke came bounding over the hedge, and lit safely beneath. With a grin of malice he gave me one look towards me, and went on. For some seconds my horse was so stunned, he could scarcely move, and as I pressed him forward, every action of his shoulder, and every nodding head, almost bid me to stop. By degrees, however, he collected himself, and got into his stride; and, nearly a hundred yards in advance, rode Burke, still keeping the same pace, but skirting the head to my right. I saw now the effect of the priest's remark, that were I to take a straight line through the round, the race was still in my favour; but dare I do so with a horse that could not beat as mine was? The answer was quick as lightning, it was my only chance to win, and I resolved to take it. Plunging into the deep marshy ground before me, I cast my eye upon the blue flag that marked the course; at this moment Burke turned and saw me, and I could not but win.

perceive that he immediately slackened his pace. Yes, thought I, he thinks I am pounded, but it is not come to that yet; in fact, my horse was improving at every stride, and although the ground was trying, his breeding began to tell, and I could feel that he had plenty of running still in him. Affecting, however, to lift him at every stroke, and seeming to labour to help him through, I induced Burke to hold in, until I gradually crept up to the fence before he was within several lengths of it. The grey no sooner caught sight of the wall than he pricked up his ears and rushed towards it; with a vigorous lift I popped him over without touching a stone. Burke followed in splendid style, and in an instant was alongside of me.

Now began the race in right earnest. The cunning of his craft could avail him little here, except as regarded the superior management of his own horse; so Burke, abandoning every ruse, rode manfully on; as for me, my courage rose at every moment, and so far from feeling any fear, I only wished that the fences were larger, and like a gambler who would ruin his adversary at one throw, I would have taken a precipice if he pledged himself to follow. For some fields we rode within a few yards of each other, side by side, each man lifting his horse at the same moment to his leap, and alighting with the same shock beyond it. Already our heads were turned homewards, and I could mark on the distant hill the far-off crowds whose echoing shouts came floating towards us; but one fence of any consequence remained, that was the large gripe that formed the last of the race; we had cleared a low stone wall, and now entered the field that led to the great leap: it was evident that Burke's horse, both from being spared the shocks that mine had met with, and from his better riding, was the fresher of the two; we had neither of us, however, much to boast of on that score, and, perhaps, at a calmer moment would have little fancied facing such a leap as that before us. It was evident that the first over must win, and as each man measured the other's stride, the intense anxiety of the moment nearly rose to madness; from the instant of entering the field, I had marked out with my eye where I meant to take the leap—Burke had

evidently done this also, and we now slightly diverged, each to his allotted spot. The pace was awful. All thought of danger lost or forgotten, we came nearer and nearer, with knitted brow and clenched lip—I the first. Already I was on the side; with a loud cry and a cut of my whip I rose my horse to it; the noble beast sprang forward, but his strength was spent, and he fell downwards on his head; recovering him without losing my seat, I scrambled up the opposite bank and looked round. Burke, who had pressed the pace so hotly before, had only done so to blow my horse, and break him down at his leap; and I saw him now approaching the fence, with his mare fully in hand, and her haunches well under her. Unable to move forward, save at a walk, I turned in my saddle to watch him; he came boldly to the brink of the fence; his hand was up prepared to strike; already the mare was collecting herself for the effort, when from the bottom of the gripe a figure sprang wildly up, and as the horse rose into the air, he jumped at the bridle, pulling down both the horse and the rider with a crash upon him; a loud cry of agony rising 'mid the struggle.

As they disappeared from my sight, I felt like one in a trance; all thoughts, however, were lost in the desire to win; and collecting my energies for a last struggle, I lifted the gallant grey with both hands, and, by dint of spurring and shaking, pressed him to a canter, and rode in, the winner, amid the deafening cheers and cries of thousands.

"Keep back—keep back," cried Mahon, restraining with his whip the crowd that bore down upon me. "Hinton, take care that no one touch your horse; ride inside, take off your saddle, and get into the scale."

Moving onwards like one in a dream, I mechanically obeyed the direction, while the cries and shouts around me grew each moment louder and wilder.

"Here he comes—here he comes!" shouted several voices, and Burke galloped up, and, without drawing rein, rode into the weighing-stand.

"Foul play!" roared he in a tone hoarse with passion. "I protest against the race. Holloo, sir," he shouted, turning towards me.

"There—there," said Mahon, as he

1      1      rds the scale,  
"you      5      do with him;"  
and      5      a number of  
0      5      ward to shake

and and wish me joy.  
"Look here, Dillon," cried the major, "mark the weight, twelve stone two, and two pounds over, if he wanted it. There now," whispered he in a voice which, though not meant for my hearing, I could distinctly catch. "There now, Dillon, take him into your carriage and get him off the ground as fast as you can."

Just at this instant, Burke, who had been talking with loud voice and violent gesticulation, burst through the crowd, and stood before us.

"Do you say, Dillon, that I have lost this race?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure," cried out full to y voices.

"My question was not addressed to you, sir," said he, boiling with pas-

"I ask the judge of this course, have I lost?"

"My dear Ullick—" said Dillon, a voice scarce audible from agita-

"Go cursed palaver with me," said he, interrupting. "Lost or won, sir—one word."

"Lost, of course," replied Dillon, with more of firmness than I believed I capable of.

"Well, sir," said Burke, as he d towards me, his teeth clenched with passion, "it may be some alloy to your triumph to know, that your ally has smashed his thigh-bone in service; and yet I can tell you, you have not come to the end of this."

fore I could reply. Burke's friends hurried him from the spot and hurried to a carriage; while I, still more ever puzzled by the words I had heard, looked from one to the other of around for an explanation.

"Never mind, Hinton," said Mahon, as half-breathless with running, he d up and seized me by the hand. "A poor fellow was discharging a debt in his own rude way: hide on your score, vengeance"

—hark, there  
wild cry from  
instant four  
carrying a  
which was

stretched the pale and mangled figure of Tipperary Joe. "A drink of water—spirits—tay—any thing for the love of the Virgin! I'm fainished, and I want to drink Captain Phil's health. Ah, darling!" said he, as he turned his filmy eyes up towards me, "didn't I pay him off for this?" with these words he pointed to a blue welt that stretched across his face, from the mouth to the ear; "he gave me that yesterday, for saying long life and success to you!"

"Oh! this is too horrible," said I, gasping for breath, "my poor fellow; and I who had treated you so harshly——" I took his hand in mine, but it was cold and clammy, his features were sunken too—he had fainted.

"Come, Hinton," said the major, "we can do no good here; let us move down to the inn, at once, and see after this poor boy."

"You are coming with us, Mr. Hinton?" cried Dillon.

"Not now, not now," said I, while my throat was swelling with repressed emotion. Without suffering me to say more, Mahon almost lifted me into the tax-cart, and, putting his horse to the gallop, dashed towards the town, the cheers of the people following us as we went: for to their wild sense of justice, Joe was a genuine martyr, and I shared in the glory of his self-devotion.

The whole way towards Loughrea, Mahon continued to talk, but not a word could I catch; my thoughts were fixed on the poor fellow who had suffered for my sake, and I would have given all I possessed in the world to have lost the race, and seen him safe and sound before me.

"There, there!" said the major, as he shook me by the arm; "don't take it to heart this way; you know little of Ireland, that's plain: that poor fellow will be prouder for the feeling

you have shown towards him this night, than many a king upon his throne. To have served a gentleman—to have put him under an obligation;—*that* has a charm you can't estimate the extent of. Beware, only beware of one thing—do not, by any offer of money, destroy the illusion; do what you like for him, but take care of that."

We now reached the little inn, and Mahon—for I was incapable of all thought or exertion—got a room in readiness for Joe, and, summoning the doctor of the place, provided every thing for his care and accommodation.

"Now, Hinton," said he, as he burst into my room, "all's right; Joe is comfortable in bed; the fracture turns out not to be a bad one. So rouse yourself, for Dillon's carriage, with all its ladies, is waiting these ten minutes."

"No, no," cried I; "I can't go to this dinner-party; I'll not quit——"

"Nonsense, man!" said he, interrupting me; "you can only do harm here; the doctor says he must be left quite quiet, and alone;—besides, Dillon has behaved so well to-day—so stoutly, for *him*, that you mustn't forget it. There now, where are your clothes? I'll pack them for you."

I started up, to obey him, but a giddiness came over me, and I sank into my chair weak and sick.

"This will never do," said Mahon; "I had better tell them I'll drive you over myself; and now, just lie down for an hour or two, and keep quiet."

This advice, I felt was good, and thanking my kind friend with a squeeze of the hand, for I could not speak, I threw myself upon my bed, and, strange enough, while such contending emotions disturbed my brain, fell asleep almost immediately.

---

## THE BEARD AND THE BISHOP.

BEING NO. II. OF THE KISHOGE PAPERS.

Pope Paul assembled the Council of Trent,  
 And thither the abbé Duprat went,  
     A priest he was right eloquent,  
     And skilled in scholastic argument,  
         Who at logic would tire,  
         Even Father Maguire,  
 Which is surely as much as a man could desire ;  
     Though here Tresham Gregg  
     Says the question I beg,  
 For that he'd bother Tom while he stood on one leg,  
 As the Poet in Horace (a knack which so few know,)  
 Could write "*ducentos versus stans pede in uno.*"  
 Still Duprat was a mighty great gun in those dim ages,  
 And fired away loudly in all of their scrimnages,  
 On saint invocation, indulgences, images,  
 Confession auricular, penance, in short,  
     All things of that sort,  
 Besides questions then dignified as metaphysical,  
 Though by us, "degenerate moderns" thought quizzical.  
     As for instance to say,  
     What decision would sway  
 A hungry ass placed 'twixt two bundles of hay.  
 Whether fixed by contending attractions he'd stay  
 In the middle and starve—or else turn either way ?  
 Which question the schoolmen all viewed with dismay.  
     Though 'twould humble their pride,  
     Yet it can't be denied,  
 That only an ass could the matter decide,  
 And that he'd do it for them at once were he tried.  
 Still Abbé Duprat couldn't help the old schoolmen,  
 If they put forth questions which only would fool men.  
     For himself, ere a pint of Madeira you'd toss off he  
     Would run through the Aristotelian philosophy ;  
     And many a cove he extinguishers clapt on  
     At the Council with *ferio, baroko, felapton*,  
 And much did the pope and the cardinals stare,  
 And the bishops and archbishops congregate there  
     At his deep information  
     And argumentation,  
 His skill in the science of ratiocination,  
 Till the cardinals thought it was "all round their hats."  
 He made them appear such a set of Jack Sprats.  
 And the bishops and archbishops listened with awe,  
 To hear him lay down the canonical law,  
 So clear was his logic—so free 'twas from flaw.

Now the Abbé Duprat had a long flowing beard  
 With macassar oil most profusely besmeared,  
 Which with deepest affection he long had revered ;  
 [If I in pronouncing the word thus have erred,  
 The reader who chooses may change it to *berd*.  
     But Walker he'll see  
     In his dictionary,  
 A work which from errors is commonly free,  
 Gives the accents precisely as given by me.]

But resuming my tale : each particular hair,  
 The abbé regarded with tenderest care,  
 And oft would his features delightfully glow  
     As he witnessed them grow,  
     Far his girdle below,  
     With their beautiful flow,  
 And thought if they went on progressively so,  
 The time might arrive when they'd reach to his toe,  
 Like the beard of the artist, Johannes Mayo,  
 A man six feet high who could eat legs of mutton whole,  
 And fastened the aforesaid beard to his button-hole,  
 As if left to itself, 'twould be sweeping the street,  
 And getting most awkwardly under his feet.  
 Though the Emperor Charles—Mayo lived at his court—  
 Would order him sometimes to loose it for sport,  
 Being gratified much at his courtier's grimaces,  
 When the wind blew his favourite's beard in their faces.  
 And the Abbé Duprat had a glorious ambition  
 To bring his beard into as fine a condition ;  
 While it certainly promised in due course of time,  
 To become in its way altogether sublime.

Now the Abbé Duprat, we have mentioned before,  
 Was quite a "top-sawyer" at clerical lore,  
 And the pope was determined to give him a lift,  
 To the first pleasant berth that he had in his gift ;  
 So the bishop of Clermont dying one day,  
 His mitre and crozier were without delay  
 Transferred to the abbé, with visage so hairy,  
 Who never once said, "nolo episcopari,"  
 But set off at once with abundance of glee,  
 To enter into the vacant see.

'Tis the morn of the sabbath, and tolling to prayer,  
 The peal of the church-bells chimes clear on the air,  
 And the streets of old Clermont look wondrously gay,  
 With folk all decked out in their newest array ;  
 And any one marking their faces would say,  
 That there's something uncommon expected to-day :  
 For there are old people decrepid and gray,  
 And young maidens who each have a blooming *bouquet*,  
 And their sweethearts as seen in the *champs Elysées*,  
 When they celebrate there the "*trois jours de Juillet*,"  
 (Which once more established democracy's sway,  
 In the comical shape of young *Egalité*—  
 And a cannon-ball fired from the Tuilleries quay,  
 The great mirror smashed in the *Salle des Monnaies*,)  
 Or at the *fête-royale* at Versailles in May,  
 When all the great fountains are ordered to play,  
 And Paris is emptied to see the display :  
 One can go in a cab or a sort of *po-shay*  
 Called a *coucou* for which one has little to pay,  
 Or by *chemin de fer* to *St. Germain en laye*,  
 Where the old red-brick palace is gone to decay,  
 That in which poor King Shamus was suffered to stay,  
 When kicked out of his kingdom, much to his dismay,  
 (Though this would be cursedly out of the way.)  
 But hold, from my subject I've got quite astray,  
     And so now I must tack,  
     And just say (to come back),



That the church-bells are ringing in Clermont's old steeple,  
And the streets are confoundedly crowded with people.

Proud is the old cathedral pile,  
With its fretted vaults and its lofty aisle,  
Where the pealing anthem's gathering swell  
Holds the spirit rapt in its hallowing spell ;  
While the light through the beauteous oriels thrown  
Sheds its softening hues on the lifeless stone ;  
And 'twould seem that prayer, with its voice profound,  
Gave a spirit's feeling to all around,  
And the cold, grey, silent walls became  
Infused with soul at the Godhead's name,  
And the lights on the lofty altar burn,  
And the incense breathes from the golden urn—  
But, 'mid music, and incense, and lights, I ween,  
The new-made bishop is not to be seen.

But hark ! he comes—  
There's a flourish of drums  
And trumpets, and mute expectation benumbs  
The people, who stare,  
With inquisitive air,  
In much the same style they do every where.  
And well might they now at the tall grenadiers,  
(Though grenades were not used in those days, it appears,  
For though we may trust to historical faith,  
That bombshells were thrown by King Charles the Eighth,  
When he laid siege to Naples fourteen thirty-five,  
The first use of grenades at which I can arrive,  
Was at Wachtendonke's siege by Lord Mansfield, as late  
As the year fifteen hundred and—stay—eighty-eight,  
One can't be too cautious in matters of date.  
Still there were tall men with steel smallclothes and spears,  
Who would be so called if they lived in our years.)  
And there are small boys,  
In green corduroys,  
For cloth breeches a young gaffer quickly destroys,  
( And then, these are quite  
Out of all people's sight,  
For the youngers have over them albs snowy white,)  
Which seem to themselves to give wondrous delight,  
And one with a censor the bishop is " smoking,"  
In a manner a layman would think most provoking ;  
And one has his crozier, and one has his mitre,  
And a beadle is there looking like a prize-fighter,  
With other attendants who seem far politer ;  
While of course as first fiddle,  
The bishop himself rides along in the middle  
On a mule that is led by two little boys more,  
And with crimson and gold is bedizen'd all o'er,  
(For judges then went upon mules to assizes,  
Though at coaches and four now their ire sometimes rises.)  
While the beard that he prizes  
So monstrous in size is  
That one-half of his person it fully disguises ;  
And a punster who sees him cries out as he stares,  
" My eye ! don't he give himself mighty great *hairs* !"  
And now the *cortège* has reached in state  
The old cathedral's outer gate,

Where a deputation the bishop await,  
 Who nears them with visage exceeding elate—  
 Ah ! little he guesses his doleful fate !

Alas ! alas !

What things come to pass :  
 The miser his treasures of gold will amass,  
 And yet all the time he's a silly jackass ;  
 The lover will pine for some frivolous lass,  
 Who forgets him whenever she looks in her glass ;  
 The poet writes " verses more lasting than brass,"  
 And lies mould'ring himself under six feet of grass.  
 And a thousand such things one may mention—but, paha  
 What has it to do with our bishop Duprat ?

The gate he nears  
 'Mid the people's cheers,  
 (Surrounded still by his grenadiers ;)   
 Canons three,  
 There doth he see,  
 Woful vision for him, ah me !

If a man gets off a mail-coach at night,  
 And while he's away the guard cries " all right,"  
 And he finds on returning 'tis gone out of sight—  
 Or if he forgets his latch-key, poor wight !  
 And comes home an hour or so before light,  
 While 'tis snowing hard and the streets are white,  
 And is knocking unheeded with all his might—  
 Or if he has failed in doing a kite,  
 Or many such things, which 'twere needless to write—  
 He would certainly be in a horrible plight.  
 Then how must the bishop have felt, who fear'd  
 That all was up with his cherished beard ?

For there, alas ! do the canons stand,  
 One with a pair of scissors in hand,  
 One with a razor—Mechi's best—  
 (That they then existed you'd never have guessed,)  
 And the third, ah me ! with a *barbarous* book,  
 Upon which the bishop but casts a look,  
 When he says to himself, " By the powers I'm shook !"  
 For the chapter open before his face is  
 Entitled—to show what a hopeless case his—  
 In huge red letters, *DE BARBIS RASIS* !  
 For alack, in Clermont's diocese,  
 After what's been said, 'tis easy to guess,  
 There stands against beards a statute express.  
 Neither bishop nor priest  
 Must look like a beast,  
 But ere he goes into the church must be fleeced ;  
 And even the wonderful Abbé Duprat  
 Must get rid of his beard spite of all his *eclât*,  
 For his chin like a billiard-table must be  
 Ere he'll be admitted to Clermont's see.

Alas ! for the bishop, what can he do ?  
 In vain does he sue  
 To that merciless crew,  
 No, never looked matters so cursedly blue.

In vain does he ask for a respite of one day—  
 Says, "Surely you wouldn't use scissors on Sunday."  
 The canons look dogged as old Mrs. Grundy;  
 And to all his entreaties and prayers they but shout,  
 In merciless chorus, "Be shaved or stay out."

The bishop looks puzzled—the bishop looks glum,  
 As did Jack when the giants exclaimed fee-faw-fum—  
     Must he give up his beard,  
     So beloved and endeared,  
 Or his bishopric?—no middle course can be steered.  
     He pauses perplexed,  
     Looks infernally vexed,

(And I'm sorry I must relate what he does next,  
 For bishops, though angry, should better behave.)  
 But he cries in a rage, "I'll be d—d if I shave!"  
 Goes home to his lodgings—takes ill—goes to bed—  
 And before the week's end the poor bishop is dead.

Some say 'twas vexation—some say 'twas remorse  
 At his hasty expression that made him a corse—  
 And some say he died of a fall from his horse.  
     When accounts so much vary  
     One's in a quandary  
 To know which to believe, for to trust all one's chary.  
     But as he rode a mule,  
     The man must be a fool  
 Who the last-mentioned cause of his death would indorse  
 For authentic: two matters can only be said—  
 First, he died, and he (secondly) died in his bed.

From this tale of the bishop  
 Some morals we fish up,  
 Which here for the readers' advantage we dish up.

First—to get church preferment a man, though no knave or  
 No humbug, must still be a deuced knowing shaver—  
 Next—folks in high station may find unawares  
 That it don't always answer to give oneself hairs.

And if some other moral is lurking within it,  
 At the foot of these two why the reader may pin it.

## THE WATER CURE—MR. CLARIDGE.\*

If we were disposed to measure the march of intellectual improvement, and the progress of civilization in these our days, by the credence given to new theories of medical discovery, we should form a very sad and a very dispiriting impression of the state and prospects of the nineteenth century. Strange it is, however well informed—however astute—however logical men may be in their reasonings on other matters, let their health be but concerned—let the question be one of their liver or their lungs—their gout, their dropsy, or their dyspepsia, all their habitual exercise of judgment seems to take flight, they surrender their minds as well as their bodies to the first pretender who offers—and they seek, in the “unknown power” of a nostrum, a confidence they dare not ask their reason to concur in. When severe and long-continued illness has broken down the energy of mind, and the strong machinery of thought, this is natural enough; nor should we feel surprised at it—but unfortunately it is equally remarkable on slight occasions, and in recent attacks.

There would seem to be implanted in us a strong fund of faith, to be expended in some channel or other, which finding no vent in the ordinary routine of this world's transactions, is reserved for the hour of sickness, and the visit of the doctor; and thus he who is least credulous in the daily working of his career, reserves the largest stock of his belief for the prescriptions of his physician. Reason—judgment has nothing whatever to do with the matter; frequently, indeed, are they both in opposition to the creed. You have a most craving desire for air or exercise—for wine, for meat, for fruit, &c. your doctor, however, has forbidden them—you are well enough, however, to be rebellious—you put on your most insinuating power of persuasion, and the transgression is permitted by the

nurse—your sin, so far from being followed by punishment, seems to be the only thing wanting for your perfect restoration—you appear cured at once. The wing of the partridge, or the glass of claret were all that was necessary to make you well, and you are now impatient for the doctor's coming to display yourself, in the plenitude of your regained vigour, and assure him that you never felt better in your life. Does this instance shake your faith in his infallibility? Not a bit of it—your self-love steps in to the aid of your credulity. It was yourself who thought of the “glass of jelly,” or “the drive,” and how delightful—what a flattery to your intelligence, that you knew better than Dr. Y——, who knows so much! What an *a fortiori* is there! and how signally would it fall to the ground if your belief in him were shaken. No, no—it is your interest to credit him—it is your wish also, and *quod volumus*, &c. Now if all this be the case with those who employ the regular practitioner, the physician of character and eminence, how much more will it prevail among that class who consult the charlatan—the dealer in Mesmerism or homœopathy—the vender of magnetic miracles or Morisson's pills.

In the former case, you are merely the patient, or the friend of a highly-educated and accomplished gentleman, who having devoted the best years of his life, and the fruits of his learning to the detection and cure of disease, finds all his information, supported by daily habits of patient searching observation, but too little in tracing the tortuous windings of a malady, through the conflicting organization of a complex nature. He reflects much, but he promises little—he investigates slowly, carefully, laboriously—he argues with himself, rejecting this, accepting that reason—bringing the whole learning of a long life, its experience, its reflection, to bear upon your case;

---

\* Hydropathy; or the Cold Water Cure, as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at Gräeffenberg, Silesia, Austria. By R. T. Claridge, Esq. London, Madden and Co. 1842.

and with faculties sharpened by exercise and daily habit, deciding on the principles of your treatment, from analogies the most convincing. Too elevated in station—too highly raised in self-esteem, to court patronage or popularity, by the vulgar clap-trap of flattery to his patient, his manner at the sick bed is natural, kind, quiet, and unobtrusive—as far removed from levity on the one hand, as from sternness on the other, his bearing is that of one whose ministry has too deep a load of responsibility upon it to permit of aught which should derogate from his high character. Such a man as this is your equal, in all that regards mental culture and information—more than your equal with respect to the deeper knowledge of mankind. The operations of the mind display to him the watch of human nature not cased and dialled, but opened palpably before him. To him we are to trust, yet our courage is but nervous effort—our endurance but apathetic monotony—our very narrative of suffering has its sense of humiliation; and however heartfelt our sense of gratitude, there is a lurking idea of something, not affection, towards the man who has seen us in all the undisguised nakedness of our frail and foolish nature.

Take now the other case. Your doctor is a quack—he is a follower of St. John Long, or Hahnemann—of Mesmer, of Minde, or of Priessnitz—or of any other absurdity this prolific age has invented since the year 1840. Untrammelled by information, unburdened with any wearisome load of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, &c., he neither worries you with questions nor inquiries—he neither asks to see your tongue, nor count your pulse—he cares little whether it be your heart or your brain, your spine or your stomach that is affected—his business is merely with your credulity—it is your power of being imposed on with which he has to do—and accordingly he sets to work manfully to study the weak points of your character; your tastes, your disposition, your habits, your likings and dislikings, your predilections and antipathies are carefully noted down, and he contrives generally, while investigating the leading features of your character, to impress you with a most favourable opinion of his own. A con-

summate man of the world—without this he is always a miserable failure—he assumes, as if by intuition, the very manner you like—he is frank or mysterious, rash or cautious, grave or merry—he is plodding or discursive, patient or impetuous, exactly as he sees fit. Following every winding of your temperament, he never blunders for a moment; and with a tact, worthy of a better field for its exercise, he convinces you that he alone, ever really obtained a correct insight into your case, or fully understood the difficulty of your symptoms—delighted to dwell on whatever may gratify your *amour propre* to relate, he never wounds your vanity by any ill-timed allusion, or any depreciating confession; and his visit, so far from being a searching inquiry into all the dark nooks and “*oubliettes*” of your conscience, is a hecatomb to your sickly self-love, and imaginary sufferings.

Such men as these abound in the world—every large city is full of them! They are the scum, the foul waters of sensual and voluptuous civilization, throws uppermost on the surface of society. Clever, gifted men too, often conscious of the base prostitution of abilities, that in a fitting sphere, had won their possessors wealth, honour, and reputation: with little real information, they have great aptitude for acquiring knowledge, and collect, in their daily intercourse with the world, a certain ready-made education, that serves their turn admirably.

What chance has the honest, but perhaps homely-mannered physician, beside a man like this? No more than the rough, but kind-hearted Tory farmer would have, beside the vapouring Whig-philanthropist, if haranguing on a hustings; and what a poor thing is the common sense of integrity and knowledge, beside the courteous cajolery of a charlatan. Not only, therefore, will the quack obtain currency and success where the regular practitioner will fail, but a greater degree of confidence will be accorded to him; and more important than all, his patients will be his partizans. Liable to be attacked by their better-judging acquaintances for their patronage of a charlatan, they will make themselves his advocates and defenders—learn all the cant of his miraculous cures and his triumphant successes—repeat the thou-



sand-time told tale of the unjust severity of the world to the claims of mere merit; and in fact, for their own pride sake, they will omit nothing that can raise or exalt him, because their own reputation is involved in his defence. Who will do this for the physician of eminence? or what physician of eminence would accept of such advocacy? The result, however, is clear; and whether the scheme involve frictions with caustic alkali, like St. John Long's; the administration of strong poisons, like Hahnemann—or the blind adoption of some panacea, that is to deplete and strengthen, to excite and calm, to stimulate and depress, all at the same moment—it matters not; disciples will ever be found numerous and influential, delighted to have a new subject to employ their idleness and *ennui* upon, with the reflective flattery that their discrimination has detected this Galen in disguise.

A few years since—when St. John Long was in his glory, it was the rage for persons in the very highest walk of London society, not only to patronize this pretender, but actually to enlist themselves among his warmest partisans—hunting out new victims for his frightful cruelties, and seeking wherever credulity and long suffering might afford a chance of a new believer in his skill.

The continual exposure of his atrocious experiments at length prevailed; and one by one these high and titled individuals fell off from his side, and for some time before his death, his celebrity was all but gone. As for the distinguished persons who advocated him, the discoveries elicited on several trials seemed to cure them of one malady at least, their insane taste for a science of which they knew nothing, and their admiration of one as ignorant as themselves. Medicine grew gradually into disrepute in fashionable life. Lords and ladies grew shocked at the ridicule they had brought upon themselves, and they left the patronage of charlatans to another class in society, always but too happy to pick up the cast-off habits of their betters. It was an easy taste, not expensive, which required neither qualification nor sacrifice. The great requisite was to find a charlatan: “first catch your hare,” quoth Mrs. Glass. This being done, a smattering, a very slender smattering,

of his system must be acquired—a confused, unmeaning jargon of medical phraseology must be learned—a long list of miraculous cures got by heart, and the quack may be launched upon the world with good hopes of success. He himself must be passive the while. In former days, it is true, the whole burden would have rested on his own shoulders. The “book,” and a book there must be, of his discoveries, should have his own sanction, and be in his own hand. Now, however, “*nous avons changé tout cela.*” The Esculapius is above courting the world's favour: he is of retired habits and a studious turn—passionately devoted to science, he neither cares for, nor seeks the world—doing good by stealth, he inhabits some remote district, and makes a very comfortable income, without the necessity of spending a tithe of it. It devolves, therefore, upon a patient—some passionate lover of science, or some devoted philanthropist, dying to see himself in print—to publish the wonders he has witnessed. The idea is excellent, and takes in hundreds. Here is a man, say they, not a physician, consequently honest—ignorant of medicine, therefore well qualified to judge—using scientific terms of which he knows nothing, *ergo*, to be believed. His account of the system must surely be relied upon. So satisfactory a syllogism defies refutation, and some scores of simple folk will be found plodding their weary way over mountain and valley to seek out this El Dorado of health, the only secret of whose benefit lies in the difficulty of getting at it.

We have been mainly led to these reflections by a book, which, by some casualty we cannot exactly account for, has found its way to our study-table. Hydropathy or the cold-water cure, as practised by Vincent Priessnitz, at Graefenberg, Silesia, Austria: by R. T. Claridge, Esq., “Member of the Arcadian Academy of Rome.” This latter dignity, by-the-by, is somewhat new to us; we trust that his friend, the doctor, is also an associate of the learned body; if only that, we might salute them as “*Arcades ambo.*”

Singularly enough, here is a full and perfect illustration of the very thing we have been describing. First, there is a doctor, without any knowledge of medicine, living in the wilds of Silesia,

totally ignorant of every thing pertaining to disease; then there is his theory, which may be expressed in his own words—cold water; and, lastly, his historian, as ignorant as himself, but evidently more simple-minded. His book opens thus:—

“It is easy to conceive that any thing so novel and so extraordinary as hydropathy, on being first made known to the British public, will create no little surprise. But how much will this be increased by the knowledge of the fact, that at Graefenberg, within two days’ journey from Dresden, and only eight or ten days from London, there exists one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, one of the most astounding geniuses of this or any other age—the founder of a system, by which he proves, beyond the power of contradiction, that all curable diseases, and many declared by the faculty beyond the power of their art, are to be cured by the sole agency of cold spring water, air, and exercise, (the first applied in manifold ways); that the aid of the second Hippocrates has been sought from 1829 to the present time, by upwards of 7000 invalids, the greater part of whom were of the better orders of society; that between forty and fifty hydropathic establishments have sprung up in different parts of Germany, Hungary, Poland, and Russia, chiefly presided over by medical men, and that books have been published on the subject in almost every continental language, and comments made in the greater part of the German papers;—yet this most interesting and highly valuable discovery, one calculated to ameliorate, both physically and morally, the condition of mankind, more, perhaps, than any other made since the dawn of Christianity, is altogether unknown in England.

“The task of showing how people might extend the term of their existence, eschew poisonous drugs, be relieved from disease, and live and die without pain, promised to afford me a pleasure which, although unacquainted with the abstruse terms used in medicine, I confess I could not resist.”

It would certainly have been very unfortunate if the want of his knowledge “of the abstruse terms used in medicine” should have deprived the author of the indulgence of his philanthropy, and the world of one of the best jokes in the shape of a book it has seen for some years past.

appeared to us some hundred way of the fact whether in country or abroad, presents the most disgusting and horrible that can be conceived. To see the blind, the maniac, the victim of scrofula, or the pliable object stricken by idiosyncrasy of the brain, eternally repassing before your eyes—talking, eating, drinking, and beside you—is something far too full to be described in words. the world a mere charnel-house, see every class from age to stricken down by disease—to a long procession of crawling and dragging their slow limbs to some healing spring, making the air plaintive with their moans, this be a thing to raise a man and take the load of care from his bosom, he must be other men we are. Yet hear Mr. Clark is quite sprightly on the subject expatiates *con gusto* upon the of elderly gentlemen on and children with spinal cord. But we pass on to the treatise which the following description of the author's own experience may give some idea:—

“At four o'clock in the morning a servant folded me in a large blanket over which he placed as many thin blankets as I could conveniently bear, so that the external air could not penetrate. perspiration commenced, it was to continue for an hour; I brought a pair of straw shoes, the blanket close round my body in this state of perspiration I went to a large cold bath, in which I remained three minutes, then dressed, and until breakfast, which was composed of milk, bread, butter, and straw (the wild strawberry in this grows in abundance, from the end of May until late in October). At ten o'clock I proceeded to the room under which I remained four and returned home, and took a cold bath, each for fifteen minutes; at one o'clock at four proceeded to the douches; at seven repeated the cold foot-baths, retired to bed, and only having a cold wet sheet treatment for that time, whilst thus re-

to the treatment, I enjoyed more robust health than I had ever done before; the only visible effect that I experienced, was an eruption on both my legs, but which, on account of the bandages, produced no pain. It is to these bandages, the perspirations and the baths, that I am indebted for the total departure of my rheumatism."

"It is to these bandages, the perspirations, and the baths, that I am indebted for the total departure of my rheumatism." This reminds us not a little of the rigmarole declamation of the faggot-cutter in the *Medecin Malgré lui*, who concludes his eloquent enumeration of hard words by the impressive sentence—"*Et voici la raison que votre fille est muette.*"

Now really we should offer some apology for occupying the time and attention of our readers by any lengthened examination of a book like this—nor is it worth it—save that when we find an uneducated, uninformed man putting himself in the van of attack upon a learned and gifted profession, it becomes our duty as reviewers to notice the fact, less for the sake of his chastisement than to deter others from following his example.

"It is only in medicine that no one will propose a change, and the science is consequently left as though it were too sacred to be meddled with." Really this is too bad. What science, we would ask, has been so much and so cruelly "meddled with?" and what art has the laws of England so completely exposed to the interference of meddlers, as the practice of physic? we think Mr. Claridge's own book is rather an awkward evidence against his words.

But to the fact. Let us ask another question:—which of the arts that benefit mankind has made the same progress as medicine within the last half century? The treatment of all acute affections has been signally and most successfully changed: the stethoscope, with its whole train of wonderful discoveries has made known the origin and progress of thoracic disease, enabling the practitioner to distinguish tubercular from mere bronchial malady—to ascertain the portion of the lung attacked, its extent, its boundary, its relation—to anticipate the consequence by treatment, and when the perfect restoration is impracticable,

to suggest measures of alleviation and succour, hitherto beyond our reach. What then of lithotrity? that most humane of all the remedies for a malady, the former cure of which ranked among the most deterring of all operations. The introduction of iodine and its preparations must not be overlooked, nor the administration of bark in many stages of acute inflammation, such as rheumatism, with great and almost universal success. But why enumerate these instances; the success of hospital treatment is such now, that every old practitioner will confess to the curability of many diseases which in his student days he regarded as invariably fatal; and yet the whole train of this science, built as it is upon the sure foundation of experience and study, is to be abandoned for the wrapping of men up in damp sheets, at the suggestion of a peasant, and published to the world by P. T. Claridge, Esq.

Two things are most forcibly impressed upon us by this book—that nothing but a total ignorance of all the characteristics of acute diseases could have led any man, even though as uninformed a one as Mr. Claridge, to suppose that water could avert the progress of inflammatory action, diminish the impetus of the circulation, subdue nervous excitement, and restore the blood to its normal condition, in time, to save life, when threatened by the rapid working of active inflammation. Secondly, and we are reduced to this conclusion by observing what a value men put upon acquirements and information obtained after they pass the meridian of life—Mr. Claridge must have had but a limited experience of the benefit of cold water, used for the purpose of bathing, ablution, &c. or he never would have permitted himself to run wild upon its advantages in the manner he has done. Quite convinced that it alone is necessary for the maintenance of health, he says, "I contend that it is in the power of almost every one to attain to longevity." "Your majesty—almost all men die," was the courtly admonition of the French preacher before Louis XIV. "I will sum up," he continues, "my observations on this head, in the words of a medical man from Ghent, in Belgium:—'Water will cure all diseases which medicine can cure, and this when they are in a much more

advanced stage than that at which drugs can act.'” Mr. Claridge is probably not aware of the witness he has called into court; for indeed such is the state of medicine in Belgium, that excepting a few, a very few brilliant instances, we would readily concede to him the superiority of so harmless an agent as cold water over the *materia medica* of that country, and we go the full length of believing that whatever the Belgian physician can cure, water will cure also.

Mr. Claridge opens his second chapter with a picturesque account of Gräefenberg, and proceeds thus:—

“The chief establishment at Gräefenberg is badly arranged, there being always a disagreeable smell in it, arising, first, from the cows, which instead of being confined in sheds, as with us, are kept under the house; secondly, from the public conveniences which are on the staircases; and, thirdly, from the kitchen, which is under the saloon, into which the dinner is introduced through a trap-door, by means of pulleys.”

Now, this certainly is not over seductive; and we are insensibly led to place a high value on the benefits of cold water under circumstances such as these; they seem, however, to care little for inconveniences like this, but inhabiting a mountain “exposed to continued winds,” with no other refuge from their inclemency than a room containing a “bedstead with a straw mattress, a chest of deal drawers, a table, two chairs, a wash-hand-basin, a decanter, and glass—similar to a soldier’s chamber in a barrack;” or else a saloon, with five hundred cripples for company, they place their pride in their endurance, and, making a merit in their martyrdom, are never weary with extolling the system. “Mr. Priessnitz considers the want of comfort in the apartment an advantage:” doubtless he does, for as he only receives a certain sum per week for his lodgings, it is a very considerable advantage to him to give as little as he can for his money; and he goes on to say, that reading, writing, and thinking are obstacles to the recovery of health. If a perfect confidence in the physician be essential to restoration, we entirely concur with this dictum, for the less

thought a man can bestow upon such absurdities the better.

The same “advantage” discovered by the proprietor in the meagre furniture of the bedrooms, is found, and for the same reason, to exist with respect to the diet, for—

“It is complained that, though plentiful, the food is coarse. Mr. Priessnitz, when any allusion is made to this subject, says, ‘that the cure would progress quicker if the table were much worse served than at present; he has no objection to people eating heartily, but he insists on it that the food ought not to partake of those solid, nourishing qualities which we are accustomed to in England.’ When it has been remarked to him that certain invalids appeared to overload their stomachs, he replied, ‘that they might go on as they would, that water sooner or later would find its own level.’”

The application of a hydrostatic theorem to the human stomach is somewhat droll, nor do we exactly comprehend the doctor’s meaning, unless it be that his patients are to drink till they can hold no more, in which case, we perfectly agree with him that “their appetites would become more moderate.”

Our author is so fascinated with his hero, for such the doctor is, that he dwells with considerable length on his birth, parentage, and want of education. “His habits are simple—going to bed early, and rising in summer at four, in winter at five o’clock; and as he knows how to ward off colds, or any other acute diseases, it may fairly hoped, that he will live to an advanced age.” We don’t see why he need die at all; for, unless transplanted to a dry soil, he may last for ever. “Many people complain, that he does not talk enough; and doctors who come here to learn the treatment, say, that he never explains any thing to them.” Now, really, we deem this complaint unjust; for as his treatment in the one word water, it would be amplification to dilate on it; however, he has one great and overwhelming superiority; for as Mr. Claridge informs us, “he owes all his experience to utter ignorance of medical science; which, indeed, is his greatest advantage.” Now Doctor Pangloss was a good man; for he knew what wicked-

ness was ; would it not have been a little serviceable to Doctor Priessnitz to have inquired somewhat into that science he was about to improve upon? However, we soon find our error ; and how little necessity this gifted man is under to encumber himself with anatomy, or physiology, or any other of the sciences that explain the nature of the human body, "for he never feels the pulse." It is a common expression at Gräfenberg, that he sees into the human body, as though it were made of glass. Now, either the frequenters of Gräfenberg are greatly given to exaggeration—to use a mild word, the less excusable for so sober a population, or else the doctor is in possession of a valuable secret, which leaves anatomy and its co-sciences far in the distance, and permits him to view the whole human race exactly like so many decanters of clear water.

We have already slightly hinted at the disgust of those vast assemblages of sick and ailing people so profusely studded over the Continent. At Gräfenberg, however, we have the satisfaction of knowing, that the delicacy of the sick-bed is thoroughly respected, and that those feelings which, perhaps to a morbid extent, the invalid is disposed to indulge in, are here consulted in a manner the most gratifying that can be conceived.

"The hydropathic treatment differs from all others, inasmuch as it is administered to hundreds of persons congregated in one place, who are in the constant habit of meeting and discussing its merits, so that nothing important can happen to any single individual, that is not known to the whole body : whilst the allopathic and homoeopathic patients being treated at their homes, none but their own families know the results of that treatment."

This truly is the democracy of medicine—no undue superiority is permitted to one man above his neighbour—water is the common remedy for all, and every one's symptoms are cognisable by his neighbour ; this must lead to rather curious views of life, particularly when the company is of such a mixed character.

"At present, in 1841, there are under his treatment at Gräfenberg and Freiwaldeau, an archduchess, ten princes and princesses, at least one hundred counts and barons, military men of all grades, several medical men, professors, advocates, &c., in all about five hundred."

Our author becomes philosophical, and he asks us, are the nations who have done most homage to the science of medicine the strongest and soundest ; and he answers, no ; for they are beyond contradiction physically, if not morally, the most miserable of all. Now, we should like to know where he obtained this information, and upon what data he asserts, that civilization has not conduced, in every instance, to the development of the physical, as well as the moral faculties of mankind ; and that, in the direct ratio of mens' cultivation will be found their health, their vigour, and their happiness. But why discuss the question in such a place, or with such an antagonist ? He asks us, "are the individuals who do most to aid the apothecary healthier than the others ?" This is very like asking us, if people that go upon crutches are the best dancers ; and we only quote the passage as an illustration of his logic.

From what we have already mentioned, it may be collected, that a system which, as far as its efficacy extends, is as old as Paraclesus, has been applied by an ignorant peasant to a vast variety of cases to which it is totally inapplicable. The remedial effects of cold water, however, are familiar to every medical man in the treatment of inflammations, but that any thing so limited in its operation can supersede the necessity for the use of those powerful medicinal agents, so successfully employed in the treatment of acute diseases, is as great an absurdity, as to assert that a pop-gun could propel a ball as far as a twenty-four pounder.

Secondly—it may be gathered from a glance at, I dare not ask the perusal of, this book, that no theory is too ridiculous, nor any supposed discovery too absurd, not to find one still more ridiculous and more absurd to be its advocate and defender.



## ROMAN MEDALS—MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.\*



Gregorio XIII.

- I  
110. GREGORIUS XIII. PONT. MAX. AN. I. Sotto P.P.  
Effigie del Pontefice con camauro, e mozzetta  
UGONOTTORVM. STRAGES. 1572.  
L'Angelo con la spada, e la croce distrugge  
gli Ugonotti: Allude alla celebre strage  
del dì, di S. Bartolomeo.

HAS the court of Rome renounced its persecuting spirit? or would it not, if restored to power and influence in these realms, revert to its former practices—encouraging kings to exterminate heretical subjects, and subjects to dethrone heretical kings? These are questions of more than speculative interest at the present moment, when some even among Conservative statesmen propose to constitute popery a part of the establishment in Ireland.†

But where and how are we to seek for their solution? Where so well as in Rome itself? And how so truly as by examining tests found on the spot of the present state of opinion there?

Many such tests might be suggested. We propose in the present article to consider one, which may at first sight, perhaps, seem trifling, but which, when

all the circumstances connected with it are regarded, ought not to be viewed as unimportant.

The massacre of St. Bartholomew is too well remembered in Europe to be forgotten at Rome. The question is—with what sentiments is it now regarded there? The *continued and authorized circulation of the medal*, the engraving of which stands at the head of this article, goes no little way, in our mind, towards supplying a solution.

We know that within these few years† some priests in England, fearful of the effect which any appeal to this medal might produce on the generous minds of British Roman Catholics, have attempted, first, to deny its existence, and then to discredit its authority. We therefore feel, that we are not performing a useless task in

\* Serie dei conj di Medaglie Pontificie, da Martino V. fino a tutto il Pontificato della San. Mem. di Pio VII. esistenti nella Pontificia Zecca di Roma. Roma, MDCCCXIV. Presso Vincenzo Poggioli, Stampatore Camerale.

The Massacre of St. Bartholomew; with a concise history of the corruptions, usurpations, and anti-social effects of Romanism. By Sir. W. S. R. Cockburn, Bart, A.M. pp. 347, 12mo. London, 1840.

† Vide "State of Ireland considered," by Lord Alvanley, pp. 25, 32. London: 1841.

† See pages 29 to 36 of the work referred to at the head of this article—"The Massacre of Saint Bartholomew," by Sir W. S. R. Cockburn. This is a most useful epitome of the history of that transaction, and furnishes also such ample references to the writers of that day, as will enable the student who wishes to judge for himself, to pursue the inquiry up to the most authentic sources.

calling public attention to the history of this medal, both as to its origin and its present preservation, and as to the connection of the pontiff, by whom it was issued, with the transaction it commemorates.

It may, however, be necessary to premise how this medal, and the catalogue of all the Roman medals from which is quoted the description beneath the engraving, came into our possession. We have, then, to assure our readers, that they have not reached us through the intervention of any second hand, but that we have ourselves purchased both the one and the other not merely in Rome, but at the papal mint, close to the vatican, and from the authorized guardian of the collection. Nay, farther, that being anxious to have a proof that the die is kept perfect and in constant use, we requested a cast from it in silver, (there being none but copper ones on sale,) which was accordingly struck, and presented to us on our return a few days afterwards.

The medal speaks pretty plainly for itself; but if any further explanation of it be required, it is given in the description underneath the engraving. This description is found at page 31 of the catalogue, No. 110 of the series, and informs us, that on one side is represented the portrait of the pontiff, in a pope's cap and an episcopal gown, and that on the other the "angel with the sword and the cross destroys the Hugonots." The writer adds, this "*alludes to the celebrated slaughter of the day of St. Bartholomew.*" This gratuitous eulogy, short as it is, or rather as it must be, considering the necessary briefness of such a catalogue, sufficiently indicates with what views both the writer, and those who employed him, regarded that tragical event.

But it may be suggested, that the catalogue is perhaps nearly as ancient as the medal itself, and affords, therefore, no test of the *present* feeling of the court of Rome. Let us then examine it somewhat more minutely.

The title-page runs thus:—"Series of impressions of the Pontifical Medals in the Papal Mint at Rome, from

Martin V. to the end of the Pontificate of Pius VII. of holy memory. Printed at Rome in 1824, by Vincenzo Poggiolo, Printer to the Papal Exchequer, (*Stampatore Camerale*)."

In the preface we are told, and it is well worthy of notice, that Pius VI. was the pope who *began* the collection, by purchasing seven hundred and forty-eight medals from the Hamerani family in 1796—that it was completed, and a proper place for its safe keeping provided in the mint by Pius VII., to whom, in honour thereof, a slab with an inscription (which is also given) was erected in the mint itself—and that this catalogue, though drawn up during the reign of Pius VII., was not published until shortly after his death, under Leo XII.

Nor was all this done without a full sense of the historical purposes, to which these coins might be converted: for the preface assures us, "that such a collection must prove extremely useful to history, which it frequently helps to illustrate and establish, by the series of remarkable events which it presents."\*

Thus it is evident, that a favourable opportunity occurred, when the collection was making in 1796, of silently omitting this medal, if there prevailed at the vatican any sensation of awkwardness or uneasiness at its exhibition—any compunction for the awful crime it portrayed—any desire to withdraw from the public gaze the melancholy proof it afforded of the resolute bigotry, with which the reigning pontiff of that day had watched the contrivance of that massacre, and rejoiced in its perpetration.

But no: even in the nineteenth century, no such feelings had found entrance into the breasts of the holy conclave. Pius VI. admitted it: Pius VII., who owed so much, and professed so many obligations to Protestant England, retained it; and, ever since, the die has been kept in perfect order and constant use: and more impressions of it (as we were informed at the mint) have been struck and sold, than of any other medal in the collection.

But the above preface goes a step fur-

---

\* . . . torna sommamente utile alla storia, a cui, con la serie di memorabili fatti che appresenta, serve bene spesso di lume e di prova."

ther, in making us acquainted with the sentiments entertained at Rome on the subject. For ample and *authorized* testimony to the value of the "copious monuments of sacred and profane history" which this collection supplies, it refers us to the "applauded treatises of Molinet, Bonani, and Venuti,\* who, at every opportunity, bestow on it (*i. e.* on that portion of it existing at their time) the most marked encomiums, and deduce from it lights to elucidate more and more the pontifical history of the last four centuries."†

We are here, then, authorized to regard the historical narrations of these authors, and their *reflections* upon the facts narrated, as approved of at the court of Rome up to the *present* time.

Let us then look into the treatise of Bonani. It is entitled, "The coins of the Roman Pontiffs, which, from the time of Martin V. down to the year 1699, have, either by public authority or private genius, come to light, explained and illustrated with much sacred and profane erudition, by A. P. Philip Bonani, of the Society of Jesus, at Rome, from the press of Dom. Ant. Ercole, 1699, with the *permission of the superiors*" (*cum facultate superiorum.*)

The dedication is to Innocent XII. The superiors, in their approbations, after stating that they have carefully read the work, declare, one of them, that he finds nothing in it opposed to Catholic faith or discipline; ("Nihil reperio Catholicæ fidei aut disciplinæ contrarium.") The other, that nothing is to be found in it opposed to good morals, or the Catholic religion. ("Et in eo nihil reperi contra bonos mores, aut Catholicam Religionem.") —p. 136.

At page 336 of the first volume, there is an engraving of the medal in question; and under its number, *xxvii.* and motto, "Ugonottorum strages," there is a detailed history of the whole transaction; in which the truth seems to be stated as fairly upon both sides as could be expected from the author. After describing the ap-

plause with which this slaughter of the rebellious Calvinists was received at Rome and in Spain, and with what lamentations in England and other heretical countries, and after simply enumerating the previous battles of the Protestants, in which he says that they were rather baffled than broken, and stating the multitudes of them who were collected at Paris on the occasion of the marriage of the young king of Navarre, he proceeds thus:—

"Quippe Carolus, generosâ indole puer, non plus undecim natus annos, post triennem matris ac proceram tutelam, protinus ad hæreticos tollendos incubuit, atque uno die, qui fuit S. Bartholomæo sacer, pluribus in locis, ingentem ipsorum numerum è medio sustulit.

"Ea cædes 9 Kalend. Septembris anni 1572, inchoata est Lutetiæ, pulsata palatii publici majore campana, ut cædes patraretur. Et verò per dies tres continuatos noctibus lanienam horribilem tota urbe sexaginta hominum millia in perduelles iterumque nova molientes hæreticos perpetrarunt. Uno verbo, sexcentæ domus qua direptæ sunt, qua incensæ, et quater mille homines interfecti; sed non una Parisiensium strage conclusa est. Per plurimas urbes grassata est. Sicque, per similes in provinciis cædes, sublata sunt vigintiquinque hominum milia.

"Insperata Galliæ commutatio Gregorium Pontificem et Italiam eo majore gaudio perfudit, quo gravior fuerat metus ex relatione Cardinalis Allessandrini, ne perduelles ab avitâ religione desciscentes Italiam inundarent. Accepto nuncio statim pontifex ab sede sancti Marci ad sancti Ludovici templum solemnî supplicatione se contulit; indictoque jubilæo, Christiani orbis populos provocavit ad Galliæ religionem et regem supremo numini commendandos. Colinii et sociorum cædem in Vaticana Aula describi coloribus jussit a Georgio Vasaro religionis vindicatæ monumentum et de profligata hæresi trophæum, sollicitus inde quàm salubris ægro regni corpori tam copiosa depravati sanguinis emissio esset profutura. Flavium Cardinalem Ursinum legatum à Latere in Galliam destinat, qui Carolum Regem admoneat, ut cæptis insistat fortiter, neque curam asperis remediis inchoatam prosperè, perdat leniora miscendo.

\* "Gli applauditi trattati che ne pubblicarono il Molinet, il Bonani, ed il Venuti, i quali ad ogni tratto ne fanno i piu distinti encomj, e traggono da essa lumi per sempre piu rischiarare la Pontificia Storia degli ultimi quattro Secoli."

† There are copies of those works in the library of Dublin College.

namquam hæc fuerint tam præ-  
Caroli pietatis atque sinceræ in  
eam ecclesiam fidei documenta,

Pontificiæ sollicitudinis, non de-  
qui secus interpretarentur. At-  
non sine Dei ope, divino que con-  
m stragem perpetrata esse, in  
ate percusso docuit Gregorius,  
angelus gladio et cruce armatus  
rebelles invehitur; qua etiam ex-  
no in mentem revocat hæretico-  
mus alba cruce obsignatas fuisse,  
milites regii inter cæteros digno-  
, sicuti pariter ab ipsis crux alba  
is gestabatur. Angelos autem  
divinis Scripturis designare di-  
inspirationem docet Riccardus a  
Victore, sicut ministros Divinæ  
e, (addit Hyeronimus,) quæ re-  
nis usa fuit."

r Charles, who was a youth of a  
is disposition (!) when not more  
even years of age, after the three  
tutelage of his mother and noble  
ans, forthwith devoted himself to  
irpation of heretics, and in one  
hich was sacred to St. Bartholo-  
e took off a vast number of them  
eat many places. That slaughter  
mmenced on the ninth kalend of  
iber, of the year 1572, at Paris,  
ringing of the great bell of the  
(as a signal) that the slaughter  
be perpetrated. And truly, dur-  
ee continued days, in the nights,  
ousand men perpetrated a hor-  
atchery in the whole city against  
emies the heretics, who were  
evising new schemes. In a word,  
idred houses were either pulled  
r burned, and four thousand men  
but it did not end with the mas-  
only of the Parisian. It raged  
h a great many other cities. And  
hrough similar slaughter in the  
est twenty-five thousand men were  
off. This unhopèd-for change  
(affairs) of France, filled Pope  
y and Italy with the greater joy,  
ortion to the fear which had ex-

isted from the report of Cardinal  
Alessandrini, lest their enemies, who  
had departed from the religion of their  
ancestors, should also inundate Italy.  
Immediately upon receiving the messen-  
ger, who brought the tidings, the pontiff  
proceeded from the church of St. Mark  
to the temple of St. Louis, with a  
solemn (procession and) *thanksgiving* :  
and *proclaiming a jubilee*, he invited the  
nations of the Christian world to com-  
mend the religion of France and her  
king to the (favour of the) supreme  
power. He commanded that the slaughter  
of Coligny and his companions should be  
described in colours in the halls of the  
vatican, by George Vasari,\* as a *monu-  
ment of vindicated religion*, and as a  
*trophy of routed heresy*, (the pope)  
being anxious that from thence so  
wholesome and so abundant a shedding  
of corrupt blood should be beneficial to  
the sick body of the kingdom. He sends  
from the lateran into France the Cardi-  
nal Flavio Ursini, as legate, in order  
that he might admonish king Charles,  
that he should boldly persist in what he  
had begun, and that he should not lose  
(the advantage of) a cure so prosperously  
commenced by severe remedies, *through  
mixing gentler ones with them*.

"Although these were such *illu-  
trious proofs of the piety of Charles*, and  
of his *sincere fidelity towards the Catholic  
church*, as well as of the *anxious care of  
the pope*, there were not wanting those  
who otherwise interpreted them. But  
Gregory taught that that slaughter was  
not effected without the *assistance of God  
and the divine counsel*, in a medal which  
was struck, and in which an angel,  
armed with a sword and a cross, is  
rushing against the rebels; by which  
figure also, he calls to mind that the  
houses of the heretics were marked with  
a white cross, that the royal soldiers  
might distinguish them amongst the  
rest, as, in like manner, the white cross  
was carried by themselves upon their  
caps.

"But Riccardus teaches, from St.

ese paintings, three in number, are, as we can testify, still visible in the  
egia of the Vatican. They are briefly described in the eighth volume, page  
a splendid work, devoted to the illustration of that palace, and published  
e in 1833. The author, Erasmo Pistolesi, assigns them to Georgio Vasari,  
siders them as affording abundant proof of his talent; remarking, however,  
last, which was finished by his scholars, that it is too minute, and *less pictu-  
than the others*. "Ma quest ultimo resta di maniera piu minuta, e meno  
ca, tanto in disegno che in colorito," &c. The fine arts are said to civilize,  
ze, and refine the human mind. Here is a magnificent publication to which  
l may be said to have contributed; but the chief conductor dare not, even  
nineteenth century, breathe within the precincts of Rome, a single sigh  
is inhuman butchery, though he criticises the painter for not giving to its  
otation a more picturesque effect! What a beautiful result of *polite edu-  
when conducted under Romish auspices*.

Victor, that angels often, in the sacred Scriptures, denote divine inspiration; as also, Jerome adds, that they are the ministers of the divine vengeance, making use of the arms of kings.”\*

Such is the account of the transaction, and such are the reflections of the narrator, given in a work, of which the Superiors tell us, that it contains “nothing contrary to catholic faith or discipline, nothing contrary to *bonos mores*, and the catholic religion;” a work to which a catalogue of the Roman medals, drawn up in 1824 with the knowledge, and published with the sanction of the reigning pontiff, refers us as an “applauded treatise.”

Having said so much on the medal, we find we cannot, without exceeding our limits, give the quotations from cotemporaneous writers, which we had prepared, relative to the transaction itself. We must, therefore, refer our readers to a very able discussion on the subject already some time before the public.† We shall content ourselves with one extract from it, which we select, because proving at once from undeniable authority, that both the French monarch and the Roman court knew beforehand, and approved of, the intended massacre.

“While Cardinal D’Ossat was employed at Rome to solicit a divorce between Henry IV. and Margaret of Valois, he was told by Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini) that when Cardinal Alessandrino, nephew of Pius V., was sent to the court of France to prevent the marriage, Charles IX., in reply to

his arguments, took him by the hand, and said to him, “Monsieur le Cardinal, tout ce que vous me dites est bon, je le reconnois et en remercie le pape et vous; et si j’avois quelque autre moyen de me venger de mes ennemis, je ne ferois point ce mariage,—mais je n’en ai point d’autre que celui-ci.” His holiness added, that when the news of the St. Bartholomew arrived at Rome, Cardinal Alessandrino exclaimed, “Loué soit dieu, le Roi de France m’a tenu promesse!” This anecdote was known to Pope Clement, because he was at that time auditor to Cardinal Alessandrino,” (mentioned above by Bonani,) “and had accompanied him to France. He wrote down the story at the time, and was sure he could still find it in his own handwriting among Cardinal Alessandrino’s papers.‡

“To this evidence, from authority so direct and unquestionable, passing through so few hands, and those of such high consideration, with no conceivable motive to pervert the truth, or to blacken the memory of Charles, we see no possible objection that can be made. It follows, that the king was insincere in his professions to the Hugonots, and that he made use of his sister’s marriage as a covert to conceal, and an expedient to accomplish his designs.

“The same conversation is related by Capilupi, with slight variations in the details, but with an agreement in the main facts that corroborates the story, and with this addition, that after holding this discourse, the king

\* The above translation is taken from the work of Sir W. S. R. Cockburn, already referred to—page 92, &c. The Latin has been compared with the original. I may here add the remarks on the same medal of the French author Molinet, also referred to in the preface quoted, page 2, in his “*Historia Summorum Pontificum per eorum numismata*,” published at Paris, 1679. “*Etsi nonnulli Stragem Hugonotorum jussu Caroli IX. Parisiis factam die S. Bartholomæo sacra, anni 1572, tanquam nimis crudelitatis ac consilii præcipitis facinus reprehendant, illud hoc numismate probasse ac laudasse videtur Gregorius, quod zelo tribuendum est, quo erga Christianam religionem flagrabat. In hanc enim spem fuerat adductus, sectam ac luem illam, quæ veneno suo Galliam infecerat, ejus ducibus et fautoribus interemptis, delendam iri et radicitus evellendam. Hocque per angelum, cœlestis iræ in inimicos crucis Christi vindicem, perpetratum credidisse, satis innuit hujus nummi typus.*”

† Edinburgh Review, No. 87, page 94. This contains a masterly exposure of Dr. Lingard’s misrepresentations relative to this transaction.

‡ Lettres D’Ossat, 22nd September, 1599. There are six copies of these letters in the library of Dublin College, one of the folio and two of the quarto Paris edition, 1624; one Paris, 1627; one ditto, 1641; and one ditto, 1698, with notes by Amelot de la Houssage, which is the best. This rapid succession of editions, proves the estimation in which these letters were held at Paris.



took a valuable ring from his finger, and presented it to the cardinal as a pledge of his attachment to the church. Alessandrino declined the ring, saying, he desired nothing in addition to the king's word, and went away satisfied with what had passed.—(*Lo Stragemma.*)

"It is a confirmation of this part of the story, that Sir Thomas Smith, ambassador for England, who, with the admiral and the other Hugonots was completely deceived by the king's profound dissimulation, wrote exultingly on the occasion, to his friend Lord Burleigh—'The foolish cardinal went away as wise as he came; and the most foolish part of all, at his going away, he refused a diamond which the king offered him of six hundred crowns.'"—(*Digges*, 193.)

The letter of Cardinal D'Ossat likewise informs us, that the pope communicated the same intelligence to his council, in proof that Margaret had been constrained to contract this marriage against her inclinations; which was one of the reasons assigned for dissolving it.\* It does not appear, that the communication occasioned either surprise or emotion in the minds of the cardinal, the pope, or his council. Twenty-seven years had then (1599) elapsed from the day of St. Bartholomew. But revolving time had brought no sense of shame or sorrow for the part thus acknowledged to have been taken in it by a preceding pope.

Bonani's commentary on the medal shows, that one hundred years afterwards (1699) it was still regarded as suggested by divine counsel, and exe-

cuted with divine assistance.—"Non sine Dei ope divinoque consilio."†

Have another hundred and forty-three years done more than the preceding hundred and twenty-seven, to work a change of sentiment at the Vatican? If so, has there been exhibited there any sign of repentance—any confession of remorse? The first arrival of the bloody intelligence at Rome, put the bells of St. Peter's into joyful motion, awoke the artillery of St. Angelo, and sent the sovereign pontiff in stately triumph to offer up a "Te Deum" of thanksgiving. Has he, at any time since, assumed the garb of penitence, and gone in sorrowing procession to the house of God to implore forgiveness? He then announced a year of jubilee, and invited all the faithful to join him in rejoicing over the destruction of heretics! Has he ever since proclaimed a year of fasting and mourning, and ordered the sons of the church to weep over the victims of superstition? The king of France, indeed, sent his ambassadors to foreign powers to palliate or deny the crime: but has the court of Rome taken any step, to efface from the memory of astonished Europe, the appalling spectacle of the head of the church rejoicing over the work of bloodshed and murder?

Had any such measure been adopted, any such alteration of feeling been avowed, charity might avail herself of the plea, and Christianity rejoice to believe in the happy change. But when, on the contrary, we see her during the lapse of so many ages, amidst the bitter accusation of foes and the feeble defence of friends, dis-

---

\* D'Ossat, Par. 1698. P. Et est bon, que vous sachiez encore, que comme j'allait informant les cardinaux de la congregation, un d'eux, a savoir, Borghese, me dit, que le pape leur avait compté cette histoire le jour qu'il les assembla devant soi pour ce fait; dont je suis aise. A quoi vous pouvez connoître, entre autres choses, la tres bonne inclination de S. S. au bien de cet affaire, et la gratitude que le roi et vous tous lui en devons. Aussi me suis je servi de ce cet recit que S.S. me fit, en mon ecriture en droit, pour rendre vraisemblable la crainte, qu'on avait faite a la reine, Marguerite, pour lui faire faire ce mariage.

† The temper of the court of Rome, in the year 1686, (Innocent XI.) may also be collected from the rejoicings got up there, under the pope's patronage, to celebrate the *revocation of the edict of Nantes* by the promulgation of that of Fontainbleau, 22d October, 1685; which gave rise to the cruel "*Dragonades*" of those days, and ended in the miserable expulsion from France of above two hundred thousand of her most industrious and best conducted citizens. An account of these festivities is given in a curious work, published in Venice, and entitled, "*Roma Festeggiante*" • • alle glorie della Pietà del Christianismo Lodovico il Grande, in occasione della da lui estirpata Eresia mediante l'editto de Fontanablo, 1685," &c.

daining to deny, to palliate, or to lament her crime, even liberality must discern the truth and withhold assent from the charitable conclusion; and we cannot refrain from comparing her to one of her own motionless images, which, remaining alike insensible to adorations and insults, shows how little claim it possesses to its pretended divinity. Rome, indeed, in presuming to announce herself unchangeable, does in fact proclaim herself impenitent; and on the front which she would erect as infallible and divine, she brands the character of reprobate. But not only by her pretensions, but by her very constitution, (the cardinals electing the pope, and the pope creating the cardinals,\*) is the court of Rome compelled to remain unchanged and unchangeable; and over her, as over the blighted Campagna that surrounds her, there seems to hang a mysterious spell, retaining both in gloomy barrenness, notwithstanding the sweet change of seasons, or the ameliorating progress of civilization and knowledge.

But here we beg not to be misunderstood. We are far from attributing to all the Roman Catholic laity of any country, the sentiments and views of their church. Many of their historians have described this fearful deed with as much reprobation, as could be expressed by Protestants themselves. We believe, at all events, that all the English and the well-educated Irish of that persuasion, would denounce with horror the repetition of such a crime. They have grown up in a Protestant land, have breathed a Protestant atmosphere, and are more or

less imbued with Protestant sentiments. Of some, however, among the ignorant and priest-ridden Irish, sad and recent experience—the combined attacks on church property, the assassinations of several of the established clergy, and the murderous assaults on Protestant electors—have compelled us, though reluctantly, to form a very different estimate. They, and their agitating pastors are, we fear, but too fit instruments for the court of Rome, under whose complete surveillance and control it is proposed to place them; and it behoves our rulers to pause before they restore among us the influence of a power, which has taken no small share in exciting former rebellions and massacres in this island.†

We may, however, be told, that the court of Rome has lost the power, though it may retain the desire to domineer. That this is true to a considerable extent, we are rejoiced to admit. But it should not be forgotten, that this power may be re-established by the same means and the same imperceptible degrees, by which it was at first created. It should also be considered, that it never consisted in the extent of the pope's dominions, or in the strength of his armies, but in the absolute and degrading thralldom of mind, which popery itself brought on the popular masses, wherever it prevailed; and which rendered them the willing though servile tools of the sovereign pontiff. This despotism has never been shaken in its stronghold, *the heart of man*, but by the counteracting spread of Gospel

---

\* The right of electing the pope was not confined to the cardinals till 1059, by the decree of Nicholas II. Vid "Joannes Garnerius," as quoted by Bonani, volume i. page 11.

† To pass over later instances of this kind, and to confine ourselves to the pontiff, whose medal stands at the head of this article, we have sufficient authority for asserting, that "the exertions of this pope, (Gregory XIII.) were not all of so pacific a nature. \* \* \* He was unwearied in devising projects against the Protestants. The rebellions which Queen Elizabeth had to contend with in Ireland, were almost always abetted by Rome; and, indeed, the pope did not conceal that he wished to bring about a general combination against England. Year after year his nuncios endeavoured to negotiate this matter with Philip II. and the Guises. It would be an interesting labour to collect and arrange all these negotiations and projects, which were often *unknown* to those whose ruin they were designed to accomplish, and which led to the grand enterprise of the Armada. Gregory conducted and urged them with the most ardent zeal. The French league, which was so perilous to Henry III. and IV. had its origin in the connexion of this pontiff with the Guises."—*Ranke's History of the Popes*. London, 1841. Volume i. page 434—5.

truth. A tyrannical government may keep it under control by the help of standing armies, as in Austria; infidelity may undermine and supplant it *for a time*, as in France; an unsanctified lust after liberty may array its nominal and sincere professors, though fellow-subjects, in the opposing ranks of civil war, as in Spain, Portugal, and their colonies; but in the Protestant portions alone of Protestant states, has the progress of sacred truth dispelled its baneful influence, and established in its room morality, freedom, and peace. Any Protestant government, therefore, which consigns the education of its youthful subjects, and the religious instruction of its maturer masses to a popish hierarchy, and, in compliance with their demands, insults and repudiates the book of revelation, does, in fact, sin not only against God but against its own best interests, by preparing its people for the reception of papal usurpation; and will find, perhaps too late, that it has exactly to the same extent compromised its own strength and sovereignty.

This is more especially true of a representative government, where the people must have an influence in making and administering the laws; and where, therefore, to win them, is ultimately to win the government and grasp the reins of power.

To these countries, accordingly, have been directed for some years back the anxious regards and vigorous exertions of the pope and college of Propagan-

da.\* Here especially are they labouring to bring into disrepute the Scriptures of truth, and the doctrines of the Reformation. Here then should our rulers be equally vigilant to meet and oppose them, by promoting the circulation of God's word and the evangelization of the people. But here, on the contrary, have they endowed a popish college in the bosom of the country, and entered into a monstrous compact with the priesthood, to exclude above five millions of their fellowmen from scriptural education.

Who can be so blind, as not to foresee the miserable result of such infatuated policy? Who but must anticipate (if such conduct be continued) the re-erection in these lands of that "*imperium in imperio*," that spiritual allegiance to a foreign authority, whose complete development must uproot and overturn the firmest civil establishment.

The spirit of darkness permanently enthroned at the Vatican, turning with disappointed scowl from the retributive horrors of Spain and Portugal, may well direct his brightening eye to the triumphs thus preparing for him in this devoted island, and smile with exulting derision, when he beholds Protestant rulers anticipating his utmost wishes, and consigning their subjects by millions to the spiritual despotism of his vigilant and relentless emissaries.

---

\* We may mention a trifling, though significant instance of this feeling, which came under our own observation. At the pope's palace on the Quirinal, (his chief residence during some months of the year,) in the state apartments are several paintings of the best masters. But the *private* suite of rooms which forms his favourite retirement when the abated urgency of actual business permits of other meditations, presents on its walls no other ornament than engravings of the principal churches and cathedrals of England; as if to remind him, that the sovereign pontiff should allow himself neither rest nor peace, till he had re-established his empire over this rebellious province of Christendom.

---

## MAXWELL'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON.\*

## THIRD ARTICLE.

It had been Sir Arthur Wellesley's fate, hitherto, in his Portuguese and Spanish campaigns, to be both singularly unfortunate and singularly successful. In the first he had delivered the country from the invaders, and was only prevented by ill-judging colleagues, by whom he was superseded, from effecting the capture of a whole division of the French army, and sending them to England prisoners of war. For this service he was rewarded by a commission appointed to try him as for a grave offence, and was deemed by many but too fortunate in having escaped severe animadversion. In the second, by a most masterly operation, he effected a second deliverance of the same country, and was enabled to carry the war boldly into the Spanish territory, and act in conjunction with the Spanish army. He there gained another glorious victory. But, from the misconduct of his allies, in every respect most reprehensible, that victory was attended by no results beyond the credit which it reflected upon the British arms. The successful general was soon seen in rapid retreat, leaving his wounded to the care of a generous enemy, who again, with increasing numbers, resumed the offensive, with every prospect, humanly speaking, of overrunning the Peninsula by a complete conquest.

Indeed no other hope presented itself to the minds of many, if not a large majority, of the people of England, who had begun to be wearied by the vexatious issues of the war, and felt that the heavy burdens which were imposed upon them were but poorly compensated by barren military glory. Of this feeling the Whig opposition failed not, as usual, to take every advantage. The conduct of the ministry, who persisted still, in carry-

ing on the war in Spain, was loudly and severely censured. The exploits of the British general were coarsely undervalued, and his professional character malignantly assailed. The great successes of Buonaparte upon the Continent were vauntingly set forth; and his marriage with a princess of the house of Austria was insisted upon as such a consolidation of his power as forbade the hope that it could be again speedily disturbed by any confederacy that might be formed against him. He could now direct an undivided attention to Spain; and was it in the power of fate any longer to preserve that unhappy country from the grasp of the conqueror, who was already recognised as the undisputed lord of continental Europe.

One man there was, whom the taint of Whiggery still kept in the ranks of the opposition, but whose sentiments were more worthy of the country which gave him birth, and by which he was, indeed, honourably distinguished from the party with whom he was connected. "The unproductive consequences of this victory," said Mr. Windham, alluding to the last of Sir Arthur's well-fought fields—"for a victory it was, and a glorious victory,—were not to be put in comparison with the military renown which Sir Arthur Wellesley had gained. Ten or fifteen years ago it was thought on the Continent that we might do something at sea;—that an Englishman was a sort of sea-animal; but our army was considered as nothing. Our achievements in Egypt first entitled us to the name of a military power; the battle of Maida confirmed it; and he would not give the battles of Vimiero, Corunna, and Talavera for a whole archipelago of sugar islands."

Yes, Windham was worthy of bet-

---

\* Life of Field Marshal his Grace the Duke of Wellington, K. G., K. C. B., G. C. H., &c. &c. By W. H. Maxwell, author of "Stories of Waterloo," "The Bivouac," &c. &c. In 3 vols. London: A. H. Baily and Co. 1839.

ter men than those with whom he was associated in party struggles in the British parliament. Far from him was the tone of rancorous depreciation by which they scrupled not to disgrace themselves when speaking of our great commander. Farther, still, the malignant exultation which rejoiced in the successes of the common enemy.

Crotchety he was, and impracticable, in many respects, but not unfair or ungenerous; and never did he lose his instincts as a true-born Briton, or suffer the frenzy of an epidemic and revolutionary liberalism to disturb his understanding or to corrupt his heart. Sorry are we to say that he by no means represented a majority of his countrymen at this period; and that if parliament depended then, as it does now, upon mere popular volition, it would be impossible for any ministry to persevere in carrying on the war.

But government nobly resolved to persevere in the contest. They felt, wisely, that in disregarding the populace, they were only showing the more respect to the people. The services of our great general were appreciated, his victories were acknowledged, his difficulties were felt, his advice was followed. The sovereign marked his sense of his exalted merits by raising him to the peerage; and the parliament, by annexing to the newly-created dignity a pension of two thousand pounds a-year. It was in discussing the propriety of conferring upon him such a reward, that the virulence of the opposition chiefly found vent, when Mr. Ponsonby did not scruple to say that if it rested with him to inflict punishment or to extend pardon, *his conscience* would compel him to have recourse to the severer alternative, so convinced was he both of the folly and the wickedness of the course upon which ministers had resolved.

Such was the state of public opinion in England;—nor was the state of feeling in Spain, or the conduct of the governing authorities, either civil or military, more encouraging or satisfactory. The supreme junta were actuated by a blind and aimless enthusiasm, in which a rooted hatred of the French was combined with a passionate aspiration after popular freedom; and whilst flighty theorists and decla-

matory rhetoricians abounded, whose dissertations, replete with plausible generalities, and whose harangues, “full of sound and fury,” amused or puzzled the understandings, or engaged the imaginations of their hearers, there was not one practical man to be found who might bring plain common sense to bear upon the actual condition of affairs; and we may add, that if there were, in the then heated temperament of men’s minds, such singularity would only cause him to be suspected.

The people, with a detestation of the French amounting to a holy horror, were without the unity or the system which could alone give them a chance of expelling the invaders from their native land. They possessed a patriotism which was not to be subdued, but understandings which were not to be instructed. They seemed equally incapable of being depressed by adversity, or of profiting by experience. The morning’s dawn witnessed them replete with energy, and buoyant with the hope of victory; the evening sun saw them broken and scattered; an easy prey to their more scientific and disciplined adversaries. But in a few days they rallied again, as if no calamity had befallen them, and were as eager, and as enthusiastic, and as confident as ever in their anticipations of a complete and speedy triumph over their profligate, but terribly energetic assailants;—and there can be no doubt whatever, that had the conduct of the government, or the ability of the generals, been equal to the elastic spirit and heroic determination of the people, their efforts might have been crowned with success.

In the fortified towns, where the resistance depended upon the spirit of the people, prodigies of valour and devotion were displayed, such as render their sieges some of the most memorable in the history of the world. In the open country, where the skill and the conduct of the general is required, they were either broken as a rope of sand, or scattered as dust before the wind; and, of the thousands who congregated upon the battle field, such an account was soon rendered as showed but too plainly of how little value mere courage or heroism, without science, is, in the operations of war.



Such were the circumstances, and such was the state of public feeling both at home and abroad, when Wellington was retiring cautiously from the advanced position which he had occupied in Spain, in order to recruit his wearied and crippled army, until reinforcements should arrive, and such a turn be given to affairs as might again enable him to act upon the offensive. In the Spanish service he was no longer embarrassed by the perplexing co-operation of Cuesta, who, upon the score of health, was suffered to retire; but, as if to compensate such an advantage, the cause was deprived of the services of the Marquess de la Romana, by death,—the only Spanish general deserving of the name, a man of sound understanding, and of unblemished patriotism, whose loss, at such a moment, was greatly to be lamented.

The junta, whose measures seemed all to be based upon abstract considerations, and who seemed to consider the presence of an enemy in the country as a mere accident, undeserving of any serious attention, in the military appointments which they made, had respect rather to the politics than the professional qualifications of their commanders, and were more solicitous to secure the services of active partizans of their peculiar views, than of men whose vigour or ability might enable them to act with success against the enemy. In truth these factious drivellers were blowing bubbles, whilst the French were casting balls; and if Wellington had not been at hand, to repair the errors caused by their ignorance, their negligence, and their presumption, their doom would have soon been sealed, and the Peninsula would have passed under the yoke of the conqueror.

At this period Lord Wellington entertained but little hope of effecting the expulsion of the French from Spain; but Portugal, he thought, under any circumstances, might be defended. He therefore bestowed much attention upon the training and disciplining of the Portuguese, who, under Beresford, promised soon to become good soldiers; and also made a minute survey of the country, with a view to the erection of works for its protection, which led, ultimately, to the splendid military conception of the

lines of Torres Vedras, beyond which the proud waves of Gallic conquest could never roll. Such were the occupations of this great man, as were the objects upon which he was intent, whilst slander at home sought to asperse his character, and folly, envy, and malignity abroad, to pervert his councils, and the thousand distractions were daily assailing him which were inseparable from his high command, and which would have driven almost any other man to retire in disgust from a service, where the responsibility was so great, the annoyances so harassing, and the prospect of ultimately accomplishing any thing for the salvation of the country very discouraging and so very distant. Still nobly did he persevere; and we recognise a heroism in this perseverance, which sets his character upon loftier eminence than he could have won by the most brilliant achievements in the conduct of the war.

The reader should acquaint himself minutely with the details of Lord Wellington's daily life at the period of which we write, to form any adequate conception of the varied annoyances by which he was beset, and the complicated difficulties by which he was surrounded. Both Victor and Mortier were strikingly generous and compassionate towards his wounds who were abandoned by Cuesta at the battle of Talavera. He was desirous of showing that he, too, was not ignorant of the courtesies of war. Judge, then, of his mortification to find that a French officer who had been sent upon a special mission to him to negotiate an exchange of prisoners was, contrary to all propriety, or decency, seized upon by the English general, and detained in close confinement, until his reiterated remonstrances and expostulations at length brought him into an order for his enlargement. His troops had been reduced, by exhaustion, to a state of physical weakness which rendered them incapable of active military duty, at a time when he had to encounter the complaints of the Spaniards, that while they were furnishing, his men had all the wants abundantly supplied at the expense. 'Tis true, by a plain tale very soon put them down. But was, surely, very willing to be to write a quire of sleep to

the calumnies of his friends, at the very moment when all his energies were required to repel the attacks of his enemies. But this was not all. The junta and the Spanish generals were perpetually committing errors in strategy by which the common cause was grievously compromised; and then either blamed him for having caused the very calamities against which he had put them upon their guard, and which, if his earnestly-repeated advice had been attended to, would all have been avoided; or, called upon him to extricate them from their perilous position, by movements which would have defeated all his well-laid plans, and by making which he would be only playing the game of the enemy. In the south and east, the shameful misconduct of the Spanish general, La Pena, marred the success of a well-concerted operation, which, had the English troops under Sir Thomas Graham, Lord Lynedoch, been properly supported, would have compelled the French to raise the siege of Cadiz; and then, as if to rival cowardice by falsehood, a statement was published by which the miscarriage was imputed to the remissness of the English general, which compelled the hero of Barossa to come forward in vindication of his hardly-earned laurels, and make such an exposure of Spanish perfidy or poltroonery as damaged their cause in the eyes of Europe, and gave but too much ground to the opposition in the British parliament to represent them as unworthy of the blood and the treasure which had been already expended in their defence. All this while, every avenue through the Pyrennees was thronged by troops from France, who, released from continental warfare, were now congregating in the Peninsula, and only impatient for the moment when they were to be brought into conflict with the islanders, by whom alone the supremacy of the *grande nation* and the great Napoleon was still disputed.

Already, the French troops in Spain amounted to between three and four hundred thousand men. Massena, whom Buonaparte had designated as "the spoiled child of victory," was appointed to the command of the forces immediately opposed to Lord Wellington; and actively and vigorously did that redoubted soldier enter

upon his task, which was, to drive the English into the sea; and most skillfully did he avail himself of every facility for accomplishing his object.

As Lord Wellington had long foreseen, Ciudad Rodrigo was besieged. The garrison made a brave defence. The veteran who commanded the fortress proved himself worthy the trust which had been reposed in him. The British army burned for an opportunity of measuring their strength with the French, and the desire of Lord Wellington's heart was that he could attempt to relieve the city, without departing from the plan of operations upon which he had resolved, and by which alone, he was persuaded, the common cause could be promoted. It was, therefore, with grief inexpressible that he was compelled to witness the surrender of the fortress, without striking a blow in its defence.

Slowly and reluctantly did the British lion retire from the bloody fields which were compelled to mourn the ravages of the Gallic invader. To Craufurd, who commanded the light division, was intrusted the task of protecting the English rear. He was a genuine Briton, of the rough and ready stamp, more greedy for fight than desirous of glory; and the sulky sluggishness of his movements, as the Gallic legions were thundering upon him in the flush of victory, but too truly indicated the darling passion of his soul. The bridge which crossed the Coa, the possession of which was essential to his safety, he was enabled to secure. But there, like a surly mastiff, he stood at bay; and when the enemy attempted to cross in pursuit, met them by such a withering fire, that rank after rank were strewed in death before they reached the centre of the arch, until the heap of dead and dying rose as high as the parapet, and the onward progress of the French was arrested by a rampart of corpses, which accumulated in proportion to their efforts to remove it. Having thus checked their advance, Craufurd resumed his march, with the feeling of one whose heart was in the battle while his feet were upon the road, and who reluctantly took leave of the bloody strife, even as a bull-terrier drops sullenly off from his antagonist, when the flesh has given way under his teeth, and the stern commands of his angry

Such were the circumstances, and such was the state of public feeling both at home and abroad, when Wellington was retiring cautiously from the advanced position which he had occupied in Spain, in order to recruit his wearied and crippled army, until reinforcements should arrive, and such a turn be given to affairs as might again enable him to act upon the offensive. In the Spanish service he was no longer embarrassed by the perplexing co-operation of Cuesta, who, upon the score of health, was suffered to retire; but, as if to compensate such an advantage, the cause was deprived of the services of the Marquess de la Romana, by death,—the only Spanish general deserving of the name, a man of sound understanding, and of unblemished patriotism, whose loss, at such a moment, was greatly to be lamented.

The junta, whose measures seemed all to be based upon abstract considerations, and who seemed to consider the presence of an enemy in the country as a mere accident, undeserving of any serious attention, in the military appointments which they made, had respect rather to the politics than the professional qualifications of their commanders, and were more solicitous to secure the services of active partizans of their peculiar views, than of men whose vigour or ability might enable them to act with success against the enemy. In truth these factious drivellers were blowing bubbles, whilst the French were casting balls; and if Wellington had not been at hand, to repair the errors caused by their ignorance, their negligence, and their presumption, their doom would have soon been sealed, and the Peninsula would have passed under the yoke of the conqueror.

At this period Lord Wellington entertained but little hope of effecting the expulsion of the French from Spain; but Portugal, he thought, under any circumstances, might be defended. He therefore bestowed much attention upon the training and disciplining of the Portuguese, who, under Beresford, promised soon to become good soldiers; and also made a minute survey of the country, with a view to the erection of works for its protection, which led, ultimately, to the splendid military conception of the

lines of Torres Vedras, beyond which the proud waves of Gallic conquest could never roll. Such were the occupations of this great man, such were the objects upon which he was intent, whilst slander at home sought to asperse his character, and folly, and envy, and malignity abroad, to perplex his councils, and the thousand distractions were daily assailing him which were inseparable from his high command, and which would have driven almost any other man to retire in disgust from a service, where the responsibility was so great, the annoyances so harassing, and the prospect of ultimately accomplishing any thing for the salvation of the country so very discouraging and so very distant. Still nobly did he persevere; and we recognise a heroism in this perseverance, which sets his character upon a loftier eminence than he could have won by the most brilliant achievements in the conduct of the war.

The reader should acquaint himself minutely with the details of Lord Wellington's daily life at the period of which we write, to form any adequate conception of the varied annoyances by which he was beset, and the complicated difficulties by which he was surrounded. Both Victor and Mortier were strikingly generous and compassionate towards his wounded, who were abandoned by Cuesta after the battle of Talavera. He was desirous of showing that he, too, was not ignorant of the courtesies of war. Judge, then, of his mortification, to find that a French officer who had been sent upon a special mission to him to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, was, contrary to all propriety, or even decency, seized upon by the Spanish general, and detained in close confinement, until his reiterated remonstrances and expostulations at length shamed him into an order for his enlargement. His troops had been reduced, by starvation, to a state of physical weakness, which rendered them incapable of any active military duty, at a time when he had to encounter the complaints of the Spaniards, that while they were famishing, his men had all their wants abundantly supplied at their expense. 'Tis true, by a plain tale he very soon put them down. But it was, surely, very provoking to have to write a quire of foolscap to refute

the shattered column down the hill, 'the dead and dying strewing the way even to the bottom of the valley.'

"Reynier's leading regiments still held the summit of the height; and, shrouded in the haze and partially unseen, they re-formed their ranks, while the third division was driving the rest of the column from the mountain. They had not, however, escaped the observation of General Leith, and he instantly advanced with his first brigade to the assistance of Picton. The 38th regiment was ordered to turn the right of the French; but, as that flank of the enemy rested upon a precipice on the reverse of the Sierra, it was impossible to effect it. Colonel Cameron saw the emergency, and deploying the 9th regiment into line under a furious fire, he charged in among rocks, forced the French with the bayonet from the crest, and secured it with his regiment from any second effort which the enemy might make to win it back. All now went well;—Hill's corps edged in towards the scene of action; the second brigade of Leith joined the first, and a great mass of fresh troops were thus concentrated, while Reynier had neither reserves nor guns to restore the fight.'

"The greater difficulty of the ground rendered Ney's attacks still less successful, even for a time, than Reynier's had proved. Craufurd's disposition of the light division was masterly. Under a dipping of the ground between the convent and the plateau, the 43d and 52d were formed in line; while higher up the hill, and closer to the convent, the Germans were drawn up. The rocks in front formed a natural battery for the guns; and the whole face of the Sierra was crowded with riflemen and Cacadores. As morning dawned, a sharp and scattered musquetry was heard among the broken hollows of the valley that separated the rival armies, and immediately the French presented themselves in three divisions: Loisson's mounting the face of the Sierra; Marchand's inclining leftwards, as if intending to turn the right flank of the left division; and the third remaining in reserve.

"The brigade of general Simon led the attack; and, reckless of the constant fusillade of the British light troops and the sweeping fire of the artillery, which literally ploughed through the advancing column from its leading to its last section, the enemy came steadily and quickly on. The horse artillery worked their guns with amazing rapidity—delivering round after round with such beautiful precision, that the wonder was how any body of men could advance un-

der such a withering and incessant cannonade. But nothing could surpass the gallantry of the assailants. On they came—and, in a few moments, their skirmishers, 'breathless and begrimed with powder,' topped the ridge of the Sierra. The British guns were instantly retired—the French cheers arose—and, in another second, their column topped the height.

"General Craufurd, who had coolly watched the progress of the advance, called on the 43d and 52d to 'Charge!' A cheer that peaked for miles over the Sierra answered the order, and 'eighteen hundred British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill.' The head of the French column was overwhelmed in an instant; 'both its flanks were lapped over by the English wings,' while volley after volley, at a few yards' distance, completed its destruction, and marked with hundreds of its dead and dying, all down the face of the Sierra, the course of its murderous discomfiture. Some of the light troops continued slaughtering the broken columns nearly to the bottom of the hill, until Ney's guns opened from the opposite side, and covered the escape of the relics of Simon's division.'

"When Simon's attack was finally repulsed, Marchand's brigade had gained a wood half way up the Sierra, and threatened the centre of the position. But they never advanced beyond the cover of the pine-trees—Pack's Portuguese regiment held them firmly in check, the guards showed themselves in force on the crest of the height, while Craufurd, now disengaged, turned a searching fire from his guns upon their flank. Ney, in person, sustained this hopeless contest for an hour, and then retired in despair, leaving the British position as unassailable as it had been previous to the general attack.

"The roar of battle ended: and, beyond now and then a dropping shot, Busaco was undisturbed, and nothing indicated the recent conflict, but the melancholy tokens which mark 'a foughten field.' In front of the light division, the hill was thickly covered with the dead and dying; and permission was granted by Craufurd for the French to remove their wounded. That interval, honourable to the humanity of civilized warfare, was charitably employed on both sides; and French and English intermingled with perfect confidence and good humour, each seeking and taking off their wounded men, and occasionally offering a mutual assistance."

Such was the battle of Busaco. It

master forbid him to renew the contest.

Almeida was now invested, and Lord Wellington hoped that it would hold out a very considerable time. His calculations were all made with reference to the perseverance of the garrison in a brave defence. Judge, then, of his surprise and mortification when he learned, that scarcely did the enemy appear in force before it when it surrendered. The French were now in possession of the two fortresses which gave them a firm basis for their operations both in Portugal and Spain, and Lord Wellington was compelled to fall back upon a position which might counterbalance the fearful odds which he had to encounter, by its local advantages. The ridge of the Sierra de Busaco presented to the eye of our general the very ground upon which he might make a vigorous stand, and strike the enemy a stunning blow, which, if it effected nothing more, would enable him to accomplish what remained of his retreat comparatively unmolested. The following picture, which presented itself from the heights which were occupied by the British on the morning preceding the battle which ensued, will be allowed to be very spirit-stirring and glorious. Our author is quoting a description given by an eye-witness—Mr. Leith Hay.

“The morning of the 26th broke in cloudless beauty, and a more glorious sight was never presented to a soldier's view; indeed, ‘nothing could be conceived more enlivening, more interesting, or more varied, than the scene from the heights of Busaco. Commanding a very extensive prospect to the eastward, the movements of the French army were distinctly perceptible; it was impossible to conceal them from the observation of the troops stationed along the whole range of the mountain; nor did this appear to be the object of the enemy. Rising grounds were covered with troops, cannon, or equipages: the widely extended country seemed to contain a host moving forward, or gradually condensing into numerous masses, checked in their progress by the grand natural barrier on which the allies were placed, and at the base of which it became necessary to pause. In imposing appearance as to numerical strength, there has been rarely seen any thing comparable to that of the enemy's army from Busaco; it was not alone an army encamped before us, but a mul-

titude: cavalry, infantry, artillery, cars of the country, horses, tribes of mules with their attendants, suttlers, followers of every description, crowded the moving scene upon which Lord Wellington and his army looked down.’”

And now, the fight—

“The British army, during the night, lay in dense masses on the summit of the mountain. The sky was clear, and the dark rocky eminences rising on both sides of the pass, were crowned by the fires of innumerable bivouacs. The veterans in the English army, accustomed to similar scenes of excitement, slept profoundly on their stony beds; but many of the younger soldiers, who were now to witness a battle for the first time, were kept awake by the grandeur and solemnity of the scene around them. As the first streaks of dawn were beginning to appear over the eastern hills, a rustling noise was heard in the wooded dells which ran up to the crest of the mountains. It arose from the French outposts, who, stealing unobserved during the night, had thus got close to the outposts of the English position without being perceived. The alarm was instantly given, and the troops started to their arms at all points. It was full time, for in a few minutes more the French in two masses were upon them.

“The French attack was made in five columns, and on two distinct points, about a league apart from each other. Reynier, with two columns, mounted the hill at Antonio de Cantara—and Ney, with three, in front of the convent of Busaco. Reynier had less difficulties to overcome, as the face of the Sierra, by which he advanced, was more practicable; and, favoured by the mist, his skirmishers were mingled with the light troops of the third division, almost as soon as the pickets had discovered that the enemy were in motion. The allies resisted vigorously, and the British artillery swept the face of the Sierra with a destructive storm of grape; but the French pressed forward, forced the right of the division back, threw a Portuguese regiment into disorder, and gained the crest of the ridge between Picton and Leith's divisions. The enemy instantly endeavoured to secure the height they had won with their advanced battalions, and, with the remainder of the corps, press rapidly along the ridge of the hill. But in front, volleys of musketry checked them—their flank was torn by the fire of the British guns—while the 45th and 88th came forward with the bayonet, and charging furiously, drove all before them, and forced



“ Had not the British light troops already signalized themselves during the retreat, the conduct of these splendid battalions at Sabugal alone, was sufficient to immortalize the division. Hurried prematurely into action through the rashness of their commanding officer—embarrassed by mist and rain, which prevented them from perceiving danger, until the skirmishers and 43d were involved in a contest with the whole of Reynier's corps, and that, too, when not a division of the English army had reached its appointed battle-ground—in this desperate situation, the beautiful discipline and chivalrous courage of these gallant soldiers kept the multitude of their assailants in check, until the 52d arrived to their assistance. A brilliant charge cleared the heights; the French were forced back, and a howitzer was captured. The advance of the light regiments, however, was arrested by the enemy's cavalry, and the skirmishers quickly driven back upon the battalion companies of the 43d, which had sheltered themselves behind a stone enclosure. The French horsemen swarmed in squadrons over the hill; and some, more daring than the rest, surmounted the ascent, and, with incredible desperation, riding up to the wall, were in the act of firing over it with their pistols, when a rolling volley laid nearly the whole of them lifeless on the ground. By this time, however, a second and stronger column of infantry had rushed up the face of the hill, endeavouring to break in and retake the howitzer, which was on the edge of the descent and only fifty yards from the wall; but no man could reach it and live, so deadly was the 43d's fire.”

“ To the gallantry of the troops Lord Wellington bore ample testimony; and not only in his official details, but also in his private correspondence, he alludes with manifest satisfaction to the noble conduct of his light troops.

“ ‘ We have given,’ he says, ‘ the French a handsome dressing, and I think they will not say again that we are not a manœuvring army. We may not manœuvre so beautifully as they do; but I do not desire better sport than to meet one of their columns *en masse* with our lines. The poor 2d corps received a terrible beating from the 43d and 52d on the third.’ ”

Bravery, the French never scrupled to allow to our troops; but of those combinations by which stratagetic science is chiefly characterised, they loudly asserted we knew little or nothing. They were now completely undeceived: Lord Wellington, by his

skill in manœuvring, quite as much as by the determined courage which he evinced upon those occasions when it was required, defeated all the combinations of the French marshal, and compelled the acknowledgment, that his ability as a general was quite equal to his intrepidity as a soldier.

“ When he acted on the defensive, at every place where he awaited an attack, his positions were so ably chosen, that the French were always obliged to fight at disadvantage. When it was his interest to advance, half the objects at which he aimed were effected by previous combinations, and sometimes without losing a man. Another military delusion was exposed by the events of this campaign, namely, the irresistible effect of the French attack *en masse*. A quarter of a century had established this opinion; and the revolutionary victories acquired by movements in heavy columns, had been confirmed by the overthrow of those European powers with whom Napoleon had been more recently engaged. No wonder, therefore, that against the unpractised soldiery of Britain, they had been employed in the fullest assurance of success. But with English battalions opposed to it, the *colonne serree* proved unavailing; and against the steady array of even a two-rank line, these perpendicular attacks of Massena ended invariably in discomfiture.”

Massena crossed the Aguada with thirty-five thousand men. He had entered Portugal with sixty-five thousand, and was joined, while in that country, by nineteen thousand more. His losses, therefore, must have amounted to forty thousand men. The state of his army, and the divisions which prevailed amongst the French marshals, (Ney having positively refused to obey his orders,) forbade the commencement of active operations. Now it was Lord Wellington's turn to act upon the offensive; and whilst his adversary retired to Salamanca, he invested Almeida, and sent Beresford, with a force of twenty-two thousand men, to relieve Campo Mayor, and commence the siege of Badajoz.

The regency of Portugal still continued deaf to the earnest exhortations of Lord Wellington, to take such measures as he deemed advisable in the then posture of affairs. Intrigue and jealousy, joined to a low hankering after mob popularity, characterised all

was delivered under circumstances of difficulty and embarrassment which were well calculated to try the abilities of our great commander, and seldom, we believe, did a retiring general impress an enemy with more respect. It has been said that the result was owing to the accident of the attack not having been made in time—Massena refusing to commence the action until his whole force was in the field. But *that accident*, be it remembered, was no other than the high reputation which Wellington had already won, by which even the most daring and skilful of the French marshals was inspired with a degree of caution in his presence, which rendered him wary, to a fault, in his attack, even when the odds were most in his favour. If this is to be called an accident, it will be readily allowed that it is one which would not be available to an ordinary commander.

Lord Wellington now retired upon his lines, which he had taken so much care to prepare for such an event; and, when the enemy thought of nothing but driving him into the sea, remained secure in his impregnable position, and was enabled to laugh all Massena's efforts to scorn. Indeed, it is difficult to say whether the prescience and the skill of the British general came with more surprise upon the French marshal or his own men. The army in general were but little aware of the plans which he was carrying into effect for their security and protection, from the very moment when he was driven, by circumstances, to separate himself from the Spanish army. And when, after a retreat, conducted with such order that not a single prisoner was lost, they took up their several positions upon the appointed ground, which was as a rampart of adamant, or a wall of fire, against the further approaches of the enemy, their astonishment was very great indeed; nor was their delight less when they now saw clearly that their general had not the least intention of abandoning the peninsular contest.

Had the people and the government of Portugal but carried into effect Lord Wellington's advice, to remove or destroy all the provisions in the country, Massena could not long continue with his numerous army in the front of the lines; but the orders

which had been given were very imperfectly obeyed, and the inhabitants had the mortification of seeing the provisions which they spared, contributing to the subsistence of the enemy, while Wellington was experiencing every conceivable annoyance from the governing authorities, whose faction and whose folly had well nigh marred the only plan by which their country could be defended.

At length, all power of extracting supplies from an exhausted country being at an end, Massena began in earnest to retire, and took a strong position at Santarem, where he was enabled to look the same defiance at Lord Wellington which the latter had exhibited towards him from his impregnable lines. Foy had been despatched for instructions to Napoleon, and returned with the most imperative orders to the French marshal to maintain his position in Portugal; and at the same time, Soult, who had been most successful in the south of Spain, received orders to co-operate by such movements as might most favour the operation which the Prince of Essling was commanded to undertake, and by which, it was confidently hoped, the English army would be driven to a hasty embarkation. It was not, however, until Massena was in full retreat, and when it could no longer be available, that that co-operation could be effected.

Imperative as were the commands of the French emperor, Massena found himself in no condition to obey them; his retreat, therefore, was continued, and conducted with extraordinary skill, but marked by that malignant spirit of outrage which characterised all the operations of the French in Spain. He was closely and vigorously pursued by Lord Wellington, who omitted no opportunity of making his power be felt, and very soon saw the Portuguese territory relieved from the presence of his formidable adversary.

The battle of Sabugal, which was fought during these operations, on the 3d of April, 1811, was one in which the light troops of the British army were greatly distinguished. We cannot afford space to describe the action in detail; but the following brief *résumé* of the events cannot fail to gratify the reader.

leave the 5th division near Fort Concepcion, and the 6th division opposite Alameda. The 1st and 3d were then concentrated on a gentle rise, about a cannon-shot behind Fuentes d'Onoro, where the slope of land which the army occupied turned back, and ended on the Turon, becoming rocky and difficult as it approached that river.

"With these dispositions, Wellington waited the attack of a superior enemy; and in the conflict which ensued, while his own military qualities were powerfully developed, the fortunes of a doubtful day were decided by the gallantry and discipline of that noble soldiery, on whom their general ventured to stake the reputation of a life, and the result proved that his confidence had been worthily reposed."

Of the battle itself, our author observes that —

"Wellington never fought under more serious disadvantages. In every arm of war he was weaker than his antagonist—in cavalry immeasurably inferior; and Massena's cuirassiers alone should have ensured a victory. Notwithstanding that its grand outline presented a fine battle-ground, the allied position was particularly dangerous. With the Coa in his rear, Wellington had but one point by which artillery could pass the river; and the narrow bridge at Castello Bom was ill suited for a rapid retreat, had any disaster obliged him to withdraw a beaten army. To turn his opponent's right, seize his only communication with the left bank of the river, and, once lodged upon the table land, overwhelm the allies with heavy masses, supported by the charges of a splendid cavalry, was evidently Massena's design; and Loison, consequently, not waiting for his arrival, endeavoured to assist the Prince of Essling's intended operation, by seizing the strong village on which the left of the allies was appuyed.

"The assault on Fuentes d'Onoro was furiously made, and it was as fiercely repelled. Oppressed by a heavy cannonade, the lower village was gradually abandoned to the enemy, but the chapel and craggy eminence were desperately maintained. Loison redoubled his efforts; Wellington reinforced his hard-pressed battalions; and when night fell, the lower houses of Fuentes remained in possession of the French, and the upper village was occupied by British regiments.

"The *reconnaissance* of the next day confirmed Massena in his first intention of storming the opposite flank of the

position, and gaining the plateau, which stretched away from the rugged banks of the Dos Casas. Julian Sanchez, after a short contest, was driven across the Turon, the village of Poço Velho was carried, and Montbrun poured his heavy squadrons over the level summit of the height. After a noble but unavailing resistance, the allied cavalry were forced to retire, and seek protection from the infantry. The French horsemen instantly galloped forward. They found the light infantry in squares, and unassailable; but as the seventh division had not effected that formation, many were cut down in line, and a troop of horse artillery completely surrounded. With other troops a certain defeat must have ensued; but at this fearful moment their own gallantry and discipline saved the British soldiers. Although surprised by the sudden rush of the cuirassiers, the chasseurs Britanniques threw themselves behind a broken fence, and maintaining a rolling fire that fell upon the assailants with murderous effect, they checked the onward career of the enemy. At one place, however, the fury of the fight seemed for a time to centre. A great commotion was observed amongst the French squadrons; men and officers closed in confusion towards one point, where a thick dust was rising, and where loud cries and the sparkling of blades and flashing of pistols indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude was violently agitated, an English shout arose, the mass were rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth at the head of his battery, his horses breathing fire, and stretching like greyhounds along the plain, his guns bounding like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners in close and compact order protecting the rear.

"At this period of the day, while isolated displays of gallantry might for a time have checked the progress of the French, still the final issue of the contest seemed fraught with danger to the British general. Wellington's right was turned—his divisions separated—a murderous combat raging on his left in Fuentes, and to secure success, it was imperative that his outflanked wing should be instantly thrown back, and his communications with the bridge of Sabugal abandoned. Looking with just confidence rather to victory than to any likelihood of retreating, he drew in the right of his army, sending the 7th division over the Turon, to Frenada, on its left bank. The light division, covered by the cavalry, retired over the plain—and the 1st, 3d, and Portuguese formed line nearly at right angles with their first position, now resting their battalions upon the height which ran perpen-

their proceedings. Now that our victorious general contemplated operations within the Spanish territory, where he would have to contend, at fearful odds, with the veteran marshals of France, it became of especial importance, that all the resources of the country from which he had just made the enemy to disappear, should be brought to bear upon the coming contest. How great was his mortification, then, to see that the regency took no thought of these things, and seemed to disburden their minds of all anxiety respecting the military preparations, which were never more necessary for their defence, from the very moment the pressure of a hostile force ceased to be felt within their borders. Not only was the militia disbanded, but the regular army, Mr. Maxwell observes, "was awfully reduced; and the government, when apprised of the diminution in their regiments, received Lord Wellington's remonstrances with impatience; or, as more frequently occurred, with total disregard." While they were pressed by the enemy, they refused to contribute the needful supplies, upon the ground, that by so doing, they would be nourishing a war in the heart of the kingdom. To this Lord Wellington replied, in one of his most able and characteristic despatches, in such a way as to make the Bishop of Oporto, who was the author of such advice, heartily ashamed. Now that by British skill and valour, the enemy had been removed, they refused to contribute, because there was no longer a war in the heart of the kingdom; although, if some such steps as those which Lord Wellington indicated, were not promptly taken, the recurrence of such a war, with aggravated calamity, must be seriously apprehended. In truth, upon emergencies, which were big with the fate of empires, they spoke and acted like spoiled children, and reasoned like idiots. And it was rather too hard, that our great commander's temper should be tried, and his valuable time consumed, in refuting the follies of the headstrong and opinionative people with whom he had to deal, while the enemy were accumulating in imposing force, upon every side, and all his energies were required, to baffle the formidable combinations which were directed against him.

As Lord Wellington knew that Soult would not suffer Badajoz to fall without making a vigorous effort for its defence, it was his endeavour to procure such a disposition of the Spanish forces as might serve to hold the French marshal in check, whilst Beresford vigorously pressed the siege. But much difficulty was experienced in accomplishing such an arrangement, in consequence of the bad feeling which prevailed between Spain and Portugal, and which had nearly led to a rupture between the kingdoms. By the address and dexterity of our general, this evil was averted; but, before the answers could be received from Blake and Castanos respecting the proposed operations, news arrived that Massena was again ready to take the field, and he accordingly hurried back to the Aguada, to superintend in person the important business which he there had in hand, having left Sir William Beresford singularly clear and full instructions respecting the course which he was to pursue, in every emergency that could befall him.

Massena's object very soon became apparent. He determined to make a great effort to relieve Almeida. This Wellington was equally determined to prevent, although he knew that his redoubted antagonist was at the head of a force in every arm his superior. The *corps d'armée* of the Prince of Essling amounted to forty thousand effective men, of whom five thousand were cavalry, while that of the British general did not exceed thirty-two thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry; and yet, against such odds, he resolved to enter the field of fight rather than suffer Almeida to be relieved. The result was, the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro. The position of the allied army is thus described:—

"The allied battle position was on a table-land—the centre in front of Alameda, the left flank resting on Fort Conception, and the right in the village of Fuentes d'Onoro; and it had this advantage, that 'the French general could not, with any prudence, venture to march, by his own right, against Almeida, lest the allies, crossing the ravine, at the villages of Alameda and Fuentes d'Onoro, should fall on his flank, and drive him into the Agueda. Hence, to cover the blockade, which was maintained by Pack's brigade and an English regiment, it was sufficient to

mated after the action at little short of 5,000 *hors de combat*, but probably half the amount would come nearer to the truth. The French absurdly stated their casualties at 400—and one circumstance alone would prove that this was ridiculously incorrect, as 500 of their dead and wounded horses were left upon the battle ground.

“Evening closed the combat. Massena's columns on the right were halted, and his 6th corps, with which he had endeavoured to storm Fuentes d'Onoro, was withdrawn—the whole French army bivouacking in the order in which they had stood when the engagement closed. The British lighted their fires, posted their pickets, and occupied the field they had so bravely held; and ‘both parties lay down to rest, with a confident assurance on their minds that the battle was only intermitted till the return of daylight.’

“A brigade of the light division relieved the gallant defenders of Fuentes—and preparatory to the expected renewal of attack, some works were thrown up to defend the upper village and the ground behind it. But these precautions were unnecessary; Massena remained during the next day in front of his antagonist, but exhibited no anxiety to renew the combat. The 7th found the British, as usual, under arms at dawn, but the day passed as quietly as the preceding one had done. On the 8th, the French columns were observed in full retreat, marching on the road to Ciudad Rodrigo; thus proving that the French marshal, with an army reinforced by every battalion and squadron he could collect from Galicia and Castile, had been beaten by four divisions of the British army. With that unblushing assurance, however, for which the French marshals have been remarkable, defeat was tortured into conquest, and Massena did not hesitate to call Fuentes d'Onoro a victory. But the falsity was self-apparent—the avowed object for which the battle had been fought was unattained—he failed in succouring the beleaguered city—and Almeida was left to its fate.’

“In calmly reviewing the varied fortunes of this long and sanguinary conflict, it is impossible, in weighing the merits of those commanding, not to award an immeasurable superiority to the talents of the British general. Obligated to abide a battle, and that, too, upon a field in no way favourable for an inferior force to sustain the assault of a superior enemy, Wellington's dispositions were masterly, and every arm he had was ably and usefully employed. Massena, on the other hand, displayed none of that military genius, which had

placed him foremost among Napoleon's lieutenants. He wasted his strength upon the village of Fuentes d'Onoro; and with the key of the position in his possession, he allowed this advantage to remain profitless, when through Poço Velho he could have poured his whole force upon the plateau, and overwhelmed the British right wing by mere numbers. The ground was favourable for cavalry to act efficiently—but the French marshal's magnificent dragoons were neither skilfully nor vigorously employed; and while they should have been deciding the fortune of the fight, they were trifling with the partidas of Julian Sanchez. ‘Having indicated all the errors of the English general's position, the Prince of Essling stopped short at the very moment when he should have sprung forward.’ To whatever cause it may be ascribed, the movements of the French marshal throughout the 5th were marked by irregularity and delay; and his attacks upon opposite flanks, which, to have ensured success, should have been simultaneous, were made with a considerable interval between them. In short, Massena's genius seemed asleep, and none could have imagined that the victor of Aspern was he who failed so signally at Fuentes d'Onoro.”

This was, indeed, a glorious victory, and well calculated to secure the result which Wellington now confidently expected, namely, the capture of the entire garrison of Almeida. But, owing to the negligence or incapacity of the officer to whom he deputed the duty of keeping a vigilant eye upon the fortress, that object was not attained. The garrison effected their escape; and the chagrin of the British general at the untoward event is thus expressed in a letter to Lord Liverpool:—

“Possibly I have to reproach myself for not having been on the spot; but really, when the enemy's whole army had crossed the Agueda, with the exception of one brigade of cavalry, in front of Ciudad Rodrigo, I did not think it probable that the attempt to escape would be made; and having employed two divisions and a brigade, to prevent the escape of 1,400, who I did not think it likely would attempt to escape, the necessity of my attending personally to this operation, after I had been the whole day on the Azava, did not occur to me. However, it is that alone in the whole operation, in which I have to reproach myself, as every thing was done



dicularly with Fuentes, their left being still pivoted on that village.

“To effect this delicate change of formation was indeed a perilous essay; one which a master-spirit only dare adopt, and one which might be entrusted alone to British soldiers. To retire troops across a level plain, the outer flank having a surface of four miles to traverse, surrounded by heavy masses of French cavalry, flushed with the full assurance of approaching victory, and waiting a false movement to fall on, was certainly a daring resolution. Far as the eye could range, the plateau was crowded with camp-followers and equipage. These fugitives added to the confusion, and consequently increased the risks; ‘and if any of the divisions had given way, the enemy would have burst in upon them with such force, as would have sent the disorderly multitude headlong against some of its own squares, and thrown the whole into irreparable confusion.’

“But in that dread hour, perhaps the most perilous in the whole war for England, she was saved by the skill of her chief, and the incomparable valour of her soldiers. Slowly, and in perfect order, the squares of the 1st, 7th, and light divisions, retired for many miles, flanked in either side by the terrible cuirassiers of Montbrun, flushed with the newly-won glories of Wagram; pressed in rear by the columns and batteries of Ney's corps, which had broken the Russian army at Friedland. In vain their thundering squadrons swept round these serried bands, and the light of the British bayonets was, for a time, lost in the blaze of the French cuirasses; from every throng the unbroken squares still emerged, pursuing their steady way amidst a terrific fire: the 7th division successfully accomplished its long semicircular sweep, crossed the Turon, and took up its ground between that stream and the Coa; the centre of the army soon gained the ridge of heights for which it was destined; while the left, with invincible firmness, still made good the crags and chapel of Fuentes d'Onoro. When the whole had taken up their ground, Massena recoiled from the prospect of attacking such an enemy as he had now combated, posted in dense masses on a ridge, not two miles in length, and covered on either flank by a steep ravine; and, confining himself to a cannonade along its front, redoubled his efforts on the left, where he sent the whole division of Drouet against the village of Fuentes d'Onoro.

“The attack was made with all that reckless desperation which indicated that on success or failure the fortunes

of a doubtful day were staked. Every arm was used—cavalry appeared waiting an opportunity to act—infantry burst into the lower village in heavy masses—and while the French artillery poured a storm of shot upon the houses and enclosures, the enemy advanced with imposing steadiness, although their passage led through a street choked with the dead and dying, who had already perished in vain but reiterated attempts. The British regiments, far overmatched in numbers, were gradually forced back upon the heights and chapel, after sustaining a heavy loss, two companies of the 79th having been taken, and Colonel Cameron slain. But beyond the upper village no effort of the enemy could drive its gallant defenders. In vain the French were frequently and strongly reinforced, until the entire of the 6th, and a part of Count d'Erlon's corps were engaged. Lord Wellington, in turn, sent in his reserves, and the assault and defence were on both sides obstinately continued, the fortune of the day alternating as fresh combatants took part in the affray. ‘At one time the fighting was on the banks of the stream and amongst the lower houses; at another upon the rugged heights and round the chapel, and some of the enemy's skirmishers even penetrated completely through towards the main position.’

“For a moment the upper village seemed lost. A heavy column followed the tirailleurs closely; and, unchecked by a well-directed fusilade, the enemy crowned the chapel ridge, and announced with loud cheers that Fuentes was at last their own. That triumph was a short one. Colonel Mackinnon directed the British battalions to advance, and gallantly that order was obeyed. Supported by the 71st and 79th, Colonel Wallace led his own regiment on, and his brief address—‘At them, Eighty-eighth!’ was answered with the soul-stirring huzzab with which an Irish regiment rushes to the onset. The Imperial guard waited and received the charge—bayonet crossed bayonet—and the combatants fought hand to hand. But it was the struggle of a moment, and the best soldiers of France gave way before the Connaught Rangers. In the awful shock, many were impaled and lifted fairly from the ground; while broken, trodden down, and slaughtered, the routed enemy were forced in wild disorder by the Irish and Highland soldiers, through the same street by which, in all the confidence of approaching victory, they had so recently and gallantly advanced.

“The French loss was never accurately given. It was erroneously esti-

who knew that he should only be encumbered by their co-operation with himself, imagined that a very considerable force, of which Blake was at the head, might do some good service in an assault upon Seville, which Soult had left unprotected, and which, if it could be taken, would compel the enemy to raise the siege of Cadiz. But the bungling incapacity of the Spaniards frustrated this well-designed operation, and only ended in the discomfiture and the dispersion of the force, from which, under other guidance, far other things might be expected.

Soult and Marmont were now together: both accomplished masters in the art of war; both high in the favour of Napoleon, who, with his usual sagacity, selected them as the very best instruments which he could employ to rid the Peninsula of the hated English, who alone now prevented him from being recognised as its master; both burning with desire to retrieve the character of the French arms, which had never yet come into contact with the British without feeling the humiliation of defeat; both feeling that their own personal fortunes never more entirely depended upon their gaining a glorious victory; and yet, there they stood, with Wellington in their front, without even attempting to strike a blow; and after an anxious *reconnaissance*, by both these great generals, of the allied position, they came to the reluctant conclusion that the wiser course was to decline a combat. For a month they continued together, laying waste the country over which their ravages extended, until, at length, it ceased to afford them any supplies;—when they separated; Marmont directing his course northward, and Soult falling back upon Seville.

Lord Wellington now took a more advanced position; and the line of the Coa, which he immediately occupied, presented many advantages. He was thus brought more within reach of Ciudad Rodrigo, upon which he had already fixed his eye as a fortress which could not safely be left in the hands of the enemy; and he was now enabled secretly to make those provident arrangements for its capture, which, like his labours upon the lines of Torres Vedras, when the hour of trial arrived, came equally by surprise

both upon his friends and his enemies.

The threatening position which Wellington was now able to assume, compelled a great assemblage of French force, for the purpose of securing the safe convey of provisions to Ciudad Rodrigo. Not less than sixty thousand men were thus diverted from operations in the north and the east of Spain, where they might have been employed, with deadly effect, against the guerillas, by whom alone the reputation of the Spanish arms was now maintained. Thus were Galicia and Navarre relieved from a very inconvenient pressure, while the French marshals were parading their immense and brilliant army in the presence of Lord Wellington, who, for a week, continued to watch their movements, during which the brilliant affair of El Bodon occurred, so creditable to the steadiness and gallantry of his troops, which, if it had no other result, was valuable for the degree in which it must have increased the confidence of their great commander.

Possibly, the most interesting and critical moment of the whole war was that which was passed by Lord Wellington on the heights of Guinaldo. There he was, with an army far too widely separated to be readily combined in any united operation, waiting for the light division, under Craufurd, who had taken upon himself to disregard the orders which he had received, and marched by one route, when he had been commanded to take another; Marmont parading his large and well-appointed army in his front, and able, at any instant, to take the initiative in an action, the result of which must, in all probability, have been ruinous to the British army. There he stood, and cheerily conversed with his staff, as the magnificent spectacle of warlike preparation was displayed before them; the French troops executing every evolution which they were called upon to perform with a precision and a rapidity that called forth frequent admiration. No one could judge from his words or looks the distressing anxiety to which he was a prey, as long as he had no security respecting the safety of the light division; but the air of easy confidence which he assumed not only kept his own troops in heart, but effectually imposed upon the French

that could be done in the way of order and instruction.

“ I certainly feel, every day, more and more the difficulty of the situation in which I am placed. I am obliged to be everywhere, and if absent from any operation, something goes wrong. It is to be hoped that the general and other officers of the army will at last acquire that experience which will teach them that success can be attained only by attention to the most minute details; and by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its conclusion, point by point, and ascertaining that the whole is understood by those who are to execute it.”

Meanwhile, Beresford was occupied by the siege of Badajoz; and the advance of Soult to its relief it was which gave occasion to the battle of Albuera, one of the most desperate conflicts of modern times. The army of Soult was numerically inferior to the allied force; but, as compared with the English, of whom alone any account was made, it was dangerously superior. There were about nine thousand British soldiers opposed to double that number of the veterans of France, under a consummate master of the art of war, by whom they were sure to be employed to the most advantage. We must refer to our author for the details of the action, which was fought upon the very battleground which the prescient sagacity of Wellington had indicated as the probable scene of such a combat. It is, we believe, very generally admitted, that the turn of the action in our favour was owing mainly to the coolness and the promptitude of the present secretary-at-war, who pointed out to his labouring and embarrassed commander the means which he still possessed of retrieving the fortunes of the day, at a moment when the stoutest hearts had begun to quail, and when victory seemed momentarily about to settle upon the standards of the enemy. Lord Wellington's opinion of the action was thus expressed:—

“ ‘ You will have heard of the marshal's action on the 16th: the fighting was desperate, and the loss of the British has been very severe; but, adverting to the nature of the contest, and the manner in which they held their ground against all the efforts the whole French army could make against them, notwith-

standing all the losses which they had sustained, I think this action one of the most glorious and honourable to the character of the troops of any that has been fought during the war.”

Massena had returned to France, leaving Marmont in command of his army; and Hill, who had arrived from England, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health, took the command of Beresford's force, who returned to the Portuguese service, and devoted himself assiduously to the training and disciplining of the national troops, until they were worthy of taking their stand with British soldiers.

The siege of Badajoz was now pressed forward by Lord Wellington, in person; but the time had not yet come, when that important fortress was to yield to his arms. By intercepted communications, he discovered that Marmont and Soult were about to unite, in order to make a great effort for its relief; and feeling his inability to contend with their united forces, after the heavy losses which he had recently experienced in the two pitched battles wherein so much blood was spilled, and so much glory was gained, he resolved at once to raise the siege. The British general now fell back upon Albuera, where he waited, in the hope that an opportunity might be afforded him of striking a blow against Soult, before that marshal could join his forces to those of Marmont. But the wary Frenchman had too much respect for his able adversary, to be thus prematurely drawn into an action, the result of which he could not foresee; and he waited with commendable patience until circumstances should so far change, as to render such a proceeding less doubtful. Meanwhile, Wellington made the most of his position, which was admirably chosen with reference to the object at which he aimed, namely, to mask the disposition of his troops in the presence of an enemy by whom he was greatly outnumbered, and thus to compensate a comparative deficiency in force, by skilful manœuvring and local advantages.

Vain was it for the British general to look for any aid from his Spanish allies, who still remained uninstructed by experience. Lord Wellington,

who knew that he should only be encumbered by their co-operation with himself, imagined that a very considerable force, of which Blake was at the head, might do some good service in an assault upon Seville, which Soult had left unprotected, and which, if it could be taken, would compel the enemy to raise the siege of Cadiz. But the bungling incapacity of the Spaniards frustrated this well-designed operation, and only ended in the discomfiture and the dispersion of the force, from which, under other guidance, far other things might be expected.

Soult and Marmont were now together: both accomplished masters in the art of war; both high in the favour of Napoleon, who, with his usual sagacity, selected them as the very best instruments which he could employ to rid the Peninsula of the hated English, who alone now prevented him from being recognised as its master; both burning with desire to retrieve the character of the French arms, which had never yet come into contact with the British without feeling the humiliation of defeat; both feeling that their own personal fortunes never more entirely depended upon their gaining a glorious victory; and yet, there they stood, with Wellington in their front, without even attempting to strike a blow; and after an anxious *recognition*, by both these great generals, of the allied position, they came to the reluctant conclusion that the wiser course was to decline a combat. For a month they continued together, laying waste the country over which their ravages extended, until, at length, it ceased to afford them any supplies;—when they separated; Marmont directing his course northward, and Soult falling back upon Seville.

Lord Wellington now took a more advanced position; and the line of the Coa, which he immediately occupied, presented many advantages. He was thus brought more within reach of Ciudad Rodrigo, upon which he had already fixed his eye as a fortress which could not safely be left in the hands of the enemy; and he was now enabled secretly to make those provident arrangements for its capture, which, like his labours upon the lines of Torres Vedras, when the hour of trial arrived, came equally by surprise

both upon his friends and his enemies.

The threatening position which Wellington was now able to assume, compelled a great assemblage of French force, for the purpose of securing the safe convey of provisions to Ciudad Rodrigo. Not less than sixty thousand men were thus diverted from operations in the north and the east of Spain, where they might have been employed, with deadly effect, against the guerillas, by whom alone the reputation of the Spanish arms was now maintained. Thus were Galicia and Navarre relieved from a very inconvenient pressure, while the French marshals were parading their immense and brilliant army in the presence of Lord Wellington, who, for a week, continued to watch their movements, during which the brilliant affair of El Bodon occurred, so creditable to the steadiness and gallantry of his troops, which, if it had no other result, was valuable for the degree in which it must have increased the confidence of their great commander.

Possibly, the most interesting and critical moment of the whole war was that which was passed by Lord Wellington on the heights of Guinaldo. There he was, with an army far too widely separated to be readily combined in any united operation, waiting for the light division, under Craufurd, who had taken upon himself to disregard the orders which he had received, and marched by one route, when he had been commanded to take another; Marmont parading his large and well-appointed army in his front, and able, at any instant, to take the initiative in an action, the result of which must, in all probability, have been ruinous to the British army. There he stood, and cheerily conversed with his staff, as the magnificent spectacle of warlike preparation was displayed before them; the French troops executing every evolution which they were called upon to perform with a precision and a rapidity that called forth frequent admiration. No one could judge from his words or looks the distressing anxiety to which he was a prey, as long as he had no security respecting the safety of the light division; but the air of easy confidence which he assumed not only kept his own troops in heart, but effectually imposed upon the French

marshal, who hesitated to commence his attack until the golden opportunity had elapsed which would have enabled him to be a successful assailant. "Here you are," said a Spanish general to him, who was regarded by him with great favour, "with a couple of weak divisions, in front of the whole French army, and yet you seem quite at your ease: why it is enough to put a man in a fever." "I have done according to the very best of my judgment, all that can be done," said Wellington; "therefore I care neither for the enemy in front, nor for any thing which they may say at home." There is something sublime in this. It is the very philosophy of heroism; and we must refer to the most stirring events in the career of Napoleon himself to find any thing comparable either to its military magnanimity, or its moral grandeur.

During the night the British general retreated to a stronger position, where he was in a condition to invite rather than decline a battle. But Marmont, who too late discovered the weakness of his adversary, and whose mortification was great that he had not profited by the opportunity which presented itself of crushing him by a mighty blow, did not now, in his altered circumstances, deem an attack expedient; and retired with his large army, observing as he went, that "Wellington's star was as brilliant as Napoleon's."

Ciudad Rodrigo was now, in reality, vigorously besieged; and such was the promptitude and the energy of the British commander, that the British flag was flying from its citadel before Marmont could assemble a force in its vicinity, by which it might be relieved.

It had been calculated by the French marshals, and that without any reference to his crippled means for carrying on a siege, that he must sit, at least, four-and-twenty days before the fortress, before he could obtain possession of it. He accomplished his object in less than ten days; so that Marmont, who was on his way to relieve it, was four marches' distant when he heard that it was taken. Such was the vigour and the promptitude of our general, when the emergency required it; and so ready was he, on great occasions, when the ad-

vantages were proportioned to the risk, to disregard the mere pedantry of war, and trust to his fortune, and the valour of his troops, to carry him through difficulties by which other commanders would be dismayed or confounded.

Upon the capture of Badajoz he now set his heart, and thither were all his energies directed. That fortress, which had been most shamefully abandoned to the enemy, had hitherto resisted all our efforts to recover possession of it. Accordingly, he saw that an extraordinary effort must be made, and nothing which was within the compass of his power, and which could be accomplished by the most ceaseless vigilance, was left undone to secure its reduction. But here, again, he experienced perplexity and annoyance from his Spanish confederates, by which his temper was severely tried. Carlos D'España, whom he had put in possession of Ciudad Rodrigo, having provisioned it, and done all that in him lay to provide for its defence, positively assured him, that unless it was better fortified, and more largely provisioned by the English, at the first summons it must surrender to the enemy. His answer, which we subjoin, shows the indignation with which such a demand inspired him, and also the control of temper by which he could suppress and moderate that indignation, so that he did not say one single word more than the occasion required.

"The report which you make of Ciudad Rodrigo distresses me much. I had hoped that, when by the labour of the British and Portuguese troops, and at the expense of the British government, I had, in concert with General Castanos, improved and repaired the works of Ciudad Rodrigo, so that at all events the place was secure from a *coup de main*, and had left money in order to complete the execution of what our troops had not time to complete, I should not have been told by your Excellency, that for want of the assistance of fifteen or twenty British soldiers, who are artificers, and whose services are required for other objects essential to the cause of Spain, the whole business is at a stand. Is it possible that your excellency can be in earnest? Is it possible that Castille cannot furnish fifteen or twenty stone-cutters, masons, and carpenters, for the repair of this important post? How have all the great works



performed which we see in the  
ut your excellency's letter sug-  
his melancholy reflection, that  
hing, as well of a military as of a  
us nature, must be performed by  
soldiers.'

ter enumerating the various sup-  
had already placed in Rodrigo,  
Wellington concludes:—

i writing this letter to your excel-  
I do not mean to make any re-  
I wish only to place upon record  
ts as they have occurred, and to  
your country and to my country,  
e world, that if this important  
ould fall, or if I should be obliged  
don plans important to Spain in  
o go to its relief, the fault is not

now was Badajoz straitly in-  
and its gallant governor soon  
at he must prepare for a more  
able hostility than any to which  
been as yet exposed. Nor was  
ave man wanting to himself or  
use on this trying occasion. If  
ever was a fortress more vigo-  
assailed, there never was one  
bravely defended. The events  
siege are too familiar to most  
readers, to justify us in making  
ious extracts that would be ne-  
to mark its incidents, or to  
its progress. Suffice it to say,  
ree practicable breaches were

but so admirably had they  
trenched and defended by the  
, that the most determined and  
ering assaults, in which miracles  
our were performed by our  
, failed to effect an entrance by  
them; and that it was by that  
which was intended merely as a  
on, an entrance was, at length,  
ed. We must refer the reader  
work before us, or rather, in-  
to Colonel Napier's history of  
insular war, for the deeds of  
by which, upon this occasion,  
ne French and the English were  
zed. We consider his account  
storming, one of the most bril-  
ieces of military description we  
ver seen, and which reveals the  
tive bravery and the resistless  
of British troops in a clearer  
than any with which they had  
before been exhibited. Lord  
ngton must have been more or  
an man, if he did not, when the  
e was announced to him, feel a

hero's exultation; but he must have  
been lost to all touch of humanity, if,  
when the carnage through which it  
was accomplished was made known to  
him, he did not indulge "in a passion-  
ate burst of grief for the loss of his  
gallant soldiers."

The possession of these two for-  
tresses gave the British general a  
firmer and more assured position than  
he had ever before possessed in Spain;  
and he resolved, without delay, to  
avail himself of it. That he should  
now move to the south, and relieve  
the siege of Cadiz, was, by all means,  
most desirable; and if it could be  
done without risk to either of his re-  
cent conquests, it was what Lord  
Wellington would resolve to do. But  
well he knew that the Spanish garri-  
son could not be trusted with the de-  
fence of Ciudad Rodrigo, should he  
remove to any greater distance, and  
that the fall of that fortress would  
defeat the objects of the whole cam-  
paign. He therefore came to the re-  
solution of directing himself to the  
north; and hoped, by operating  
against Marmont, not only to secure  
his hardly-won conquest, but also to  
relieve the southern provinces from  
the pressure of hostility, by drawing  
the attention of the enemy to himself.  
His measures, accordingly, were  
promptly taken, and his movements  
were masked with such admirable  
skill, that his principal difficulties  
were overcome before the enemy  
could divine his intentions. On this  
occasion the services of Hill were of  
the most essential importance, and  
upon them, indeed, Lord Wellington  
depended for the whole success of his  
projected enterprize. Had that gal-  
lant soldier never accomplished any  
thing but the destruction of the bridge  
at Almaraz, by which the communi-  
cation of Soult and Marmont was  
completely interrupted, he would have  
well earned his niche in the temple  
of military fame. By repairing the  
ruined arch of the bridge at Alcantara,  
the way was now clear for the British  
to make their predestined advance,  
and a very short time elapsed, during  
which some trifling affairs took place  
with the retreating enemy, when Lord  
Wellington found himself in Sala-  
manca.

Of the various movements which en-  
sued, our limited space admonishes us

that our notice must be almost as brief as they were interesting and important. The French garrison took refuge in convents which they fortified, and which Lord Wellington besieged. Marmont, who had retreated, advances to relieve them; and the movements on both sides indicate that a battle was at hand. The manœuvring on both sides was admirable. The fall of the fortresses causes Marmont to retire, who is followed by Wellington until he crosses the Douro, where he is joined by Drouet, with a large reinforcement, which renders him confident enough to take the offensive, and he re-crosses the Douro, and moves in the direction of Salamanca. The position, movement, and objects of the two armies are thus described:—

“The 19th and 20th were passed in marching and manœuvring. Each hour wore away in the belief that the succeeding one would usher in a conflict; and when evening came, and the rival armies bivouacked in the other's presence, the weary soldier, as he stretched himself upon his grassy bed, expected that the morrow's sun would rise upon a battle field. In the reminiscences of a life, while years shall slip away unregarded, those days of glorious excitement will come back with vivid freshness to the memory of him who fought at Salamanca.

“What could be more beautiful than the military spectacle which the movement of ninety thousand men, in parallel lines, presented? The line of march was seldom without the range of cannon, and often within that of musketry. When the ground allowed it, the guns on each side occasionally opened. But the cannonade was but partially maintained. To reach a point was Marmont's object—to intercept him was that of Wellington. ‘The French general moving his army as one man along the crest of the heights, preserved the lead he had taken, and made no mistake;’ and the extraordinary rapidity of his marching bore evidence to the truth of Napoleon's observation, that ‘for his greatest successes he was as much indebted to the legs as he was to the arms of his soldiers.’”

Both armies had now been brought to the position which they had recently occupied in the neighbourhood of Salamanca; and it was manifest to all men that the hour of deadly conflict drew nigh.

Of the battle of Salamanca, by which Lord Wellington, at a most critical moment, extricated himself from a most perilous position, and “in forty minutes cut up forty thousand of the enemy,” we cannot afford to write at length. The following observations of Mr. Maxwell are most just, and will enable the reader to understand, in the then posture of affairs, its great importance:—

“Such was the unassuming narrative given by Lord Wellington of a victory, sufficiently brilliant in itself to confer immortality upon a soldier hitherto without a name. In other battles those daring flights of genius, untrammelled by formal rules of art which restricted ordinary men, had displayed the master mind of the victor; but Salamanca at once established his military superiority. It was a field of science, in which the intuitive rapidity of the conqueror detected a weakness in his opponent, and turned it to ruinous account. No trial had more to interest, and none had more to alarm; for Lord Wellington's position was so peculiar, that it was questionable whether the danger lay in courting or declining an action. His necessities were urgent, and nothing could relieve them, but an immediate retreat or a decisive victory. If he fell back upon the frontier, the certain junction of Clausel's division, within a day or two, must give to Marmont a powerful superiority in cavalry and horse artillery, the arms by which during a march of manœuvre, the French marshal would be enabled to bring on an action when he pleased. That the allied general was threatened by a dangerous opponent, previous occurrences had proved. Of the marshals, none handled troops more beautifully than the Duke of Ragusa; and during the late operations, he had both outmarched and outflanked the allied general, and yet in all the variety of rapid evolutions his complicated movements had required, he had never left an opening for his watchful antagonist to attack. If Wellington received a battle, the repulse of his assailant and the winning a few trophies, would have brought no paramount advantages. Success demands a sacrifice—victory must be purchased with a loss—to cripple would be to defeat; for, when joined by the army of the centre, could Wellington, with weakened numbers, withstand an antagonist reinforced by 12,000 men? To fight without delay, and not fight at disadvantage, was scarcely possible. Days passed—no error allowed the opportunity—for every

movement was made with admirable skill. For one moment, however, Marmont's good genius was asleep—his order of march severed the left from the centre of his army—Wellington saw the mistake—the fault was flagrant, and he fixed it with the stroke of a thunder-bolt: and but for the misconduct of Carlos d' Espana, in removing the Spanish garrison from the castle of Alba, without noticing it to Lord Wellington, Marmont's defeat would have proved the most ruinous upon record."

Here we must, for the present, pause. Lord Wellington had now attained to a height of military reputation which caused him to be regarded with admiration by all Europe. From a position in Portugal—unassured and precarious—where his friends were trembling for his existence, he had advanced into the heart of Spain, having cleared the former country of the enemy. He had met and matched himself with the *elite* of Napoleon's redoubted marshals, and they had all in turn acknowledged him as a conqueror. He was now in possession of two fortified cities, which he had wrested, by matchless skill and valour, from the invaders, and which furnished a secure base for operations either in the north or south of Spain; and all this he effected with crippled means, and notwithstanding the heavy drawbacks occasioned by the preposterous and infatuated conduct of his allies, against whose follies and absurdities he found it more necessary to be constantly upon his guard than even against the force or the stratagem of those accomplished masters of the art of war by whose hostile combinations he was surrounded. So far he had every reason to felicitate his gallant comrades upon the progress they had made. His plans had, hitherto, succeeded even beyond his expectations. Every day added to the confidence he had in his men, and the just pride which they felt in him; and even at home, the most rancorous of his enemies were beginning to respect his abilities and to admire his valour. Honours and rewards were now profusely conferred upon him both by his own government and that of Spain. By the former, upon the taking of Ciudad Rodrigo, he was raised to an earldom, with an increase to his pension of two thousand a year: by the

latter, titles of the highest dignity were conferred—the offer of large pecuniary recompence having been previously declined, upon the manly ground, "that he would accept nothing from Spain or Portugal in their present state; that he had only done his duty to his country, and to his country alone he should look for his reward."

It has been said, by military quidnuncs, that much of his success was owing to accident. Yes; to the accident of possessing those qualities which inspired his followers with confidence, and his enemies with respect; to the accident which brought within his range of vision every species of information by which he could have profited; to the accident which enabled him to choose the fittest agents for the various and important matters of business which he had to transact or arrange; to the accident of an imperturbable temper, which never suffered his judgment to be affected by any of those distracting annoyances which, even more than oppression, have a tendency to make a wise man mad; to the accident of an incorruptible honesty, an enlightened sagacity, and clear and vigorous common sense; to the accident of a habit of business, the most exact, energetic, and laborious; to the accident of a hopeful spirit in adversity, a cautious one in prosperity; of daring in difficulty, and of coolness in danger; to the accident which enabled him to take his most skilful adversaries by surprise, and to anticipate their best-laid plans, while his designs remained impenetrable up to the very moment when they could be no longer prevented. If we may call this assemblage of qualities an accident, then was Lord Wellington indebted to accident for his success; but if they rarely happen in mortal man, let us dismiss the theory of the quidnuncs, which really only perplexes what it attempts to explain, and adore the gracious Providence by whom this great man was raised up to be, to his country, in one of the most critical emergencies that ever beset us as a nation, at once its pride and its bulwark, its stay and its glory.

But, of the accidents of war, it may be truly said that there were more which were adverse to him than in his favour. Was the accident of

the arrival of Sir Harry Burrard upon the morning of the battle of Vimiero, one to which he was indebted for any portion of his fame? What will be said of the series of accidents by which that was succeeded, which, after two glorious victories, caused his retirement, for a season, from the public service? Was Sir John Murray's unaccountable inactivity upon the right bank of the Douro, an accident favourable to him or to the enemy? What will be said of the accident of Cuesta's impracticable co-operation? What of the accident which left the passes of the Puerto-de-Banos uncovered, at a moment when he was given to understand that they were, and when it was critically important to him they should be straitly defended against the enemy? What of the accident which led to the surrender of Almeida? What of that which caused the shameful betrayal of Badajoz, at a moment when relief was at hand, and when no pressure was felt either within or without which could afford its governor an excuse for capitulation? An accident, this, which cost Lord Wellington three sieges; and which, if it is to be reckoned in his favour, is only so to be reckoned because of having called forth those heroic qualities, in battling against the difficulties with which he thus had to contend, which have rendered his name immortal. What will be thought of the almost miraculous escape of the French garrison from Almeida, after every prudent precaution was taken on his part, by which, humanly speaking, their capture might be secured? What of the withdrawal of the garrison from the village of Alba de Tormes, through which a passage was thus afforded to the routed squadrons of Marmont, after the battle of Salamanca, who must otherwise have been all made prisoners? These were all accidents which our general could not control, and which it will scarcely be pretended were favourable to him in the conduct of the war; but they were met by a prudence and a fortitude by which

they were more than countervailed, and his most brilliant successes were a triumph over difficulties which would have overwhelmed any ordinary commander.

When it is said that he was a lucky fellow that Massena did not attack him at one time, and Soult at another, and Marmont at a third, when the chances, if they only knew them, were greatly in their favour, all this may be very true;—he may, in this exemption from attack, when he was badly prepared to meet it, have been so far highly favoured. But how was it that he was thus enabled to keep formidable enemies at bay? Solely because of his already acquired great military reputation. It will hardly do, therefore, first to ascribe his renown to an accident, and then to account for that accident by his renown.

Fortune, we are told, favours the brave. But Wellington always acted upon the maxim, "*nullum numen habes, fortuna, si sit prudentia nobis;*" and was, perhaps, as little indebted to the smiles of the capricious dame, as any other successful general that ever lived. He took care to leave as little as possible in her power; and, according to his means and his best judgment, made a wise provision for every conceivable contingency that could befall him. The consequence was, that scarcely any circumstances found him unprepared. Difficulty after difficulty was overcome. Enemy after enemy was defeated; the confidence of his own troops rose with their success; Spanish prejudices began to melt away; British faction to grow silent; and Europe, on tiptoe with the prospect of deliverance from the great oppressor, now madly preparing for that fatal expedition which ended in his so signal overthrow, was straining its eyes beyond the Pyrenees, to catch a glimpse of the hero who had already stripped of their high-prized title the invincibles of France, and whose moral, as well as his military qualities, while they marked him as the world's hope, commended him to a world's admiration.

FRAGMENTS OF A DREAMER'S NOTE-BOOK.—CONCLUSION.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

From my Couch, Dreamland.  
Of the May-Moon, the 14th.

HARRY—A shady nook in your June number, and the obligation will be all. I promise besides to remain very quiet. I sleep easy. You will be glad to see "conclusion" written above: verily, the note-book is finished;

"I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul;"

is gone from cover to cover, and (omitting of course whatever was strictly private or personal) have sent you all that shall ever see the light. This will, I trust, make you more tractable as to admitting what follows.

Some good folks down here, were yesterday criticising that part of your note-book which relates to correspondents, as "*stiff enough*." I could not help laughing, who have found you all benignity. I kept my counsel however. Thine, sweet Hal, continually,

S. H.

S.—How is the gout? There is a clever tradesman three doors from the gate, of whom your EBONY brother used to purchase his *crutches*: try them—these are admirable things for repelling over-eager aspirants to immortality. Dear me, what a lick the old man used to give with them, to be sure!

ARTY LOURQUEUR, Esq.  
Backville-street, Dublin.

wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I lean on the elbow of it, I look up, catching the idea even sometimes before it half-reaches me!

"I believe in my conscience, I intercept many a thought which Heaven intended for some other man."—STERNE.

"They tell but dreams."—MRS. HEMANS.

**Thirtieth.**

It is a sweet pleasure is that of finding our own thoughts and your own words set forth at large by another writer, it may be, a complete stranger to you! And the delight of this feeling is no doubt enhanced by the bond of secret sympathy it creates between you both; when words which had often worked in silence within your own brain, and which idleness had suffered to pass unnoted, are thus (while yet unnoted) "invested with the light of age" by a hand which you have grasped in the warmth of friendship.

It is this which makes poets the brethren of all mankind. They speak to no party; they are hirelings of no sect; they are the advocates of no intolerant opinion; but they have their appeal to the deep, full human heart; they come to you as friends, and they speak to you as to a friend; they acknowledge the same weaknesses; they bewail the same shortcomings; they tell of the same

disappointed hopes; they direct you to the same heaven which is in prospect, and they declare themselves your fellow-travellers to the very same eternity.

In earth and heaven are they yours; but more especially in the hours of your solitude do they address you; they reveal to you the feelings you had communed over in secret with yourself—they tell you *they* have felt, and suffered, and wished the same things; and this identity of thought and this intense sympathy of feeling makes them in the end irresistibly your friends!

Many things will prevent your noting down the hidden impulses of your brain. The dreamy indolence of a contemplative mind induces more the admiration of its treasures than the desire to preserve them, and thus these "lightnings of the mind" flash forth, and burn, and disappear for ever. It may be, too, that the ability to give them utterance is denied you—*this*, also, is a cause for silence. You feel like one who possesses a perfect know-



ledge of some noble music, but who is utterly unable upon trial to communicate to another the grandeur of his conceptions of it. The lyre is there, but the master-spirit to wake its harmonies is wanting. The figure is perfect, but it is the beauty of the statue, not the warmth of life, it possesses. You understand and enjoy your feelings, but they are too deep for revelation—too deep to be imparted to those around you—haply! too deep even for your own full examination of them.

And a third obstruction arises from the little sympathy you meet with in the world. There is no heart so delicately sensitive as that which feels most the riches of its thoughts; and yet it is that heart—half shrinking, like the flower, within its own self—that meets most with repulse and coldness whithersoever it may turn; for

“The fatal gift of beauty,”

—that dower, which in nine cases out of ten brings with it misery and ruin—is all its own! The world ridicule *high feeling*. I do truly believe its affectation most detestable—but is not there difference between this ostentatious display and its real, deep-hidden possession? It is very true, that the enthusiasm with which we begin life, soon gets flat and dead. COMMON SENSE we find to be the ruling principle of existence; and we are *beaten* into it; but are we the happier for that reason? I trow not. And more than one old heart I could now point to, that I am sure would echo the POET's words—

“Give me back, give me back the wild  
freshness of morning;  
Its smiles and its tears are worth even-  
ing's best light.”

*Heigh-ho!* the look at days departed is none of the pleasantest; and so, dear reader, with thy permission, we shall shut this scene. \* \* \*

### Thirty-eighth.

In one point of view I do not wonder at CHARLES LAMB's admiration of the city [alas for ELIA!]: for never are the floodgates of thought opened wider than when you will of a fine evening,—such as this glorious one on which

I am writing—stroll through some of the third or fourth-rate streets, suppose of DUBLIN. What strange scenes will you not there happen on?—strange to you, but daily occurring though *you* are now for the first time made aware of them. What unthought-of variety in the great human family will you not there behold?—never before did you deem it so extensive. And what more plaintive, more heart-reaching, than the

“Still, sad music of humanity”

that will on all sides salute your ears!

And above all, if you wander on, and exceed your local knowledge, and then every spot will affect you more forcibly, inasmuch as it will come before you altogether new and unknown. What a tide of thought is poured in upon you, when you feel that each one dwelling you are looking at is—a *home*!—humble, it may be, and poor, and neglected, and unnoted—but breathing from its walls a blessing! Some little nook whither one or haply several poor human hearts, after long and toilsome travel, do fondly turn for shelter and repose; and seek within its disregarded walls the “rest for the sole of their feet,” which the wide, weary world outside has all along denied them. And what mighty alternation of scene did not each of those countless habitations witness! Bright looks, and happy smiles, and all the tender endearments of love; the sweet and blessed relation of parent and child, of wife and husband; the bringing into this world of trouble of an heir of immortality, and the return of that same being, when his course was accomplished, to the sleep whence he at first issued.\* Joy and sorrow, grief and gladness, living and dying, all strangely commingled together! Talk as you will of subjects for meditation, I know of none to exceed THIS.

### Thirty-ninth.

How wonderful is it that the young and the innocent are likewise the EARLY CALLED! Thousands are there of the old, the grey-haired, the withered, all bending to the earth as if

---

\* Of course the memory of the AVONER's music is here haunting me:—

“Our little life is rounded with a sleep.”—*Tempest*.

for their grave to rest in ;  
 on none of *these* will the spoiler  
 seal—none will he have of what  
 seem his lawful prey. But the  
 and the bright, and the beau-  
 e all his ; and the warm heart  
 s not throbb'd half its season, is  
 t that disease selects to

“Train for the tomb.”

### Fortieth.

ER,” a little word indeed, which  
 may pronounce, but which the  
 f man cannot comprehend. We  
 much accustomed to look in  
 hing to its beginning and end,  
 are utterly lost, when we think  
 which, like the SUPREME him-  
 ever, never knew a commence-  
 -never, never shall know an end.  
 e have with us a noble type—  
 EAN—the ceaseless ebb and flow  
 ch—its constant succession of  
 after wave, and billow after bil-  
 ls unwearied and unending ac-  
 -may faintly image forth to us  
 was best defined as THE AL-  
 R'S LIFE-TIME.

even so ETERNITY is a vast and  
 ss ocean—a wide-spread expanse  
 t limit and without shore—a sea  
 hich has never yet floated the  
 ward voyager, and upon which  
 all have ourselves ere long to  
 k!

after all it is *only* a type. A  
 must come when “there shall be  
 re sea,” (Rev. xxi. 1,) but what  
 may be assigned to everlasting  
 on? Yea, when millions of ages,  
 on times told over, have rolled  
 even THEN we know that ETER-  
 stands forth as unimpaired and  
 inished as ever. Oh! the mind  
 grasp, in its comprehension,  
 things; it makes the attempt,  
 o fall back upon itself weak  
 onfused; and more, it becomes

heated and helpless, from the im-  
 mensity of the object it strives to  
 entertain.

### Forty-first.

I must say a few words before I go  
 any farther (else it may slip away from  
 me!) anent a true poet, PERCY BYSSHE  
 SHELLEY.

I have often thought that the most  
 intensely-interesting of all possible in-  
 vestigations must be *the analyzation*  
*of a mighty intellect through means*  
*of the writings it bequeaths to us.*  
 And not unfrequently have I imagined  
 that in this way I entered the very  
 laboratory of an author's mind—visit-  
 ed him in his solitude—heard him  
 when there was none beside to listen  
 —seen him when his perfect soul lay  
 anatomized before me—and traced the  
 delicate chord of feeling through a  
 thousand different vibrations, still pre-  
 serving its individual tone, and mani-  
 festing to me that it was indeed one  
 and the same.

And so with SHELLEY have I en-  
 tered, as I thought, within the very  
 heart of the cavern of his own great  
 genius; and while there were some  
 recesses whither I dare not, and  
 others whither I could not, follow him,  
 I have gazed with rapture, neverthe-  
 less, on the unearthly magnificence of  
 all around: pillar, and stalactite, and  
 column—the natural temple raised  
 there already, but alas! no fire from  
 heaven, no coal thereupon kindled  
 from the blaze of the altar of the  
 Sanctuary.

SHELLEY was a strange being—a  
 visionary led away, not by any innate  
 depravity, but entirely by the great-  
 ness of the treasures with which he was  
 endowed; for he lay ('tis my favorite  
 image of him!) like the Roman virgin,  
 crushed beneath the immensity of the  
 gifts showered in upon him.† And

---

the Greeks well expressed by their name for age—*γῆρας*—“the earth-explorer.”  
 Perhaps, in this way, greatness of intellectual endowment is no less to be  
 d than is a deficiency to be deplored; and it was with this feeling in view  
 e of our poets when describing all the gorgeous delights of IMAGINATION  
 anxiously impresses upon us its true limit, and warns us against being

“Misled by fancy's meteor-ray,  
 By passion driven,  
 Although the light that leads astray  
 Be light from heaven.”

always bear in mind that the “light which is in us” may be “darkness.”

moments I know full well there were, when the light of even his splendid dreams was obscured by the dreary darkness of the unknown future; when the bulwarks which he had erected around his unbelief were hurled in the dust, and the citadel-heart which he had so sternly intrenched within them was taken captive by the one sole thought of *what was to be hereafter*. At death, and the grave, and the worm, and the charnel-vault, and all the other pitiful bugbears which poor mortality calls up with a view of fixing itself with still greater tenacity on its own fond earth—at all these, I am sure, he smiled; but “to die, and go we know not where,” or, as he says himself in that exquisite dirge of GINEVRA, the

“One step to the white death-bed,  
And one to the bier,  
And one to the charnel, and one—oh,  
where!”

*This*, I am convinced, formed the one, long, sad inquiry of his existence; *this*, I am sure, weighed down his whole spirit at times within him, and weighed it down in vain. CHRISTIANITY could have “brought life and immortality to light” for him: alas!—and again alas!—that he should have put from him these her blessed offices.

High Poetic feeling is very nearly allied to the gift of Prophecy. Indeed, the probability that the *Vates* possesses both characters, is much greater than is generally imagined. And what a memorable instance is SHELLEY: allusions to his untimely fate abound in his writings; and the very night before his fatal voyage, he is represented as having said—“*Should I die to-morrow, I shall have lived (i. e., with regard to feeling) to be older than my father!*”

#### Forty-second.

As I am at the POETS, I am tempted to introduce a few words about two that I have been lately studying together, and even to institute a comparison between them, though it must be a comparison of contrast; I mean BYRON and WORDSWORTH.

There is nothing, to my mind, so

aptly illustrating Poetic compositions, as a *River*—and, certainly few things can afford easier means of comparing. BYRON, then, I would liken to a wide majestic stream, whose channel is throughout rugged and irregular, causing, as it proceeds, endless successions of noble cataracts, and attracting immediate and universal admiration from its mighty and glorious qualities. WORDSWORTH, on the other hand, requires a particular temperament in you before you can give him your applause; (just as he says in one of his own sweet minor poems—

“You must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love.”)

He, too, is a noble and majestic stream, but his course is less rapid and more regular. He is calm, tranquil, deep, and overflowing in fulness—possessing none of the “dread magnificence” of BYRON; yet, at the same time, displaying charms all his own. BYRON attracts at once—WORDSWORTH requires *acquaintance with*, to be liked. Exactly as is the case with individuals: we meet in society many with whom we are struck on the very moment of introduction; but as our intercourse advances, the tinsel wears off, and we find, at best, our intimacy does not improve. There may be others in that very company—less attractive, perhaps, in appearance—but whose “inner man” is sterling, and whose friendship far more valuable than that of their more showy competitors. We love them the more we know them, until at last love and esteem are both lost in admiration.

Such has been my knowledge of WORDSWORTH; nor have I found him by any means tame or commonplace, as is (or rather *was*) the general impression. Oh! no: like the bird that, with wheeling flight in the sunbeam, rises and rises until he is lost in the glory, while we veil our eyes that vainly endeavour to follow him; so have I, while listening to his divine numbers, been “dazzled in the excess of light,” and have wondered at the sublimities to which he is sometimes borne. But this is not his general character. He is for the most part gentle, and lowly, and meekly-humble: his images are delightful, often exqui-

ate—take, for example, his description  
of a cathedral's interior—

The lofty pillars, spread on branching  
roof,  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thou-  
sand cells,  
Where light and shade repose, where  
music dwells,  
Lingering and wandering on, as loathe to  
die !”

or when he speaks of—

“That soft rustling of invisible wings  
Which angels make, on works of love  
descending ;”

or when he paints the intense stillness  
of evening—

“ Quiet as a Nun,  
Breathless in adoration ;”

or when (in words that I have by me,  
traced out by his own pen, and which  
sent me from himself I prize beyond  
gold,) he tells of the emotions awakened  
in his mind by a single, simple flower—

“ To me the meanest flower that blows  
can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for  
tears !”

There is a glorious calm pervading the  
whole, like the silence of Heaven in the  
deep hush of Night ; and this calm  
finds its way into the soul, as we  
pause and gaze motionless with  
ecstasy. Our delight thrills us in-  
voluntarily, and our whole heart is  
overflowing with exquisite pleasure.  
There are no writings (I mean, of  
course, uninspired) that can so tran-  
quillize ; none that can leave such  
lasting impressions of good ; and in  
this respect it may be said—and I say  
it with reverence—there is “ virtue”  
proceeding out of them.

#### Forty-third.

There is one fine old English word,  
whose very sound conveys its sense,  
and which, to my mind, exactly pic-  
tures that thrilling shudder we expe-  
rience on listening to the night-winds  
moaning through old forest trees—  
I mean the word “ DREARY.” Tush !  
reader, do you not see the great wood  
monarchs bending and shivering under  
that piercing blast ? and nearer now it  
howls ; and now it hurtles past us—  
ugh ! I'll look no more.

#### Forty-fourth.

There are periods, I am persuaded,  
in every man's life, when the glittering  
veil which is spread round the things  
of time is involuntarily uplifted, and  
the soul rises above the world, and  
holds a lofty communion with the  
things which “ shall be ;” when we  
feel within ourselves the hallowed as-  
surance that EARTH contains not our  
home, and when we look into other  
worlds for that fulness of satisfaction  
which we cannot now find here. Oh !  
these are seasons in which HEAVEN  
itself descends upon us in fragrance—  
sanctifying, and blessing, and tranquil-  
lizing the soul, and shedding around it  
a halo of peace and a fulness of  
thought and feeling, almost too exqui-  
site for continued enjoyment.

And then, in these silent and lonely  
moments, the memories of the departed  
throng fast and full upon us, and we  
love to recall the associations connected  
with their revered names, and the  
sunny hours we were wont to enjoy in  
their company ; and thoughts and vi-  
sions of the past, and recollections of  
years gone by, and the early scenes of  
our youth, start up before our pleased  
and excited imagination. We gaze  
with mingled feelings of the purest  
pleasure and of rapt astonishment upon  
this wondrous picture. We live over  
again our past existence. We asso-  
ciate with those who had—we thought  
so, at least—left us for ever ; we be-  
hold them living and moving amongst  
us as they did of yore : yea, we hear  
their very voices mingling together in  
harmonious peal ; and though there  
be something not of earth around  
them—though they come to us invested  
with a purity that fills us with awe ;  
yet who would forego this more than  
mortal enjoyment, tinged though it be  
with the tear of sorrow—who would  
think of abandoning this foretaste of  
Heaven for any mockery of happiness  
which the world pretends to bestow ?

What is there better calculated to  
soothe the dying pillow than this belief  
that though separated from our friends  
in the body, we shall nevertheless be  
with them in the spirit ; and though  
our corporeal communion perish, yet  
that all our kindlier feelings and all  
our gentler emotions shall be only in-  
creased, exalted, purified !

And what can dry the mourner's

tear, and pour balm upon the anguished heart of the survivor, more than the knowledge that he is *not* disunited from the object he loved; and that that last and sad farewell which the struggling spirit took of earth, was but the dismissal of its fears, and its weaknesses, and its less noble passions, while it now finds a secret and delightful employment in the continued guardianship of its kindred souls!

Is there not in this way a heaven-breathing blessedness attached to the belief, which gives us the companionship of angels, and restores to us the sainted presence of those we most loved upon Earth?

#### Forty-fifth.

Strange and mysterious is it, that in the weary course of our earthly travel, we should so unfailingly dwell upon the *happier past*; and that "memories of tranquil childhood, and home-sheltered love" should not be effaced by the rude scenes of life, but should, on the contrary, form the hallowed visions of our better hours. And oh! is it not humiliating for us to remember that the HEAVEN which lay about us in our Infancy, was, as we progressed in years, left further and still further behind; that cares, and vanity, and wretched ambition alone form the unkindly atmosphere of our riper years; that manhood and misery do continually company and lie down together; and that when we call to mind the manifold scenes of our lifetime through which we have passed, all that we can point to of unmixed happiness was ours when we were constitutionally incapable of enjoying it.

MORTALITY is, after all, a great blessing. When wearied and way-worn, as we so often feel in treading the paths of the wilderness, how delightful the thought, that we shall lay ourselves down and sleep in peace! And as TIME creeps on, and "the world falls to pieces round about us," and the friends that we cherished are gone, all gone—is it not sweetly consoling to think that though they cannot return to us, we shall assuredly go to them? Yes! well did the seer say—

"I would not live away!"

#### Forty-sixth.

I do not know why—I suppose the

feeling is an unnatural one—but I have ever felt in SUMMER tenfold more lonely than at any other period of the year. When the sky above you is unfailingly bright and blue, and the sun looks down cheerily on the green earth, and all is smiling and beautiful around, does not the heart, *without in anywise its own seeking it*, feel deeply the influence of sadness and depression; and do not impetuous longings rise up within you for those who are absent, and who ought (for *your* enjoyment of the scene) to be with you now?

We realize, perhaps, in a dreamy vision things that were. We shadow forth from absence—from parting—from the grave itself—all that we once loved. We restore to our desolate bosom the friend that was once to us ALL IN ALL; and for a season are we thus made perfectly happy.

The room in which we are sitting is perhaps the very same,—no one article of its furniture has been altered,—nay! there lie the very same books as of old, the same ornaments, the same arrangement of every thing. From the windows is seen the same tranquil prospect,—

"The river wandering of its own sweet will;"

The distant hills retiring each behind the other, until the rearmost vanishes into the soft blue sky; the sloping woodland, with its rich green soil; and in the distance old Ocean asleep, "like the babe on his mother's breast." And, look, while the sun gleams down upon it, and turns its glassy surface into

"A burnished sheet of living gold,"

The glorious luminary shines likewise into the old quiet room, even as it did in other times. See! it streams in through the casement, and its refracted ray forms on the opposite wall the same grotesque figures that we once remarked in company with our beloved Ones. The old picture-frames create the same shadows—shadows of the same intensity, the same size, the very same shape: and it is the same season of the year, the bright glad SUMMER. All around us is unchanged, and as our musing fancy unconsciously takes in each particular



, and arranges them with all her  
ness when once brought toge-  
she calls up from the shadowy  
he "old familiar faces" that we  
so well. For awhile are we  
; for now every thing is AS IT  
TO BE.

I cannot speak of the terrible  
ion of feeling which overwhelms  
en we find we were but *dream-*  
when echo can only repeat our  
cry of lamentation, and the  
that never spoke to us but in  
ts of fondness, are hushed and  
for ever. It may be, my reader,  
have felt this agony; and a feel-  
iatense and so sublimely awful  
it be imaged forth in words, it is  
such one of those deep indwellers  
e heart.

ver want I living friends save at  
all-glorious period of the year.

every indulgence to winter;  
of the cheerful hearth, the flow  
nversation, the joyful meeting of  
ds—to its fullest extent will I ac-  
ledge the greatness of these  
s. But for me the gladsome day,

*"Life simply is luxury,"*

call a thousandfold more for the  
love. My pulses have in them  
of life; my heart is more open  
mpathy; and my first emotion,  
go forth, is a yearning for their  
nce, and when this hope is frus-  
d I can solemnly say, "*I never  
so lonely as when the sun shines  
me most brightly!*"

#### Forty-seventh.

• Everlasting memories of  
one hours, which the faithful mind  
erves throughout all its journey-  
; and nourishes itself upon them  
e camel in the desert on the cool-  
streams it has drunk in days be-

#### Forty-eighth.

here is but one real misfortune  
can happen to us in this world—  
is the DEATH of friends; for, all  
either fortune can renew, or years  
re. The absent will return, and  
nger past will change to present  
the recital of mutual trial will  
additional zest to present com-  
and the scenes we have individu-  
witnessed will contribute to an  
ease of the happiness we are en-  
OL. XIX.—No. 114.

joying together. And the cold and  
the divided can exchange the hand of  
fellowship; misunderstanding will be  
explained and will vanish away; the  
cause of their separation will not  
stand the test of inquiry, and they will  
(in the words of Lover's sweet song,)

*"Meet again like parted streams, and  
mingle as of old."*

All stumbling-blocks will be removed  
from the way, and they will once more  
dwell together in unity.

But with the DEAD neither of these  
can be. From them our separation is  
clearly marked, and perfectly impas-  
sable. Could we take the thunder for  
our voice, and unite the war-peal of  
the elements into one sound, and  
make that sound the single word  
AWAKE!—they will not startle. Or  
if, in gentler mood, we lay ourselves  
down upon the green turf beneath  
which they are sleeping, and implore  
them by the recollection of former  
tenderness and of plighted faith, to  
hearken to our cry—even yet they  
will not listen unto us. They heed  
not our misery, they regard not our  
solicitation:—

*"Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid  
side by side,  
Yet none have saluted, and none have  
replied!"*

• • • • •  
There are wherein the DEAD have  
an unmeasured superiority over those  
that be yet alive. There are qualities  
and affections within the grave, which  
may not enter the domestic hearth,  
—and what are they? They are mu-  
tual attractions. COLDNESS can never  
come between us and those who are  
sleeping; those strange sad divisions  
which mar the nearest relationship and  
destroy the dearest friendship, cannot  
exist between us and those who are gone  
to their quiet rest; with the departed  
the future does not contradict the past  
—they never change—we can never as-  
sociate them in our minds with neglect  
or forgetfulness. Removed as they  
are from our daily converse, we feel  
that they are equally removed from  
the weaknesses and frailties to which  
we are still subjected. They cannot  
offend us, and can therefore never  
become the less dear.

And with regard to ourselves, the  
dead must always appear in a different

light (different at least in our eyes) from that which the living must of necessity wear. Towards *them* the purer and more hallowed part of our nature is ever turned, and the meaner and more earthly is all forgotten. Our pitiful passions wage no war with the tomb, for there it is that "the wicked cease from troubling." They seek not, as though they knew how fruitless the attempt, to break

"The calm slumbers of the dead man's night."

Envy, and pride, and jealousy are no more remembered. We are better men towards those that are gone, now that they *are* gone; and while contemplating their memories, we feel an elevation of character, and a dignity of soul, and a magnanimity of purpose which we can rarely, if ever, experience in our intercourse with the living.

### Forty-ninth.

Buried thoughts and buried feelings, ye silent monitors to the lonely man, how strange is that wizard power which can summon you up from your shadowy tombs! And oh, how oft hath your invoked presence cheered my solitary hour with the remembrance that

"Such things were."

And phantoms though ye be, the world—that wise, cold, calculating, *sensible* place—hath not, in its deepest influence, the magic to dispel you. May you remain with me always, and preserve in your everlasting memory those choicest of earth's boons—friends and friendship!

### Fiftieth.

Who has not read the pathetic story of "Rabbi Meir, or the jewels," to which the English reader was first introduced by Coleridge's translation? I am happy to put on record, in the pages of THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, another of those luxuriant fancyings. Israel-

Ben-Israel, of the good town of Saide (Sidon) was the imparter thereof, but all defects in its English clothing are mine own. Seated together on our mats upon his house-top, with the golden sun of Syria just dipping into horizon, it made an impression on my mind that will not soon be effaced. I am a very bad Talmudist—hardly know the difference between the Mishna and the Gemara—or why the edition of Babylon is preferable to that of Jerusalem; accordingly, I cannot say in what part of the volume the following sketch is to be found. Perhaps the rogue was deceiving me in assigning it a place at all therein; I should not be much surprised, when now I think of his keen hazel eye, and his yet keener tongue, if it were so. Indeed, in his wish to humbug the Frank, he might have done what my Killarney guide did,—i. e. got up an *impromptu* legend—a tradition that was never handed down further than from himself to myself. This is perhaps of introduction a little *de plus*; now for the history itself; it is called—

#### THE DESTROYER AND THE DELIVERER.

##### A LEAF FROM THE RABBI.

It came to pass on that awful day, when the first Man transgressed the commandment of his Maker, that the LORD in Heaven gathered together his angels to an assembly, both to declare unto them his counsel, and to reveal to them the story of Man's disobedience.

And as they were all congregated round the throne of the ETERNAL, the voice of the LORD\* came and spake unto them, saying—

"Sons of the Morning, and ye Cherubim and Seraphim, hearken unto my voice!

"The world which I created for man, with his pollutions he hath polluted; and lo! the penalty of his transgressions is at hand.

"He hath disbelieved my word, and hath listened to the tempter saying unto him—'Thou shalt not surely die!'

"And now, have I said, and shall I not do it? DEATH has passed upon

\* In the original the word is throughout יְהוָה, JEHOVAH.

the sons of Earth for ever. Which of you, going down, will daily execute mine office?"

And they were all silent for sorrow, for they knew how well beloved man had been.

And again the Lord spake unto them, saying—

"Which of you will be the Sword in my hand to execute judgment and justice upon the sons of men? Earth is cursed for their sake; dust they are, and unto dust they shall return."

And it came to pass, when the angels continued silent, that AZRAEL, the fairest of all the Seraphs, stood forth and said—

"Behold thy servant, O Lord!"

And the Lord, as he looked upon Azrael, smiled upon him, and said unto him—

"Knowest thou, my son, what shall be thy portion? Thou must leave the brightness of my presence and the fulness of the joy which thou hast here; thou must company with sin and misery, and take up thine abode for ages to come in the house of mourning! Yea, thou shalt be called the Father of Corruption; and the worm shall be thy mother and thy sister. Wilt thou go down and abide among them?"

And he answered and said—"Yea, Lord!"

And the Lord said again unto Azrael—

"Knowest thou, O AZRAEL, what shall be thy portion? Thou hopest to have blessing from man, but behold, there are curses. Thou desirest thanksgiving, but lo, they will fear thee. The boon of thy coming will be despised and set at naught; for men will call thee, THE DESTROYER—THE DESOLATOR—THE KING OF TERRORS!"

And Azrael said—

"What am I that I should answer unto the Lord my God? Behold, thou chargest thine angels with folly, and the Heavens are not clean in thy sight; and how shall I speak what thou knowest not already, or how shall I

answer what is not even now clear before thee?"

"Generations there will be to hate and fear me, and thousands to whom I shall be but Thy minister of wrath; but will there be *none* to long for and welcome me—*none* to hail mine approach with gratitude and thanksgiving?"

"Will not the world-sick captive sigh for me, when he looks through the grates of his dungeon, and feels that I ALONE can bring him forth?"

"Will not the weary warrior welcome with rapture the coming of Him who will deliver him from his battles, and crown his temples with the proud wreath of victory?"

"And will not the broken-hearted long for ONE who will dry up all their tears, and pour a balm upon all their wounds? Yea, though to some I shall bear the name of THE DESTROYER, by others I shall be called THE DELIVERER, and THE REWARDER!"

And so it was that AZRAEL came down and dwelt on Earth, and men knew him not, for his face was hid as it were with a cloud. But the weary, the way-worn, and the wretched, saw beneath that veil, and recognised in his features *the most glorious of all the Seraphim*.

My space is filled, my time exhausted; yet I hesitate in pronouncing that word which "has been and must be"—that word of despair—"FAREWELL." It cannot, however, now be otherwise. But let us breathe it in the spirit of promise, fondly (though, alas! more often *vainly*) uttered, of meeting again—that spirit of promise which, all-deceitful as it is, hath nevertheless often kept up young hearts from breaking. FAREWELL, then, my reader, at least *pour le present*: haply, we shall meet again, and hie in delighted company—

"To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!"

A DREAMER.

## STRAY LEAFLETS FROM THE GERMAN OAK.—THIRD DRIFT.

**The Fair and Faithless One of Grailov.**

JOHANN-GOTTFRIED HERDER.

*(From the Morlachian.)*

UNTO Grailov's town Moostafa-Shem  
 Màhmud Pasha, the redoubted warrior,  
 Marched in thunder. He threw down the barrier  
 Of its brazen gates, and trampled them  
 Into dust. And, at the sunset hour,  
 Forty of his Agas ate white bread  
 In the Hospodár of Grailov's tower;  
 And, when they had eaten much, they said,  
 "Allah akbar!—let us have some water  
 Brought in crystal vases!" But none other  
 Understood their Scytho-Turkish words  
 Save the Hospodár's majestic daughter;—  
 And the Hospodár's majestic daughter,  
 Turning to her mother, called out, "Mother!  
 Water, quickly, for these Moslem lords!"

And the water came in crystal vases;  
 And all drank except the young Abássiz.  
 He drank not; but, turning tow'ards the mother,  
 Said, "May Allah bless thee, courteous dame!  
 Would I were thy lovely daughter's brother!  
 Will she greet me by a fonder name,  
 That of husband?" And the mother spake,  
 "If thou jest not, princely Kapitaun,  
 I feel sorry for thy noble sake,  
 But my daughter has been plighted long  
 Unto Carlodznep of Orlovaun,  
 Whose hot blood would burn beneath a wrong.  
 Three new suits of scarlet silk he gave her,  
 Three deep coffers full of yellow gold,  
 Three rare diamonds glorious to behold,  
 Gems whose lustre lends our night-saloon  
 Radiance brighter than the sun's at noon;  
 All these gifts her generous lover gave her,  
 Wherefore, Aga, spare thy flattering speech,  
 For this fruit hangs high beyond thy reach;  
 Maiden once betrothed may not waver."

Sorrow sank like lead into the core  
 Of Abássiz' heart. He said no more,  
 Said no more, and closed no eye that night,  
 But, with Morning's palest blush of light,  
 Up he rose, and, sighing deeply, went  
 Straightway to the Pasha Màhmud's tent;<sup>1</sup>  
 And his words were, "Mighty Lord and Master  
 May Your Highness reign a thousand years  
 Lo! a maiden, whose bright eyes are spears,  
 Paulinell, the fair-as-alabaster  
 Daughter of Smolensk, the Hospodár,

Who transcendeth every damsel here,  
As the moon outshines each paler star,  
Speaks our language with a silver tongue,  
Yet hath been affianced many a year  
Unto Carlodzniep of Orlovaun !  
Will Your Highness tolerate such wrong,  
While one Moslem sword remains undrawn ?”

Thus he spake, made mad by Love's disease ;  
So the Pasha, on the self-same day,  
Bade he called Smolensk, the Hospodár,  
And the Pasha's words to him were these,  
“ Allah kérím ! What is this they say ?  
So thou hast a daughter, Hospodár,  
Who transcendeth every maid beside,  
As the moon outshines each paler star ?—  
It is well ! Thy child shall be my bride !”

Spake the noble father in reply,  
“ Beautiful my daughter is, in truth,  
Beautiful and gentle as the fawn ;  
But her hand is not for thee to buy :  
Promised is she to the gallant youth,  
Carlodzniep, the Lord of Orlovaun.  
Three new suits of scarlet silk he gave her,  
Three deep coffers full of yellow gold,  
Three rare diamonds glorious to behold,  
Gems whose lustre lends our night-saloon  
Radiance brighter than the sun's at noon :  
All these gifts her generous lover gave her,  
Wherefore, Pasha, spare thy flattering speech,  
For this fruit hangs high beyond thy reach ;  
Maiden once betrothèd must not waver.”

Silently the Pasha heard the father,  
Silently he heard him to the end ;  
Museful then, as one who seeks to gather  
In his wandering thoughts, he stood, but soon  
Looking up, spake thus, “ Well, then, my friend,  
Hearken calmly : I must ask a boon.  
As thy daughter's heart may still be free,  
Fetch her hither with her lordly lover,  
So shall thou and I anon discover  
Which the maiden chooseth, him or me.”

There he stopped. The father, sad in soul,  
Went his way. The gloomiest bodings crept  
O'er his upright mind ; and, ere he slept,  
Sent he off to Carlodzniep a scroll—  
“ Health and Honour ! Be alert, my son,  
Else the Pasha robs thee of the bride  
Thou hast fondly wooed and fairly won !  
Rise with Morning's dawn and come to me :  
Thou and I and Paulinell must ride  
Over to the Pasha's tent, and there  
Shall the maiden's own true lips declare  
Which her heart preferreth, him or thee.”



He to whom this warning word was written,  
 Carlodzniep, the Lord of Orlovaun,  
 Slept not all that night, but, with the dawn,  
 Fiercely bounding, like a frenzy-smitten  
 Man, upon his deathblack barb, he rode  
 Till he reached the Hospodár's abode,  
 And, before the noontide hour went by,  
 Stood beside the maiden and her sire  
 In the Pasha's tent,—a strange dusk fire  
 Flashing at each moment from his eye.

Brief the Pasha's words were, frank and brief:

“Fairest maiden in this northern land,  
 Lo! two suitors for thy heart and hand,  
 One a Servian, one an Othman, Chief,  
 Carlodzniep and I. Thy will is free.

Choose, then, maiden, either one or other;  
 Choose whiche'er thou willest, him or me.”

And the maiden (her manœuvring mother  
 Having schooled her overnight) at once  
 In unfaltering accents made response—

“Rather this green grass with thee, my lord,  
 Rather thee with only wheat and milk,  
 Than red wines and beds of damask silk  
 With a husband of my heart abhorred!”

Here was perfidy! The lightning-blood  
 Froze within the young man's breast and brain  
 As he listened. For a space he stood  
 Marble-motionless. But, soon again  
 All the warrior's pride re-nerved his heart,  
 And he spake, “False girl! Thus, then, we part!  
 For this base betrayal was I born!  
 Be it so!—thy meed is henceforth Scorn.  
 Were thy hand mine trebly I would spurn it  
 As a foul, polluted, leprous thing.  
 Give me back my presents!—that gold ring  
 On thy finger once was mine: return it!  
 I would leave thee fetterless and free  
 In thy bargain—and thine infamy!”

And the maiden, without word or look,  
 Yielding, slavelike, to the stern command,  
 Without love, or hate, or anger, took  
 Off the ring and held it out,—when, lo!  
 Carlodzniep, with one swift sabre-blow,  
 Severed from her arm that guilty hand!  
 And then spake, with calm, but hollow, tone—  
 “Pasha! I have taken what was mine—  
 Now take *thou* the remnant—it is thine—  
 Justice metes to every one his own.”

Wrathful was the Pasha. “What!” he cried,  
 “Wretch!—thou sheddest blood at my Deewaun?!”  
 Mount thy charger! Thou and I must ride  
 Forth to instant combat!” So they rode,  
 Máhmud and the Lord of Orlovaun,  
 Out upon the upland. Nor abode

Long in doubt the issue of the strife,  
For the Moslem, in his prime of life,  
Perished by the arm of Carlodzniep,  
Whose avenging sabre then and there  
Clave both man and saddle. But the slayer  
Never more was known to smile,—or weep.\*

## II.

**O, Maria, Regina Misericordiae!**

KARL SIMROCK.

There lived a Knight long years ago,  
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless.  
Of God above, or Hell below,  
He took no thought, but, undismayed,  
Pursued his course of wickedness.  
His heart was rock; he never prayed  
To be forgiven for all his treasons;  
He only said, at certain seasons,  
“O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!”

Years rolled, and found him still the same,  
Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl;  
Yet felt he now and then some shame;  
The torment of the Undying Worm  
At whiles woke in his trembling soul;  
And then, though powerless to reform,  
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest  
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,  
“O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!”

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,  
And Loathing now came after Sin.  
With locks yet brown, he felt as one  
Grown grey at heart; and oft, with tears,  
He tried, but all in vain, to win  
From the dark desert of his years  
One flower of hope; yet, morn and e'ning,  
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,  
“O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!”

A happier mind, a holier mood,  
A purer spirit, ruled him now:  
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,  
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,  
And, under a religious vow,  
Travailed his way to Pommerland.  
There entered he an humble cloister,  
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,  
“O, MARY, Queen of Mercy!”

---

The original of this tragical tale, which would appear to have been founded on  
, is preserved in the Morlachian Histories of the Abbate Alberto Fortis.

Here, shorn and cowed, he laid his cares  
Aside, and wrought for God alone.

Albeit, he sang no choral prayers,  
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,  
He mortified his flesh to stone ;

For him no penance was too stern ;  
And often prayed he on his lonely  
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

And thus he lived, long, long ; and, when  
God's angels called him, thus he died.

Confession made he none to men,  
Yet, when they anointed him with oil,  
He seemed already glorified.

His penances, his tears, his toil,  
Were past ; and now, with passionate sighing,  
Praise thus broke from his lips while dying,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

They buried him with mass and song  
Aneath a little knoll so green ;  
But, lo ! a wonder-sight !—Ere long  
Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,  
The fairest lily ever seen ;  
And, on its petal-edges round,  
Relieving their translucent whiteness,  
Did shine these words in gold-hued brightness,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

And, would God's angels give thee power,  
Thou, dearest reader, might'st behold  
The fibres of this holy flower,  
Upspringing from the dead man's heart  
In tremulous threads of light and gold :  
Then wouldst thou choose the better part !\*  
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions ;  
Thy sole response to mocking questions,  
“ O, MARY, Queen of Mercy !”

### III

### Gone in the Wind.

FRIEDRICH BÜCKERT.

(From the Persian.)

Solomon ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.  
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the Blind,  
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man ! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind ?  
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind ;  
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and enshrined,  
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.  
All that the genius of Man hath achieved or designed  
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

\* Luke x. 42.

Say, what is Pleasure? A phantom, a mask undefined;  
 Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind;  
 Honour and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed  
 Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
 Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
 Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!  
 He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined;  
 Woe to the miners for Truth—where the Lampless have mined!  
 Woe to the seekers on earth for—what none ever find!  
 They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
 Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
 Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned  
 All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor Humankind,  
 Raving of Knowledge,—and Satan so busy to blind!  
 Raving of Glory,—like me,—for the garlands I bind  
 (Garlands of song) are but gathered, and—strewn in the wind!

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
 Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
 I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,  
 And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

IV.

**The Castle over the Sea.**

LUDOVIC UHLAND.

“Sawest thou the castle that beetles over  
 The wine-dark sea?  
 The rosy sunset clouds do hover  
 Above it so goldenly!

“It hath a leaning as though it would bend to  
 The waves below;  
 It hath a longing as though to ascend to  
 The skies in their gorgeous glow.”—

“—Well saw I the castle that beetles over  
 The wine-dark sea;  
 And a pall of watery clouds did cover  
 Its battlements gloomsomely.”—

“—The winds and the moonlit waves were singing  
 A choral song?  
 And the brilliant castle-hall was ringing  
 With melody all night long?”—

“—The winds and the moonless waves were sleeping  
 In stillness all;  
 But many voices of woe and weeping  
 Rose out from the castle-hall.”—

“ — And sawest thou not step forth so lightly  
     The King and Queen,  
 Their festal dresses bespangled brightly,  
     Their crowns of a dazzling sheen ?

“ And by their side a resplendent vision,  
     A virgin fair,  
 The glorious child of some clime elysian,  
     With starry gems in her hair ? ” —

“ — Well saw I the twain by the wine-dark water  
     Walk slower and slower ;  
 They were clad in weeds, and their virgin daughter  
     Was found at their side no more ! ”

## v.

**The Grave-Digger's Chant.**

LUDOVIC-HEINRICH-CHRISTOPH HOELTY.

Dig, dig, my spade !  
 Whate'er these hands have made,  
     Good spade, I owe to thee !  
 Rich folk and poor  
 Throng in at my dark door,  
     Come late or soon to me.

Yon yellow skull  
 Showed once a beautiful  
     But haughty brow and lip ;  
 Yon thing of bones  
 Left kings and courts and thrones  
     For reptile fellowship !

This head with hair  
 Was that of one too fair  
     To linger long on earth :  
 Love, Beauty, Grace,  
 Beamed from her angel face,  
     And smiles and sunny mirth.

Ah, gone, and gone !  
 We wither one by one,  
     As Autumn-leaves decay,  
 Old, Young, and all ;  
 Yet, whensoever we fall,  
     Life seemeth but a day !

Dig, then, my spade !  
 Whate'er these hands have made,  
     Good spade, I owe to thee ;  
 Rich folk and poor  
 Must knock at my dark door,  
     Must one day come to me.



## VI.

**Lobe-Dittg.**

JOHANN-ELIAS SCHLEGEL.

My love, my wingèd love, is like the swallow,  
Which in Autumn flies from home,  
But, when balmy Spring agen is come,  
And soft airs and sunshine follow,  
Returneth newly,  
And gladdens her old haunts till after bowery July.

My slumberous love is like the winter-smitten  
Tree, whereon Decay doth feed,  
Till the drooping dells and forests read  
What the hand of May hath written  
Against their sadness;  
And then, behold! it wakens up to life and gladness!

My love, my flitting love, is like the shadow  
All day long on path or wall:  
Let but Evening's dim-grey curtains fall,  
And the sunlight leave the meadow,  
And, self-invited,  
It wanders through all bowers where Beauty's lamps are lighted.

## VII.

**To the Ghost-Seeress of Preborst, after her Decease.**

JUSTINUS KERNER.

Farewell!—the All I owe to thee  
This breast enshrined shall ever keep:  
Mine Inner Sense upwakes to see  
The Ghostworld's clear and wondrous Deep.

Where'er thy home,—in Light or Shade,—  
A spirit still thou wert and art:  
Oh! if my faith shall fail or fade,  
Send thou a sign to cheer my heart!

And, since thou soon shalt share the power  
Of purer spirits, blessèd, bright,  
Sustain me in that fateful hour  
When Death shall rob mine eyes of light!

Above thy grave-mound blooms and blows  
Of all dear flowers the dearest one,  
Mute witness of the SAVIOUR'S woes,  
Thine own beloved Hypericon.\*

And that lone flower, blood-hued at heart,  
And gold without, from every leaf  
Shall nightly to my soul impart  
The memory of thy faith and grief.

Farewell!—the world may mock, may rave;  
Me little move its words or ways;  
Men's idle scorn *he* well can brave  
Who never wooed their idler praise.

---

\* *Hypericum perforatum.*

## VIII.

**The Sunken City.**

WILHELM MUELLER.

## I.

Hark ! the faint bells of the Sunken City  
 Peal once more their wonted evening-chime :  
 From the Deep's abysses floats a ditty,  
 Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

## II.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories  
 There lie buried in an ocean-grave,  
 Undescried, save when their golden glories  
 Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

## III.

And the mariner who hath seen them glisten,  
 In whose ear those magic bells do sound,  
 Night by night bides there to watch and listen,  
 Though Death lurks behind each dark rock round.

## IV.

So the bells of Memory's Wonder-city  
 Peal for me their old melodious chime :  
 So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,  
 Sad and pleasant, from the by-gone time.

## V.

Domes, and towers, and castles, fancy-built,  
 There lie lost to Daylight's garish beams,  
 There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,  
 Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams !

## VI.

And then hear I music sweet upknelling  
 From a many a well-known phantom-band,  
 And, through tears, can see my natural dwelling  
 Far off in the Spirit's luminous land !

## IX.

**Sonnet:—Lessing's Words.**

FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL.

When Doubt itself doth with unfaltering tongue  
 Forespeak a blessèd Future ; when blind eyes,  
 Opening, read signs and marvels in the skies,  
 Then may the Lyre of Hope, long left unstrung,  
 Once more thrill through the souls of Old and Young ;  
 Then, truly, may men look to see arise  
 That glorious Day-star of the Good and Wise  
 By seers and bards long prophesied and sung.  
**The New, the Everlasting, Gospel\* comes :**  
 Such bright words burn on one of LESSING's pages,  
 Scorned of the minds which scorn Truth, Faith, and Mystery,  
 But far more dear to me than all the tomes  
 Even *he* hath given to Fame for after-ages,  
 Of Satire, Song, Philosophy, and History.

J. C. M.

\* Apocal. xiv. 6.

## HUNGARY AND ITS POLITICAL RELATIONS TO THE EAST AND WEST OF EUROPE.

deeply interested in the welfare of Hungary, it is with great pleasure we have witnessed the sympathy which this fine country has of late attracted in the west of Europe, as evinced by the number of works which have appeared within a few years, issued from the press, connected with it. We hope to interest our readers that Hungary deserves the interest and sympathy which we claim for her, inasmuch as she does a constitution similar in many respects to the basis of our own, and which, although hitherto neglected, to remain uncultivated and without progress for the progressing intelligence of the inhabitants: even now, at the eleventh hour, her nobles and other classes, with a spirit of patriotism and noble self-devotion inhibited, are endeavouring to bring her to a shape adapted to the exigencies and interests of the present moment.

Her claim on the sympathy of the English nation, and perhaps more strongly on that of Ireland is, that a proportion of the inhabitants of Hungary are Protestants, struggling for civil and religious freedom, against the overweening despotism of the church, ever the most ready ally of tyranny in all despotic governments, and most dangerous engine of oppression in all free ones.

Even if deaf to these claims, the more powerful motive of self-interest should lead us, by assisting Hungary in the hour of her regeneration, to raise up one of the most solid barriers, in the east of Europe, against the further aggrandisement of Russia.

"City of the Magyar," by Mr. Arden, however agreeable its views may be to some persons, we must nevertheless reject as a guide in political matters, of which her views are derived secondhand from some of the ignorant of the movement party.

"Mr. Paget's Travels in Hungary and Transylvania" are much more correct, but he is also deeply tainted with the false liberalism of English reform politics, and

sometimes sees Hungarian affairs through a deeply-tinged radical spectacles. We must, however, do him the justice to confess, that there is much good in his work, and having derived much useful detail information from it, we recommend it to our readers, with a caution as to its politics.

In Hungary the king is the proprietor of the soil, which is held under him exclusively by tenure of military service. The noble alone is capable of holding land, but he has no power to sell it, as it is strictly entailed on the male issue of the first grantee, in failure of which it reverts to the crown, to be regranted to some other individual. The law of primogeniture does not exist here, and all the real estates must be divided equally amongst the sons. Fiefs-general do also exist, but these are few in number, and small. Where females become the last representatives of a family, (in which a fief-general does not exist,) they have the right to retain one fourth of the lands in their possession until their marriage, when that reverts to the crown, and the married females receive one-fourth the sum at which the estate had been valued at the time it was originally granted, and in addition, the worth of the *bona fide* improvements.

Such property cannot be sold; it may, however, be mortgaged, *ad infinitum*, but is always redeemable by any male descendant of the original grantee, on paying the sum marked on the mortgage and the improvements.

Every noble has the right of selling or disposing by will of any property which he himself has acquired, should he not have children. It is, however, necessary that the legatee or purchaser be noble, in order to entitle him to hold the land. A first possessor may also declare a fief-general.

It is evident that under such laws the transfer of landed property is almost impossible: their strictness is evaded by entering double the sum really given in the mortgage: such a title, is, however, always subject to litigation.

The lands or fiefs being held by tenures of military service, we are surprised at finding a large proportion in the hands of the clergy; but we must recollect that the lords spiritual of Hungary were often called on to perform military duty; and we find that at the fatal battle of Mohacs no less than seven bishops were reckoned amongst the slain; these lands were therefore held by military tenure, as those of the nobility.

The free towns of Hungary have a peculiar constitution. They are corporations consisting of burgesses, who as such have no right to possess land, or exercise manorial rights. By a fiction of the law, the whole corporation is considered as a noble, and as such invested with all his privileges.

Although every holder of land must be either a noble, a dignitary of the church, or a free town, (considered as a noble,) it does not follow that all persons holding the title of nobility are possessed of land: as Mr. Paget truly observes, "nobility is a privilege in Hungary and not a rank." The privileges of nobility are common to all classes of nobles, and the distinction commonly made into magnates, —simple nobles, who are landed proprietors,—and the *bocskoros*, or sandalled noble, is merely conventional. Magnates are such nobles as are *barones regni*, in virtue of some office, as also all counts and barons by title. The second class are the untitled possessors of land; and the third, or *bocskoros* nobles are those, whose forefathers having been in most instances, landed proprietors, have sunk to the social rank of peasants, preserving still the constitutional privileges of the noble.

The existence of this very anomalous class arises from a variety of circumstances. First, the non-existence of a law of primogeniture, and the consequent division of landed property amongst all the sons of a family, until the portion of each dwindled down to a miserable hut and garden. Again, many were reduced to a state of indigence by the system of mortgage above mentioned; while another portion, the smallest in number, have obtained the title of nobility as a reward for distinguished conduct in the field, without having acquired any property to maintain their new dig-

nity: others, again, the descendants of families which had formerly possessed land in Servia, Bulgaria, and other countries which had previously formed part of the kingdom of Hungary, and who had been driven out by the Turks.

The privileges of noble landed proprietors are twofold, those he possesses as a noble and his seignorial rights, which his feudal holding entitle him to.

The rights and privileges common to all classes of nobles are as follows: First, immunity from arrests until he has been tried and condemned, except in cases of high treason, or when taken in the fact. Imprisonment for debt does not exist, except for the non-noble. The house and a certain portion of land of each noble, called technically his *curia*, is inviolable by all officers of justice.

The noble is subject to none but his king, and to him only when he has been legally crowned and sworn to maintain the constitution; he alone is capable of holding land, and is subject to neither tithe, tax, or toll of any kind, and is also exempted from having soldiers billeted on him.

The personal freedom of the Hungarian "*nemes ember*," or nobleman, (literally translated,) is secured in the manner and with the exceptions above mentioned.

Any charge, whether civil or criminal, against a noble, must be deposited in the county court. If preferred by a non-noble, a caution must be entered into to the amount of twenty-five florins, for the purpose of indemnifying the noble, should the charge be proved vexatious or frivolous. A citation is then made out from the county court, demanding an answer to the charge,—to prepare which six or eight months are allowed, at the end of which period he may apply for a further time; and so on, *ad infinitum*. In this way suits last frequently for several generations, and criminal processes are not seldom terminated by the natural death of the accused party.

The last remarkable privilege of the noble is, that he alone is qualified to occupy any office of trust, or judicial appointment, and that while all those places are filled by election, he alone possesses a vote.

The seignorial rights consist of a monopoly of the rights of hunting, fishing, baking, brewing, distilling, keeping an inn, the retail of wine, beer, spirits, &c. Each estate has, further, its manor-court, court-baron, in which all disputes arising between the peasants of the manor are adjudicated, *prima instantia*. The lord of the manor is also, *ex officio*, guardian of all peasant-orphans of his estate; he is also frequently burdened with what is called the *jus gladii*; and as most writers on Hungary have totally misconceived this, we shall explain it briefly.

Criminal cases affecting peasants are decided in these manor-courts, they having the right to pronounce capital sentences, subject to the revision of the central courts at Buda; and this is the *jus gladii*, which so far from being a privilege is a great annoyance to the proprietor of an estate, as it entails the necessity of maintaining prisons, jailers, armed hajduks, and also paying a certain salary to an executioner.

The mode of execution is generally decapitation, and the criminal is placed in a sitting posture, in a common chair, when the head is removed by one sweep of a long, two-handed sword, held horizontally in both hands.

All non-nobles are comprised, in Hungarian law Latin, under the denomination of "*plebs misera contribuens*," and to this class we shall now turn our attention.

We must remark that the clergy of the Roman Catholic and the Greek churches are *ex officio* noble, and that with the exception of the inhabitants of the free towns, each of whom may be considered to represent a fraction of nobility, all the other inhabitants of Hungary are peasants.

In order to provide for the cultivation of their fields, the nobles, who were constantly engaged in warfare, gave up certain portions of their lands to peasants—generally the remnants of the different nations which the warlike Magyars had conquered and dispossessed. One-tenth of the produce of these small farms paid in kind, and a certain quantity of manual labour furnished to the landlord, was the rent paid by these peasants for their holdings; in addition to which they also

paid a tenth of the whole produce to the church, and were obliged further to contribute a certain sum of money to the *cassa domestica* of the county, and also to the *cassa militaris* of the kingdom; having themselves no right of property, and being serfs in the full sense of the word—they being subject to the two last-mentioned contributions personally.

Things remained in nearly this state till the reign of Maria Theresia, when—great complaints having been made of the burden of taxation which the serfs groaned under—that politic empress, instead of relieving the peasant from taxation, conferred on him a right of property in his holding; declaring him irremovable from it so long as he paid his rent of labour and produce—the amount of which was fixed more precisely. By this enactment, which may be termed the *magna charta* of the Hungarian peasant, all that portion of the nobles' lands under cultivation by the peasant was thus rendered virtually taxable, and the whole of Hungary was rated on the county books as either Peasant-land—subject to taxation, and Ueber-land—that is the portion which remained over and above in the hands of the noble proprietor, free from all tax and tithe.

By this enactment the peasant acquired, further, the liberty to quit his holding and emigrate where he pleased; the landlord further lost the power of dispossessing the peasant of his holding, and the farm itself was fixed at a certain number of acres, varying with the goodness of the soil in the different counties, from about sixteen to forty acres of arable, and six to twelve of meadow land: the principal rent which remained to be paid was the tenth of produce as before. And the quantity of labour was fixed at two days in each week for one person, one one-day's labour with a pair of horses or oxen; some other duties remained also, regarding cutting and carrying firewood, attending hunting parties when the country was infested with wild beasts of prey.

The landlord's right of inflicting corporal punishment was restrained within the limit of twenty-five *coups de baton*.

In 1835 the peasants' rights were again brought before the diet by the government, and the present *Urbarium*



was the result, by which their rights have been considerably extended and in no case curtailed. The right of inflicting corporal punishment has been taken from the landlord; the peasant was declared to have the right of buying and selling the investiture, ameliorations, and right of enjoyment of his holding; while the number of days gratis labour was reduced, and the landlord obliged to pay at a certain rate for any quantity which he required above the fixed number. For the protection of the peasant in these his newly acquired privileges, and for the adjudication of all questions arising between landlord and tenant, a new manor court was erected, called *Sedes Dominalis Urbarialis*.

This is the present condition of the Hungarian peasant as regards his landlord, and so far it is much better than that of the inhabitants of most countries; but as the noble is free from all taxation—whether he be a landed proprietor or not—the whole burden of the expenditure of the country, both for its military and domestic establishments, remains to be borne by the peasant. And here we must give a sketch of the local and general administration.

In each of the fifty-two counties into which Hungary is divided the body of the nobles form a sort of local parliament, having high juridical, legislative, and administrative functions. This local government has as its head an officer somewhat similar to our lords lieutenant of counties; he is nominated by the crown, and his chief actual duty is to preside at the elections of all the other county officers, which occur triennially. This *Főispány*, as he is named, is generally an individual of high family, selected for his attachment to the court: in some instances the dignity is hereditary. But the actual working people are, two *Vice ispany*, (high sheriffs,) secretary, and vice secretaries, treasurer, *fiscus* or counsel; and for each district of the county a sort of stipendiary magistrate, named, *Fő szolga biro*, (Latin, *judex communis nobilium*,) this officer is assisted by a jurassor, (*juratus assessor*,) who performs the functions of jury.

All trials whether civil or criminal in which nobles are involved belong to the jurisdiction of this county parlia-

ment, which is composed solely of nobles choosing their officers amongst themselves; all appeals from the manor courts are decided here, and a further appeal lies to the royal table at Buda.

Each county holds stated meetings at least four times a year, or as often as is necessary for the purpose of electing the deputies to the diet; framing instructions for them how they are to vote; receiving their reports; assessing the quantities of money or number of soldiers voted by the diet; directing the expenditure of public money in local improvements; and regulating the prices of meat, bread, &c.

The most extraordinary power which they possess, is, that no law passed by the diet comes into operation until published and sanctioned by each county. Hungary is in fact rather to be considered as a federal union, than one individual state. And the deputies to the diet are mere delegates.

The sum of money to be levied on the peasants for the *cassa domestica*, or local expenditure—including the pay of the county authorities—having been determined on by the county, this together with the contributions to the *cassa militaris* (voted by the diet) is apportioned to the several districts of the *Szolga biro*, or stipendiary magistrates, and their officers; these determine what quantum each village has to contribute of recruits or money, as also the proportion of labour which is to be given to the public works: for the peasant, in addition to paying for the construction of roads and bridges, and being subject to toll when he passes over them, is also obliged to make them with his own labour, while the noble contributes nothing whatever: the further assessment is then made by officers appointed by the villagers themselves, perhaps the only instance in Europe where the ultimate executive authorities are appointed by the people immediately.

It will not seem surprising from what we have stated that the roads and public works in Hungary should be in a very neglected and almost ruinous state, as while unfortunately the country, particularly towards the south, is almost altogether deficient in material for road-making, the whole burden of these most expensive works must be borne by the peasant, who

although generally rich in the articles of food and clothing, is very poor in money.

An attempt has been made to force the noble to give up his privilege of non-payment, and two enactments have already passed the diet by which a gradual approximation is being made to a more equable distribution of the public burdens. One of the provisions of the *Urbarium* enacts, that the noble who holds peasant-land is liable to the same burdens as the peasant. Further, a suspension-bridge has been undertaken between Pesth and Buda, on the condition that all passengers, whether noble or not, should pay toll. These are the first steps towards equalization of the burden of taxation.

The Hungarian diet resembles in many respects the parliament of Great Britain, and its powers extend in many instances even farther, as will be seen from the following enumeration of them, as stated by Orosz:—

“To maintain the old Magyar constitution, to support it by constitutional laws, and to assert and secure the rights, liberties, and ancient customs of the nation; to frame laws for particular cases; to grant the supplies, and to fix the manner and form of their collection; to provide means for securing the independence of the kingdom, its safety from foreign influence, and deliverance from all enemies; to examine and encourage public undertakings, and establish general utility; to superintend the mint; to confer on foreigners the privileges of nobility, the permission to colonise the country, and enjoy the rights of Hungarians—are the most important functions of the diet.”

The king possesses the right of summoning, proroguing, and dissolving the diet, and also of fixing the place of its being held, which must be within the kingdom of Hungary. The constitution fixes the period of three years as the longest interval from one diet to another.

The diet is composed of two chambers—the upper one called the magnates' table; the lower one, the deputies' table. The upper chamber consists of all the high officers of the realm (*barones regni*); the *Főispánys* (lords lieutenants of counties); all magnates who are of age; the bishops of both the Roman Catholic, Greek,

and united Greek churches, and one or two abbots: its president is the Palatin or viceroy, and captain-general of the kingdom. The lower house has for its president the chief judge of the royal table (equivalent to our king's bench); and is composed of two deputies from each of the fifty-two counties; three, of the free towns and of the higher clergy; as also of a certain number of deputies of absent magnates and their widows; of these, the first class alone have all votes, which they are however obliged to give as the counties instruct them: they are, however, free to give any opinion they please. The deputies for all the free towns in Hungary, taken together, have only one vote, as also those of the Roman Catholic chapters. The free towns have been deprived of their share in the legislation in consequence of their corporations being so close that their deputies may be nominated in every case by the crown: hence, as their number is pretty considerable, the representatives of the counties would be altogether outvoted by the burgesses, contrary to the spirit of the constitution, which vests the whole of the legislative functions in the nobles. It is, however, in contemplation to grant a vote to each town, on condition that they consent to opening their corporations and giving a vote in the election of deputy to every householder and tax-payer. This extension of franchise would secure the counties against Austrian political feeling, of which the corporations of the free towns are, with reason, suspected; their inhabitants may be, in truth, more properly considered as averse to the old Hungarian county-system of government, than attached to Austria. Now, however, that the nobles have begun the task of reform, it seems quite certain that the free towns are ready to join the national party; it was not reasonable to expect that they should have done so before, as we shall immediately see more clearly.

But there is more in this plan than is at first apparent: it is intended as a first step towards a similar extension of franchise as soon as the peasant shall have become fit for the enjoyment of this privilege; and thus the gradual and successive development of a really representative government is contemplated. The deputies of the chap-

ters were also deprived of their votes for the same reason as those of the towns; nor is it likely that they will ever attain any further political power than they possess at present. The existence of deputies of absent magnates and their widows in the lower chamber—to which the parties they represent do not belong—is one of the anomalies of the old constitution, which will be most probably got rid of at the first opportunity, as they have neither the right to speak nor vote.

The routine of business is very similar to that of the British parliament. All new measures must originate in the lower chamber, whether financial or not; they are previously discussed in a committee of the whole house, termed *sessio circularis*, and in this stage a bill is virtually passed or rejected. From the lower a bill is sent to the upper chamber, and thence to the king.

At the head of his party, both from his commanding talents, general information, and high birth, is Szechenyi, who, with a deep knowledge of his own countrymen, and of mankind in general, in addition to spreading correct ideas of political economy and domestic politics, by means of his writings, made the very amusements and social habits of the English subservient to the political regeneration of Hungary. It is through his exertions and example that the Anglomania, which, apparently connected only with the horse breeding, racing, and club organization of the English gentry, but, in reality, a means of withdrawing the Hungarian nobles from Vienna, and the influence of the courts, is owing. Men were brought together, and made to feel an interest in their common country, at races and club meetings, who had no other means of becoming acquainted with each other's sentiments on political subjects.

Szechenyi was further the founder of the Danube steam navigation, and of the Hungarian theatre; and it is also owing to his exertions that the construction of a suspension-bridge between Pesth and Buda has been undertaken. The building of this bridge, which at first sight appears to be a local matter, is in reality a first step towards a taxation of the privileged class. He has conferred many benefits on his

country: it is to him that it is in a great measure owing that the Hungarian politicians have steered clear of the shoals of French democracy, and quicksands of American Lynch-law freedom on which many were running blindly.

The Hungarians of the present day look to England as a model, and are anxious to secure her assistance and countenance, in following out, wisely and temperately, the work of regeneration. The interest and attachment expressed by the Hungarian noble of the liberal (not destructive) party, should be an additional inducement to us not to withhold the moral aid of our countenance, which is all that Hungary desires; and here let us remark, that the Protestant party is, in Hungary, the national one—another proof, if it be necessary, of the falsehood of Lord-mayor O'Connell's assertion, that Catholicism and liberality are always found hand in hand. Austria and Italy as they are—Spain and Portugal as they were, show that the Romish church is always the readiest tool of despotism in an absolute government: Belgium, the Rhine provinces, Switzerland, and Ireland, prove equally how factious and rebellious her hierarchy are in all free ones. Hungary may soon be added to this latter number.

Having taken a short and hurried view of the general features, let us now turn our attention to particular branches of Hungarian administration, and we shall subsequently show our readers what has been done within a few years, in clearing away the incumbrances and defects of the old system.

The administration of justice is, unfortunately, in an exceedingly defective state; and the causes of this are, first, that the judges are irresponsible; secondly, that they are badly paid; and, thirdly, that the laws themselves are defective.

We have already seen that a baronial court exists in each demesne or fief, with an appeal to the county court; but the general administration of corrective or police justice is in hands of the *Fo Szolga Biro*, and his assessor. The salary of this officer is so small, that in nine cases out of ten he is obliged to take presents from his clients in order to be able to exist;

invested with authority to corporal punishment to the effect of twelve "coups-de-baton," says' imprisonment, the purity of an administration of justice easily conceived. But unfortunately Szolga Biro is also able, and can only be removed by a tedious process—nor can he be impugned by the county which elected him.

Two objections apply to the courts, where, in addition to a system of bribery, party-influence may be made available for the ends of justice. Having vested the judicial powers of the courts, it is only necessary that, in cases where the several parties in a suit reside in different counties, the jurisdiction is removed from the county to the districtual court, which there are four.

At Buda two higher courts exist for the decision of appeals from the county courts, and *prima instantia*, for cases of treason, coining, and other crimes *læse majestatis*. Of these is the Royal Table, whose president is the president of the lower court of the Diet. It consists of twenty members, lay and clerical; and from this court the appeal is to the Septemviral Table, whose president is the Palatin, and whose members now amount to twenty-eight, though originally only seven, as the law implies.

The quality of these higher judges is not certain; they are appointed removable only by the crown; *dis se bene gesserit*, means, in effect, as long as they are blindly obedient to the king.

Law and prison-discipline are in a wretched state. Miss Pardoe is forced to find convicted thieves in their dresses put up in the same manner as what she terms, a weeping, sick, shrinking victim of suspicion. Mr. Paget found old grey-haired men commencing the expiation of a crime which had been committed years ago—the process having lasted that time. We ourselves saw a whole horde of gipsies extort confession of a theft which had been committed in a town where they were encamped. We can only show how many of these

evils have been removed by late enactments.

We now have to speak of the commerce of Hungary, and the state of legislation affecting commercial transactions; and, first, as to its products. These consist of a greater variety of raw material, applicable to all the wants of civilized life, than any other country in Europe can boast of.

Copper, iron, gold, silver, antimony, arsenic, coal, timber for fuel, building, cooperage, ship-building, and masts, horned cattle, sheep, and swine, hides, tallow, wool, and silk, of which the cultivation is rapidly increasing, corn of all kinds, hemp, honey, flax, feathers, soda, potash, alum, cream of tartar, wine, tobacco, rape oil, &c.

With such elements of riches, how does it happen that Hungary has so little commerce? The reasons are these:—

1st. Want of credit, consequent on the freedom from imprisonment for debt of the privileged class. Also, because land was unavailable for the payment of debts, except at a waste of time and risk, which effectually prevented credit being given, except on the most usurious terms; further, the want of a process for the recovery of bill debts.

2dly. The want of an outlet for her produce, caused partly by her geographical position. Roads do not exist, and all the waters of Hungary flow towards the Black Sea; that is, in the direction in which raw produce is not wanting. On the western frontier, where Hungary marches with Styria, Austria, and the other states of the empire, there exists a strictly-kept cordon, at whose barriers high duties are payable. This has been made a subject of great complaint by the Hungarians, and most English travellers have joined in this clamour, without having taken the pains to examine the question. The Hungarians think that the only thing requisite to enrich their country is, to allow her the means of exporting her raw produce freely—the fallacy of this doctrine we shall presently show; in the meantime, let us inquire why Austria lays a heavy entrance duty on all Hungarian produce entering its hereditary dominions.

Hungary equals in extent nearly the

whole, and her population is nearly one-third of that of the remaining portions of the empire. If we admit, with Mr. Paget, that the whole revenue of Austria be twelve millions sterling, we find that Hungary only contributes three millions and one-third, or about one-fourth of the revenue of the whole empire: and Hungary surpasses all the other states in capability of production; but in Austria, as elsewhere, the farmer pays the greatest proportion of the burdens, and therefore, to protect the landowners and farmers, or rather to enable them to pay the great burden of taxation imposed on them, a heavy duty has been laid on Hungarian produce. England is, then, not the only country in the world in which corn laws exist.

Austria has offered to take these duties off, if Hungary will submit to the same taxation with the other states. This has been refused, as it would be highly impolitic, for reasons that will appear hereafter.

The third grand obstruction to commerce is the existence of the seignorial rights already mentioned.

Let us consider this subject in general terms, premising that Hungary, in consequence of the immense fertility of her soil, and low population, produces an immense yearly surplus of food; and that another standard grievance with Hungarian politics is, that Austria levies a duty of sixty per cent., *ad valorem*, on all foreign manufactures, thereby precluding the possibility of exporting to England and other manufacturing countries this surplus food. We shall now show, that such an export of raw produce must be injurious to any country; but for the satisfaction of our reciprocity-tarif advocates, we must also state, that England could not compete with Austria in the Hungarian market. From intimate practical knowledge of Austrian manufacture, derived from a residence in that country, and from the experience of the wear of these articles, we assert, without fear of contradiction, that Austrian broad cloths and linens are both better and cheaper than English; further, that cotton manufactures and woollen stuffs, fit for the Hungarian market, are, equally cheap and good, produced in Austria as in England.

There is no doubt that England produces better flannel, cotton stockings, and finer sorts of cotton and woollen stuffs: for these articles, however, the demand is but small. In forming the above calculations, we have compared the prices of a provincial town in Hungary with those of Dublin, *similia similibus*.

If a country which possesses no manufactures, and has at the same time a superabundance of food, export its raw materials—wool, hides, metals, &c., to be manufactured in another country, and afterwards takes these same materials back again in a manufactured state, having in the meanwhile exported a quantity of grain to the manufacturing country, which, from some cause, has a deficiency of food, it, under these circumstances, must lose, and the amount of its loss is evidently the quantity of food exported; and this is an absolute loss, for the strength and riches of a country can never be represented by any thing which she sends out of her; but by the number of her inhabitants who, remaining in her, live in plenty on her own natural productions, independent of any foreign country for the necessaries of life: but the natural products of any country must always be sufficient to supply the necessities of the population, when this is in “a normal state;” that is, when a true balance exists between the agricultural and manufacturing populations, which commonly exists when the raw materials subjected to manufacture are derived from the country itself—and having passed in succession through the hands of all classes of the community, have given employment, and, consequently, furnished the means of subsistence to each in turn, contributing, *eo ipso*, to all the national burdens.

Under these circumstances, the well-fed population, which evidently constitutes the power of a country, must continue to increase, until all the lands capable of cultivation have been made to produce the greatest possible quantity of nourishment for mankind, and material for manufacture. Arrived at this point, the population ceases of itself to increase—or, should it not, emigration becomes then, *and then only*, the remedy.

The superabundant manufactures



which are not required at home, become the price to be paid for luxuries, the product of other countries: these constitute the gain of the entire operation, and come to be divided amongst the various classes of the community, who have contributed to their production.

What is the present state of Hungary? But a small portion of it is cultivated, and its population is very low, and exclusively employed in agriculture. The loss which the country sustains annually is that portion of its produce which is exported to pay for the manufacture of the remainder. With a constant loss of this kind, the population can never increase, nor can the untilled portions of the country be rendered arable.

To pass for a moment to another view of the question. Does the manufacturing country gain under such circumstances what the agricultural one loses? Certainly not; and for this reason, that independent of the losses incident to the unsteadiness of a commerce so created, its immediate effect is to destroy the natural balance between the manufacturing and agricultural population of the corn-importing country; the former thus existing on the manufacture of raw produce, derived from the employment of, and consequently furnishing maintenance to, only a portion of the population, and that, too, merely during a phase in the whole process of production and manufacture. The law of increase of a population employed in such a commerce differs completely from that of the other portion of the inhabitants; and if an increase take place, this happens without any corresponding portion of hitherto unproductive land being brought into cultivation, and an excess occurs, which is then to be provided for by emigration, the expense of which must be borne by that portion of the inhabitants who have never derived any benefit from this commerce.

Another effect is that of diverting the capital and industry of a country from the cultivation and manufacture of her own natural products, and employing both on the products of another country, differing sometimes extremely in climate. A population so employed may be truly considered as strangers in their own land, deriving their occupation and subsistence from

another soil, and being in consequence subject to the vicissitudes of climate, and casualties of another country than that in which they reside.

Shall we, then, forbid the importation of foreign raw materials, and put an end to all trade? By no means: but let us only import as much as is necessary for our own use, or luxury, paying for it with the surplus of our own domestic manufacture; and thus the country must gain—while, by the importation of a greater quantity, although a few individuals may gain immensely, the country must in the end lose, because the normal state of the population, in which her wealth consists, is disturbed, and its balance destroyed.

But to apply this to ourselves. Our mill-owners and anti-corn-law leaguers say: you cannot produce wheat in Great Britain so cheap as in Germany, Poland, and Hungary; and our manufactures cannot be sold in those countries, because you will not admit their wheat. The latter part of this argument I have already shown, as regards Austria, to be fallacious; and I believe that without attributing, as many falsely do, any hostile feeling to the other nations of the Continent, we shall not be allowed in future to monopolize the manufacture of cotton or wool—merely for the very simple reason, that these nations have found that it is much better to eat their own food, and make their own cloths at home. But why can we not produce wheat as cheaply as those other countries? Great difference of climate and soil is the main cause. But again; is your manufacture of cotton for foreign markets a likely means of improving our climate and soil? On the contrary, it acts indirectly, by withdrawing capital from agriculture, in a quite opposite direction: one effect of it is, however, evident enough—it splits the population into two classes, one of which, consisting of those employed in the cultivation and manufacture of home produce, and paying all burdens, may be truly named the British nation—whilst the other portions, employed in manufacturing the produce of foreign lands for foreign markets, and being fed by foreign corn, may be more properly denominated foreign hirelings! If they prefer this situation in society to any other, we can only deplore their

infatuation ; but when they attempt to coerce us into the same lamentable position, it becomes our duty to resist to the utmost.

We have said that the manufacture of foreign raw material for reimportation, interferes with the normal development of the population, and consequently diminishes the cultivation of land ; but it does more than this—it destroys native manufactures, and thus throws land out of cultivation : witness the linen trade in Ireland. Agriculture is not merely the cultivation of food—to be possible or profitable, it must embrace, either directly or indirectly, the production of material for clothing. If we substitute a raw material of foreign product, we inevitably lame our agriculture, and commit the monstrous absurdity of clothing the agricultural labourer of this, our cold and damp climate, with a material the produce of a hot and dry one, and intended by Providence for the inhabitants of such a one ; but still more absurd and ineconomical, with a material towards whose production and manufacture the wearer has neither directly nor indirectly contributed ; and in the end we must also provide for the emigration of our agricultural labourers.

That these evils are constantly produced by the same causes is evident to any one who does not wilfully shut his eyes. Let us take another country and another material, substituting Lyons for Manchester, and silk for cotton. We there see as nearly as the difference of the character of the two people will allow of it, the same thing : are the English corn-laws to blame for this ?

Would Hungary be better off for a trade with us ? No ; for her peasants would soon lose their woollen and linen cloths in exchange for cotton, and her population would never be increased or enriched by the export of their raw material, with certain allowances. Ireland and Poland, both corn-exporting countries, prove the truth of this.

What, then, is the present condition of Hungary ? She possesses no manufacture of her own raw produce, and her whole population, although agricultural, is not sufficient to cultivate her soil. What does she, then, want ? home manufactures of home

produce. If this be so clear, it may be asked, why does she possess one ?

1st. The want of laws on credit, and the difficulty of permanently transferring property has hitherto prevented the safe investment of capital.

2nd. Because with the present municipal institutions, irresponsibility of the judges, and inequality of taxation, no clever manufacturer or capitalist would reside in the country.

In what direction is Hungary to export her manufactures, when your legislation has enabled her to produce them in a greater quantity than she herself needs ? The political, social, and commercial position of the countries bordering on the Black Sea, into which all the rivers of Hungary discharge their waters, through the medium of the Danube, sufficiently answers this question. What country in Europe could then compete with her in exporting woollen cloths, linen, hemp, leather, hardware,—precisely the articles wanted in the commerce of the Black Sea and lower Danube.

With the commercial views which we have put forth, it will not be supposed that we lay much weight on the possession of the port of Fiume, on the Adriatic, by Hungary. Mr. Paget, in common with all politicians of his class, finds in it an outlet for Hungarian corn, but more than all, an inlet for Manchester goods. He, however admits, that the Danube is the true outlet for Hungary, and that by way of Fiume might be more useful for the purpose of landing English or French troops at Fiume, marching them to Carlstadt, then shipping them down the Culpa into the Sava, and thence into the Danube, thus threatening the right flank and rear of the Russian army in an advance on Constantinople.

The inhabitants of Hungary profess several forms of religion. The Roman Catholic, the Greek, the United Greek, the Lutheran or Reformed, and the Calvinistic. In Transylvania the Unitarian and Armenian creeds are also numerous. The Roman is the government religion ; the others are tolerated in all parts of Hungary, excepting Sclavonia and Croatia. Unitarians are not allowed to purchase land in Hungary.

With this great diversity of reli-

gious form, intolerance or sectarian enmity are happily unknown in Hungary. The inhabitants, living in villages, those of one faith congregate either into separate villages or distinct divisions of the same. Each community build and keep in repair its own parsonage and church, and the tithes of each congregation are applied to the maintenance of the clergy of their own religion; and thus matters are easily arranged.

We have hitherto used the word Hungarian merely to denote an inhabitant of Hungary, but we find that it is peopled by a variety of nations, differing in language, religion, and habits. Marshal Marmont states the population of Hungary and Transylvania as follows, distinguishing the different nations and forms of religion:—

## HUNGARY.

Magyars .....	4,500,000
Slowaks* .....	3,800,000
Wallachians .....	800,000
Germans .....	800,000

Total..... 10,000,000

## RELIGIONS.

Roman Catholics .....	4,500,000
United Greeks .....	800,000
Schismatic Greeks .....	1,200,000
Lutherans .....	1,200,000
Calvinists .....	2,300,000

Total ..... 10,000,000

## TRANSYLVANIA.

Magyars.....	250,000
Wallachians .....	1,000,000
Saxons and Germans .....	400,000
Szeklers .....	150,000
Armenians†.....	120,000

Total ..... 2,120,000

## RELIGIONS.

Roman Catholics .....	180,000
United Greeks .....	200,000
Schismatic Greeks .....	1,000,000
Lutherans .....	150,000
Calvinists .....	150,000
Armenians† .....	120,000

The Magyars inhabit the central and flat parts of Hungary, and are

almost all Protestant. The Transylvanian Magyars are Roman Catholics in general: this is the finest race of men perhaps in Europe. They are rather wine-growers and cattle-breeders than agriculturists.

The Slavish population consists of two distinct branches of this great family. Those inhabiting Upper Hungary are termed Slowaks; they are intimately connected with the Bohemian Czecks in language and origin. Those inhabiting the eastern parts of Hungary, about Szegedin, are Calvinists. The Slowaks are also a remarkably fine race, and, like the other Slavish nations, seem to have a great talent for manufacture.

The inhabitants of Slavonia, Croatia, Bacs County, and part of Banat belong to a different family of Slaves, being evidently part of the Servian nation. A great majority of these Slavonians (who must not be confounded with the Slowaks of Upper Hungary) are of the Greek church; many are also Roman Catholic: the former are named Raitzen, the latter Schokatzen. The language spoken by these people is nearly pure Servian. In Croatia a slightly different dialect is formed.

The Raitz section of the Slavonians call the Emperor of Russia *nashe tzar*, (our emperor,) and are, no doubt, much-disposed to a union with Russia. They cannot be surpassed by any nation in the world for filth, idleness, and cunning trickery. A small colony of Albanians is to be found near Carlowitz, in Syrmia, calling themselves Clementines, and said to have been converted to Christianity by St. Clement. Their language is an impure Arnaout dialect of the Illyrian, and though belonging to the Greek church they have a peculiar form of worship; they mix little with their neighbours, and have preserved their habits, customs, dress, and outward appearance unchanged for many generations.

Throughout all Hungary a great number of German colonists are to be found; they are all termed Schwaben (Suabians) by the Hunga-

\* He evidently confounds all the Slaves together

† There must be some error here, as the sum does not correspond with the other figures.

rians, and this name is used much in the same reproachful way as the word *sassenach* amongst the Gael. The Germans are chiefly Romanists and Lutherans.

A large and very interesting colony of Germans exists in Transylvania under the name of Saxons. They appear to have arrived there about the year 1155: their language seems to have made but little progress since that period, and resembles that spoken at Cologne rather than modern German.

The Saxons, like the other more modern German colonists, have always been distinguished by their excellent agriculture, superior moral attainments, and consequent wealth. They are all Lutherans.

Transylvania has a distinct nation, called Szeklers, (*Siculi*), who belong evidently to the Magyar family, but preceded them by many years. They are all equal amongst themselves, as are the Saxons too. There exist no nobles in the Saxon or Szekler nations. The Szeklers speak the Magyar language, and are almost all Unitarians.

The Wallachians inhabit the Banat and Transylvania. They are identical with the inhabitants of Wallachia proper, in language and origin, being also of the Greek church. This wretched people vie in filth, idleness, and treachery with the Raitzen. Has the identity of religion any influence on them? Doubtless, both these nations have been degraded by ill-usage, but it is also incontestible that the Greek religion is the least favourable to morals, and, above all, to the development of industrious habits;—Greece, the Ionian Islands, Russia, Servia, Bulgaria, attest this fact.

The Wallachians are more successful in sheep-breeding than in any other branch of rural economy.

We see that Hungary possesses peculiar advantages, from the peculiar habits of the several races of her inhabitants: thus she has cattle-breeders, wine-growers, and tobacco-gardeners in her Magyars; miners and manufacturers in her Slavish population; Germans loving the plough and agriculture; Wallachian sheep-breeders. There are a great number of Jews and gypsies in Hungary. Their number it is difficult to

state. In Wallachia proper there are about 1,500 families of the latter: they are there bought and sold as slaves; the usual price is twelve or fourteen ducats, about a hundred and forty to a hundred and seventy francs.

Since within a few years, in consequence of the strong development of national feeling in Hungary, the Romish church has begun to mingle in political matters, and having, as was to be expected, sided with the Austrian government, the whole of the Greek and Protestant population have united together for mutual defence; the Confessions of Augsburg and Geneva have taken steps, within the last year, to ascertain the possibility of uniting together into one church; and these, forming the Constitutional and anti-Russian party, is an additional reason why they look so anxiously to England for her countenance. The subject of mixed marriages has caused a great deal of discontent; and it will need all the Jesuitical policy of the Vatican to still the tempest which has been excited. The present is a moment not to be lost in Hungary; such conjunction of circumstances favourable to the policy of England may never again occur.

In the year 1802 the proportion of troops which Hungary was to contribute to the military service of the empire was fixed, by the diet, at 64,000 men. These troops were to be kept up by forced levies (impressment) and voluntary enlistment. A yearly subsidy of 20,000 pounds was also granted.

In 1830 the Hungarian regiments had become very weak, the voluntary recruiting system not sufficing to keep them up, and the diet had not granted any new supply. *Les trois Journees*, however, procured for the Emperor 30,000 recruits for ten years' service. The diet of 1839, on being applied to for recruits, sent up a recommendation to the emperor to say, "that as every thing appeared so peaceable in Europe, he should use his influence with his allies to procure a general disarmament of Europe." This happened on the eve of M. Thiers' late armaments, and is of importance, as it involves the question of a responsible ministry, claimed by the Hungarian diet. Thirty-eight thousand

its were subsequently granted on years' service; and, for the time, these men were drawn by , instead of the old mode of levies.

though the regular military force pt up by the country, the Hun- n noble is still liable to military e in the "*arrière ban*," or *lerce* 1836. For particulars we refer arshal Marmont's work on Hun-

large force exists on the southern eastern frontiers of Hungary, was first organized by the cele- d Prince Eugene; these are nt soldiers, who hold their land urely military tenure, and the of land which they occupy, ex- ng along the frontier from the atic to the Bukowina, is divided seventeen infantry regiments, and eparate battalion; further, a ry regiment and a battalion of sten, who man a strong flotilla of boats on the lower Danube. The e of this district is under the ediate control and superintend- of the council of war at na; and this is one of the great ances of Hungary. There can o doubt that this military frontier ore Austrian in its feeling than garian; but the portions of it oited by the Greek Slaves and lachians are more Russian than r. Austria can command sixty and men to march at a mo- 's notice; and this force is one he strongest holds she has on gary.

e have, however, not the slightest t that so soon as the remainder lungary shall have been placed on qual footing in point of civiliza- with the military frontier, that , also, the feelings and affections is portion of the kingdom will e to be either Austrian or Rus- and become strictly national.

aving now given a general view of ate of Hungary, we shall briefly erate the enactments which have ade within a few years, and we at most of them are intended ell adapted to remedy those evils eficiencies which we have pointed

One of the first was an act for ntroduction of the Hungarian lan- e in all proceedings at law, public and in the transaction of all pub-

lic business. The object of this is evident; the Hungarians had only the choice between German or a Slavish language—that is, between being ab- sorbed by Austria on the one side, or Russia on the other. No doubt, many objections may be raised against the peremptory introduction of a language not spoken by the majority of the in- habitants, and already a serious oppo- sition has been raised by some of the Slaves, especially the Croatsians, in favour of their own language—the Il- lyrian. Another act which has been passed authorizes the building of the suspension-bridge between Buda and Pesth, and subjects the nobles to pay- ing toll. Further, an act obliging the judges of the royal courts to record the reasons of their decisions, and for the publication of these. An act ena- bling the peasant to compound with his landlord for a sum of money, and free himself altogether from the pay- ment of the tenth of the produce, or furnishing of labour; in fact, allowing him to complete the purchase of his holding in fee. Of this measure we doubt much the expediency or policy. In Hungary there are but three or four families in which entails exist, and as no law of primogeniture exists, all the sons have equal rights in the landed property; thus from one generation to another the original fief becomes split up, and while the proprietors are de- barred by the present state of the law from alienating their property *en masse*, they may, by piecemeal, convert it into peasant-holdings; while under this new law the peasant acquires a more per- fect and complete right of property in it than the landlord ever possessed; the ultimate effect of this must be the total extinction of the class of landed proprietors, and the substitution of peasants with small holdings: for the improvidence of the Hungarian nobles, and the division, *ad infinitum*, of the land, working together, would soon alienate it from great proprietors, while the state of the law prevents its acquisition in large masses by capi- talists. The Austrian government has shown its accustomed wily policy in promoting the passing this measure: the political insignificance of the nobles in the other countries of the empire has been brought about by precisely the same means. Bohemia alone has a large number of entailed estates,



and consequently a powerful nobility, who are kept quiet by an exclusive enjoyment of all civil and military employments in the empire. We say kept quiet, because although a fact little known—Bohemia, Styria, Carinthia, Tyrol, and Austria proper, do virtually possess representative governments and diets similarly constructed to those of Hungary; although—scorn the system pursued of weakening the noble, and making him dependent on the court for employment, and further substituting a mere peasant population for the landed proprietors—their working has been nullified: the form of demanding supplies has been, however always observed at these provincial *landtage*. Those who are acquainted with the Venetian territory and Lombardy, must have observed the evil effects of the repeal of the law of primogeniture during the French occupation of these countries—effects which casual observers falsely attribute to the Austrian administration of these provinces: the abolition of a law of primogeniture has, in fact, beggared all the Venetian families; while in Lombardy, where entailed estates exist, some rich and powerful families are still to be found.

The improvement in the mode of levying soldiers we have already noticed, and we shall therefore pass on to much more important recent enactments.

Hungary has, as we have seen, possessed no efficient procedure for the recovery of bill or book debts. Mercantile transactions were carried on with specie, or with bills drawn, accepted, and made payable in Austria. Other obstructions to a sound system of credit we have already detailed; there was consequently not a single bank in the whole country, and but a few houses which had any external relations; we shall not, therefore, be surprised that at Semlin, where the entire commerce with Servia and the lower Danube is transacted, to find that the interest on money has been commonly six to twelve per cent. per month, and that merchants there were obliged to send to Vienna for bills to carry on their trade. A late enactment has remedied all these evils. Mercantile tribunals have been organized with a procedure as stringent as that of any country in Europe; and within a few weeks the charter

for a national bank, with a two hundred thousand pound capital, published a Hungarian currency now as much value as the nation.

In the diet now sitting at Pesth, the abolition of the *capital* of death has been lost by vote; the total abolition of punishment has been perpetuated by jury, in substance secret process hitherto used in the country is making rapid toward civilization. The king has also made its release the political prisoners have liberty; and Hungarian men now visit the foreign world must be remembered that the former clergy are educated Germany.

We shall briefly consider the position of Hungary, and what role she may probably play amongst the nations of Europe.

There can be no doubt the policy of strengthening the Europe against Russia, and being the country of all others liable to aggression, and at the same time most available, from the in which its waters flow, for the invasion of Constantinople remains to consider how far connection with Austria is in accordance with this policy of the Europe; and secondly, what the present development of representative constitutional government Hungary is likely to exert on Austria itself, and on its conduct Hungary. And with regard to the first of these points. Austria followed, and seems little likely to follow a straight-forward course *vis-a-vis* Russia. Her general policy is to temporize; her professed aim is a temporary expedient; her influence only used to maintain already fluctuating between the powers her conduct during the revolution in Poland, and her frequent subservience to Russia that unfortunate movement quenched in the best and noblest blood, is evidence of the truth of this statement. Although Austria regrets the partition of Poland, her timorous policy is more likely to lead to a partition of

Russia than to repair that false necessity of a more vigorous policy is well understood in Hungary, and has already asserted a powerful influence on the direction which the regenerative movement has taken in that country—the wild opinions of many reformers have been checked by it. If Austria is in a situation to hold her own in the East of Europe, it would be, no doubt, the policy of England to support her; but this is not the case, as we presently see.

It must be remembered that the Hungarians do not possess the power of levying troops or voting supplies; and we recollect the address to the Emperor of the diet in 1839, on the subject of a general disarmament, it is evident that the Hungarians are in a position to obtain a responsible ministry. Can Austria grant them this? Can she give the Hungarians the power to vote it? If a responsible ministry is granted to Hungary, and a right to vote the budget, the other states of the empire will soon demand the same boon—possessing, as they do, representative bodies similar to the Diet of Hungary. And should this place Austria is dismembered; though the various elements of which it is composed may hold together as an absolute monarchy, it would be quite impossible that they should remain when each possessed a separate independent parliament. On the other

hand, it is evident that with the increase of power which the national party in Hungary must derive from the late enactments, and those which are in contemplation,\* this dilemma must soon present itself. Mr. Paget makes a Hungarian noble say, "The day may come when, by the combinations of European policy, the empire of Austria shall be dismembered, or rather *fall to pieces of itself*, and Hungary—strong and united—be able to offer to its king a throne more glorious than that he filled as Emperor of Austria." The death of a single man may precipitate matters, and cause an untimely *dénouement* of which Russia would be sure to reap the benefit. It therefore behoves England to direct her attention to that quarter of the globe, and when taking a long and anxious look at China, to drop a quiet glance at Hungary *en passant*.

There is at present a growing commerce between England and Hungary, but not a single consular agent. While we presume to urge the necessity of having a consul-general at Buda, we do not of course advocate any such measures as those adopted by Lord Palmerston in Servia; but think that the presence of some accredited political agent there might be of the utmost utility in preventing extreme measures leading to an untimely collision in that country. We now take our leave of the subject with the Hungarian toast, "*Eljen a Nemzet, vive la nation.*"

---

The county of Pesth has already admitted non-nobles to a participation in local power under certain restrictions.

---

## OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY—NO. XXXI.

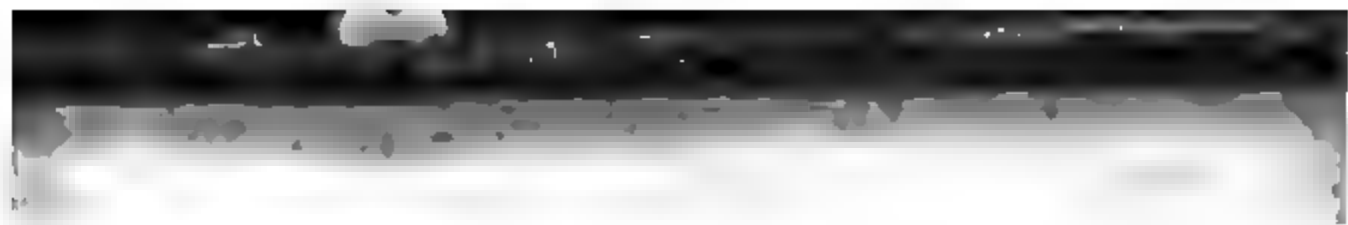
THE RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER, LL.D., F.R.S.

Editor of "Boswell's Johnson."

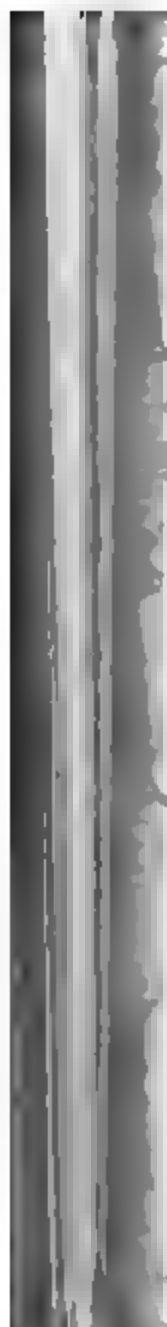
THERE have been a few examples of royal abdications—some voluntary, as the cases of Charles V. and William of Nassau; others forced, as in our James II.;—but we do not remember an instance, excepting this, in which a statesman in the plenitude of his powers, physically, intellectual, and after having just arrived at the climax of his reputation, voluntarily retired from the stage of public life *against* the wishes and entreaties of all his friends and admirers—opposed himself steadily to the appeals, and allowed himself to pass from middle age into more advanced years without having once emerged from the privacy to which he had on a former occasion solemnly doomed himself for life. Ten years ago John Wilson Croker was the theme of every tongue,—speculations were rife as to the position he was to assume in opposition, and the elevated place which awaited him on the return of the natural governing power of the country to its legitimate head of affairs, once the paroxysmal convulsion of reform should have subsided into order again. The declaration he made, in the moment of crisis, when he deemed his country's ruin, that he would never sit in a reformed House of Commons, was looked upon as the flourish of a rhetorical period, and admitted of a latitude of interpretation accordingly; few who heard it, indeed, even at the moment that he could have intended seriously to do so. Bright anticipations were formed by all his friends, his countrymen, of his future achievements; and the stride he had made in the years of his parliamentary career seemed to justify the expectations of the most sanguine, who looked to a revival through him of those glories in which Irish eloquence and Irish statesmanship were paramount in the House of Commons. His enemies—the new administration—had dreaded him, and now looked with uneasiness at the vigorous intellect of him who was expected to sit opposite to them night after night, untiring vigilance, shrewd common sense, unflinching nerve, the scourge of ridicule, and the sledge-hammer of reason and argument, he should come at the last, and reinstate himself and his friends in those seats which were anticipated, he would make any thing but a bed of roses to the new occupants.

Such a position as regarded his friends, his enemies, and the public, John Wilson Croker occupy ten years ago. Since that time he has been, in not only public, but in private life, a *dead man*; and his place in the eyes of the world has been taken up, just as happened in the case of those who in former times, by their religion, and whose executors, heirs, or representatives became extinct, as if the living monk were already in his grave. But we hope to show, when we close this paper, that this seeming death resembles that of our regulars we speak of, in being very far removed from a departure from reference with the world's affairs, though we expect to be allowed a degree of candour and freedom in speaking of the "departed," and we have credit given to us for that measure of impartiality, neither of which would be permitted to lay claim to if the subject of them were before us, and we before him.

John Wilson Croker was born in the county of Galway, but in the county of Kent, being sprung from a younger branch of the Crokers of Lambham, in the county of Kent, which was settled at the beginning of the seventeenth century in the county of Waterford. His father held the office of surveyor general in that county, and was a man of considerable abilities. It was early discovered that the talents were inherited by his son, who took his bachelor's degree in 1780, but was but twenty years old. His career began early, and went on rapidly.



*Whitaker*





he was called to the bar, and in 1807, having been retained as counsel at an election for Downpatrick, he was eventually returned as member for that borough; and from that time to the year 1832 he continued, we believe uninterruptedly, to enjoy a seat in the house. In the year 1827 he was elected a representative of our university, and as such sat till the passing of the reform bill. For one-and-twenty years he filled the office of Secretary to the Admiralty; namely, from 1809 to 1830; and in 1828 was sworn of the privy council in England. There seems to be no doubt that the way to office was smoothed for him at first by his powerful and successful advocacy of the Duke of York, under the delicate circumstances in which the conduct of that illustrious personage came beneath the notice of parliament. Once tried, however, in the arduous and important function of administering the naval affairs of the country, it needed no individual interest to render his tenure of office secure. He brought zeal, integrity, and a masterly power of simplifying the details of a complicated machinery to the task, and in a short time rendered himself almost too useful for his own advancement; for there is no doubt his proper place was higher than that he filled; and the country felt that any cabinet must be strengthened and invigorated by his presence.

Such, we repeat, was Mr. Croker's position at the time when the passing of the reform bill had broken in upon the old constitution of the country, and marked the commencement of a system, which he branded by his refusal to be put in nomination again for our university. From that period he has ceased to belong, ostensibly, to political life—and were we only a political journal, here, too, we might properly close our sketch;—but we must not suffer ourselves to forget what, no doubt, our readers all remember well, that in another light—as a literary man, the poet, the wit, the philosopher, the friend and associate of the learned, the gifted, and the great—he claims from us a more particular and willing notice,—a notice, too, which does not cease with his political decrease, but will carry us on up to the present hour, and, in hope and speculation, far beyond it.

ἔλτατ' Ἀγασθὶ, οἶτον τιθύνεαι,  
 Νύκτι δ' ἰσχυρὰν εἰς φάος ἵστα.

It is, indeed, with the choice spirits of the age that the retired statesman is now conversant, and in the fields of literature—the groves of Academus, walks yet amongst those who live and will always live, like the Attic youth of the poet's song.

To attempt an accurate history of Mr. Croker's career, literary or political, would be beyond our powers as much as our province; and it is to be hoped that an abler pen, with more ample materials, will yet be found to have devoted itself to this interesting and important task,—best of all, if the subject of the memoir should prove to be himself its author, and give the world reminiscences which none could so fully furnish, and none so admirably compile. The few detached notices we shall give our readers are principally collected from sources already before the public, and must be very much condensed to suit our assigned limits.

Mr. Croker had, from the first, indulged in facetious composition, and early published a poetical work which, trifling as it was, gave earnest of the keen powers of ridicule and sarcasm, and the vividness of portraiture that distinguished his more mature productions. These sallies were called, “Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq;” and, although local and provincial in their subject, possessed merit such as to attract notice far beyond the boundaries which circumscribed the interest of Dublin theatricals—merit which, however, we must now consider as eclipsed by the productions of his later years.

These were succeeded, at intervals, by “Songs of Trafalgar,” and “The Battle of Talavera,” both possessing great poetical merit—and “A Sketch of Ireland, Past and Present;” “A Sketch of the Campaign in Portugal;” “Letters on the Subject of the Naval War with America;” “A Life of the Duke of Wellington;” “Stories from the History of England for Children;” “Reply to the Letters of Malachi Malagrowther;” “The Suffolk Papers;”

"Military Events of the French Revolution of 1830," and "Boswell's Life of Johnson." It may well be supposed that one enjoying the reputation such works, and a successful parliamentary and official career, brought him, would be thrown into intimacy with the most distinguished literary lights of the day; and accordingly Mr. Croker will be found in close communication and social intercourse with Scott, Canning, Ellis, Lockhart, and Southey, all of whom honoured him with the tribute of a constant and steady regard. With the three first mentioned of these he, in 1809, first established "The Quarterly Review," which has ever since received occasional contributions from his pen.

Resulting almost necessarily from this eminent literary association, was the notice and regard of one who was at once the patron and sharer of all refined and liberal pursuits, and we observe George the Fourth from an early period honouring the Secretary of the Admiralty with peculiar condescension. This kindness lasted his life, and evinced itself in a thousand instances, which the grateful recollection of the servant treasures up, though probably forgotten almost at the moment they were conferred by the royal benefactor. The most delightful *reunions* of talent, wit, and refinement, took place at Carlton House; and it was at one of these, as reported by Mr. Croker, that the Prince Regent first entertained Scott, and attempted unsuccessfully to probe him as to the authorship of Waverley. The party consisted of the Duke of York, the Duke of Gordon, the late Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Fife, and Lord Melville, besides Mr. Croker himself.

"The prince and Scott," says Croker, "were the two most brilliant storytellers, in their several ways, that I ever happened to meet. They were both aware of their *forte*—and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table."

It as a singular thing that, although known to each other as correspondents and by fame, Lord Byron and Mr. Croker do not appear ever to have met. The commanding powers of sarcasm possessed by the Secretary of the Admiralty seem to have had their effect even on the stubborn temperament of Byron; and in the few notices we have of him in Moore's biography, he is alluded to by the poet with respect and admiration, certainly, but also with some degree of misgiving and fear. "Why," Croker once asked, "is the poem called the '*Bride of Abydos*'?" "A cursed awkward question," says Byron to Murray, "being unanswerable. I was a great fool to make the *Bull*, and am ashamed of not being an Irishman."

The edition of Boswell's Johnson has met with a greater success than any purely literary work might now be fairly expected to enjoy under any circumstances. It is truly a valuable contribution to the literature of our country; and the editors of the edition of 1839 acknowledge this when they say—

"The edition of 1831 excited so much notice among the periodical contributors to our periodical press, that a new and plentiful source of elucidation, both historical and critical, has been placed at the command of Mr. Croker's successors. . . . His character and station opened to him, when preparing the edition of 1831, many new and most interesting sources of information, both manuscript and oral."

Of late years, having met with a severe and heart-chilling domestic loss, which removed from him one of the great incentives to personal ambition, Mr. Croker has not only lived retired, as we have said, from public life, but secluded from general and metropolitan society, except at rare intervals, reserving principally for the privacy of his own fireside that play of fancy and fund of information which were formerly at public disposal and in universal demand. From time to time a bolt is fulminated from *The Quarterly Review*, supposed to be from his right hand, at some prominent object of ridicule or disgust; and it is said that Lady Morgan, the French School of Novelists, and Lord John Russell have successively felt the power of his arm.

if readers may naturally ask, is it possible that such talents are remaining exercised, or employing themselves only at such miniature labour as the composition of an article for a periodical? Why, they may justly inquire, is this intellectual capital permitted to lie idle, or only to bear paltry interest in idleness, when it might be fructifying in mighty speculations for the advantage of the state?

“Does time with niggard hand inspire  
[His] later age with feebler fire?”

These are questions that demand an answer, for the community may be considered to have a right to the abilities of its constituent parts, and to tax intellectual, as pecuniary income, for the public good. It is indeed an interesting speculation to consider what might have been the consequence of Mr. Croker's having continued his efforts for the Conservative cause openly in the position of the last ten years. His *official* aid could only now have been valuable, for he foresaw and predicted the immediate failure of the administration of 1835. But at this day he may have many reasons to offer which would not only excuse and extenuate, but justify his refusal to enter once again the councils of the nation. He may retain, unalterably, the same opinion on which most of his colleagues *then* held—that reform, as it was planned as it was carried, was detrimental to the best interests of the community—the borough system only required modification, being in itself *essentially* constitutional, and vitally necessary to the strength of a government. These many other old-fashioned notions he may have hugged in his privacy, and be willing now to give up, as he would be obliged to do if he were to enlist himself in the public service again with others of more elastic opinions. He may acknowledge such constraining motives as love of principle and political consistency, and he may shrink from sacrificing these at the shrine of expediency: and shall we blame him, if such be his motives? Alas! in these days rare to find such instances of virtue, and if we seek them, we must inevitably “shun the haunts of men,” and follow them into the seclusion to which very unpopularity has a tendency to doom them. But we wish to believe Mr. Croker, the statesman and the man of letters, is not in either capacity feeble or an uninfluential man. Let us hope that the *magnum opus* is yet to enrich the world—the literary fruit of long retirement to arise, like wisdom like every thing great, the “slow product of laborious years.” Let us take the credit of a youth and manhood of strenuous action, that the riper age of the *litterateur* shall not be an inglorious one; that he will make good the use of his prime and the predictions of his contemporaries, and be found to have brought the experience and the research of an active life to bear upon the work of public, national, universal interest. We hope it and believe it more, that in politics he yet rules from behind the cloud, and, when troubles overwhelm the state, “revisits at the glimpses of the moon” the more secret select conclaves of statesmen and philosophers, and when the lighter throng cleared from their halls, is still left in the convocations of Drayton Manor, Thetford, and Belvoir Castle, amongst the mighty few who are privileged to remain; resembling in this respect, as in many others, his countryman Swift, whose unrecognised influence was so paramount with the more ostensible and official directors of the counsels of Queen Anne. If any section of the British nation has a right to call Mr. Croker from his retirement, we claim that privilege for ourselves. We have needed him—we need him much. We shall have a place ready for him—a place he could not but think it still an honour to fill. We invite him into the councils of the nation once more; we beseech him to assist in governing us:—but we are ready to receive his refusal with deference, and we believe that it would be grounded on no light motives—no capriciousness—no peevish peculiarity of sentiment. The right of impressment does not exist in the political commonwealth, amongst Conservatives at least, and we cannot commit the vessel of the state to other hands, if the “pilot that weathered” a “storm,” and served his country gallantly and well, should now wish to enjoy what in his case may be termed without a metaphor, the *otium cum dignitate*.

Mr. Croker's address is dignified and courteous, at the same time unreserved and frank. His manners bespeak the courtly simplicity of the school; and with opinions, and perhaps prejudices, derived from that source, he has snatched the refined and interesting peculiarities of the age by which we now principally recognise it. The characteristic of his conversational talent is boldness—a boldness displayed under all circumstances in all societies. This impassioned boldness is, indeed, the master-key to his writings, his speeches, his opinions, his career in life. He lords it over his subject and his opponents; and in argument will occasionally revel in the subjugation of truth itself to the view he has taken. His boldness extends and enters into his irony, and gives force and point to his satire. He gives the lash the full force of his arm, and administration only the more unsparingly for the chance of retort and reply. His boldness, too, adds a visible accession of effect to his wit; and the sarcasm he delights in, however delicate and refined, derives much of its power from the abandon with which he deals them forth. Yet this never degenerates into recklessness. There is ever to be discerned in his unrestrained sallies an aim and object, carried through to their appointed end, and unaffected by the excitement and animation of the moment. In the most adroit even in his vehemence, wily in passion itself, he makes even human feeling subservient to an often latent object, and will even through the tortuousness of a noisy and complicated debate, to come on towards his point, whatever it is, than before he entered upon it. In his family he is seen to the greatest advantage. Of these, a large circle is almost continually gathered around him, and he never allows the depth of his application to literary or other pursuits to throw a shadow of untidiness over his intercourse with the least amongst them. They interrupt or to distract him as they will; and in this he finely resembles his friend Scott—deeming the lightest calls of his affections powerful enough to supersede the weightiest labours of his mind. He is to be seen to have the privilege of visiting him, passing freely in and out amongst his papers, now pursuing some research amidst his ample library; then coming in hand, where his friends are assembled, ready at a moment's warning to take with interest into all the details of local or family affairs, and when he is exhausted, freely retiring into his privacy again, there to take an interrupted but not broken thread of severer study.

We reluctantly quit this notice, which our limits have obliged us to make more than we could have wished. Our consolation is, that Mr. Croker will be one day matter of history, and find a far more able historian. In the meantime, this sketch will serve—under the peculiar circumstances we have in the outset, that of the civil death, as it may be termed, of an eminent man having so long preceded his natural and intellectual death. It is a public interest alive, and remind our own country in particular, of the loss of a son, of whom she has so great reason to be proud.

---

## POLITICS AND THE PARLIAMENT.

## THE TARIFF QUESTION.

ON Tuesday evening, the 10th of May, after a considerable quantity of talk in the House of Commons, about bribery in general, and that which had prevailed at Sudbury in particular, Sir Robert Peel rose to make his statement on the commercial tariff. The house was not crowded, nor, at the time, did any very particular interest seem to attach itself to the statement. The facts were known; the list of raw duties had been printed, and was upon the table of the house. The only curiosity which existed was as to the arguments whereby the change from the old duties, or from absolute prohibition, to the new duties, would be defended. The leading men on the opposition side of the house had frequently cast the following dilemma upon the minister:—"If," said they, "your new tariff should not bring down the price of the necessaries of life, it is of no value to the mass of consumers; if, on the other hand, it does materially reduce the price of provisions and other commodities, it must be at the expense of the owners and occupiers of land, who put your Conservative gentlemen into place and power, that you might defend them." To this the constant answer of the premier was: that he did expect to cause such a fall of prices as would be of material benefit to the consumer; but he hoped to show to the gentlemen representing the landed interest, when he came to make his statement to the house, that the alarm which had been raised about an injury likely to be done to them, was without foundation.

English country gentlemen are not apt to have much faith in what may be done by argument, to give them different views upon a subject, the facts of which are already before them. They, therefore, did not crowd in very great numbers to hear the statement of the minister; and it was as well that they did not. Such of them as did attend heard nothing to gratify them. What they did hear was an extremely able speech against them—a speech in which

the argument was based almost exclusively upon mercantile principles, and which, with reference to these principles, was both correct and luminous. The principle of mercantile advantage is that of obtaining what is required at the smallest cost, in order that it may be sold at a profit. The principle of advantage for producers is that of selling at as dear a rate as may be compatible with permanency of demand. It is undoubtedly for the interest of the merchant to be allowed to go to any market where he can buy cheapest, and to import what he has bought abroad without restriction. As undoubtedly, it is the interest of the home producer that no such freedom should be allowed to the merchant, but that he should be compelled either to purchase what is produced at home, even though it be dearer; or, if he will go abroad for that sort of commodity which he may obtain at home, that he should have to pay a considerable duty upon importation. It is true that the producer is a consumer also, and in so far as his interest as a consumer goes, it is identical with that of the merchant; but as men's incomings are, or ought to be, of greater amount than their outgoings, and as men's outgoings are not merely for articles of consumption, but for many fixed charges of rent, taxes, and other things, for which a certain stipulated sum must be paid, whether produce be dear or cheap, it is far more for the producer's interest that the commodities which he produces shall be dear. The mercantile interest, then, and the producing interest, (which latter is the interest of the land-owner and labourer,) are opposed to one another. In such a country as Holland, where the mercantile interest prevails over every other, it would, perhaps, be sound policy to legislate chiefly for that interest, even at the expense of the native producing interest. In such a country as France, again, where the interest in foreign trade is comparatively trifling, legislation should favour



the landed interest, which, indeed, it very palpably does. In England, the magnitude of both interests is greater than in any other existing state; and it requires very great skill in the government and legislature, to hold the balance even between the two.

They who praise Sir Robert Peel's statement in support of the new tariff, proclaim to the world that he developed the true principles of mercantile policy. To this others answer, that though it be true that he developed the true principles of mercantile policy, it does not follow that he developed the true principles of national policy, since they include other truths of at least equal importance with those relating to mercantile advantage. The minister is not the legislative agent of the merchants, but the servant of the crown, acting, or supposed to act, for the benefit of the whole body of the people, of whom the merchants but form a part.

The speech on the tariff exhibited, as usual, Sir Robert Peel's powerful mastery over a dry array of facts. His exposition of the particular views which he sought to enforce, was most lucid, and the circumstances he brought forward in support of them, were cogent and undeniable. Still it was an argument which did not show the landed interest that they would be gainers by his policy, but that they would not lose quite so much as, perhaps, they apprehended, and that it was necessary to do something whereby the interest of consumers would be promoted.

The general principle of the government, was stated by the minister to be that of removing absolute prohibitions, and of reducing prohibitory duties within the bounds of fair competition. As to the raw materials, constituting the main element of our manufactures, they were reduced to almost a nominal rate of duty. As to half-manufactured articles, which enter into our manufactures, it was proposed to reduce the duties generally to a moderate rate of competition. As to completely-manufactured articles, prohibitions were removed, and prohibitory duties reduced: so that the manufacturers of foreign countries might enter into a fair competition with our domestic manufacturers.

These are vague words. The up-  
is, that in each instance the price

and by nature  
in consequence  
by the com  
This will be  
to the merchant  
will make some profit, however  
price; but it may be ruin to the  
producer, who has always been  
habit of living better than the  
producer, and who must pay  
even for the same sort of living  
of the foreigner, were he to  
submit to it.

But it is evident that Sir  
Peel's mind, like that of most  
who espouse the policy called "free  
trade," is fixed upon the interest of the  
consumer, and not upon that of the  
producer. He ridiculed a Scotch  
fisherman, who had written  
that he, the said fisher, was  
trader in every thing but herring  
that commodity he saw that it  
would be ruin to him, for the  
folk would sell for seven  
shillings, what the Scotch were  
bit of selling for seventeen or  
eighteen. Now, look at Sir Robert Peel  
to this—

"I could not help replying  
that if I were consulted I would  
to give to the working classes  
at 10s. a barrel, for which  
now to pay 20s., I could not  
too that the consequences of  
sure were likely to be very ruinous  
I also desire to encourage our  
fisheries. Why should not the  
fisherman compete with the  
Norwegian? I say, reduce the  
tariff—enable him to build a  
boat—to go out farther to sea  
in ruder weather, in greater  
—and then he will be able to  
with the Norwegian. His boat  
great—his skill is as great  
trade to competition—that will  
give a new stimulus to his  
and then reduce the duty on the  
he will be enabled to supply the  
Ireland, which he apprehends  
rive its supply of herrings from  
distant shores of Norway."

All this sounds very well, and  
do many harangues of this kind,  
which this rather closely re-  
"Why," says the minister,  
fisherman  
Norway  
and to ad-  
of. Is it

Britain rich, and is not Norway poor? Why should not the hard working Scotch fisherman get some of the advantage of the riches of the country to which he belongs? On what ground of policy is it, that the Scotch subject of the British crown should be driven to all the hardships, and all the pinching penury of the Norwegian? It is not upon the stormy sea that the Scotch fisherman spends his little gains, though it is there he must earn them. His object is, that his wife and children may live in some little degree of comfort at home. Is it possible for them to live even in equal comfort with the Norwegian upon equal gains? Is it not notorious that every article is taxed ten times as much as it is in Norway? What amount, then, of humanity, or of common reasonableness, is there in talking of his bravery, and his skill, and the "stimulus of competition" with the untaxed foreigner? Let there be enough of competition to be a check upon laziness or extortion: whatever stimulates the one, or hinders the other, will be a real benefit; but do not seek to place poor hard-working people upon a level with foreigners who live in a poor country, where poverty is no degradation, and who have to pay very light taxation in comparison with ours.

As to cattle and meat, the great alterations with respect to them were not defended on the ground that the home producers would not be losers by the change, but that they ought to submit to the loss. "I shall show to the producers of cattle and meat," said Sir R. Peel, "that the removal of the prohibition in the one, and the reduction of the duty in the other article, is not only justifiable, but that it is absolutely demanded by the state of the country, and by every consideration of justice, of prudence, and of policy." And then he proceeded to show with great clearness, how the price of provisions had increased, and how desirable it was that that price should be again reduced. It is, therefore, manifest that a reduction of the returns of the producers is contemplated, though a great deal was said to show that the foreign competition could not be considerable, and there was no ground for any panic on the subject.

Most persons will admit that butcher's meat in England—at all events

in London—has of late years been so high in proportion to the prices of other things, and to general wages, as to make some reduction very expedient. The question is, whether a just medium of duty has been hit. The graziers and cattle-feeders generally complain that the effect of the ministerial policy has been to bring down their produce twenty per cent. in the wholesale market, while the ordinary run of consumers have obtained no reduction at all. For so far, in London, this is quite true.

But wider matters of policy are connected with his statement on the tariff question. The Whigs proclaim that it is a manifesto in favour of *their* principles. The measure, they say, does not go far enough, but *the principles avowed would justify going much farther*—even to the repeal of the corn-laws: and to this, and similar changes, they declare that they look, when time and the course of events shall enable Sir Robert Peel to carry such measures. For the present, all the fierce attacks on the minister have been given up, and the Whigs seem as if they hoped to play the same game with him as they did fifteen years ago with Canning—to cover him with the slime of their flattery, and then swallow him as a leader. Certainly they will be quite ready to meet him half way; and it may happen, that during the next session of parliament a new arrangement of parties will arise out of the present state of feeling between Sir Robert Peel and a large section of his supporters on the one hand, and his approximation to the avowed principles of the Whigs on the other.

With regard to the representatives of the landed interest, the state of the case is this. They feel that it was they who brought the present government into power, believing that it would protect them and their constituents from the hostile policy of the Whigs. The result has been that, as they say themselves, they have been *hit* in three ways—namely, by the new corn-law, by the income-tax, and by the new tariff. They complain of being put in a false position with their constituents, to whom they promised, on behalf of the Conservative leaders, a description of policy which those leaders repudiate. They thought that

something directly opposed to Whig policy of last year would have been adopted; whereas, the policy adopted by the government is, as to principle, not very different from that of the Whigs, but in detail it is different.

No one can deny that the ministry act with great independence in thus running counter to the views of the very men who put them in office; and they are not chargeable with direct duplicity, since they never said that they would act otherwise than they have acted. But they certainly allowed the people in the counties to make a very considerable mistake without any attempt to set them right.

There is now some reason to apprehend

#### THE CHARTIST PETITION.

ONE afternoon about the beginning of the last month, some stir and commotion was observed in the neighbourhood of the House of Commons. It was occasioned by a small crowd carrying down to the house, upon a handbarrow, the petition of the chartists—to be heard at the bar in support of their claims. These claims are of the following easy and moderate nature:—first, universal suffrage; every adult male person to have a vote for a representative in the House of Commons: second, vote by ballot: third, parliaments to be elected annually: fourth, members of parliament not to be required to have any property-qualification: fifth, members of the House of Commons to be paid for their trouble in legislating: sixth, electoral districts to be formed of equal numbers. The people who brought down this petition behaved decently enough, and appeared to be in considerable awe of the assembly which they were approaching with such extraordinary demands—expressed in no very deferential language.

The presentation of the chartist's petition was entrusted to Mr. Thomas Duncombe, one of the members for that district of London, called Finsbury in the reform-act, which has the city of Westminster on the south and west, Saint Pancras—forming a part of the borough of Marylebone—on the north, and the city of London on the east. Tom Duncombe, as he is

generally and familiarly called, is a good-looking fellow, somewhat plain in his dress, and possessing considerable fluency and readiness of speech. He has latterly also been facetious, and as he is a smart man in this way, he makes the house laugh, and is therefore received with some toleration. The people of all degrees though sensible, are apt to be dull; and conscious of it, that a little wit accompanied with a little tact, will make considerable way with them. In the House of Commons it seems to be thought a great relief to be able to make a little fun. It is surprising what trash in the way of fun their worship will not laugh at. However, when they hear Tom Duncombe, the blame belongs to doing so is not on account of the trashiness of his jokes, but on account of the sneering, flippant spirit in which they are uttered. Duncombe is a known London rogue, steeped in the very lips in all the fashionable and preposterous luxuries of that realized metropolis. There is a volting inconsistency in such a man setting himself up as the champion of what he calls "the wronged and oppressed working classes." Not to suppose that he has any sympathy with them. He has a great connection with the

He is  
of wine  
He is

the parliamentary agent of their political leaders merely to play his part. It tends to keep him in parliament for a place of some importance, and gives him an opportunity to threaten with revolution those who have something to lose by revolution. As for himself, it is said, that he has, on this score, abundant reason to be reckless—and his manner confirms the report. In his own way he seems inspired by the same kind of moral sentiment, or immoral sentiment, that stimulated Lord Byron when he wrote *Don Juan*. He likes to have a hit or a sneer at every thing which they who have not had the same sort of experience as himself are generally disposed to regard with some respect. The practice of virtue he regards as a pretence—the appearance of it a fit matter for ridicule. Every one grasps power for the sake of power; and government by one sort of people would be just as good as by another, because they are all equally bad. No one has any doubt that among his familiars Mr. Tom Duncombe sneers as much at the idea of the country being governed upon “*chartist*” principles, as in the house he does at the pretensions of the legislature, as at present constituted; assuring honourable members that if they granted the prayer of the chartists “they would acquire that of which they are very much in want—namely, the respect, the affection, and the gratitude of the country.”

The motion of Mr. Duncombe, that the petitioners should be heard at the bar was doubly seconded—by Mr. Leader, with a speech, and by Mr. O’Connell without one. The house was subsequently occupied the whole evening with a debate upon the motion, and the principal men on both sides spoke. This makes the matter worthy of notice; for otherwise, so extravagant a petition, although stated to be signed by upwards of three millions of persons, would scarcely be worthy of much attention. In the debate much ingenuity was displayed; but of sound philosophy, applicable to the subject in hand, very little. Mr. Macaulay opposed hearing the petitioners, on the ground that universal suffrage would be certainly a great evil, and he stated that he believed the petition had been “*got up*” by designing men, and put by them

into a bad and pernicious form. Mr. Roebuck, while violently angry with the tone of Mr. Macaulay, and while vindicating the *chartist* multitude, and their right to be heard, described their petition as wretched trash, written by a cowardly and malignant demagogue, whom he would name, only that the reptile was too contemptible to be named. This is the mild liberal, who sets himself up as a corrector of the tyranny of our constitution! Surely, there is something nearer home that he would do well to exercise his correcting powers upon. Sir James Graham held, that to hear the petitioners would do harm, by exciting in them expectations which could not be realized. Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, in speeches of great force and ingenuity, maintained the same proposition, and Mr. Duncombe replied, first in some fierce denunciations, which made the house cry “*oh*,” and then with some allusion to the name of the late Whig attorney-general, which made the house laugh. Finally, the motion was rejected by a majority of 238, only 49 having voted for it.

Thus were the most important men in this country occupied for a whole evening in the discussion of that which nobody supposed to be a genuine document. Whatever may have been the number of signatures to the petition, it was in truth not any representation of that which was in the minds of those whose signatures were appended. All who spoke upon the subject seemed to feel that some one person, or some few persons, who made a trade of agitation, had put together a pack of insolent trash, in the form of a political petition, and had got signatures in consequence of a vague and ignorant feeling of discontent, but without any comprehension of the matter in the petition. The number of signatures, then, did, in reality, give no weight to the matter of the petition. There was no honest connection between the numbers who signed, and the sentiments of the petition. Lord John Russell said that he wished to testify his respect for the numbers, and his abhorrence of the doctrines in the petition. What was the meaning of this, beyond that *form* of terseness of which the noble lord is so vain? A mere

mass of names cannot be said to have any thing respectable in it, unless you connect them with something affirmed or denied, requested, demanded, or refused. But the only thing with which these names were connected was a petition containing doctrines which Lord John Russell said he abhorred. What sort of respect, then, did he mean to indicate? Would it not have been much better to have told Mr. Duncombe at once that the whole affair was a species of delusion—that for the honest sentiments of the people, calmly expressed, the utmost respect was entertained, but that no respect was due to the impudent contrivance of a knot of shameless demagogues, who poison and pervert the minds of the people in order to serve their own sordid and selfish ends. The petitioners should have been told that they were utterly mistaken in the supposition that any good

could flow from the possession of that power which they wish to possess, before they are so disciplined as to know how to use it without abusing it. “Men,” says Burke, “are qualified for civil liberty in exact proportion to their disposition to put moral chains upon their own appetites; in proportion as their love of justice is above their rapacity; *in proportion as their soundness and sobriety of understanding is above their vanity and presumption; in proportion as they are more disposed to listen to the counsels of the wise and good, in preference to the flattery of knaves.* Society cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is *within*, the more there must be *without*. *It is ordained, in the eternal constitution of things, that men of intemperate minds cannot be free. Their passions forge their fetters.*”

#### BRIBERY IN THE ENGLISH BOROUGHES.

THIS affair is very bad, but a great deal of exaggeration is rife upon the subject at present. At this present writing, (20th of May,) the election committees of the present session have reported that the members last returned for Sudbury, for Ipswich, for Southampton, and for Newcastle in Staffordshire, obtained their seats through bribery. They are, therefore, unseated, though they are not themselves directly charged with having bribed. The reason that so many more places than usual have been reported in this way is not because the bribery has been much more flagrant than usual, but it is in consequence of a new law, which allows the election committees to unseat for bribery, although the members petitioned against have not been proved to have knowingly participated therein. The scandalous custom of paying the most distinguished vagabonds and villains in parliamentary boroughs for their votes, has long and extensively prevailed, though it has very much increased since the passing of the “reform” act, in consequence of sweeping away that commanding influence which was above bribery, though subject to other influences

which were not exactly in harmony with popular representation.

Besides the places actually reported as having been prevailed upon by bribery, and won by corruption, several election petitions are rumoured to have been arranged, or compromised, in order to avoid a similar report to the house. These are Leeds, Harwich, Nottingham, Falmouth, and Reading. With regard to these latter, Mr. Roebuck, one of the members for Bath, has made a great stir. Mr. Roebuck is a man of quick mind, irritable temperament, eager volubility of speech—familiar with the use of strong expressions, and self-confident to an amazing degree. As to his appearance, he is small and mean-looking. When he gets up to speak or to scold, he reminds one of a cock-sparrow which has lost most of its feathers, and some of its flesh in the moulting season. With theories too large for his management, and trousers too short for his legs (though *they* are by no means long) he bounces and strains, and says some striking things with great earnestness, but never leaves the impression that there is any thing like capability in him. It was said that he aspired to be the



Brougham of the "reformed" house, but he has neither the imaginative elevation of Brougham, nor the happy elocution, nor the impressive ugliness and flashing eye, nor the iron frame that could dispense with sleep, nor the thundering cataract of passion, which swept all before it, save those who had disciplined their minds into the habitual frigidity of disdain. Yet Mr. Roebuck, though not a Brougham, is by no means an ordinary person. He is active, vehement, and, as it seems to me, sincere. His extraordinary self-confidence is not mere stupid conceit of his own abilities. He really thinks he sees what is right, and is vehemently earnest to have his own way, because he thinks it is the way of truth and justice. He has not the dull, pig-headed devotedness to his own views which distinguishes Mr. Hume, nor that admiration of himself for the adoption of some scientific theory in opposition to the ordinary conclusions of common sense, which may be observed in so many Whigs. Mr. Roebuck has evidently within him a strong detestation of what he considers to be mere humbug; and though he is rash to the last degree, and full of mistakes, he is *real* so far as he goes.

Going along the streets, he hears this rumour about the compromising of various election petitions. He takes fire at the notion of so much iniquity being hushed up, and down he comes to the house to give notice, that he will ask questions of the various members concerned, as to whether such compromises have been really made. The next day he is permitted to ask these questions:—some answer him, and some do not, but he is permitted to go on. He talks of being able to show grounds for the belief of the house, that gross bribery has been committed, and that corrupt compromises have been made, but after all, he can show nothing but the existence of a general rumour. At last the house consents to appoint a committee of inquiry into the matter, grounded upon the statement of the honourable member himself, that he had heard and believed that such and such corrupt compromises had taken place. Never was there a more rash proceeding, or one more calculated to break down, and by its

rubbish obstruct the way to that reform of the practice of borough elections which is really so much wanted. It is hard to say what could have induced the leading men at either side of the house to give way to this strange exploit of Mr. Roebuck. No one supposes that he has steadiness, or judgment, or knowledge, or weight of any kind, to enable him to conduct the inquiry to a reasonable end. Nor can it be seen what useful purpose is to be answered. It is not pretended that any particular punishment or exposure of any of the individuals concerned in the late compromises is even contemplated. All that is wanted is an exposure of the system. But the badness of the system is now sufficiently notorious. The low villany—the beastly gluttony and brutal drunkenness—the base, corrupt sale of votes—in short, the system by which, at every general election, hundreds of thousands of pounds are transferred from the pockets of candidates to the basest set of people in all England, not by any means excluding the low attorneys, and the expert agents who manage all this rascality,—this is notorious, and legislation ought to be directed against it; but the way to such legislation is not through Mr. Roebuck's committee.

Mr. Tom Duncombe, whose character has been noticed in the preceding article, gave a striking illustration of it in reference to this matter, by a proposal which could have no other meaning than a practical sneer. He moved that no one should sit upon the committee of inquiry appointed on the motion of Mr. Roebuck, without first having made a solemn declaration that he had never been guilty of bribery or corruption to obtain a seat in parliament, either by himself or his agents, and that he never sanctioned the payment of any sums of money for election expenses, beyond the legal expenses. Mr. Duncombe admitted that he could take no such test, as he had spent four thousand pounds at Pontefract; and, putting together various occasions, had left as much as thirty thousand pounds in the town of Hertford. Then other honourable members got up to tell tales of the extraordinary expenses they had been put to, and a

petition was presented from a notorious radical reformer, and "purity-of-election" man, named Henry Warburton, owning the quantity of money he had paid for his elections. At all this the house laughed, but Mr. Roebuck treated Mr. Duncombe's motion with the indignation which its apparent purpose merited:—

"When there were ten distinct cases before the house, and parties desirous to prove them, were they to turn round and say that the whole state of the representation was so bad that they would make no inquiry? That might do very well to gain a laugh in that house, and to acquire a character for facetiousness, but it would not go out to the country as a matter conducive to their own honour or credit. It would go forth that the house was indulging itself in sneers, and jeers, and laughter, at the immorality which prevailed."

Mr. Duncombe presently retorted upon Mr. Roebuck—with reference, it is supposed, to what he said of the author of the chartist petition—that he (Mr. Duncombe) was not one of those who made attacks upon others in their absence, and then shrunk from the consequences of such attacks. Thereupon Mr. Roebuck rose to order, and demanded that if he was alluded to, the when and how should be stated. The Speaker then intimated that Mr. Duncombe was out of order, but Mr. Duncombe said he was not, and repeated his previous insult to

Mr. Roebuck. Sir E. Knatchbull remonstrated against such attacks as unworthy of the house. Mr. Duncombe, with that cool contempt of veracity which is sometimes considered jocular, said he was not making any attack, and the house laughed at the cool extravagance of the untruth. Afterwards he was permitted to say, in allusion to the confessions which had been made by himself and others:

"I do think that these confessions of—human frailty if you will—(laughter)—are far better than that self-conceit which sometimes leads some people into other professions of superior degrees of virtue which only they themselves can discern."—(laughter.)

This sparring between the patriots of Bath and Finsbury is worth noticing, for the sake of the mutual exposure, and of observing the tone of levity which the house exhibited upon the occasion. It is a humiliating thing that such a set of people should be governing this country, as they, in effect, do. The House of Commons is the only authoritative assembly in England where any sort of folly or ignorance may be talked, without seeming to be at all unusual or inappropriate. This is an evil which is gaining ground, leading one almost to suppose that honourable members are anxious to give another practical proof of the justice of Chancellor Oxenstiern's remark: "*Quantulâ scientiâ gubernatur mundus.*"

---

## INDEX TO VOL. XIX.

---

- Affghanistan**, 645.  
**America**, Central, 189.  
**Anacreon and Tom Moore**, No. II., 355.  
**Anthologia Germanica**, No. XVII.—  
     Ballads and Romances, 201.
- Beard**, the, and the Bishop—Kishoge  
     Papers—No. II., 724.  
**Books upon our Table**—Address of his  
     Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, on  
     the Intellectual and Moral Influences  
     of the Professions, delivered before  
     the Society of the Dublin Law Insti-  
     tute, 532; Napier's Practice of the  
     Civil Bill Courts of Appeal, by Long-  
     field, 534; The Power and Duties of  
     Justices of the Peace in Ireland, and  
     of Constables as connected therewith,  
     by Richard Nun, and John Edward  
     Walsh, 534; Modern Flirtations, a  
     novel, by Catherine Sinclair, 536;  
     Heber, Records of the Poor, Lays  
     from the Prophets, and other poems,  
     by Thomas Ragg, 537.
- Bribery in the English Boroughs**, 806.  
**Browne**, Miss M. A.—The Widow and  
     her Son, 187; a Poet's Nativity, 335.
- Bürger's Abduction of the Lady Ger-  
     trude von Hochburg**, from the Ger-  
     man, 210.
- Burns**, the land of, by John Fisher  
     Murray, 578.
- Butler**, Rev. William Archer—Our Por-  
     trait Gallery, No. XXX., 588.
- Catholic Directory**, and *Diario di Roma*,  
     491.
- Catlin's Letters and Notes on the Man-  
     ners, Customs, and Condition of the  
     North American Indians**, reviewed,  
     371.
- Celibacy of the Roman Catholic Clergy**,  
     280.
- Chartist Petition**, the, 804.
- Claridge**, R. T., Hydropathy, or the  
     Cold Water Cure, as practised by  
     Vincent Priesnitz, at Gräeffenberg,  
     Silesia, Austria, reviewed, 729.
- Cockburn**, Sir W. S. R., the Massacre  
     of St. Bartholomew, &c. reviewed,  
     736.
- Corn Laws**, the, 159; Sir Robert Peel  
     on, 408.
- Coul Goppagh**, sonnets by, 274.
- Croker**, Right Hon. John Wilson—Our  
     Portrait Gallery, No. XXXI., 796.
- Curse**, the, of Kishoge, 18.
- Death-blow**, the, 245.
- Dramatic Doings**—Chap. XVI., The  
     Opera-Masquerade, 64; Chap. XVII.,  
     A Juvenile Composer, 66; Chap.  
     XVIII., A Finale, 67.
- Dreamer's Note-Book**, Fragments of a,  
     612, 763.
- Dundee**, the Last Days of, 479.
- Editor's Address**, 423.
- Ellis**, Mrs., Summer and Winter in the  
     Pyrenees, reviewed, 232.
- Fragments of a Dreamer's Note-Book**,  
     612, 763.
- Freiligrath's Spectre-Caravan**, from the  
     German, 203.
- Gaspar**, the Pirate; a Tale of the In-  
     dian Seas—Chap. VII., 56; Chap.  
     VIII., 217; Chap. IX., 386; Chap.  
     X., 391; Chap. XI., 517; Chap. XII.,  
     521; Chap. XIII., 661; Chap. XIV.,  
     667; Chap. XV., 670; Chap. XVI.,  
     675; Chap. XVII., Conclusion, 679.
- Ghostcraft**, Chapters on, 1.
- Goethe's Magician's Apprentice**, from  
     the German, by J. H. Merivale, Esq.,  
     331.
- Gort**, Viscount—Our Portrait Gallery,  
     No. XXVIII., 536.
- Graves**, Rev. Dr. R. H., National Edu-  
     cation, being a Letter to the Editor  
     of *The Christian Examiner*, reviewed,  
     415.
- Graves**, Robert James, M.D.—Our Por-  
     trait Gallery, No. XXVII., 260.
- Hamilton**, Sir William R.—Our Por-  
     trait Gallery, No. XXVI., 94.
- Hauffe**, Madame, the Ghost-seeress,  
     some account of, 1.
- Herder** J. G., The Fair and Faithless  
     One of Grailov, from the German,  
     772.
- Hervey**, Charles, the Pope's Dream, a  
     Legend of Santa Maria Maggiore,  
     498.

- Hoelty, L. H. C., *The Grave-digger's Chant*, from the German, 778.
- Hungary, and its Political Relations to the East and West of Europe, 781.
- Immermann's *Virgilius the Conjuror*, from the German, by J. H. Merivale, Esq., 333.
- Inglis's, H. D., *Switzerland, South of France, and the Pyrenees*, reviewed, 232.
- Ireland, Railways in, 124.
- Ireland, recent Pamphlets on, 137.
- Italy, Letters from; No. I., 46; No. II., 275; No. III., 399; No. IV., 525.
- Jack Hinton the Guardsman.—Chap. I., *A Family Party*, 294; Chap. II., *The Irish Packet*, 296; Chap. III., *The Castle*, 300; Chap. IV., *The Breakfast*, 305; Chap. V., *The Review in the Phoenix*, 312; Chap. VI., *The Sham Battle*, 315; Chap. VII., *The Rooneys*, 425; Chap. VIII., *The Visit*, 429; Chap. IX., *The Ball*, 433; Chap. X., *A Finale to an Evening*, 439; Chap. XI., *A Negotiation*, 446; Chap. XII., *A Wager*, 449; Chap. XIII., *A Night of Trouble*, 549; Chap. XIV., *The Parting*, 555; Chap. XV., *The Letter from Home*, 557; Chapter XVI., *A Morning in Town*, 560; Chap. XVII., *An Evening in Town*, 565; Chap. XVIII., *A Confidence*, 573; Chap. XIX., *The Canal Boat*, 691; Chap. XX., *Shannon Harbour*, 695; Chap. XXI., *Loughrea*, 699; Chap. XXII., *A Moonlight Canter*, 706; Chap. XXIII., *Major Mahon and his Quarters*, 710; Chap. XXIV., *The Devil's Grip*, 712; Chap. XXV., *The Steeplechase*, 717.
- James, G. P. R., *Corse de Leon, or the Brigand—The Ancient Regime—The Jacquerie, or the Lady and the Page*, reviewed, 341; *Song by*, 625.
- Jung-Stilling, J. H., *New Theory of Ghost-Appearances and the Ghost-World*, reviewed, 1.
- Kerner, Dr. Justinus, *the Ghost-seeress of Prevorst, a Narrative—Phenomenical Facts from the Night-realms of Nature—History of the Demoniical Possessions of Modern Times—The Prevorst Portfolio, a Series of Papers on the Inner Life, &c.*, reviewed, 1.
- Kerner, J., "To the Ghost-seeress of Prevorst, after her Decease," from the German, 779.
- Kishoge the Curse of, 18.
- Kishoge Papers—No., II. 724.
- Laing's *Notes of a Traveller, on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, &c.*, reviewed, 579.
- Letters from Italy—No. I., 46; No. II., 275; No. III., 399; No. IV., 525.
- Lord Mayor's Show, the, (of himself,) 454.
- Lowe, Helen—*The Prophecy of Balaam, The Queen's Choice, and other Poems*, reviewed, 504.
- Massacre of St. Bartholomew—*Roman Medals, on the*, 736.
- Maxwell's *Life of the Duke of Wellington*, reviewed, 461, 626, 744.
- Merivale, J. H., *Poems from the German*, 330.
- Moore, Tom, and Anacreon—No. II., 355.
- Moore, Thomas—*Our Portrait Gallery, No. XXIX.*, 476.
- Mueller, W., *The Sunken City, from the German*, 780.
- Murray, John Fisher, *The Land of Burns*, 578.
- Murray, Hon. J. E., *A Summer in the Pyrenees*, reviewed, 232.
- Napier's *Practice of the Civil Bill Courts of Appeal*, by Longfield, reviewed, 534.
- National Education, 286, 414.
- North American Indians, the, 371.
- Nun and Walsh's *Power and Duties of Justices of the Peace in Ireland, &c.*, noticed, 534.
- Nuts and Nutcrackers, No. I., 111; No. II., *Police Peripatetics—A Vagary of Sir Peter—Transportation and the Revenue—Repeal of the Union—National Prejudices—The French and the English—Sir Peter's Last*, 176; No. III., *Diplomacy—Domestic Happiness—Doctors—Foreign Travel—Learned Societies, &c. &c. &c.*, 321; No. IV., *A Nut on the Nutcracker—An Unpaid Puff for the Lawyers—The Income Tax—An Irish Encore—Viceregal Privileges—Rich and Poor, pour et contre—St. Patrick's Night*, 593.
- O'Connell's (Dan.) *Meek and Modest Reply to the Earl of Shrewsbury's Second Letter*, reviewed, 454.
- Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 258.
- Otway, the late Rev. Cæsar, 546.
- Our Mess, 293, 425, 549, 691. See Jack Hinton.
- Our Portrait Gallery—No. XXVI., Sir W. R. Hamilton, 94; No. XXVII., Robert James Graves, M.D., 260; No. XXVIII., Viscount Gort, 336; No. XXIX., Thomas Moore, 476; No. XXX., Rev. Wm. Archer Butler, 588; No. XXXI., The Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, 796.
- Parliament, Meeting of, 405.
- Peel, Sir Robert, on the Corn Laws, 408.

Place des Terreaux, an Episode of the French Revolution, 605.

Politics and the Parliament, 538, 683, 801.

Poetry—The Curse of Kishoge, 18; The Widow and her Son, by Miss M. A. Browne, 187; The Spectre-Caravan, from the German of Freiligrath, 203; The Lily-Maidens, from the German of Simrock, 204; The Ride round the Parapet, from the German of Rückert, 205; The Dying Flower, from the German of Rückert, 208; The Abduction of the Lady Gertrude von Hochburg, from the German of Burger, 210; Ode on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, 258; Sonnets by Coul Goppagh, 274; The Magician's Apprentice, from the German of Goethe, 331; Virgilius the Conjuror, from the German of Immermann, 333; A Poet's Nativity, by Miss M. A. Browne, 335; The Pope's Dream, by Charles Hervey, 488; The Land of Burns, by John Fisher Murray, 578; Song, by G. P. R. James, Esq., 625; The Kishoge Papers, No. II.—The Beard and the Bishop, 724; The Fair and Faithless One of Grailov, from the German of Johann Gottfried Herder, 772; O Maria Regina Misericordiæ, from the German of Carl Simrock, 775; Gone in the Wind, from the German of Friedrich Rückert, 776; The Castle over the Sea, from the German of Ludovic Uhland, 777; The Grave-digger's Chant, from the German of L. H. C. Hoelty, 778; Love-ditty, from the German of Johann Elias Schlegel, 779; To the Ghost-seeress of Prevorst, after her decease, from the German of Justinus Kerner, 779; The Sunken City, from the German of Wilhelm Mueller, 780; Sonnet—Lessing's Words, from the German of Friedrich von Schlegel, 780.

Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches—Proposal for the Reconciliation of, No. IV., 280.

Pyrenees, the Valleys and Baths, 232.

Ragg's Heber, Records of the Poor, Lays from the Prophets, and other Poems, noticed, 537.

Railways in Ireland, 124.

Reviews—Kerner's, Dr. Justinus, Ghost-seeress of Prevorst, a Narrative, 1; Kerner's Phenomenical Facts from the Night-realms of Nature, 1; Kerner's History of the Demoniical Possessions of Modern Times, &c., 1; Schubert's History of the Soul, 1; Schubert's Ancient and Modern Knowledge in Reference to the Inner Life, 1; Jung-Stilling's New Theory of Ghost-appearances and the Ghost-world, 1; Steinbeck's Every Poet a

Prophet, &c., 1; The Prevorst Portfolio, edited by Dr. Justinus Kerner, 1; Von Meyer, Dr. J. F., Journal for Diffusing a Knowledge of the Loftier Truths of Supernaturalism, 1; Von Meyer's Hades, an Essay on the Existence after Death, &c., 1; Tytler's History of Scotland, Vols. I. and II., 27; Lord Roden's Observations on Lord Alvanley's Pamphlet on the State of Ireland, 137; Stephens' Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan, 189; Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees, by Mrs. Ellis, 232; A Summer in the Pyrenees, by the Hon. James Erskine Murray, 232; Switzerland, South of France, and the Pyrenees, by H. D. Inglis, 232; Corse de Leon, or the Brigand, by G. P. R. James, 341; The Ancient Regime, by G. P. R. James, 341; The Jacquerie, or, the Lady and the Page, by G. P. R. James, 341; Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians, by George Catlin, 371; National Education, a Letter to the Editor of *The Christian Examiner*, by Richard Hastings Graves, D.D., 415; Observations on Corn Laws, Political Pravity and Ingratitude, and on Clerical and Personal Slander, in the Shape of a Meek and Modest Reply to the Second Letter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, &c., by Daniel O'Connell, 454; Life of Field Marshal His Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c., by W. H. Maxwell, 461, 626, 744; The Prophecy of Balaam, the Queen's Choice, and other Poems, by Helen Lowe, 504; Notes of a Traveller, on the Social and Political State of France, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and other parts of Europe, by Samuel Laing, Esq., 579; Serie dei conj di Medaglie Pontificie, &c., 736; The Massacre of St. Bartholomew, &c., by Sir W. S. R. Cockburn, Bart, 736.

Roden, Lord, Observations on Lord Alvanley's Pamphlet on the State of Ireland, reviewed, 137.

Roman Medals—the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 736.

Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches—Proposal for the Reconciliation of, No. IV., 280.

Romanism, Minor Poets and Modern Miracles of, 491.

Rückert's Ride round the Parapet, from the German, 205.

Rückert's Dying Flower, from the German, 208.

Rückert's "Gone in the Wind," from the German, 776.

Schlegel, J. E., Love-ditty, from the German, 779.



Schubert's, Professor G. H., History of the Soul, reviewed, 1.  
 Schubert's Ancient and Modern Knowledge, in Reference to the Inner Life, reviewed, 1.  
 Serie dei conj di Medaglie Pontificie, &c., reviewed, 736.  
 Simrock's Lily-Maidens, from the German, 204.  
 Simrock's O Regina Misericordiæ, from the German, 775.  
 Sinclair's Modern Flirtations, a Novel, noticed, 536.  
 Sonnets by Coul Goppagh, 274.  
 Speech, a, which might, could, and should have been spoken in the House of Commons, 683.  
 Steinbeck, A., Every Poet a Prophet, &c., reviewed, 1.  
 Stephens, John L., Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas, and Yucatan, reviewed, 189.  
 Stray Leaflets from the German Oak—Third drift, 772.

Tarif Question, the, 801.  
 Tytler, P. F., History of Scotland, Vols. I. and II., reviewed, 27.  
 Uhland, Ludovic, The Castle over the Sea, from the German, 777.  
 Vice-Legate's Ball, the, 72.  
 Von Schlegel, F., Sonnet, Lessing's Words, from the German, 780.  
 Von Meyer, Dr. J. F., Journal for Diffusing a Knowledge of the Loftier Truths of Supernaturalism, reviewed, 1.  
 Von Meyer's Essay on the Existence after Death, &c., reviewed, 1.  
 Wakley on Wordsworth, 688.  
 Wales, the Prince of, Ode on his Birth, 258.  
 Whately, (Archbishop,) Address before the Dublin Law Institute, on the Intellectual and Moral Influences of the Professions, noticed, 532.  
 Wiseman, Rev. Dr. N., Letter to the Editor, 158.

## END OF VOLUME XIX.

### DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

	Page.
Portrait of Sir William R. Hamilton.....	94
———— Robert James Graves, M. D.....	260
———— Viscount Gort.....	336
———— Thomas Moore.....	476
———— Rev. William Archer Butler.....	588
Map of the Seat of War.....	645
Portrait of Right Hon. John Wilson Croker...	796

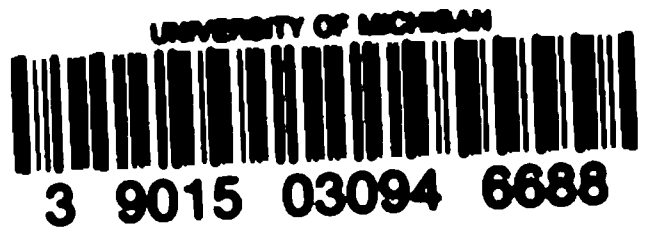
DUBLIN

PRINTED BY J. S. FOLDS, SON AND PATTON,

5, Bachelor's Walk.







**Replaced with Commercial Microform**

**1993**





III  
3 15 USA 4

Replaced with Commercial Microform

1993